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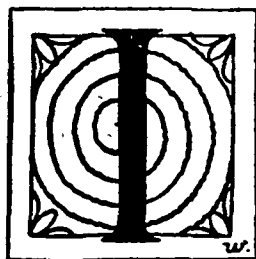
PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

THROUGH wintry skies the noonday sun doth gleam:
Another day, the last one left in store
Of fourteen. Thirteen others gone before,
And here am I and yet began no theme.
Two weeks ago I should not even dream
'Twould come to this. Why then I roundly swore
By that great god the mythic Cybele bore
I'd start at once and write at least a ream.

How quick the moments fly! List to that clock;
It struck twelve last and now 'tis sounding one;
At two is class, and when it next will chime,
I'm sure at me its tell-tale voice will mock
For vows unkept. Still I'm not quite undone—
Upon this page I tell my guilt in rime.

Mickiewicz.

MARCELLINUS K. GORSKI, 1902.



It often happens that whenever there occurs a change in the kingdom of imagination immediately there is born a new generation willing and ready to second and support this change. That was the case in the beginning of the eighteenth century in Poland when classicism began to show every day more and more plainly that its time was almost past. It gradually lost its prestige in the minds of those that were most highly cultivated, and although no one could see at the time what should take its place, every one felt that its decadence was at hand. At this period a single poet appeared and took up the cause of Romanticism. This man was Adam Mickiewicz.

Other bright youths soon joined this genius and upheld the new doctrine with the force of their poetic powers. The Polish nation received this new movement with great delight, and this delight even now exists.

The creations of the Polish poets of that period are, almost in every instance, characterized by a peculiarly happy, heartfelt and lively serenity of spirit. Although sadness prevails in their strains, it can be plainly seen that these writers were pervaded with a strong belief in the guardianship of Providence which assures triumph over the power of falsehood and evil.

When the Romantic style was introduced, no one at first could precisely define what was its chief aim and in what direction it would tend, because no one fully understood upon what this Romanticism was founded.

It must be remembered that before Mickiewicz's time, French influence was pre-eminent in Polish literature, but now the time had come to cut loose from France. Different Polish writers began to consider the poetical elements that governed the Middle Ages; they began to give much attention to the German style. Happily for Polish literature, these and similar deliberations served finally to upbuild a purely national style.

After the first youthful enthusiasm was over in consequence of the appearance of Mickiewicz, the Polish poets began to examine their strength; but finding it as yet very undefined, they turned their attention to different inexhaustible sources. They turned toward the treasures of popular poetry which led to the love of the supernatural and miraculous; they turned toward the fresh traditions of the great past which they wished to preserve and perpetuate by their songs. The aim of these poets was to bring nearer to sight the local phenomena of existence, to increase the light, to make home-history more interesting, and to preserve in the mirror of poetic art.

the hereditary thoughts and feelings of national existence.

With the year 1831 a new inspiration seemed to have entered the whole Polish nation; its literature took a new turn in the line of a moral and patriotic tendency. From that date national poetry assumed the highest significance, and became the leading and reigning spirit of the whole Polish people.

About this time, Adam Mickiewicz came within the public view. He was the centre of poetic power, the creator of a new and splendid epoch in Polish poetry. He accomplished a twofold task: that of gathering, in his own personality, the spirit of the whole nation and raising Polish poetry to the company of the European muse. Mickiewicz was fortunate enough to understand the spirit of the people, and to have the knowledge of governing the elements of that most peculiar period in the annals of Poland. His poetic conceptions, supported by reasoning and balanced in the scales of genius, accomplished what he wished—the creation of a new epoch in his country's literature, known as the Romantic.

The Polish people in their feelings of admiration, called Mickiewicz the greatest creative genius of their nation, and they were right; for he had lifted them higher than they had ever been raised before. In this respect Mickiewicz is really the representative, not only of the people but of their feelings.

Mickiewicz certainly exceeds all other Polish poets in the power of phantasy and beauty of expression. He frequently indulges in allegory and mysticism, which at times are almost unintelligible; still these defects do not detract very much from the merits of his works. His poetry is so diverse that there is scarcely a branch which he did not touch and in which he did not excel.

When Mickiewicz first appeared, there was much jealousy displayed by different parties, especially by the Classic school. In addition to that, some journals began severe criticisms. The pulse of the public heart, however, beat so strong that this opposition could neither stifle the enthusiasm nor the admiration for the young and gifted poet. What is equally interesting to note is, that those same parties who at first decried Mickiewicz's innovation, gradually began themselves to wheel into the popular ranks, and eventually became devotedly attached to the new Romantic school.

Mickiewicz was born December 24, 1798,

in a town called Zaosie, in Lithunania. He received the first rudiments of education from the Dominicans at Novogrod. In 1815, he entered the University of Wilno where he contracted the most friendly ties with Thomas Zan, a young man of rare qualities of heart and mind. Zan had great influence upon Mickiewicz's life.

After finishing his studies in the university, Mickiewicz was obliged to accept the professorship of Polish and Latin literature at Kowno. Even at this period he had already a great reputation as a poet, gained by his "Ballads," "Romances," and the fourth part of "The Ancestors." About this time the Russian government suspected some political irregularity among the prominent young men of Wilno, and instituted an investigation. The consequence was that over a dozen of the best and most intellectual young men were arrested and sent into the depths of Russia. Mickiewicz and Zan were among them. In 1824 he was carried to St. Petersburg, but on account of his already great fame he was well received by the educated Russians. Among many friendships contracted in the capital of Russia was one with the renowned Russian poet Puskin. Here Mickiewicz wrote his "Ode to Youth," and "Wallenrod." On account of the latter poem, he was accused by the government, but through the influence of Princess Zeneida, he received an unlimited passport to Italy, Germany and France. In a few days after his departure orders were received for his arrest, but the government officials were too late. From that time on most of his life was spent in travelling through foreign countries. He visited many of the European countries and afterwards Palestine and America. During his tour he composed many of his best works. His death occurred in November, 1855.

May.

December suns in glory rise,
 The lands with rime are gray,
 But these are not the scenes I prize:
 Afar my fancy gladly flies
 To visions sweet of *May*.
 I see the hue of Summer skies,
 The roses on the way,
 When two along the path that lies
 Between me and Love's paradise
 Shall be myself and *May*. J. P. C.

Ruth Ashmore Bennett.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

S. S. ATLANTA, Sept. 22, 1900.

MY DEAR WALTER:—None of my friends is on deck, and I'm as lonely as Robinson Crusoe before he met his man Friday. There's the dark side of these mid-Atlantic friendships: they don't last long; but after all, the blacker the dark side, the brighter the other. It's like enduring a cold at college for the sake of the alcoholic remedy. "The equinoctial gales" are at their height, and I feel very like the man that was "so anxious to land that he could hardly contain himself."

