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The Catbird.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

I LOVE to hear the bluebird calling
When the elm buds 'gin to swell;
I love to hear the thrushes piping
Later in the fragrant dell.

The lark that plumes his gay-tipped feathers,
The sly old redbird fair to see,
The oriole with soul of music,—
All have special joys for me.

But the catbird late in summer,
With conglomerated airs,
Strikes a chord that reaches deeper
Than any other songster shares.

He cares naught for rhythmic measure,
But he sings to soothe his soul,
Catching up with unfeigned pleasure
Notes that other songsters troll.

And I'm very like the catbird
In his old gray winter coat,
That can't keep the bars from mixing
In his medley-making throat;

For I find no deeper pleasure
Than when off with muse and elf,
I write some poor but heartfelt verses—
Write them just to soothe myself.

HAPPINESS is a duty, and if we would but study and practice its conditions and laws, it is a duty none would find it impossible to fulfil.

* *

WE live with the vital truths, with which we have become familiar, as we live in our habitual material environment—heedless, unobservant, indifferent; and our real self is starved because it lacks the nourishment of divine thoughts and yearnings.—*Spalding.*

A Civil Service.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.



ANY nights she had cried hard and long at home because the cash would not come out even, or because the proprietor had spoken sternly. Some way she knew that she was not taking a right hold on the books, yet she was doing the best she could. Teaching had proved too tiring. She had vowed to take anything before she should teach; and she thought she must work.

One might think it inconceivable that the proprietor, Mr. Cairn, could be very stern and be young, unmarried and good-looking at the same time. Now, since she had become the cashier, Ellen could not smile winsomely at him, or at anyone else, in fact. Several times when she had made the most inexcusable blunders, though Mr. Cairn looked vexed, he appeared to be sufficiently amused that he drew sparingly on his ready sarcasm.

Then there were the girls. They would come in and bother her. Of course, she could not cut them with but a word. A number of young men, too, stole occasional visits to the dry-good's department in vain attempt to find a pattern of goods invariably not to be found. Ellen had to act kindly toward them and risk a word or two of pleasantry even if this talk did go against the official traditions of her present position; for she had always thought well of all the home boys.

Just a few days before this she was up at the farther end of the store helping John Lewis select a fancy handkerchief for his sister—a feminine blessing he had never possessed—when three cash-cars ran in at her abandoned desk. Ellen was so taken up in the

handkerchief quest that she heard no cars. Mr. Cairn, as he had done more than once before, left a customer in order to make the change. Ellen shrank from his scowl as she hustled back too late to the desk. Mr. Cairn said nothing, however.

In face of it all, Ellen knew that Mr. Cairn was a jovial fellow outside the store, for several times during the past summer he had taken her to the Parks for an evening. She had thought much of him for years,—to be truthful, she had been most fond of him. Now he frequently neglected even to say good-morning to her.

Thus it was that after nearly six months of rather unsatisfactory progress, Ellen Howe realized that she might be invaluable in many occupations, but, assuredly, her forte did not lie in auditing accounts or handling large sums of money. She was ambitious and could not accept failure with equable mind. Last week she had made an error of nearly two hundred dollars in carrying an amount to the wrong side of the ledger. For five consecutive nights now she had failed to balance the cash account.

At closing-time two nights before the New Year, Mr. Cairn said to her:

"Miss Howe, if it is convenient for you to-night, I should like to have a talk with you."

Ellen answered guiltily:

"Well, 'most any time will do. Come, won't you go along to dinner with me to my mother's?"

Cairn scowled and made answer:

"You know it's not my habit to accept such invitations; and, anyway, I had a proposition in mind that—"

"Oh, never mind!" Ellen made haste to interrupt. "I know you do not want me any longer; but I propose to look pleasant just the same! I have lost all confidence in my ability as a cashier. You come over and dine with us, and I promise to behave as cheerily as if I were an outright success."

Ellen stood before the mirror pinning on her hat while she finished the sentence. Cairn was for the moment irresolute. He glanced at the face in the mirror, then took down his coat and went home with her.

After dinner Mrs. Howe disappeared. Ellen was now mistress of the situation. Cairn might play master in the shop, but at her own home he had meekly to submit to her opinions on operas, magazines, and things in general.

"Do you know, I think 'To Have and to

Hold' is the dearest book," she observed, brilliantly, when she had finished the pedigree of the original of the last photograph. "My! wasn't the captain a brave swordsman?"

"He must have been," answered Cairn, entirely uninformed on the herculean duels of Joclyn Leigh's Virginian Knight.

"And there was Alice. Was she not a downright girl for you? I knew from the very first she would marry the hero,—didn't you?"

"Yes, I am satisfied I did, mumbled Cairn.

"Then Janice—but this doesn't interest you, does it? By the way, did you hear the song in last Sunday's *American*? Wait—yes, here it is. I shall play it for you."

Cairn leaned back relieved, for Ellen could play at least indifferently well. Surely it was hard to veer the conversation to anything serious in the face of such chattering and such subjects. When she had finished he complimented her:

"I have never heard you play that so well before!"

"Probably not," Ellen pouted. It just came out last Sunday."

Oh! wasn't that one of Grieg's compositions? It wasn't, you say? Beg pardon. Lucky Grieg!"

"I shall not play any more for you, Mr. Cairn!" Ellen said and threw herself disconsolately into the deep arm-chair.

For several minutes there was quiet, except for the clanging of the street-car bells, the howling of a chained pug in the flat across the hall, and the more than less indistinct jingling of three pianos stationed at inconvenient distances throughout the floors of the flat. Cairn spoke:

"Miss Howe, I know it's near desecration to speak seriously after this last hour's mirth and its fund of light conversation. And, too, to break this well-nigh audible silence is a shame. I was going to say—now, about next year—"

"Tut, tut!" Ellen broke in. "I know very well about next year. You don't want me. There! Won't you let it rest? Did you hear Mrs. Grundy wish Higgins 'a happy and prosperous new year' yesterday?"

"No!" Cairn answered somewhat ill at ease.

"As I was going to say"—Cairn, taking advantage of the momentary lull, again began,—“about next year, there's an applic—"

"Why, Mr. Cairn, you are positively rude!"

Here Ellen partially lost confidence in

herself and pulled the big chair forward and began to poke the coals in the grate. There was colour in her cheeks and her bright eyes flashed back the gleam from the darting flames. The young lady for once appeared serious and almost sorrowful. Cairn cleared his throat—there was no real need, for all the coal smoke went up the chimney:

"I can't understand my apparent bewilderment to-night. I wished to say that since there is another applicant for your position, and since the applicant comes well recommended,"—Cairn looked at Ellen who was now quite subdued—"I thought perhaps you'd like a promotion?"

Ellen sprang to her feet,—

"You don't mean in the store?"

"Well, not exactly," answered Cairn with mock seriousness. "It may be a question if you won't prove more expensive out of the store than in it. However, I'd like to chance it!"

"You don't mean, Mr. Cairn—John—that I am enough account to—"

"No!" Cairn said most impressively. "No, not to run the store after approved business methods; but—if you only will—you may run me according to a system of bookkeeping entirely original with you?"

"John!"

"Well, Ellen?"

At the Doge's Palace.

On one of the landings at the Doge's palace sits an old man alone with his thoughts. Far out over the water is a single patch of silver that becomes smaller and smaller as the black clouds gather.

Suddenly there is a flash as if a thousand meteors had shot across the sky, then a crash like the falling of a giant oak in a quiet forest. The man starts. He had been thinking of his loved ones waiting for him far, far above those dark clouds; and at the Doge's palace he sits alone with his thoughts.

