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## Rondeau.

**T** night when stars illumine the blue,  
I often think, dear friend, of you  
And all the hours we spent in dreams  
Of future joys. How strange it seems  
That oceans now divide us two.

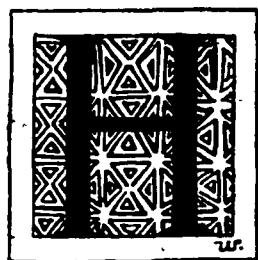
'Twas but a word that random flew—  
A word alas! that makes me rue  
When stillness wraps the woods and streams  
At night.

For then does memory bring to view  
Your face, sweetheart, and walks we knew  
Where autumn's richest glory teems.  
Yet hope through years of absence gleams  
And lights my thoughts, as stars the dew  
At night.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY.

## Some Curiosities of Criticism.

CHARLES A. GORMAN, '03.



**H**OW many people are there who should you ask them what they thought of some popular writer would quickly answer that he was unquestionably of the first class of poets, novelists or essayists, as the case might be? To them Tennyson, for instance, is the great master of simple elegance and Shakspeare of the sublime in dramatic poetry. The positions of these two among our poets are indisputably and immutably settled.

This, it is safe to say, is the opinion of busy people who have interest enough outside their daily occupations to bestow just a little attention upon literature. For these people Dickens has been appointed a position on the ladder of fame to which his title is

unchallenged; each of his novels has been placed here or there on the list of the classics, according to merit, after a final verdict has been pronounced by the authorities. So too with Thackeray and his novels, with Carlyle and Macaulay and their essays.

What astonishment then will such people experience to learn, upon reading in the current number of the *North American Review*, Professor Howe's paper, "The Contradictions of Literary Criticism," that literary criticism is in a state of complete contradiction. Here, by the use of quotations aptly selected from the works of prominent critics and set in deadly parallel, the reader is made to see at a glance how completely and fundamentally critics disagree in critical questions of the utmost literary importance. What one lauds as of the highest value and truthful and comprehensive, another critic equally authoritative deprecates as worthless, as false and inane.

To how many of these people, whom Prof. Howe, calls the "hasty devourers of the pabulum offered in the 'literary' column of the newspaper," is this information not only startling but also disappointing? Did they not love to think of some favorite as universally and entirely admired? But here is proof to the contrary, undeniable evidence. For example, is it not enough to bewilder one who has always regarded Tennyson with a respect approaching the religious to find that while after a reading and critical study of "Maud," Stopford Brooke is moved to write: "'Maud' in its joy and sorrow alike is the loveliest of Tennyson's longer poems." Mr. Stedman can only cynically remark of the same: "The pity of it was that this production appeared when Tennyson suddenly had become fashionable... and to this day Tennyson is deemed by many... an apostle of tinsel and affectation."

But the student of English literature,—how will *he* look upon this unique and clever exposition of the condition of literary criti-

cism? Will it surprise him entirely to find here that what one critic calls a gem another stigmatizes as unworthy of its author? Taking the instance of Tennyson alone, which Prof. Howe does in his extract from the critics—"not," he says, "because the critics are any more at variance about him than about his contemporaries but because the innocent are rather more given to believe that his exact position in the zenith has been determined"—will it be a great surprise to the student to learn here that in the criticism of "The Idyls of the King" the opinions of Brooke and Stedman are again incompatible? Each is as emphatic as in the instance just given, but strange to relate Mr. Stedman now admires while Mr. Brooke bitterly scores the poet for his work. "It is the epic of chivalry—the Christian ideal of chivalry," says Stedman delighted with the "Idyls." "Malory's book, though Tennyson decries its morality, is more human, more moral, than "The Idyls of the King," is Brooke's complaint. Incensed at Tennyson for this work, Mr. Brooke censures him at some length, and denies him the right to mutilate and blacken the story of Tristram and Isolde, adding that "Rome in its decadence, France under the regent, were not so wholly evil as Arthur's court." And yet this is the same poem that Mr. Stedman's light tells him is the "Epic of Chivalry" and prompts him, infatuated with his subject, to add in a shower of other compliments not less enthusiastic: "The whole work is suffused with the Tennysonian glamour of golden mist."

Again Prof. Howe shows us that in point of classification the "Idyls" constitute an epic for Stedman, while Walker and Brooke refuse them that dignity. In the "Idyls" Dawson sees Tennyson's *magnum opus*, while for Forman they mark the decadence of their author as a poet. Vida Scudder honours the "In Memoriam" as the central poem of the century in date, scope and character, and Taine despises it as "cold and monotonous and too prettily arranged." The same share of glorification and humiliation is bestowed also on "Enoch Arden." It is stiff and elaborate, while at the same time delightfully simple in language. It is refreshingly true to life and yet annoys us with its false interpretations of human nature; its characters, which are so typical, yet fall far too short of the realities.