Walter, old man, you may talk forever about happiness being a "flower that blossoms only on the grave," but experience has taught me otherwise. Her name is Ruth, Ruth Bennett; and you ought to see her. If I were an artist, I should make a portrait of her and call it "The Goddess of Beauty." Think what you missed by your trip to the land of wienerwursts. Ye gods! sausages and "equinoctial gales" don't mix well! But to come back to the "goddess." She's simply an ideal,—a girl "after my own heart" (and she got it). Think of the *tête-à-têtes*, the walks on deck, and the thousand joys for "two hearts that beat"—but hold! this is all too foolish for a serious old fellow like you.

Anyway I must go above; that "dark-brown taste" would complete my feelings. If this continues, I'll be "casting bread upon the water, in the way I hadn't oughter."

Your old chum,

HARRY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1900.

MY DEAR HARRY:—Circumstances other than the "equinoctial gales" show that I was extremely fortunate to part from you in Paris. I spent most of my time in the Fine Arts Building,—not studying paintings, however. There was a picture far more beautiful to me than any of those masterpieces. No doubt, sentimentality is something you never expected to find in the serious old fellow you've known these many years; but from experience you are aware that wonders may be wrought by the charms of a "goddess." She came from Philadelphia to study the paintings in the Exposition, and I must confess that I don't

regret the loss of my trip to Vienna. My happiness was short-lived; but if existing conditions continue, I shall soon be buying a ring with a diamond therein, and Miss Ruth Ashmore will become Mrs. Walter Derdan.

You will surely pardon the *ego* throughout these lines, because I am merely putting new flesh on the skeleton of your letter.

Are you going back to Sears for a "post-grad." course? If not, come down and spend a few days with me.

Very sincerely,

WALTER.

S. S. ATLANTA, Sept. 24, 1900.

MY DEAREST FANNIE:—For the first time in three days I'm able to sit up. Those little sails we used to take along the coast were bad enough, but goodness! these "equinoctial gales" are simply awful. I'm not at all well, but I'm just going to write you a little note anyway.

Fannie dear, I'm dying to see you! You'll simply laugh yourself to death at all the funny things I have to say. I've had the loveliest time and met some of the "cutest" fellows. In Paris an American fell in love with me at sight, and we had a grand time studying paintings together. Just imagine me posing as a dignified young lady! but I had to: Walter—I always called him "Mr. Derdan"—was so serious a fellow. At present the dearest little fellow on board is just wild over me. His disposition is entirely different from Walter's, and he gushes over me every blessed minute. Of course, you think this is another predicament like "How happy I might be with either!" Wonder whom you favour, Walter or Harry? Now, Fannie dear, you won't think I'm so awfully criminal when I tell you whom I like? You've often done the same, I'm sure. I was only joking with Walter. As to Harry! well, I can't "throw him over" now,—he might drown, you know; but wait until we land,—then I shall settle him too.

Most affectionately,

RUTH ASHMORE BENNETT.

Touching?

"Do you know," said the boy who was not at all bad,
Although to his senior in years,
"That the play I was at was exceedingly sad,—
So much so, the seats were in tiers?" G. F.

The Reply *

HENRY E. BROWN, '02.

DEAR MR. SENIOR:

I received your dear letter so cunning and true,
And in each learned line I could see a big "You,"
And my heart, as I read it, with pity was filled
For the poor little boy who's so near being killed
With the work and the study they're piling on him
And the learning with which he is filled to the brim.

No, I'm not a bit mad, not a bit, never fear;
For I know how it is with the poor plugging dear;
Though I never have tried it myself, yet I know
From what others have said that when one studies so
Tremendously hard there is no time for fun,
And there's no time for letters excepting to One.

Well, of course, after all, I could hardly have dreamed
That the poor little me would be so well esteemed
As to rise to the height of this one favoured She;
Nor could I have dreamed that the poor little me,
Being only a Soph., could have captured the prize
Correspondent—a Senior both witty and wise.

But, you learned old foggy, take warning, I pray,
And stop in your travels along learning's way
Ere you reach that last stage in the life of the scholar
When his eyes are grown dim and his cheeks are
grown holler,
And the wisdom with which he is filling his head
Overflows in his veins and ere long he is dead.

Let me quote just one paragraph out of your letter,—
Old Foggy the First couldn't fashion a better,—
Where you tell me that happiness is but a flower
We find on the grave and we taste in the hour
When the soul from its bodily prison doth rise
To its heavenly mansion above in the skies.

That's bosh! Why, you numbskull, do you mean to say
That all of the things that we do every day,—
The psalm-singing, alms-giving, church-going, praying,
The eating and drinking and dancing and playing,
The dresses and gossip, and all these,—do you
Mean to say that all these are not happiness? Pooh!

Mr. Senior, for all of your Latin and Dutch,
I don't really think you amount to so much.
I'll bet you a penny if you were to try
You'd find that your markings would not be so high
In a Co-ed's most simple and easy exam:
I don't think you'd know any more than Adam!

For that primogenitor certainly knew
All the fashions and styles of Eve's dresses, while you
Couldn't even distinguish the goods that we use;
And regarding the styles and the fashions, your views
Could be briefly summed up in one eloquent word,—
They'd be characterized at the least as "Absurd."

* To letter to Miss Co-ed, published in SCHOLASTIC four weeks ago.

From the tone of your letter, you're trying to show
That the Co-ed's sum total of knowledge is low;
But, I warn you, beware ere you tread on that ground,
For if study is made of the facts 'twill be found
That the Co-ed knows most, if not all, of your knowledge,
And many things more that you can't learn in college.

Just pile up that wisdom and learning of yours;
Compare your sum total of knowledge with hers,
And when they are both on the scales you will find
That in aggregate weight you are far, far behind:
If the Co-ed's sum total of knowledge is slight,
The weight of your own is exceedingly light.

And now, Mr. Senior, just one parting word:
To all of the things you have read or have heard
Regarding the Co-ed and what she is lacking,
Add this one vast ignorance (I'll go your backing):
The Co-ed says gladly that she never knew
A more idiotic old foggy than you.

With this final piece of advice I shall end
This brief refutation so hastily penned
In the Co-ed's defence; I hope it will show
That no matter how little the Co-ed may know
Regarding some matters, for worse or for better,
She certainly knows how to answer a letter:
Signed,——

REBUTTAL.

DEAR MISS:

In reply to your letter permit me to make
A few friendly comments on one slight mistake,
Or misleading statement of yours,—it is where
You most innocently and boldly declare
That the Co-ed knows most, if not all, of our knowledge,
And many things more that we can't learn in college.

I don't grant the first of that statement at all,
For the Co-ed don't know the first thing about ball;
But I want to object to the latter part, too,
On the ground that the statement as offered by you
Is very misleading and might deceive those
Who don't know the style of the extras she knows.