A black gondola glides by in the darkness. A gondolier is singing a quaint old love song, and his mellow voice falls as soft on the ears of the old man as snow upon the ocean. Tears well to his eyes and roll down the furrowed cheeks. The gondolier's song dies away in the distance; but there at the Doge's palace sits the old man alone with his thoughts. G. H. B.

Varsity Verse.

A RONDEAU.

HAD I but known that your dear papa's shoe
Was number twelve, I'd never call on you;
That he a fighter, and his last command
That none with you within the hall should stand
Till half-past ten, I know I'd never rue
My ardent love, nor feel indeed quite blue,
In spirit, body, hurt, unmanned,
Had I but known.

Devoured with love and yet with black hate fanned,
A paradox—I shall explain, dear Sue;
I hate thy dad, but yet to thee I'm true;
But true or false could I indeed withstand
His ire? I'd never held thy hand.
Had I but known.

J. J. S.

DOUBTS.

O some people have no dollars,
And some others have no sense,
And some others have no notion
Why or when they came or whence.
But you'll find that every person
On this earth or thereabouts,
Has at least one fixed possession,—
Namely, each one has his doubts.

H. E. B.

GOLF.

The ball is placed upon the tee,
The caddy in a bush does dive,
The club is measured to his knee,
He's ready for his maiden drive.
With feet just so and arms full length;
For weeks he studied Spaulding's Guide;
He swings the club with all his strength;
Forgetting to address; and drives.

The club far down the green is landing,
Under the cloud of rising dust,
The ball upon the tee is standing;
He looks at it with great disgust;

Then starts for home, though very lame.

He says he's had enough of Golf,—
"Tis nothing but a lady's game,
Just fit for a Freshman, not for a Soph."

W. M. D.

BRIGHT?

A youth had been asked by a girl ("a peach")
To decipher with energies bent
The number of maidens required to reach
Through a city five miles in extent.

He thought and gave up the conundrum as tough,
But at last ventured "Ten" with a smile:
"Oh no!" said the maid, "just five are enough,
For a miss is as good as a mile." G. F.

Poet and Critic.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Principal Shairp in his "Aspects of Poetry," said that "poetry is of the heart." We admit the truth of this proposition, and we follow with increasing interest his illustration of his theme; but to us it seems that the essential difference between the poet and critic is, that while "poetry is of the heart," criticism is of the reason. The one is quick, life-giving, spontaneous; the other cold, calculating, rational. The one, it is true, must be moral and rational to be good poetry; the other, imaginative to be good criticism. This is aptly illustrated in Dr. Johnson's antithetical comparison of Pope and Dryden.

When we say that poetry is life-giving, spontaneous, we mean that if the poet were to stop and ask if what he wrote was contrary to dogma or set belief, we should have no poetry. We know that Wordsworth did not believe the statement as a philosophical hypothesis when he said:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Through the imagination and the reason we distinguish the poet, the artist and the critic. Many examples of famous poets whose imaginations were abnormally developed are found in Lombroso's men of genius. Blake, the artist, would summon up the shade of any ancient or modern and paint as if the original were standing before him. Shelley continually had visions, and when Byron was reading Christabel, Shelley saw a spirit and ran shrieking from the room. Coleridge had a vision, and all that remained of it the following morning were the lines of the fragment *Kubla Khan*.

A characteristic story is told of Browning, and whether true, it serves its purpose well. When he wrote *Sordello*, the Browning clubs throughout England and America could take no meaning out of it. Many letters were sent to him in regard to it; these he did not notice. Often he was asked concerning it, but he ever remained silent. Finally, in England, at a reception tendered him, a woman of note as well as president of a Browning club, requested as a special favour that he tell her what he

meant when he composed the poem. Browning appeared to meditate for a few minutes, and then said: "Madam, when I wrote that poem, God and myself knew what it meant, but now only God knows."

To me this seems true; the poet does not stop to ask why this should be so, but he writes it because his natural judgment tells him that it should be so. As the inspiration seizes him, he often becomes oblivious of all things surrounding him,—this was especially true of Keats and Shelley. He pours out the passions and emotions as they flow in his heart, and softened by his temperament and his environment. He will not ask if this is contrary to dogma or philosophy, for his philosophy comes natural and true as "poetry is the fragrance of philosophy." If his inspiration is true, it must be moral; and if his production is beautiful, it is good; for "beauty is more than good, possessing as it does the good." There is more morality in one great poem than in a hundred non-poetical sermons. There is in it that indefinable something, that we appreciate and long for, but which we can neither understand nor explain. We feel the echo of it in our souls, and we wish to possess it, to make the poem a part of ourselves, for it is true to nature.

The poet is always on "voyages of discovery." His imagination leads him into lands far beyond the lands of ordinary vision; he sees, knows and comprehends the things beyond our ken; his imagination is his great guide, and to follow that through the concrete imagery of nature; to follow it through the variations in the passions and emotions of man, through the entire field of human experience and knowledge, and to describe in vivid and glowing terms the things he sees and knows, is the mission of the poet. Often a man like Goethe has the fire in his heart tempered by his knowledge and power of criticism, and then, as Matthew Arnold points out, the glow of his early productions is wanting in his later ones. Again, a man like Shelley seems to gain nothing by experience, and is ever the "poet of sunshine and clouds." Intensely lyrical, he pours out the deep and passionate music that comes from the depth of his soul. Shelley is too subtle for us. He soars to a height we can not reach; his poetry has that evanescent, floating mist to clothe it—something too difficult for our handling. If we know his life, we see the man in his poems, for no man ever stamped his work more

indellibly with himself, and to understand his work we must understand his life.

We have seen that "poetry is of the heart" and of the imagination, and that criticism is of the reason. In this respect the poet is infinitely beyond the critic, for he provides the material from which the critic must necessarily draw his rules of morality and art in literature. The poet writing first gave his thoughts their proper setting, and the critic coming afterward drew the laws of art that the poet had unconsciously laid down.

The Greek writers of tragedy, Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides, had no one to make an outline which they should follow; but their natural judgment, which was as true as it was great, told them to throw tragic material into a certain form, as the most proper. Pindar wrote with no critic to point out the setting he should imitate. The music was in his soul, and he gave it its proper form. Though Shakspeare did not create by blending the tragic with the comic he brought to perfection that form into which he threw his tragedies. These men had the inspiration and the power, and despite adverse criticism, their poetry sought the setting most suitable for it.

But yet it is important for the poet to know the different metres, that his poem may be pleasing and full of harmony. The rough metre of an Ennius strikes harshly on our ear, and that of Virgil is ever musical. However, if a certain metre will make the poet grow cold or artificial, he should follow that which comes natural, irrespective of set canons of criticism. This was the great fault of the writers coming after Pope: they had too much respect for authority; and the artificiality of their productions shows their too close cultivation of the heroic couplet, until Wordsworth, disgusted with their artificiality, for a time went to the other extreme. However, these canons of criticism should not be disregarded altogether.

Walt Whitman, though strong and virile, adds not to his perfection, but takes from it, when he runs counter to all rules of metre. Burns loses that charm we find in his Scottish dialect songs when he writes in pure English. He followed few canons of criticism, for he had the ballads, songs and music of a light-hearted and song-singing people to go by. He had no store of set, dry facts, but he knew the human heart, and merely poured out the passion-tide of music in his soul. This music went to the lowly, the cot and the palace, for

it was as true as it was good and beautiful; it had that world's touch, that universality that finds its echo in the soul of mankind.