Oh, the prodigality of lauding attributes and their opposites! Professor Howe confesses that he himself would be somewhat bewildered

were he not used to it. What, we ask again, is the student to think of all this as he finds it here exposed? Is the information all new to him, and is his astonishment to equal that of the man who runs as he reads? Much depends on which of the methods mentioned by Professor Howe in the opening of his paper, is adopted by his professor of literature.

The professor of literature has three possibilities open to him as to the method of teaching he may follow, Professor Howe tells us. First, he may ignore entirely the critics and give only his private judgment concluded from reasoning based on principles of his own formulation. Great indeed must be the astonishment of the student of such a teacher; for the idea of an appeal beyond his instructor is all new to him unless haply a strong curiosity has led him privately into deep studies of the critics which must make him more or less familiar with the matter. Secondly, the professor may state his views and confirm them with extracts from such of the critics as agree with him. Again the student must be astonished greatly to read this comparatively meagre yet highly instructive sample of the tossing sea of criticism which awaits him who would sound its depths. For to him also the fact that so many disagree, and on so many points, with his professor and the critics who support his views, must be somewhat new. Lastly the professor may state the opinions of the critics for and against and admit frankly that everything without exception in literature is in doubt. The fact that critics are by no means consentient certainly will not be new to the student who is taught with this method. But even he, we think, has never recognized point blank the true state of affairs. For him also an article like Professor Howe's, which deals with the matter so pointedly, has a lesson deeper than it directly imparts: it is the raindrop that tells of the storm-clouds beyond.

Professor Howe has done a good work for him "who runs as he reads," and no less so for him who walks calmly in his reading, thinking the while. For the one, though an iconoclast has thrown down his idols it was only in an effort to bring him nearer to Truth. For the other that which was already known in a more or less vague way has been exposed to a new light which reflects it more strikingly and helps him to see it more distinctly. Thus he too must be thankful for this help in his search for truth. For no matter how well the

student may have known, either from personal experience or from others who have had that experience, that the word of the critic is not the word of the gospel, he must yet confess that he never fully realized the extent to which literary criticism is unreliable. When with a few extracts from a few critics on a single author, such a woful state of critical contradiction is shown he begins to see as he never saw before what a bewildering mass of assertions and denials, elaborate equally in praise and condemnation, literary criticism as a whole must be.

### The Round-Up.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

The last traces of a beautiful sunset have long ago faded from the horizon. Darting from behind a mass of clouds, the waning moon pours its feeble light over the plains. The single cow-boy watches the large "bunch" of cattle stretching out before him. By the flickering camp-fire he counts the big Mexican saddles, and from them traces the sleeping forms of his comrades, wrapped in heavy blankets. The contents of the camp-wagons are strewn about, and the ponies, hungry after their day's run, are picking at the thin grass.

He starts his pony around the restless herd, then drops his head on its neck to get a little rest. To occupy his mind he thinks of the many things that have happened during the "round-up" which is to end to-morrow—his first experience with a bucking bronco. He sees the jeering crowd, and the cries of "Tender-foot" are still ringing in his ears; his first trial with a lariat; the branding and racing contests; the adventures of riding down steep hills; the swimming of swift streams; the fight with the band of Indians; the narrow escape from the terrible stampede,—oh! how he shudders to think of it now, and wonders how he could then have laughed at the danger.

As if in contrast to these perilous experiences come the monotonous rides over the prairies, the cold, rainy nights he has spent on duty, the hot, sultry days while driving cattle to the ranch, the poor food when away from camp,—how different from the stories he had heard at college. He falls asleep, but his pony, accustomed to "hold a bunch," goes round and round, bringing in the wanderers, and doing the work as well as if guided.

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

**D**IDST thou ever mark the wonders  
 That kindness can avail,  
 And how often it will conquer  
 Where brutish forces fail?

How it calms the raging temper,  
 The obstinate persuades;  
 How disarms the fiercest anger,  
 The pending strife evades.

How it wins of all affection,  
 A like return it claims;  
 How delights the brute creation,  
 The wildest nature tames.

If thou dost not shower kindness,  
 Its charms thou knowest not;  
 If thy deeds and words are kindless,  
 Unkind will be thy lot.

J. T. C.

#### WITH MAYME.

Mayme and I have been riding to-night  
 And the hours have happily passed;  
 I saw in her eyes a calm delight,  
 When her hand I tenderly clasped.

O'er stubble fields the rising moon,  
 In silver brightness shone;  
 But presently, and all too soon,  
 The honeyed hours were gone.