For instance, she knows all the scandalous tales,
In each day's yellow journal and all the portrayals
Of the follies and faults of her neighbors, and then
She knows all the gossip regarding great men;
She can talk for an hour about any you choose,
And although she can give you no facts, she'll give views,

Furthermore, she can sing, she can dance, she can play.
She can look simply lovely,—at least so they say,—
She can make pillow-cushions and fudges and things,
She can wear stylish gowns and engagement rings,
She can bamboozle "papa" and blow in his ear
Till he gives her a "tenner" and calls her a dear.

And what else can she do? Well, she certainly can
 Make a fool of the wisest, most learned old man:
 Just give her the chance and the man, and a minute
 Will serve to convince you the man isn't in it:
 First she'll choose him, then use him, refuse him, abuse
 him,
 And finally tiring of him she will lose him.

And all of the wisdom the man may possess
 Will ne'er serve to extricate him from the mess;
 From the time of his capture he's dubbed as a mash,
 He's robbed of his wisdom and likewise his cash;
 And all the return for expense and endeariance
 The mash ever gets is the woful experience.

The Co-ed can make a mistake, or a date,
 She can make life a martyrdom for her poor mate;
 She can make in a specified period more noise

Than a Fourth of July or a half hundred boys,—
 But there surely is one thing the Co-ed can't make:
 She can't make me believe that she isn't a fake.

She's a human monstrosity, misguided force,
 She's a powerful river run out of its course;
 She is trying to be that for which she's not fit,
 And where once there was beauty and goodness and
 wit

For men to adore and bow down to, we find
 But a caricature of our own common kind.

And so, Miss Co-ed, take this word of advice:
 Don't try to be mannish, my dear,—'t isn't nice!
 You're sent on this earth with a God-given mission,
 And don't go to trying to change your condition,
 The Lord made the woman companion to Adam,
 But he gave no authority unto the Madam.

A Student's View of the Professions.

JOHN W. DUBBS, 1902.

Hardly a day passed the last summer with-
 out my hearing some one ask of a student
 what course he was taking—what he intended
 to make of himself. Some answered that they
 were studying law, some medicine, and others
 journalism. The questioner often was sur-
 prised at the answer given, and the student,
 instead of receiving encouragement, got just
 the opposite. The response tendered the stu-
 dent generally was: "Why, those professions
 are overcrowded,—in fact, all the professions
 are. Why don't you take up something else?"

Persons making these kind of remarks are
 labouring under a wrong impression, and they
 should try to rid themselves of it by occa-
 sionally reading a newspaper. They would
 then see how the young professional man is
 going to the front, how the older generation
 make way for the younger. They seem to
 forget that there is always room for a better
 man. Common sense tells us that. Do persons
 who maintain that the professions are over-
 crowded possess the necessary common sense
 to see that they are mistaken? It seems not.
 If they were to read a paper, most any kind,
 the ridiculousness of their sayings would
 manifest itself.

Mr. Servan, Chief Examiner in the United
 States Civil Commission, in an editorial lately
 said that "the frequency with which gray-
 haired old men are turning over the reins of
 government to youngsters in the twenties,
 thirties and forties is amazing. We now have
 the youngest of our Presidents in the White
 House, some mere boys in Congress, unbearded

youths entering the insular service, well-nigh
 at the top of the ladder. It is so in nearly
 every department as well." Thus, it is evident
 that the profession of law is not overcrowded.

It is the same with the profession of
 medicine. Our most successful physicians are
 young men. The older ones must take the
 back seats. They are unable to compete with
 the young physician who has the new methods
 and theories on his side. "Knowledge is
 power." It is bound to succeed. Dr. Murphy
 of Chicago serves a good example. All flock
 to him when some surgical operation is needed.
 He is a young man, and commands the
 respect of all his profession. What has been
 said regarding the professions of law and
 medicine can also be said of journalism. The
 world is full of journalists, but better are
 wanted.

The young men of to-day should pay no
 heed to what persons say about their poor
 chances in the future. The people are longing
 for better professional men. What more
 encouragement do students want? The fields
 are open to them—the future is theirs.

A Triolet.

A faded violet
 Carefully laid away.
 A token of love—and yet
 A faded violet.
 What memories you beget
 Of one fair summer's day—
 A faded violet
 Carefully laid away.

E. E. W.

With Homer.

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

Miss Julia Graham had just returned from recitation. She had much difficulty in reading Homer, and her poor success in class work was causing her grief and dissatisfaction. Throwing her books on her table she said: "I think that I'll leave school; the Professor is down on me and I can't learn, that's all there is to it." She sat on her couch and began to weep. She pictured her parents coolly greeting her, her brother and sister smiling derisively, her friends, who were jealous of her when she left for Vassar, rejoicing and pointing her out as the most ignorant girl in Vassar.

"How can I tolerate this?" she muttered, "I am not learning; I can not enjoy myself. On the promenades I can not discuss Homer and Virgil with the other girls. I am treated with contempt at all the receptions, and that teacher is favouring other girls and he is not doing me justice.

The room was an ideal college one: the colours of Vassar hung in loops draping the ceiling; the walls were decorated with paintings and with photographs of supposedly infatuated young men; in the centre of the room and beneath an electric light stood a draped mahogany table on which were her books carelessly strewn. In the shadow of a crimson glow Miss Graham, still reclining on her settee, clutched her Homer.

In the palace at Sparta stood the handsome and well-formed Paris entreating the beautiful Helen to leave Greece. Ilios with its magnificent structures and domes and spires looms up as they turn into the Hellespont. The gray-haired Priam with open arms welcomes his son into his palace and Ilios rejoices.

In Sparta King Menelaus alone in his chamber bemoans his loss. The Achæans assemble, and the wildest excitement prevails. There stands the mighty Agamemnon clad in armour marshalling the Greeks. See them gathering around him. In Thessaly bebold Nestor, he from whose lips words sweeter than honey flow, and Odysseus, of whom Homer has sung in verse! They are entreating the mightiest of warriors, Achilles, to assist the sad Menelaus.

The Achæans are hurrying to Aulis whence

they embark for Troy. No, they have not reached Troy, that is Lemnos. What hospitality! the people rush down to greet them. They set out again, and they are now hastening toward Troy. What an assembly of ships, and how difficult it is for the rowers to effect a landing! Those two dignitaries that hasten toward Ilios are the sad Menelaus and Odysseus; they are seeking Helen. The Achæans are disorderly. Agamemnon is in command, but he does not stop those incursions into the neighbouring places; and how the soldiers quarrel over the spoils!