The poet can not stop at philosophical speculation when the inspiration is on him; nor can he think of criticism, or into what form he will throw his thoughts, for the thoughts will seek the form most natural to them. If he begins to reason or to speculate, his inspiration cools, his imagination loses its play, and his intellect stands out strong and keen. We never hear of a poem called an "intellectual poem," the mere product of a keen intellect with no imagination. This kind of production would not be a poem, for it would not answer the definition of poetry,—that is, full of "beautiful concrete imagery and expressed in rhythmical language." If this kind of poem were tried, it would be a spiritual, scientific or literary analysis of something in nature, and that thrown into the form of verse.

"Poetry is of the heart, not of the head." The poet is carried away by those sublime conceptions which produce, through his imagination, beautiful thoughts, and cause the feelings in the heart to seek utterance in words. These conceptions may be on the eternal and grand after Milton; intense, impassioned with Shelley; sensuous and ornate with Keats, or calm, pure and pastoral with Wordsworth. The poet seeks and feels. Why he has written thus he can not always explain, for, as Browning says: "It was known by only God and himself at the time."

To see, to write, to be inspired, is his nature. And if he seeks absolute silence and meditation he is going contrary to his nature. The things in universal nature will necessarily appeal to him, according to his environment, education and temperament. If his mind is a religious one, his poetry will burst forth, seeking a perfection higher than this world can give.

Cardinal Newman furnishes us with a beautiful example of this in his "Pillar of the Clouds:"

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

Tennyson with another example as softened by his age, his temperament and his meditation:

Sunset and the evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide of moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

(To be continued.)

Hidden Treasure.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903.

Squire Nolan had taken example from many of the landlords of his time, and was making arrangements how he might collect his rents, or drive out the tenants that were unable to pay. The times were bad, and the small landholders found much difficulty in keeping from actual starvation. But circumstances did not alter the case in the eyes of the landlord. Farmers that had lived on their holdings since childhood were served with the odious "Notice to Quit," and every week numbers of respectable men applied for admission to the workhouse.

"Out they go, every one of them that can not pay," said Squire Nolan, and the result of every week's work showed how faithfully he was keeping his word.

"How does Corney Donovan stand in the books?" asked the squire of his agent.

"Three years' rent in arrears, sir," the agent answered. "A petition is here from him asking for time to pay."

"Put him out. Three years' rent! What does he mean? Put him out at once. Let me see, a beggar woman told me the other day that there was valuable treasure in Donovan's land. Put Donovan out and we'll look after the treasure."

A few days later the inmates of Squire Nolan's "big house" were startled by the furious growls and yelps of the watchdog, and looking to see what was the cause of the commotion, they saw a gray-headed old man of about sixty-five hobbling up the main avenue. He wore a ragged freize coat, corduroy breeches and leggings with bright brass buttons. On his head was a faded old silk hat which had probably seen service on his wedding day. Its sides had long since caved in, and formed into several wrinkles like the bellows of an accordion. In his hand he carried a large knotty stick.

"Good morning, Corney!" said one of the dairymaids.

"The same to you, Nancy," answered the old man in a sly tone. "How's your butter-milk to-day?"

"Come in and try it."

The old man went into the dairy and helped himself to a cup of sweet buttermilk.

"Arrah, Nancy," he said smacking his lips,

"'tis kind mother for you to make good butter and buttermilk. Sure, when I see Ned Kelly, I'll tell him myself how lucky he is in going with you—when is it coming off, Nancy?"

"What?"

"The marriage, of course."

"Drop your humbugging, Corney. One would think you were a young boy the way you talk. 'Tis nearly time for you to be getting sinse."

"Oh! well that's all between yourself and Ned, but where will I find the Squire? I want to speak to him."

"I am very sorry for you, Corney. Indeed it is too bad."

"What is it, a *grah*?"

"Don't you know?"

"Nary bit of me."

"Well, well! 'Tis the coachman was telling me. He heard the steward and the agent talking about it. 'Corney Donovan,' says he, 'is going to be the next.'"

"You don't mean," asked the old man, "that he'd put me out of the house my father built, where my mother lived and nursed me? You don't mean that he'd take me from the land where I worked since I was a boy, from the hills I love so well? No, no! that's too cruel to be true."

"He's a hard man, Corney."

"But he won't throw me out, Nancy, will he?"

The old man was trembling with fear. Beads of sweat stood out on his brow, and the sly gleam in his eye was displaced by a look of despair.

"Corney," Nancy asked, "did you ever get any gold in your land?"

"No, that's all a lie. I have searched every place, but never a piece of gold have I found."

"They say the squire thinks there is gold buried in your place."

"Well, he's welcome to all the gold he finds if he only leaves me in."

"Corney, I'm afraid. Here he comes—God speed you!"

Corney stepped out into the avenue, and pulling off his faded hat made a low, servile bow to the landlord.

"What's *your* name?" asked the latter in a rough, commanding tone.

"Corney Donovan, your honour."

"Ah! Come to pay your rent? I'll make you rogues hop. Come up to my office."

The landlord was a strong, brutal-looking man of about forty-five. He wore a hunting jacket and spurs that clanked as he walked,

and sent a tremor of fear through the throbbing heart of Corney Donovan. There was no trace of pity in the squire's face. Avarice had long since extinguished all gentle feeling in his gray eye.

Corney Donovan followed wrapt in thought and unsteadily picking his steps. As he neared the office his usual self-control returned and he seemed to have resolved to face the worst.

"Look up Donovan's account," the squire commanded his agent.

"Thirty pounds, sir. Three years' arrears," was the answer.

"I didn't come about the rent at all," Donovan explained, drawing nearer the landlord; "I came only for a bit of advice."

"Advice?" the landlord roared, "this is no attorney's office. You pay your rent or out you go."

"You'll get your money. Don't worry about that. I came over to ask you what you think a man should do with money he got in the ground."

"Well, well, that's different. Sit down, Mr. Donovan. Why, certainly, you acted very prudently in coming to see me about—eh—How much money did you say?"

"Let us say a crock of gold."

"No more?"

"Well—"

"A crock of gold. All right, all right! You're a fortunate man, Mr. Donovan."

"Thank you, your honour."

"Mr. Dawn," the landlord said, turning to his agent, "make out a clear receipt for Mr. Donovan."

"Indeed, I'm very thankful to your honour."

"Oh! that's all right, Mr. Donovan. You're an honest man, a man I can trust. And now about the gold. You are an honest man, Mr. Donovan. You are my tenant, and I am proud to have so trustworthy a man for a tenant. Well now let me see: if I were a tenant I should feel obliged to give at least three-fourths of the treasure to my landlord, because, you know, he owns the land. But you are an honest man, Mr. Donovan, you know what to do."

"Thank you, indeed, your honour. I am easy now since my mind is settled on that point. Good day, your honour!"

"I'll call at your house to-morrow, Mr. Donovan, and we'll arrange this matter. Good day!"

The landlord shook hands with Corney Donovan, and the latter moved off in all haste

to Attorney Healy's office in the neighbouring town. Healy was a sworn enemy to Squire Nolan, and on that account Corney chose his office as a safe repository for his rent receipt.

Next day a dog-cart stopped at Corney Donovan's door, and Squire Nolan jumped out, and with the most cordial blandness shook hands with Corney who had come out of the house.

"What a pretty little girl that is, Mr. Donovan," he said, pointing to Corney's granddaughter who was clinging playfully to his arm.

The landlord made himself perfectly at home with his humble tenant, chatted with him as if no inequality existed between them, stroked the curly head of little Jennie Donovan, and laughed and smiled as benignly as if he were the most generous philanthropist.

"And now," he said at last, "let us see that gold you found, Mr. Donovan."

"What gold?" Corney asked with a show of great surprise.