We did not talk of love nor fame,  
 Of music nor of fate;  
 She has simple tastes, my sister Mayme,  
 She's only eight!

G. E. G.

#### HIS SUBJECT.

The teacher sat in his lofty chair,  
 And gazed at his pupils with serious air;  
 "Be full of your subject ere you begin,  
 An essay to write, else it were a sin  
 Your readers to bore with your senseless chaff."  
 But ere he had finished his ear caught a laugh,  
 In the back of the room. "Who's that?" he cried,  
 And in the same moment, the laughter he spied.  
 "It's I," said the boy, "if I may be so bold,"  
 I'll choose for my essay, "Bourbon Old."

R. E. H.

#### FOOTBALL, N. D., 1902.

Shout your signals clear in numbers  
 On to victory! that's no dream;  
 For the rooter's dead that slumbers—  
 Fair the prospects as they seem.

C. A. G.

#### OBTRUSIVE.

Courage, friend! repress your sorrow,  
 I, in truth, have many woes;  
 Ere the sun sets on the morrow—  
 "Pardon me, you're on my toes."

E. P. B.

By Proxy.

EDWARD. F. QUIGLEY, '03.

It was a pretty predicament indeed! Jack Ellsworth alighted at the Hepburn house in a most unpleasant mood. To take Agnes Hepburn to the Sunshine Club's annual masquerade after the affair of two weeks before, tested Jack's courage terribly. He had resolved to have nothing more to do with her for the present, although he knew that things looked not half so cheerful since there had faded from his constant vision a pair of laughing blue eyes and two charming dimples.

After a flitting year of delightful association with pretty Agnes Hepburn, Jack had begun to feel that he knew her perfectly—her good qualities, he thought, even from an exacting point of view to be captivating; her faults he either overlooked in his fervent esteem, or thought girlish and amusing in their way—but their first quarrel had yet to come.

It happened at the Merrill Japanese party. Agnes was there to assist in receiving the guests and to introduce them to the hostess' niece, Miss Grace Arden of Boston. Jack had been with Agnes for a short time during the early part of the evening, then they separated by implied consent, as knowing friends are wont to part, each regardlessly observing the doings of the other, deeming them unexceptionable. He had not, however, been in the best spirits, and he believed afterward that their conversation had been rather trite. However, he had soon thrown off that sombreness of behavior which bores, and proceeded to thoroughly appreciate the captivating innovations of this novel party—the mock Temple of the Dragon with its studies of weird Oriental decorations, its inimitable soothsayer, the ensnaring fan-tan corner, the downpour of rice, and a host of other surprises, when he caught a peep of Agnes Hepburn going to supper with Willard Godfrey. That he declared unprecedented and beyond pardon. The hapless incident caused him to withdraw sullenly from the glare of the lanterns, and, slipping away to another part of the lawn, he occupied himself until the affair was over; then, knowing that Agnes was to remain at the Merrill's, he lost no time in taking his leave, venturing not even near her.

Two weeks had passed since, and Jack had

neither seen nor heard of Agnes Hepburn. He had thought once of writing her a brief, expressive note, but then he might expect a thought-up explanation in return; he next resolved to call and disclose his disappointment, but a storm would surely follow, for Agnes had a temper of her own and would not tolerate a scolding. So he decided to remain mute and to try to forget the love he had once cherished for her—perhaps that would be better revenge.

Now by a mere trick of fate he was to escort her to one of the parties of the season. The committee of the Sunshine Club thought they had shrewdly planned this masquerade; it promised to be a clever ruse: that of concealing the identities of all. To prevent the spread of rumor, the committee themselves formed the pairs; no member knew until the last moment who his partner was to be.

Ellsworth had no desire to attend the masquerade; he had never cared much for that sort of thing, and as he had a hoarseness, it was only by the most persistent efforts that Duggin Carter persuaded him to go. One of the members, Willard Godfrey, had been suddenly called away and some one was needed to take his place. To prevent a hitch in the affair, Jack reluctantly put on the absent member's costume, that of a Spanish grandee, and awaited patiently his turn that evening in front of the club-house. At last there was a rumble, the carriage turned slowly and its inmate wondered whose name was on the small white card that had been handed the driver. When the wheels came to a standstill at the Hepburn curb, Jack could scarcely refrain from invectives.

As he hesitated, he perceived the coachman eying him threateningly, so slipping on the mask, he ascended the steps.

"Well here goes, anyhow—might as well see the thing through—I suppose the storm will have to come sooner or later."