The assembly is unruly and the Trojans cry out "murder them!" That aged gentleman who entreats the Trojans to respect the Achæan ambassador is Antenor, one of the wisest of Trojans. He has difficulty in escorting Menelaus from the mob. The Achæans listen to the words of the excited speaker: he is Menelaus. The Achæans are hurrying: Yes, they are laying siege to Troy. The Trojans are excited, but they fear to go outside the walls. Their supplies are well-nigh exhausted, and they must either surrender or fight the Achæans in open battle.

The day is breaking; that aged, white-haired man, who in gleaming garments is coming upon the Achæan camp, is a priest of Apollo; he entreats Agamemnon who stole his daughter Chryseis to return her to him. How cruelly Agamemnon turns him aside. That god in brilliant light is Apollo; he is listening to the prayers of the priest. Apollo is one of the mightiest gods. The cause of the discontent among the Achæans is a plague; see how Apollo hovers over the Grecian camp! That is Colchis who tells Achilles that Chryseis must be freed or the Achæan's cause will be lost.

What a quarrel! That man who rebukes Agamemnon is the noblest of the Greeks, Achilles. He wants Chryseis restored. That maiden leaving the Achæan camp is the daughter of the aged priest of Apollo. The plague has ceased; Achilles is angry. The maiden whom Agamemnon leads away is Briseis, Achilles' prize of honour. Ilios rejoices; there is discontent in the camp

of the Achæans. That giant who is standing on the shores of the Hellespont is Achilles. He is sad. The night appears to harmonize with him: see the black clouds rolling up from the west and overcasting the heavenly bodies; how the waters surge and roar! Hear that voice crying out from the deep? It is the voice of Thetis, the mother of

Achilles; he has prayed her to have Zeus assist him; hearken to the thunder; there is discontent in—"

The Homer dropped to the floor. The moonbeams streaming through the lace curtains replaced the crimson glow, and for a moment Miss Graham was arrested by the fantastic figures that were cast upon the floor.

"Hyde, You're a Scoundrel."

FRANCIS B. O'BRIEN.

"I suppose congratulations are in order this morning, Jack?—No? well, well!"

"Hyde, I am afraid Parkway has the best of me."

"You don't tell me!—Well, just to cinch it for you, I'll go down town and order a dozen or two American Beauties; they are eighteen dollars a dozen, but that doesn't make any difference. I'll put your card on them and send them up to Mabel."

"I don't think that would do. The one thing that Mabel objects to is my extravagance," Jack replied.

"Of course, there you are again. You would never take my advice unless I forced it on you. Who saw that you were elected Captain of the football team? Who introduced you into society? And haven't I done a hundred other little things to put you where you are?"

Jack realized that he was heavily indebted to Hyde, not only for the good advice and "rules of conduct" he had so often given him, but for his financial assistance as well, and he disliked very much to disregard his wishes.

"I suppose I'll have to consent, but I assure you it is very reluctantly."

"I think it's your only salvation. I never saw a case yet where a fellow's chances were injured with a dozen American Beauties."

"All right, you can send them; but I know what the outcome will be."

The next morning a note arrived for Jack from Mabel. Hyde looked on with confidence while Jack read it.

"Just as I expected," said Jack, when he had finished it; "you've fixed things wonderfully." I wonder if you're not in a conspiracy with Parkway against me? Read this."

"MY DEAR MR. RIDGEWAY:—Your lovely roses were received this afternoon, and I must

thank you for them. Pardon me though if I venture to say that it was mere extravagance on your part. You know that father dislikes extravagance, and objects to you solely on that account. I don't know what he will say when he sees the flowers. I was almost tempted to send them back so as to keep them out of his sight."

"Well, old man, you see the tone of that letter. A nice position you've put me into. Now, what can you offer?"

"Nothing, but I must say she is the strangest creature I ever heard of."

"Yes, I know that, and it is just why I like her. Parkway is going away to-day on business for a month, and if it had not been for those flowers I might have succeeded."

"Parkway going away for a month, did you say?"

"Yes, but I have no show now. It was a toss up between us before you sent those flowers, but my chances are lost now."

"Don't be discouraged. You might be able to fix things while Parkway is away, and the best thing to do anyhow is to keep on calling on her."

At Hyde's earnest solicitation he called on her that evening, and his reception was just as he expected. He tried to explain how he had won the flowers from Hyde on a bet, but his explanation did not gain much for him. The next evening, however, when he called the situation was altogether changed. There must have been two dozen American Beauties in Mabel's parlour.

"Where did they come from?" Jack asked.

"Mr. Parkway sent them," Mabel replied, "and I am disgusted with him for doing it. You ought to have heard how papa talked about him. He said he knew Parkway went in debt for them, and I believe he did too."

Jack rejoiced. He saw where Parkway had

made the mistake of his life. He immediately told Hyde about it, and they both agreed that Parkway was no longer in the race.

One night soon after Jack came running into Hyde's room.

"It's all fixed," he said, "the old man has consented, and we're to be married in October."

"You know who to thank for it, don't you?"

"Yes, Parkway, of course, for sending those flowers."

"Oh no! It's to me all thanks should be given."

"How is that?"

"Why, I sent those flowers up to Mabel and put one of Parkway's cards on them."

"Hyde, you're a scoundrel—you're a rascal. I never thought that of you. Well, I suppose, I'll have to shake with you on it. I guess we can keep it away from Parkway, all right."

A Pastel.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

The fog sinks heavily on the square. Its gray cowl fits tightly down. Two big furrows of lighted mist lead to the drawing-room windows of a great stone house. Under the driveway, the gas lamp flickers, half choked by the dampening dusk.

Shadows flit across the uncurtained windows of the great stone house. A child presses her forehead against the pane. Now her filmy breath perceptibly fades away.

The vapor lifts. No more do grotesque shadows dance in the lighted furrows of the fog.

Some time before a man had stepped inside the iron fence and upon the lawn. He had dodged the shafts of light. When a childish face pressed the pane he had shuddered and had outstretched his arms toward that dimpled face.

Now he braces himself against the garden seat with head down.

A bell clangs from a car out beyond the avenue. The man starts. He half runs. Again he avoids the shafts of light, but looks not back.

That night, before those flaxen curls lay still upon soft pillows, two little lips prayed:

"And, sweet Lord, do bless my papa, too!"

The while the fog sank heavily without, and where had been two big furrows of light was darkness.

Darby Cronin's Barrel.

BY AN SAOI TADHG.

"And ain't the praties, God bless 'em, fine and round with you, Davy, in spite of the druth?" said Ned Casey as he came through Darby Cronin's garden where Davy Riordan was working.