"Why, to be sure, the gold you were speaking of yesterday. Didn't you ask me what you should do with the gold you had found?"

"No, no, your honour."

"Why, yes, man," the landlord said growing impatient and uncomfortable. "And I gave you a clear receipt for your rent, didn't I?"

"To be sure, you gave me a receipt, and I left it with Mr. Healy yesterday; but I never told you that I got any gold, and only asked you what you thought a man should do with money he got in the ground."

"Well?"

"And because a person asks what a man should do with his gold, does that person say that he himself has gold?"

"You got no money then?" the landlord roared, moving toward the old man as if he would lay violent hands on him, but at the same time a large bulldog which had been lying near the hearth gave utterance to a low growl and began licking his chops. "You got no money, did you?" he repeated in a more subdued tone.

"I never said I did, your honour."

"Then you'll pay the rent or leave this place."

"Mr. Healy has the receipt, your honour, and he told me to give you his regards."

The landlord left in a rage, and Corney Donovan lighted his old clay pipe, and was soon enveloped in a soothing cloud of smoke.

The Geraldine Rebellion.

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02.

When Dermot McMurrough recovered his kingdom of Leinster, he repaid the Norman knights whose swords had restored to him his crown with rich grants of Irish lands. As a consequence, great Anglo-Norman feudal baronies were established in Ireland. Many of the barons soon became thoroughly Irish. They receded, as far as possible, from English influence; intermarried with the natives; changed their Norman names to Irish equivalents, and sought in every way to identify themselves with the people whose lands they had usurped. Others, on account of their constant intercourse with England, were looked upon as a race apart, as foreigners in the land. The portion of the island which this latter class occupied, and which was the only portion that the English really governed till the time of Henry VIII., was known as the Pale, and comprised originally the four counties of Louth, Meath, Kildare and Dublin. It was later reduced to a district twenty miles wide and fifty miles long, extending west and north of the city of Dublin.

From the conquest of Ireland by Henry II. until the time of the Tudor kings Ireland was left very much to herself. The early portion of this period saw the long struggle between the English king and his Parliament. Then followed the Hundred Years' War with France. This was scarcely concluded when the thirty years' civil war, known as the War of the Roses, broke out. These circumstances kept the English kings from effectively interfering in the struggle for supremacy which was continually going on in Ireland. Lord lieutenants were appointed for the island, but these officials rarely exercised their authority in person. The government, when there was any, was in the hands of a lord deputy, generally a member of one of the more influential families of Ireland. This deputyship became a prize to be fought for. The two families that did battle for the position were the Geraldines and Butlers. So thoroughly did their contests overshadow all else that their history is practically the history of Ireland during the fifteenth and early sixteenth century.

In the year 1480, Edward IV. made the Earl of Kildare, Gerald Fitzgerald, lord deputy of Ireland. Gerald the Great, as he was called,

"ruled" Ireland almost uninterruptedly for thirty-three years. His power grew to immense proportions. He was an enthusiastic Yorkist, while his great rival, Sir Thomas Butler, created Earl of Ormond after the battle of Bosworth, was an ardent Lancastrian; yet, so great was Kildare's influence that Henry VII. did not even attempt to deprive him of his office when he openly espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel, the first pretender to Henry's crown.

His enemies, however, after a time prevailed, and Sir Edward Poyning, an Englishman, was sent over to set things to rights. He summoned a Parliament, from which were excluded, as far as possible, those that opposed the English influence. In this Parliament were passed the notorious Poyning's Acts. They provided that, thenceforth, English statutes should be binding in Ireland; that all acts of the Irish Parliament should be submitted to the king and his Privy Council, and that the Irish Parliament should have no power to modify its acts when once passed on by the English king and council. We may get a notion of the fierce nature of the contest between the Butlers and the Geraldines from the fact that Poyning's Parliament saw fit to suppress the war cries of the rival houses. This same Parliament attainted the Earl of Kildare of treason, and he was summoned to London. Henry VII. was now dead, and the young Henry VIII. was so captivated by Kildare's boldness and brilliant repartee that he sent him back clothed with the fullest powers.

The Great Earl died in the year 1513, and was succeeded, both as earl and deputy, by his son Gerald. The Butlers were still active, however, and quickly succeeded in having the new earl called to London on a charge of sedition. He seems to have quieted the king's fears without difficulty, and as the Earl of Surrey and Sir Pierce Butler, both of whom had a trial at the deputyship, were thoroughly unsuccessful, he was sent back as lord deputy. The Butlers had no intention of giving up the struggle. They were now seconded by Cardinal Wolsey, who had conceived a deep hatred for Kildare while the latter was in England. They determined upon the earl's ruin, and what seemed a fitting occasion was not lacking.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

A LIFE of study is not far removed from a life of piety.—*Spalding*.

Mediæval Armour.

G. E. GORMLEY, 1904.

From the days of Homer's heroes down to the present time, there has been, perhaps, no long period so entirely military as that which extended from the tenth to the fifteenth century. Throughout this period war was often the chief occupation of the people. Military operations during that time affected all Europe. In them all classes engaged; the prince either to protect or to extend his power, and the feudal subject to guard or advance his own private interest. This period witnessed the crusades, as also the rise and fall of chivalry and feudalism. Amid the struggles and conquests in these institutions men resorted to armour as a great means of self-preservation.

The history of armour may be divided under four heads: the progress in the perfection of armour until the completion of a suit of mail; mixed mail and plates; plate armour to its most perfect stage; and the abandonment of all metallic bodily protection.

About the time of the settlement of the barbarians in the Western Empire, the armour worn, called the *haubergeon*, was composed of metal rings or scales sewn on leather or cloth. This was gradually improved, and soon a coat of chain was adopted, which, though it strengthened the mail, was very burdensome. In time rough, detachable plates of iron or steel came into use, and these by constant change and improvement were perfected into the complete case of steel armour in common use at the close of the fourteenth century. The *haubergeon* had attached to it a hood of mail and covered almost the entire body. It extended below the knees and covered the arms nearly to the wrists. It was drawn together at the breast and fastened much like the football jackets of the present time.

An important part of the armour was the helmet, which in the eleventh century was worn over the hood of mail. It was conical in shape and had attached to it an enormous iron nose-guard. The guard, called the nasal piece, seems to have often been more harmful than helpful, for it not only left a large portion of the face exposed, but it served as a means of seizing its wearer and dragging him down. On this account it was soon discarded.

From the twelfth to the fourteenth century various other kinds of armour were in use. The scaled armour, which resembled the scales of a fish, was common. The trellised mail consisted of bands of leather crossing one another and forming small open squares in which knobs of steel appeared. The strips were fastened to a tunic, beneath which metal plates were riveted to the steel knobs. Strips of leather covered the junctures of the plates and protected the body at those places. This armour was followed by a suit of twisted chain mail brought from Asia by the crusaders about the middle of the thirteenth century. The rings were riveted together, thus holding the mail in shape. Although it was an improvement on armour formerly in use, it also had its disadvantages. It was not firm, and might be bent into the body by a blow; nor was it proof against the heavy battle-axes then in use. In the early part of the thirteenth century steel plates for the joints, greaves or shin guards, and concave, metallic plates, which clasped around the forearm, came into use.

The helmet during the twelfth century also underwent many changes. The nasal piece was discarded and cheek plates adopted. This led to the iron mask and finally to the movable visor which was not perfected for many years. Thus we find that in later times the warrior was incased in a complete suit of steel armour hammered into shape with great care and difficulty. Though it protected its wearer from weapons it often exhausted his strength. In warm climates it made the heat doubly oppressive, while on the march and passage of rivers, it was so cumbersome that it often greatly thinned the ranks of an army. James I. of England in speaking of it said he was inclined to praise armour, for it not only protected its wearer at all times, but that it prevented him from injuring any one else.