"You took the word out of me mouth, Ned. That's what I was sayin' to myself all along up from the ditch. You needn't fear but the seed the ould man got from Tom Flynn's wife was worth the money. The round ones are like bread for atin', and the small ones he can give to the pigs; and the sound black ones, you know the divil a finer you'd want to scrape for the still. But be the way, as I drew down the still, you didn't hear what the ould man did to the new gauger; and how—"

"Another gauger in town!" suddenly broke in Ned Casey, with looks of much anxiety. "Soon people can't put a bit in their mouth but 'twill be watched. Where is he stoppin'? In the barrack, I suppose, isn't it?"

"The divil a bit o' me could tell you, Ned; but I saw him goin' through the field, I think 'twas ere yesterday mornin', up in the direction of the Great House. You know thim and that divil of a magistrate is all wan. Don't ever fret but he'll be lodgin' in the barrack, for Mike Feore had it a Sunday up at Murphy's that the ould sergeant was to be changed."

"Who's doin' all this changin', I wandher? Faith, Davy, wan misfortune don't come alone, for there was niver the likes of him in the barrack while I remimber. You'd never find 'im but he used always be mindin' his duty."

"Indeed, Ned, that's what everyone says. And I knew myself when Darby here used to give 'im a hot dhrop after he'd bein' out patroullin' in the cowl; bad luck to the wan of 'im ever used ask where it used come from! But that's not the way with the new man, I promise you."

"Whince is he from, Davy, did you hear?"

"No, but Bridge Carey was tellin' me he come from the same place as Simon's wife up here at the Cross. But anyway, wherever he come from myself and the ould man was very nearly caught by 'im, when he—"

"What do you main, Davy! Ketch ye! Is he goin' round so soon already?"

"God bless your head—why, Ned, he wasn't harly warum in the place whin he wint round

tryin' every house in the neighborhood; and but for me Darby here wouldn't be makin' another pinny off his still any more."

"How, Davy, what happened 'em? Did he come out so soon as far as Cronin's?"

"And you didn't hear about it! I see—'twas kept sacet. Why, man alive! the day after the pig market, as I was diggin' a han'ful of these like now, I saw one of the peelers and a strange man I didn't know talkin' together at the other side of Doyle's hay-reek. 'Twas lucky enough the thought struck me—I threw 'way the spade and hurr'ed up to the house. As I was goin' in Darby and the ould woman was steepin' ev'rything out in the middle of the flurè; for they were claynin' out from under the stair-case.

"Stop! Darby, says I. There is a well-clad man I don't know, talkin' with wan of the peelers behind Doyle's reek. Maybe 'tis the gauger you wor sayin' that was in town. The ould woman took the colour o' the wall."

"Davy!" says Darby to me. "What?" says I. "Do you know what you'll do: tie a rope 'bout this keg that there is nothin' in, and whin you see 'im comin' up towards the house, put it on your back and run with it up towar's Carroll's out of the way."

"The divil a wan o' me but did his biddin'; and as I was goin' up in the ditch who did I see but the gauger comin' into the haggart. He beck'ned his stick, but I didn't wait, only jumped over the dike and ran through the

praty ridges wid the keg on me shoulders. Bad luck to the wan o' him but didn't come after me through Jim Tracy's turnips, away up Flynn's borheen, and through—"

"How is it he didn't bate you runnin', Davy, you havin' the barrel?"

"But, Ned, you see, there wasn't a hapertth in the world in it, and look at the odds I had: more than twice from here to the pit. And moreover, he had one of thim awked han'-bags. At any rate, he kept follin' me up Tracy's borheen till I crossed into Mrs. Carroll's stubbles, and there in the ind I threw the ould keg down o' my shoulders into the dike. I didn't pretend a word, only took the rope wid me and wint over to the reapers; for you can't open your mouth to wan of thim, but he'll give you into the hands of the law."

"But he was fit to be tied—ask Johnny Haley an' he'll tell you—whin he kem up and saw there was nothin' in the imty keg. He was wild and kicked it back agin into the dike and walked with his head under him down to try the house. But Darby and the ould woman had everything stowed like always before him under the stairs. You know no one never 'ud dhrame of tryin' under there whin a score of turf is put at the dure. No matter, at any rate we had a narra escape, and but for me he would—But, Ned, that's Darby himself above at the gate. I must finish up to the stalks, or 'maybe he'll think I was talkin.'"

Twilight.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

The afternoon is cold and uninviting. Without, Christmas shoppers, wrapped in furs and large coats, hurry along. Now and again a few light snowflakes circle fantastically to earth. Their gambols are brief. Like mortal beings they are laid to rest forever beneath the shivering blades of grass.

A few sere leaves move restlessly on the outstretched limbs. The fields are monotonously quiet. Even the near-by city seems to have been chilled into a motionless posture.

The smoke of the factories is wafted off aimlessly by the west wind. The steeples of God's churches lift themselves in silent warning above the city. Threatening clouds

are pushing themselves above the western horizon. Darkness has closed the eye of the dying day. The outer world is veiled from my view.

As I dream, my thoughts wander to other days. I think of loved ones that have passed from earth. The sorrow is sweet, and one from which I do not wish to part—how sweet it is to remember those that we cannot wholly lose! Loved friends, rest serenely on the silent shores of eternity!

I recall my wandering thoughts, and whisper half aloud: "Beloved, as I wander far from home my bitterest sorrow is made sweet by the thoughts of thee, by the tender thoughts of thee."

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REPORTERS.

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—With this issue we close the season's work. To you gentlemen of the Faculty that have ever aided us by your wholesome criticism to fill these pages worthily; to you serene readers that have watched as a matter of courtesy, if not with genuine pleasure, our midnight rambles into the land of fiction, essays and verse, and even sought in the local column humour which it was not ours to give—aye, to all at old Notre Dame, we propose our toast, with all sincerity and candour "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

—This season has been the most successful in the history of the University, not only from the point of view of numbers but from the standard of the work both intellectual and physical. As a young orator a few weeks back, in his address to the President, said, our "progress in things material was never more marked than it is to-day; our aim in things intellectual never higher." And besides this there is a feeling of good-fellowship that runs through the University, from St. Edward's Hall to Sorin, taking in students and professors, and uniting all by the bonds of true friendship. That this state of affairs will continue is our honest hope, nor is there any reason why it should not, for while student and professor are

working hand in hand for the better development of the former, and our athletic teams gaining more glory, our love for our college, which, after all, is good-fellowship, should go on increasing and increasing.

—It is regrettable indeed that more interest is not manifested in the art course at the University. Young men going out into life forget that their education as men of culture is woefully lacking in proper development when they are unable to distinguish the value of one painting as compared with another. Knowledge of this kind does not come from books. For though we may read Van Dyke's "How to Judge a Picture," or many other popular critical works built along the same line, yet it is necessary to have drawn at least from casts to understand properly the symmetry and beauty of a figure. When we have done this the criticism we get from a Van Dyke has a distinct value; and in all cases can we apply it, for we understand then the work as the artist himself understood it.

At the University we have a collection of beautiful casts which Professor Paradis selected in Paris, and another magnificent collection brought by Father Zahm from Italy. Within a short time this latter collection will be mounted in the art room.

A visit to the art room will show the cleverness of the students following this line of work. The number, it is true, is not large, but the degree of excellence is high; four men especially, Mr. John Worden, Mr. Orrin White, Mr. John Willard and Mr. Eugenio Rayneri, showing high artistic taste and finish, for "Their heart is in their work, and the heart giveth grace to every art."

Nearly all of those entering the art course are raw recruits. But the studies in black and white, and the charcoal drawings put on exhibition in the parlour twice a year, show the wonderful changes that have taken place.

Professor Paradis does not ask that all entering his class should make art work a life study, but he seeks those that are desirous of getting a knowledge of drawing from casts, for this knowledge is the foundation of all art work. We as students may not recognize this fact, but in after years, when we, forgetting bulls and bears for a day, get caught in an art gallery, we will find ourselves wandering from painting to painting aimlessly without power to appreciate or to criticise.

Our Gridiron Heroes.

Now that the season of football is over, the SCHOLASTIC feels obliged to make mention of the moleskin heroes who upheld our prestige on the gridiron and fought so nobly in many hard struggles for the honour of the Gold and Blue. Never before has a Notre Dame eleven achieved such a glorious record as the one gained by the Varsity of '01. The entire schedule, a hard one too, was played through without a defeat, the Northwestern game being conceded as practically a victory for us. Our goal line was crossed but three times—once on a fluke.

For the first time we won the proud title of Champions of Indiana, and at the end of the season we ranked as leader of the second division of Western Colleges, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota being in a class by themselves. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the gentlemen of the Varsity on their brilliant showing. All hail to them, to Coach O'Dea, Trainer Butler, Manager Crumley, and the members of the Second Eleven, who all worked faithfully for the success of the Gold and Blue.

CAPT. ALBERT E. FORTIN (Right Tackle).

Besides filling the responsible position of Captain, Fortin also took care of right tackle in a very successful manner. During his four years' stay on the team he has won the distinction of being a very heady player, steady and reliable at all times. He is especially clever on defensive work. In the Beloit game he did some brilliant offensive playing which was largely responsible for our victory. The Captain is but twenty years old, weighs 185 pounds, and measures five feet nine inches.

LOUIS SAMMON (Full-back).

This is Sammon's second year on the Varsity. Last season he established a reputation for himself in the Michigan game by his line-bucking, but this season he far surpassed all previous efforts. His work all year was closely watched by the critics who are unanimous in declaring him one of the best full-backs in the West. In addition to his line-bucking abilities, Lou developed into a first-class punter, and several times has kicked seventy yards. Sammon also displayed rare judgment as field captain, his marvellous coolness making him the ideal man for the position. Lou is but twenty-one years old, five feet nine and a half inches in height and weighs 165 pounds.

JAMES FARAGHER (Left Tackle.)

Faragher was one of the mainstays of the team both on offensive and defensive work. In his position as tackle he has but few equals in the West. Jim rarely failed to gain when given the ball, and was a hard man to down when once started. On the defensive he made possible many big gains for our backs by his ready way of opening up a hole in the line. Jim is twenty-five years old, is five feet ten inches in height, and tips the scales at 198 pounds. This is his second year.

C. L. GILLEN (Left Guard.)

Gillen was one of the most conscientious players on the team. On offensive work he was very strong, and generally managed to make an opening in the line when it was needed. His defensive work was equally brilliant, and but few gains were made through his portion of the line. Nace is twenty-four years of age, weighs 185 pounds, and measures five feet ten inches. This is his second year on the Varsity.

JOHN PICK (Centre.)

Centre was well taken care of by Pick. His cleverness and ability to handle himself quickly made him more than a match for any of his opponents. Pick is very fast on his feet, and in the Indiana game his speed and deadly tackling prevented several long runs. In passing the ball he is very accurate. On the defensive his work all season was brilliant, and but few gains were made through his territory. This is his last year on the team. Pick is twenty-three years of age, weighs 190 pounds, and is six feet tall.

F. M. WINTER (Right Guard.)

For the past three seasons Winter has held down centre, but this year he was shifted to guard where he did creditable work. "Fat" is a very shifty player and knows how to use his weight to advantage. He is a stone wall on defense, and on offense is very active in opening up a hole for the backs. His clever defensive work was particularly noticeable in the Purdue game. "Fat" is twenty-two years of age, weighs 218 pounds, and is five feet eight inches tall.

JAMES L. DORAN (Left Half.)

Doran, a new man, proved to be a valuable acquisition to the team. Early in the season he was placed at end where he did creditable work. Later on, Coach O'Dea decided to try

him at half, and the wisdom of his choice was shown in the very first game he played the position. He is good on smashing interference, and as an offensive player has but few equals on the team. In both championship contests he did brilliant work in this respect. "Jim" is twenty-one years old, six feet in height, and weighs 175 pounds.

HARLEY E. KIRBY (Right Half.)

Kirby was undoubtedly the find of the season, and although this was his first year on the Varsity, he developed into one of the best half-backs Notre Dame ever had. In the Purdue game he did brilliant work on both the offensive and the defensive, and his long runs were a large factor in deciding the contest. He is very fast on his feet, a sure tackler, and at hurdling the line has but few equals. Kirby is twenty years of age, weighs 176 pounds, and is six feet in height.

HENRY J. MCGLEW (Quarter-Back.)

Our clever little quarter-back won an enviable reputation for himself by his good work. Although he is the lightest man on the team, his vim and dash more than made up for his lack of weight. At quarter-back he passed through the championship contests without a fumble, and during the whole season made but few. This is a record which few quarter-backs in the country can boast of. Mac is also strong on interference, and more than once has made a long run possible. His clever tackling saved our goal line many times. Mac is twenty years old, weighs 155 pounds, and is five feet eight inches in height.

F. J. LONERGAN (Right End).

"Happy" was a new man on the team, but before many games were played he became one of the idols of the rooters. His long runs and clever, defensive playing, his fast work in going down the field on punts, and his splendid interfering on runs around his end, made him a very valuable man. In the P. and S. game he did some spectacular playing, one time running fifty yards for a touchdown through a crowded field. Happy is nineteen years of age, is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 165 pounds.

G. NYERE (Left End and Q. B.)

Early in the season Nyere tried for quarter-back position and in the first few games did clever work. On account of his fast work in going down the field on punts and his tackling

he was shifted round to end, where he proved to be valuable. A bad injury to his arm kept him out of the Purdue and Indiana games, but in the P. and S. and South Bend games he played brilliantly. Nyere is twenty-one years old, weighs 165 pounds, and is five feet nine inches in height.