The gradual change in armour was brought about to meet the demands of protection against the arms in use, until in the fifteenth century, as a modern writer says, "the art of defense had surpassed that of destruction." Finally, the invention of gunpowder and our modern weapons rendering armour more harmful than helpful, and, in fact, useless, it was wholly laid aside, and to-day men instead of entering battle clad in brazen helmets and gleaming breastplates, engage without protection in the modern destructive warfare.

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REPORTERS.

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—The formal opening of the session took place last Sunday with the celebration of Solemn High Mass by the Very Rev. President Morrissey. The sermon was preached by Father French.

—Since we have adopted the rules in their entirety of the Conference Colleges governing college athletics in the West, we now await the action of this body concerning Notre Dame's athletic standing. We have cast off all imputations of even the colour of unevenness in our athletics, and we seek recognition on the merit of our teams alone. This merit has been demonstrated on more fields than one during the past three years.

—The University students were treated with an excellent bell recital by the Almondbury Handbell Ringers, Wednesday morning in Washington Hall. The programme consisted of selections from the musical classics and imitations of church bells and chimes. The bell-ringers certainly displayed good technical ability; and the success of the programme was plainly evidenced by the rounds of applause that followed each selection.

Dr. Stafford's Lecture.

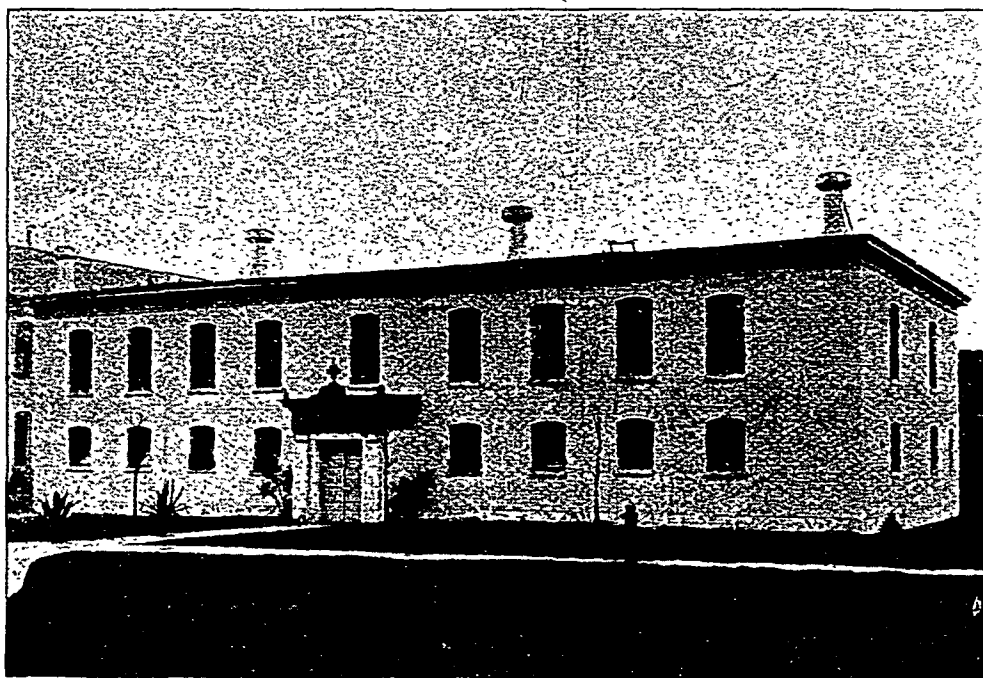
Wednesday evening we had the pleasure of listening to a man that understood his art in its entirety, and who for over an hour during his brilliant talk kept his audience in rapt attention. Dr. Stafford lectured at the University two years ago on Macbeth. But those that heard him then, and again on Wednesday night on Julius Cæsar, think that he put more of his natural fire into his interpretation of this character. And through his power as an orator, actor and scholar he was able to present the Brutus, Antony and Cassius of Shakspeare before us in a manner that we shall not forget. His delivery was polished and forcible; his method of illustrating and presenting his arguments striking, and his command of language unlimited. The man himself, as a man, held us—and everyone, from the Minims to the Sorin Hallers, gave the speaker close attention. Dr. Stafford was Brutus, Cassius and Cæsar in word, action, tone and feeling to so great an extent that the audience found it hard to believe that but one man was before them.

The important characters in the play were taken up one after the other—Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, and again Brutus. Father Stafford had nothing but words of praise for Brutus. "In him Shakspeare painted a man whose entire life was a series of disasters but one that was true to his conscience," said the speaker. "And it is better to be true to one's conscience than to own empires."

Brutus was an idealist. His view of life was ethical. He will never act unless he knows that he is right, and when he knows that he is right nothing will stop him. An idealist is a dangerous man. He counts men nothing, principles everything, and for a principle he would sweep the world of men."

Father Stafford had no sympathy with critics who declare that the name "Julius Cæsar" is a misnomer. "They do not understand the spirit of the play," he declared. Cæsar himself is the moving force in the play; in the second part his ghost is concerned in every vital action.

In his closing words Father Stafford said: "From our point of view the life of Brutus was a failure, but from Brutus' point of view a success. He was ever true to his ideals, and the man that is true to his ideals can never fail."



Natatorium and Swimming Pool at Notre Dame.

With the development of athletics at the University and the success of our football, baseball, basket-ball and track teams during the past four years, the building of the large gymnasium, and the laying out of Cartier Field, we felt that athletics would not be complete indeed without aquatic sports. The swimming pool took its origin in this spirit. It came with our progress in athletics, and now we realize its importance and its popularity. Gymnasium, track and baseball work are forgotten for the swimming pool, and every day during recreation we find it filled to its utmost capacity.

The building in which the swimming pool is located is a commodious one, 90 feet long, 45 feet wide, two stories in height, the upper story of which is used for a trunk room. The swimming pool itself is 57 feet in length, 23 feet in width, 6 feet 6 inches in depth at one end, gradually grading down to 7 feet 6 inches in depth at the other end. The water is lowered on the days reserved for the Minim and Junior departments.

At the first building of the swimming pool it was found unsatisfactory and was torn up. More layers of brick and Portland cement were put in, and, finally, the flooring and walls of the pool were lined with glazed tiling, so that now the pool is as near perfection as a swimming pool can be.

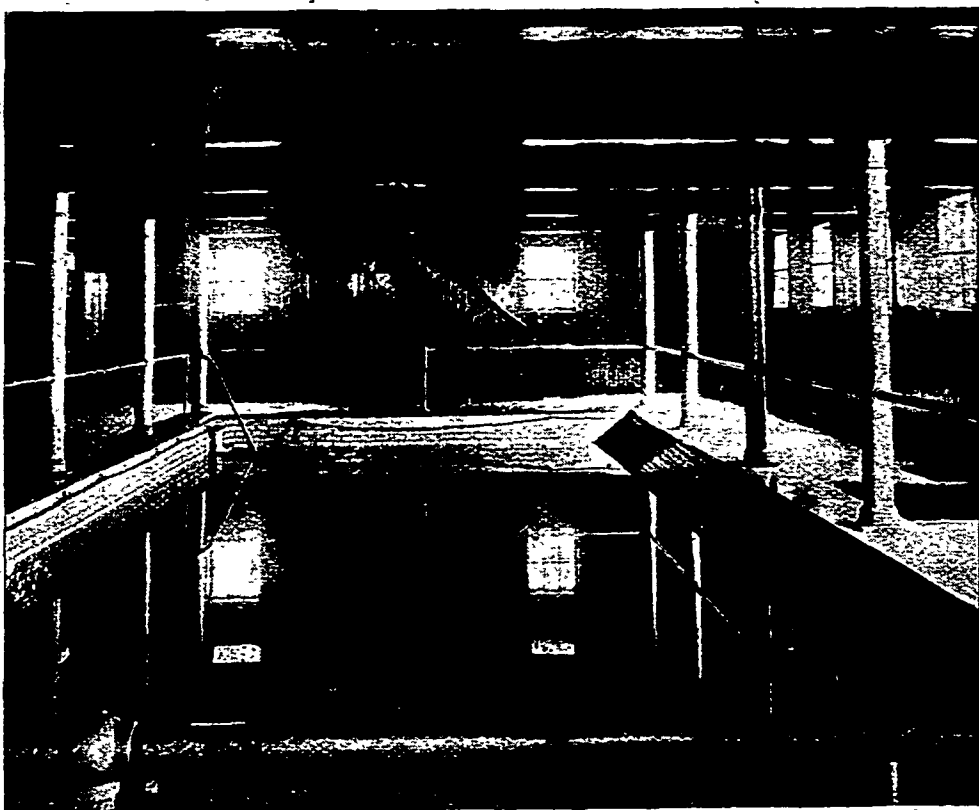
The University management was much interested in the equipment of the pool and its usefulness, and nothing was spared to add to its excellency.

On the same floor as the swimming pool are eighteen needle and shower baths, bathtubs and closets. These are cleverly gotten up, and a student before using the swimming pool must cleanse himself in one of these. In this way the sanitary condition of the pool is taken care of.

The building is heated by steam kept at 70 degrees Fahrenheit, lighted by electricity, and is open at night for the

upper classmen and the members of the Faculty. A man is always in charge.

Each hall has special hours during the day arranged when the natatorium will be reserved for its complete use. But during the recreation time the swimming-pool is open to the entire University; and here men from the different halls gather. Those that can not swim are desirous to learn, for here they can be taught without any danger; and those that have that ability take advantage of the pleasure which otherwise is denied them until the summer breaks. In this way the swimming pool is constantly filled with a happy, plunging crowd of fellows that dive and swim simply for the pleasure it affords.



Our Athletic Outlook.

During the past week the large gym has resounded with the crack of the baseball bat and the patter of our fleet-footed runners as they covered lap after lap. These are ever welcome sounds, and we hail with delight the appearance of any candidate either for the baseball or track teams who can show that he has the ability to become an adept either as a track man or a baseball player.

Our prospects in baseball and track athletics have brightened considerably of late, and especially so in track athletics. Of last year's team but four men of prominence—Corcoran, Eggeman, Murphy and Glynn—are missing. Their places may be hard to fill, but their are several new men whose work gives great promise.

At present there are about thirty candidates trying for the team. Every afternoon, under the watchful eye of Mr. Butler, they put in an hour's hard work at the different events. In the sprints, Staples and Herbert have been doing the best work, but there are a few among the new candidates who may spring a surprise before long. As was the case last year, Notre Dame promises to be strongest in the quarter-mile run. In this event, Gearin and Kirby have shown wonderful form. We expect to see these two gentlemen establish a few records before the season is over. The half mile will be well taken care of by Uffendall who is running stronger at present than ever before. For the mile there are several good candidates, but Carey, Daly and Kehl, have made the best showing so far. Herbert and Hoover make a strong combination in the hurdles. Out of a large field in the two-mile run, Steele has thus far made the best time.

In the field events there is a good squad. Richon, Sullivan, Barrett, Hoover, Draper and Kirby have been doing the best work in these events. Barrett and Draper are new men, but they should prove valuable additions to the team before the year is out. Both of them have fine form in their different events and need but the attention of a careful coach to make star performers out of them.

In the weights, Meyers, Pick, McCullough and O'Malley should be heard from. All of them are strong athletic fellows, have good form, and require but consistent training to make good weight men.

The baseball outlook while not so bright

as that of the track team, is improving day by day. The men have been weeded down to twenty-four and practice has begun in earnest. Captain Lynch is resolved to have no "drones," and every afternoon he puts his men through the fastest kind of work. The result of this training may be seen in the great improvement that has been shown during the past week.

Of last year's baseball nine there are but five men left, two of these being pitchers. These men are, Captain Lynch, O'Neill, our crack catcher; Farley, right-field; Hogan and Higgins, pitchers. Of the new men the most promising are candidates for the pitcher's box. Ruehlbach and Dohan have made an excellent showing thus far, and if their present work is any criterion of their worth, we venture to predict that Notre Dame's strong point this year will be the pitcher's box. Concerning the other candidates but little can be said. It is too early to judge their abilities.

Hemp, O'Connor, Groogan, Shaughnessy and Dempsey appear to be doing very good infield work. It is impossible as yet to pick the outfield, but there is no reason why we should not have fast, active men there. It may be that we we can not play Farley, for we are awaiting the interpretation of the four-year athletic rule by the conference colleges to see whether or not he will be eligible.

The candidates are: O'Neill, Shaughnessy, Dohan, Hanley, Antoine, Ruehlbach, Hogan, Higgins, Gage, Groogan, O'Connor, Kanaley, Hemp, Fisher, Gerraghty, McNamara, Farley, Dempsey, Shea, Farabaugh, Sullivan, Doar, O'Malley and Riley.

J. P. O'Reilley.

Exchanges.

The December *Saint John's Collegian* gives opening space to a poem by Longfellow. We find another *selected* poem a few pages on. When there is a great dearth of original verse there yet may be some taste shown in the selection of real poetry. For a college paper, however, it would be more praiseworthy to make some sort of a showing, because it is better to send out efforts of questionable worth than not do anything original at all. Then the *Collegian* devotes its first prose article, and forthwith consumes five pages to "That Hopkins' Game." There is little good

again to bring up that much-talked-of abuse concerning the necessity that literary showing be made in what is purported to be literary periodicals. Surely, "That Hopkins' Game," can not compel an interest these many miles away that a carefully prepared paper on some rational subject of politics or letters would. There also is an essay on "Independence of Character." This is all right, probably; but what originality could be possible to a young man on a topic that was trite before he was born? "Actions speak louder than words"—a quotation—smacks of the Kindergarten, where it is all attractively printed out in great coloured letters. "Diplomacy" is the best effort in the current *Collegian*. The characters stand out well; yet they are talked about too much and not allowed to talk enough for themselves. Think what a quandary the young lady is in when she is not allowed to talk much. Nevertheless, there is most always some merit in the work of the *Saint John's Collegian*.

**

The young ladies can publish a good college magazine as well as do lots of other things well,—when they are so inclined. The December *Wellesley Magazine* shows the proper inclination. The psychological sketch, "The Dreamer," is not what you would expect from its overworked title. In fact, it is pleasantly disappointing. The dreamy, mental impressions of a girl from early years until her twenty-fourth is ably handled when you consider that nothing was real except the inconstant young man. The child, the girl, the young lady—these are the stages of but one person—if given great capability of feeling and acutest sensibility are skilfully drawn. The *woman* of the last stage will prove no worse for the dreams, since in them, at least, she did do mighty deeds. A feeling bit of description is "The Canadian 'Habitant.'"

There is nothing much better than good, sane-minded description entirely divorced from sentiment and excuseless elegance: "After twenty miles of the Ottawa River, you come upon a little stream called the Lièvre. And, if you carry your canoe around some falls and set out upon the peaceful little river, you are at once in the Canadian-French world, which is a very picturesque one." There you are! A restful trip we vow.