GEORGE LINS (Half Back and End).

Early in the season Lins was placed at half-back where he did good work. In the Indiana and Purdue games he was tried at ends where his aggressive playing was very much in evidence. He is strong on smashing interference, and generally succeeds in getting through and nailing his man. Lins is twenty-two years old, six feet tall, and weighs 185 pounds. This is his fourth and last year as a Varsity man.

E. J. PEIL (Guard.)

When Gillen received the injury which prevented him from entering the Purdue game, Coach O'Dea and Captain Fortin were at a loss to know what to do for a guard. Peil came to the rescue, and on account of his good showing in practice was chosen to fill the gap. His plucky work in that game is too well known to be commented on. Peil will, no doubt, be a strong candidate for guard next year. He is twenty years old, stands five feet eight inches in height, and weighs 179 pounds.

D. J. O'MALLEY (Guard and Half-Back).

O'Malley was tried at half-back for awhile and proved to be a strong man. His tendency to run high when carrying the ball was a fault which greatly handicapped him. In the Northwestern game his brilliant defensive work at guard was one of the features. Dominick is twenty-four years old, is six feet tall and weighs 198 pounds.

J. HANNAN (Half-Back).

Hannan was unfortunate in the early part of the season, and in the Northwestern game received injuries that prevented him from doing any more active playing. In the game with O. S. U. his work gave great promise, and in the Northwestern game he also did good work. His one fault is slowness in starting, but this can be easily remedied by practice. Hannan will be a valuable man next year. He is twenty years of age, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and stands five feet ten inches in height.



J. J. CULLINAN (Sub Tackle).

Joe is a strong, reliable player and when called upon to relieve any of the regular tackles, gave a good account of himself. He is twenty two years of age, weighs 172 pounds, and is five feet ten inches in height.

F. J. SHAUGHNESSY (Sub End and Q. B.)

Shaughnessy is another new man who showed up well when he was called upon. At end he was strong on defensive, but few gains being made against him. Late in the season he was tried at quarter-back on the second team and proved a success. Shaughnessy is but eighteen years old, weighs 170 pounds, and is 6 feet 1½ inches in height.

C. D. COLEMAN (Sub Half-Back.)

Coleman is one of the lightest men on the team, but very aggressive. He is good at line-bucking, and a clever defensive player. Coleman is twenty years of age, measures five feet eight inches, and weighs 161 pounds.

W. P. WOOD (Sub Half-Back.)

Wood has plenty of pluck, and although light should make a good man next season. He hits the line low, and when he once gets into the open field is a hard man to down. He is twenty-two years old, weighs 158 pounds, and measures five feet nine inches.

And now a word about the gentlemen of our second eleven. For two long months they bore cheerfully with bruises and bumps that the Varsity might receive that practice which makes perfect. Their work was indeed a self-sacrificing one and worthy of the highest praise. That the Gold and Blue was triumphant is due as much to their efforts as to anything else. To these men, therefore, the SCHOLASTIC extends thanks in behalf of every loyal rooster. McGowan, Fensler, Corley, Funk, Hogan, Herbert, Staples, Jelsch, Gearin and McCullough constituted the team.

Pat O'Dea, whose fame as a football player is world wide, won new laurels for himself as a coach. He developed the team gradually with the idea of having them in perfect condition for the two State Championship contests, and in this he was successful. Every man on the team placed the greatest confidence in him, and as a result of this harmony we were victorious. Nor must we forget to give due credit to our genial trainer, Mr. P. Butler and to Harry V. Crumley, the most popular manager the Varsity has ever had.

JOS. P. O'REILLY.

Exchanges.

A new arrival on the field of college journalism should be received with kindness, but so promising a paper as the *S. V. C. Index* should be greeted with praise. The verses on "Twilight" run along quite smoothly, the metre after the manner of Shelley's "Cloud." They show ability and are worthy of praise.

A change of our high regard for *The McMaster University Monthly* is excluded by the number for October. The skilful treatment of "Courting in French Canada" increases the interest necessarily found in the subject-matter. After reading "Music" we must conclude that an old subject may be treated in an interesting, original manner. The writer's point of view is not the ordinary one, and she has given us something above the ordinary essay on this subject. In the October number there is a noticeable lack of verse,—a state of affairs that we hope to see soon remedied. The one piece of verse is "Solace of the Sea," and it is good. The thought is expressed in metre that has a pleasing swing, and through the verses there is that rare quality, originality.

Another of our most valued exchanges is the *University of Virginia Magazine*. Each department is well filled, and whether we look for literary essays, verses, or short stories, we are sure to find them here. Fiction, we may say, is the most pleasing feature of the magazine. There is always a wealth of verses, impressive, not by number alone but by quality. Another form of fiction so prominent in this paper is the short story. In the November number there is a story which shows such skilful treatment that we can not pass it by without particular mention. The length of the introduction may be criticised as unnecessary; even so, the writer does so well that we are very interested and rather prefer the lengthy introduction. "An Ordinary Fellow" is the story in question, and the author has succeeded in producing something of a literary value far superior to the merit of the ordinary story of our college magazines. Essays, however, are not neglected; and since they contain originality, their literary worth can not be questioned.

G. W. B.

Books and Magazines

—In a neatly bound volume, published by Knight and Millet, Boston, Mr. Joseph Le Roy Harrison has given us a happy compilation of verse. The book is entitled "In College Days," and the selections it contains have been taken from the leading college papers of the United States; and very readable selections they are too. Quite a large number compare favorably with poems appearing in some of our pretentious literary magazines. The themes are rich in variety and form, and some exhibit a raciness and vigour that the reader can not fail to admire. While the muse does not soar very high in any of the productions, yet she is ever above the horizon, and her flight is graceful and guided by the canons of versification. The subjects treated are those dear to the undergraduate heart,—love, athletic sport, success,—with here and there a passing nod to Bacchus. A delightful optimism pervades the book, which may perhaps cause some cynic to frown, but, as Mr. David Starr Jordan says, "those who have been once young understand all this." It may be of some interest to add that the names of three former students of Notre Dame, Frank W. O'Malley, Charles Ensign and "A. M. J.," find a place in the authors' index.

—The Christmas *Cosmopolitan* comes replete, as usual, with good things. It is very profusely illustrated. It has, however, no work in colours, and of course can not be compared with the higher priced magazines which make that line of illustration a particular feature. Its reproductions of recent paintings are especially interesting.

The adventures of John Longbowe, Yeoman, by Bret Harte, have a special interest as the work of the father of the short story. The story appears to be, for the most part, a travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has some notes on Parenthood, interesting chiefly because of the source from which they emanate. In reading the article, one gets the notion that the natural law has lost its hold on our modern life, and needs to be insisted upon.