"A True Story of Prilep" is clever. Set in Bulgaria as it is and in time of Turkish invasion, the colouring requires skill. The

heroine, Navenka, is but fifteen years old and, doubtless, a beautiful example of the Bulgarian girl. For their impatience and curiosity, girls are much the same the world over. The plot is strong, but the characterization secondary in treatment. This treatment is conventionally hard, yet it is truthful and interesting. Altogether, it is a superior piece of work. Verse is noticeably lacking in the December issue.

**

Three jolly Christmas visitors were the *Princeton Tiger*, the *Cornell Widow* and the *Wrinkle*. These characteristic exponents of the lighter vein in college life are fine fellows; that is, with the exception of the *Widow*. There often is much seriousness in light talk. We have long been looking for the *Widow*; but we suppose, like the inconstant body she ungallantly is said to be, she concluded to visit us when she was the least expected. The *Widow* is a bit severe on some of the Cornell professors:—

"Brown is a great mimic. You ought to see him take off some of the professors."

"I wish he would take some of them off and leave them."

The *Tiger* stalked out in true holiday humour. It concludes: "Surely is it a time for great joy; for will not fond mammas and proud papas welcome back to the native vine and fig trees their very own? The fatted calves are being prepared, the thousand different varieties of mince-pies, that only mother makes, are already waiting—so are the sisters and the other fellows' sisters," etc. By this time the *Tiger* likely has mended lost spirits and persuaded himself that after all life is what you make it—therefore, a farce if you take it to be one. The fun in these fun-papers is wholesome, and if not original, there is little nowadays that is. The *Wrinkle* in this issue is scarcely up to the standard set by its Eastern rivals; nor, in fact, up to its own standard. This is not saying that there are not some good illustrations and a few original jokes to be found in it. The *Wrinkle* says:

Some people smoke a cigarette

As long as it will go;

But I smoke mine short as I can—

It's all the same, you know.

These papers show much careful preparation. A great many of the jokes are illustrated; and many of them not badly, either. A *Wrinkle* reflection: "Don't put off till to-morrow what you can do day after to-morrow. F. F. D."

Personals.

—Mrs. Basset of Elkhart, Ind., paid a visit to her son Royal in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. Munson of Logansport, Ind., visited her son Porter of St. Edward's Hall during the week.

—Mr. G. Clark, Messrs. W. and P. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhoof, Mr. and Mrs. Paradis of South Bend, attended Dr. Stafford's lecture in Washington Hall Wednesday night.

—Arthur Merz (student '96-'00) was a guest of the University a short time ago. Arthur has entered St. Vincent's Seminary at Alleghany, Penn., where he is studying for the priesthood.

—William E. Baldwin, LL. B. '01, associated at present with McEwen and Weissenbach in the Ashland Block, Chicago, won his first case on Christmas eve. Baldwin was one of our most analytic thinkers and a good arguer in the University Moot-courts.

—Tom Murray (student '96-'00) is holding a responsible position with the New York Underground R.R. Co. Tom was a member of the track team in '99-'00 and a winner of the Carroll Hall gold medal. The SCHOLASTIC extends to him its best wishes.

—Paul J. Ragan, A. B., '97, LL. B., '00, has opened a law office in Toledo, after passing a brilliant examination. Paul was editor of the SCHOLASTIC for two years, and the most clever debater and orator during the last few years of his residence at the University, winning the oratorical medal and first place on our successful debating team. If oratory, the power to debate or write count for much in the legal or political world the success of Paul should be assured.

Local Items.

—Mass was said last week for William Peyton's brother who died in Denver.

—Mr. O'Connor's class has begun its rehearsals for Twelfth Night.

—The Temperance Society will hold a meeting Sunday night in the Brownson Hall reading-room. All the members will please be present.

—Mr. James Field Spalding will deliver a series of lectures in one of the class rooms to the students in the English classes.

—"Asleep or awake said one G. Arland, as he stroked his upper lip, "I am thinking of this; and my highest ambition at college is to raise a beard that will rival Dominick's."

—All those desiring to have their lungs, back, legs or arms tested should call on Mr. Weiss, Director of gymnastics. This testing is necessary before one enters the gymnastic class.

—We understand from good authority that John Harte, a recent authority on John Boyle O'Reilly, visited the Windy City, but a short time ago—a city he pronounces the "Athens of the West."

—Cameron (watching a string of ice wagons passing by the Infirmary): "Say, fellows, that looks like a funeral."

Furlong: "Yes: they are going to bury the iceman."

—Mr. W. W. O'Brien, Law '00, has deserted the bar for the stage. "Shammy" would certainly make a clever lawyer; and those that have seen him act say that he will make a very good actor.

—To Wm. Peyton of Brownson Hall, who was called home to Denver by the death of his brother last week, and to Prof. Cooney who was summoned to Bardstown, Ky., by the death of his father, the SCHOLASTIC extends its heartfelt sympathy.

—Manager Crumley announces that the team will take its northern trip this year, playing Wisconsin, Minnesota and Beloit, and the Indiana trip meeting De Pauw, Indiana and Purdue. A full schedule will be given out in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

—Colonel Hoynes recently added to the Law Library one set of American and English Encyclopedia of Law, first edition; a second edition of the same Encyclopedia, and one set of Encyclopedia of Pleading and Practice amounting in all to sixty-eight volumes.

—Two years ago we had a number of lectures in the college parlour. This year there seems to be a dearth of them. Father Maguire, Dr. O'Malley and Prof. Paradis were some of the lecturers then. It is to be hoped that these lectures will be revived this year.

—The old Roman is again among us. Not only that, but he has come back fully provided with tons of letter paper. Ye gods! how those gentle ones will suffer as page on page full of sublime thoughts are unfolded to them. And then again "Cap" is so experienced a hand at this game.

—The Sorin Hall chapel is at last completed, and all thanks to the Reverend Director, Father Ready. This chapel is perhaps one of the most comfortable in the University. The walls are handsomely decorated, and within a short time the plain-glass windows will be replaced with stained-glass ones.

—The track team and baseball men began practice in earnest last week. All new candidates should get out as soon as possible. We have many places to fill, and want to select the eligible men as soon as possible. The track team is especially weak in the weights—so it's up to the big men in the different halls to strengthen these places.

—At a meeting held in old gym this week

Joe O'Reilly was unanimously elected manager of the Brownson Hall basket-ball team. This team consists of the cleverest players in the University. The gym has been supplied with a gallery and a series of games have been arranged. So we look for a successful season under our new manager.

—It is nearly settled now that the debate between the Law Department and the Chicago Law School will take place in Chicago in February. The question to be chosen will deal with a phase of the trust question. Immediately on Colonel Hoynes' return the law debaters will be chosen. And then the work will go on in earnest.

—Moot-court opens next Thursday. Those that have cases should get them into shape by this date—and those that have no cases should see the clerk of the court. We all understand the necessity of court pleading. Knowing that the only way we can get this knowledge is by actual experience we ought to get into moot-court work as soon and as deeply as possible.

—We congratulate the athletic management on the selection of Phil Butler to have full charge of the track team this year. Butler is certainly a good trainer. This he has shown during his three years' connection with the athletic teams in the University. He understands well the men he works with, and if every man on the team is not in good physical condition before a meet it will be no fault of our genial coach. In training a team form does not count as much as condition; for it is condition that wins every time. Phil will keep the team in condition and we look to the men to do the winning.

—This bit of verse has been forced upon us. We resisted bravely for a while, but finally succumbed. The author styles himself Knocker II.; and adds a footnote stating that his production is a triolet; a bit out of the ordinary, he admits, but yet dealing with a sublime subject. His explanation is irrelevant.

A circle of whiskeret(s)
On Booth's genial face(ment).
Queer sort of an object, yet
A circle of whiskeret(s)
Is a forest of shrubbery set
Around Science Hall's basement—
A circle of whiskeret(s)
On Booth's genial face(ment).

—Harry F. the gentle Harry, waited for the letter which like the white-winged ship never came. And then to drown his sorrow made the rounds of his fair friends only to find them absent from home. His visiting card he left, but he had come to get sympathy, and now the world was cold to him. This was before Christmas. Thinking over the vanity of the world Harry spent two days. Then came December 24. Harry's invitations out to dinner came thick and fast. He looked in his purse, had visions of Santa Claus, and

declined all invitations. Now he wonders why the dear ones call him Mr. Fink.

—The Paper Trust is formed. It took its origin in Studie and is growing stronger as day follows day. Small wonder that there is a dearth of news around the University. The officers, Studie, President; Fink, Secretary and Treasurer; Ziegler, Attorney; and Boots, General Manager. By the officers themselves, all of whom are known to fame either in the athletic, society or legal world, we can perceive that this trust has no fear. Every man, whether he can read or not, is a victim to their agents. They swoop down, and before a man is aware of the fact he is signing over to them his right to life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness. *Quo Warranto* proceedings have been begun by the State at the request of the Hon. Bill Higgins and before Judge Whaley. These proceedings deserve the sympathy of every honest man and citizen. For we should ever arise in our might and oppose the violation of an octopus of this kind.

—At its next initiation, Feb. 1, 2 and 3, the Knights of Columbus, South Bend, will have the pleasure of trying their skill and brawn on fully twenty new and heavy candidates from the University. The neophytes are in training, working with boxing gloves, on the wrestling mat and with the tackling bag, for they expect the ordeal to be a desperate one. "Cap" takes his two-mile constitutional a few times a week to better his wind, the "Cap" says, but we understand from inside authority that it is to get the assurance of a little red flat occupant that he "Cap" can survive any ordeal. Teddy, another candidate is likewise training for better wind. Some one has told him that a man must first run the gauntlet of twenty baseball bats; then he is put through a wringer, after that tied into a knot and left to entangle himself. So Teddy declares that the initiative committee shall hear from him. As a result of this intention he and a number of his friends hold heavy arguments in a friend's room. Subject for debate: "The Isness of the What" and kindred subjects. The other candidates for this sublime honour, of being half massacred as they are given their membership papers, are writing last wills, sad letters and struggling to take on flesh.

—G. Auger, after returning from a vacation in Tipton, sat at his desk looking out toward the stile. His cheek was tightly grasped in his left hand, and his right was resting on his plug hat.

"What a quiet place this is," he said after a long, dreamy look over the lake. "Dear old Tipton! to know you is to love you, and if knowing you is loving you, then I know you well."

He paused a minute, and then fell into a snore that drowned the ticking of the regulation clock; but unfortunately, he interrupted

one Carlos who was trying to fathom the mystery of "The Yankee Doodle Corn Cure," and Carlos looked back over the rims of his spectacles and gave a shout that might do credit to a crowd of baseball "rooters." A dream was broken, the "Corn Cure" was swiped by Robinson, and ever since that crimson evening two gentlemen look clerical when they meet.

—Ruleboy, the only surviving member of the "Big Four," is sorely puzzled these days. When the 'new ones' began to arrive he cast his eyelets about in search of new material, but thus far he has sought in vain. Who will be able to fill Milo's shoes? Who can put on Sauser's sweater? Who can smoke Sowbridge's tobacco? We answer, no one, and the echo from Ruleboy says: 'No one.' When our friend from Climax Michigan arrived, Ruleboy rejoiced. At last, thought he, I have found one. Upon examining the Climax phenom it was discovered that he lacked chest expansion, and that he used only hairless tooth brushes. This was sufficient to bar him. In order to help Mr. Ruleboy out of his dilemma the SCHOLASTIC issues the following call:

All those wishing to become members of the "Big Four" will please report to Mr. Ruleboy this evening in Miguel Da Lee's office at 7 p. m. sharp. Candidates must possess the following qualifications:

Of Athletic build.

Reach—72 inches.

Chest Expansion—86 inches.

Size of shoes—No. 12.

Must be a Society man: Be able to sing the latest coon songs, play hand-ball, smoke a pipe, and do the double shuffle.

Must be learned: Must have read "Life of Nick Carter," "John Bull's Last Slide," "The Rise and Fall of the River," etc.

—At a special meeting of the Faculty Board of Control Wednesday afternoon, certain important matters were decided in regard to athletics. The organization of the Board includes Dr. A. O'Malley (Chairman), Father M. Regan (Vice-Chairman), Father M. Quinlan (Secretary), Father J. French, Father T. Crumley, Bro. Paul, Professor F. Hering and H. V. Crumley. This Board will meet regularly on the first Monday of each month at 3 p. m. At its regular meetings it will act on any reports concerning the eligibility of candidates for the athletic teams. Instructors who have complaints to make in regard to delinquency in studies should take note of this and report the matter to the Secretary of the Board. Candidates for teams should observe that hereafter Preparatory students and students of the Commercial Course shall not be eligible to membership on University athletic teams. They must, moreover, report to the Secretary of the Board and sign a statement that they

are eligible. Candidates for the football team should maintain a proper class standing during the present term in order to be eligible next fall. All candidates for teams would do well to get a copy of the rules newly adopted and conform to them closely; since it is the determination of the Board to enforce them rigidly. No institution will be governed by stricter rules—not even excepting the Big Nine. The Conference rules are adopted and shall be enforced according to the interpretation prevailing among the Conference Colleges. A copy of these rules will be posted in the training quarters for the present; later they will appear in pamphlet form and in the Notre Dame Athletic Almanac.

—A certain young man by the name of Tom, who considers himself as past that age when it would be proper to address him "Master," received a letter addressed "Master Tom, Room 63, Sorin Hall." Now, it happened like this: While Tom was spending the holidays in his native town, he met a young lady one afternoon, who invited him to call that evening. Tom accepted the invitation and kept the engagement. The evening passed so pleasantly that the pair decided to form a mutual admiration society, and the by-laws called for at least two meetings a week. Although Tom is somewhat inclined to be bashful, yet he soon learned how to make those eyes which resemble a dead mackerel's, and are technically known as "Goo-goo." Now it seems that the young lady intended to depart for Boston musical college the same time Tom would return to college. She accordingly told Tom that she would be delighted to hear from him, and to be sure and write. Poor Tom was smitten. He had been back at the college but a single day, when he was seized with a very bad attack of melancholia, and he decided to write. He penned off a letter chuck full of Lovey-Dovey and Tootsie-Wootsie phrases, and mailed it to the young lady at the musical college. But unfortunately, Tom's adored one had not yet arrived, and a young lady by the same name opened the letter and read it. When she reached "Yours entirely, Tom," she said to herself, "Why, this can't be for me; I have no Toms on my list." The young lady thought it would be too bad to have such sweet thoughts go astray, and she decided to send it back to the works. After marking the letter "Opened by Mistake," she placed it in another envelope, and taking what information she could find from Tom's letter, addressed the envelope, "Master Tom, Room 63, Sorin Hall." Of course Tom was sore, for he had read in a book of etiquette that it was incorrect to call a fellow "Master" after he had reached the age of eighteen.

MORAL:—Place a "Return after five days to So-and-So" on your envelopes.