The Editor, John Brisben Walker, continues his story of Theodore Roosevelt's life in this number. His purpose is to find the causes of Mr. Roosevelt's success in a study of his ancestors. He introduces some very sound remarks on the writing of biography.

Personals.

—We welcomed the visit of Rev. Charles Thiele of Whiting, Indiana, an old student, of the eighties, who was here in the earlier part of the week.

—The many friends of Brother Leopold tender him their sympathy on the sad news of the death of his brother John Kaul, who died at Lancaster, Pa., Sunday, December 8.

—Father O'Callaghan and Father Burke Paulists, of New York, stopped off at the University several days on their way East. Both reverend gentlemen had been conducting a mission during the past seven weeks in Archbishop Keane's diocese, Dubuque, Iowa.

—Another old student will soon become a Benedict. This week Father Morrissey received an invitation from Des Moines, Iowa, to attend the marriage reception of Mr. Chester Herbert Atherton to Miss Odelia White of Des Moines, to take place January 1, 1902. Mr. Atherton was one of the brightest students in the Civil Engineering class of '99.

—We are pleased to note the visit of the following persons at the University within the last few days: Mrs. A. Hackmann and her daughter Cora of Oldenburg, Ind.; Miss Mary F. Lyman, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Blandine E. Kegler, Bellville, Ill.; Miss Jose B. King, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Agnes O'Donnell and Mrs. T. H. Burke, Kokomo, Ind.; Miss M. E. Jones, and Miss Nellie Onen, Dowagiac, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Eldridge and Mrs. Fish of South Bend, and Mr. J. S. Spalding of Chicago.

Local Items.

—Examinations on December 19–20.

—Next session's work begins on January 3.

—"Cap." intends to renew his lectures at the dinner table on Roman law.

—The track men are showing remarkably good form thus early in the year.

—Christmas and New Year's mailing cards can be secured in Carroll Hall reading-rooms.

—Rumour hath it that Father Morrissey has secured Mr. Bourke Cockran to lecture on January 15.

—The surprise party, taking its origin in Sheriff McGinley in the Moot-Court, has not as yet subsided.

—Several pieces of valuable jewelry have been found and are held in Carroll reading-rooms for claimant.

—The St. Joe "Buffaloes" held a meeting last Saturday night, electing Zaehnle captain and Furlong coach. During the season just closed the "Buffaloes" won the inter-hall championship of the minor teams. Under the

handling of Furlong, who is an adept in coaching, great things are expected from this plucky eleven next year.

—The last issue of the *Literary Digest* as usual contains its wealth of clever excerpts and original articles. The criticisms on sixteen of the notable books of the day is a rare treat; for each criticism picks out the fundamental thoughts of the book, giving us a knowledge of the book and the author. President Hadley contributes a timely paper dealing with the true functions of a university.

—Father Morrissey will address the Indiana Club of Chicago at the auditorium next Tuesday night. Many Notre Dame Alumni will be present. The Indiana Club consists of Indiana men, graduates of Indiana colleges, and is one of the strongest social clubs in Chicago. Addresses will be made by the Presidents of other Indiana colleges, and the songs of each college sung by a quartet.

—Last Thursday surveyors began work on a new walk and driveway that will encompass St. Mary's Lake. This means an outlay of \$6000 or \$7000, but when the walk and driveway are finished they will be perhaps the handsomest in the state. The work is under the care of Brother Philip, who has beautified the lawns at Notre Dame, superintended the erection of the grotto, and given to the University grounds that appearance of beauty which appeals so strongly to us after an absence of a few weeks or months.

—Owing to a meeting of Medics in Indianapolis, Dr. J. B. Berteling was unable to be present at the Varsity football banquet at the Oliver. However, he sent over a letter which is full of pertinent thought. He said: "It is as a builder of character that this game above everything else appeals to one. It breeds those qualities, whether in war or peace, that make a nation great. While encouraging aggressiveness it encourages moderation; while inspiring desire of good for self, it instils sympathy for others. Loyalty to each other, to the team, to the coach, to one's college, is the motto of every football team worthy of the name." Thoughts like these, coming from a man of Dr. Berteling's experience, have some weight.

—On Wednesday evening the Philopatrians gave in the parlour a reception to the Faculty. A programme, made up of clever musical and elocutionary numbers, was felicitously carried out. The individual performers had each some peculiar as well as general merit. L. Van Sant delivered the recitation "Darius Green" in a droll and amusing manner. P. Burger was "real cute" in the "Smack in School." A. Dwan made a hit with the dramatic recitation, "The Uncle." The story of "The Boy Hero" was well narrated by A. Bosworth. Those that had musical parts were clever as a matter of course, and need not be mentioned personally.

Still, we can not dispense with the mention of J. Gallart, whose brilliant work on the piano was enjoyed immensely by all present. At the close of the entertainment, Rev. President Morrisséy made a few remarks complimentary to the Philopatrian Society and its members. He asked that the same entertainment be given Saturday evening for the benefit of all the students of Carroll Hall. He said that the Carrollites might then have a "smoker—without a smoke." The Rev. President was glad to see so many pupils of the music and elocution classes in the society. He recommended the acquisition of parlour accomplishments by the boys, inasmuch as they afford a source of pleasure to parents and friends. Refreshments were served. Everyone did his best to dispose of the ice-cream. Father Morrissey called attention to the fact that the Faculty could hold their own even in that.

—The reporter was wandering through Sorin Hall the other day inquiring what the fellows wanted for Christmas. The following wants are a few from the heterogeneous collection:

Studie wouldn't object to an increase in business.

Phil O'Neill would like a bicycle lamp that didn't have such an effect on the olfactory organs.

As Petritz has taken O'Grady's reed for his clarinet, the latter would like to find some place else to hang his hat.

McKeever would like to go through the business college on another visit.

Dubbs wouldn't object in the least to a pound of Duke's Mixture.

Will Shea says that it would be real nice if the girl would write to him.

Fink, another pair of boxing gloves.

Cutie Wilson, another photograph of Dolly.

O'Malley, a hair cut

Krug is doty on bon-bons.

Fortin, a new track roller.

Green wants a Demosthenes pose.

Hoover would like to move off Bismarck Alley.

Bobby Lynch, a champion baseball team.

Barry would consider the History of Dublin a capital present.

Voight would like a tambourine and a copy of "Reubens."

Krost would like to be a doctor; also to have the gentle ones send him another doll.

O'Hara would like an argument.

Kanaley, ideas on reciprocity.

Wolf would like to meet the party who gave him the bon-bons over near the stile.

Burkitt, another afternoon beyond the stile.

Fahey, a corner on the intellectual out-put of the first flat.

Sweeney, a bath.

Toohey, a moustache.

Shirk, an interview with the Goshen editor.

Tommy D., a "plug."