The door was opened to him by a Swiss peasant girl; Agnes looked charming in her rural costume, but Jack did not relish that enough to suggest it—her familiar welcome, the sly glances she laughingly stole at him and her cheery face beaming with delight at the quaintness of the situation, confirmed his discovery that Agnes Hepburn was, after all, a flirt. Though his voice was easily modified on account of his hoarseness he found but little pleasure in the humorous art of concealing his identity.

"Foolish, Señor, to imagine no one knows you," said Agnes, with sarcasm, as they seated themselves in the carriage.

"How knowing these peasant girls are," remarked her companion uneasily, assuming his most sober tone.

"Very knowing, indeed, when certain, Mr. Willard Godfrey," proudly answered his challenger.

"Then you are certain?"

"But I must confess you were playing it pretty well, Will; I avow it was not through your voice or manner that I knew you—I heard your sister Helen say you were to wear a Spanish noble's costume—there! Now you can imagine my pleasure when I opened the door and beheld you—"

"Very grateful, truly—" inserted Jack growing interested.

"And say, Will, I've been just dying to see you to do me a slight favour. Jack Ellsworth will be at the dance, will he not?"

"Yes, I presume so."

"Well, I want you to explain to him, casually, you understand, how Mrs. Merrill came and besought you and me to do the right thing at the Jap party that evening; as you remember, she was painfully anxious to have her niece, Miss Arden, meet your college friend, Mr. Dravins—she expected something to come of this acquaintance, you know, and insisted that we form a party of four. Now, that I have refreshed your memory, you will not forget that I looked for Jack to explain, but my efforts were fruitless. You promise not to let it slip your memory? He acted so strangely that evening," she continued meditatively. "I haven't seen him since and have reasons to believe he was angry, though I never once dreamed that I would ever have to clear myself of any blame which Mr. Jack Ellsworth would bestow upon me."

She spoke indignantly and gazed out of the cab window. Jack bit his lip savagely; he saw where he had duped himself, and it was now his turn to avert her resentment. He saw one way of escape: they were nearing the down-town district, and by maintaining the same tone of voice he was able to keep up the supposed Godfrey part without the least suspicion from Agnes. So he hastened to the rescue.

"But, come, Jack isn't out of humour," he laughed; "why you are letting your imagination run away with you, Agnes; I'm surprised, really—"

She looked at him doubtfully, and silence reigning he continued:

"I was talking with Jack only yesterday and he was in the best of spirits, remarked that he'd been tremendously busy for the past couple of weeks, yet hoped that he would get away for the masquerade—why, the old chump expressed a wish that he might be lucky enough to have your card handed to his driver this evening."

Agnes smiled at his fidelity.

"Don't tease! Are you truly frank?" she insisted, clutching his arm. "It was hard for me to believe he would get angry at almost nothing, yet he acted very strangely."

"Well, Jack has some funny streaks, at times," asserted the supposed Godfrey, cunningly. "Perhaps he wasn't feeling just right that night and soon tired of the odd affair."

She seemed the happier for it, and as she resumed her dreamy stare out of the window, she murmured scarcely audible:

"I wonder who will be with him to-night?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

Agnes blushed and turned coyly.

"I should like to tease him when we dance together—by the way, Willard, how is he dressed?"

"He and I are wearing the same costume, answered her companion. "Rather unique, don't you think?"

"That's clever, indeed. What fun you two will have. Of course—as we are talking about Jack—you don't know who he is to be with?"

"Yes. He showed me his card and smiled just before I came up."

"And it is?"—she waited with abated breath.

The carriage stopped before the brilliantly lighted club-house and they ascended the steps.

"Mustn't do that," resumed Jack, "but that you may know her she is dressed as a Swiss peasant girl—"

Agnes Hepburn gave a little start; then a knowing smile played beneath her mask.

"You are very cruel—then she is none other than?"

"The dearest girl in all the world," whispered Jack Ellsworth. And the clouds had passed away.

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WHEN right, alone amidst the throng,  
As a majority I fight,  
Against a thousand who are wrong,  
For God fights with me for the right.

H. E. B.

## The Traveller.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB.

## I.

INTO a dimly-lighted church  
A lonely traveller strayed one day;  
His feet were sore and tired, for he  
Had travelled long upon the way.

He passed within with trembling step  
And to a darkened corner hied,  
And sank within the cooling depth,—  
A welcome rest he had espied.

Out through the open door he peered  
To where the hard road backed and glared;  
And when his fevered eyes he turned  
The lightened space before him flared.

He put his hand upon his brow  
And felt the throbbing through his veins:  
"Alas! of all my treasures stored  
Not one to bless me now remains!"

Then one by one upon the road  
He saw whom he had crossed before.  
"I thought," sighed he, "the sight of these  
Would cross my eyes again no more."

Each nearer grew and reached the door,  
Then crossed the threshold he had crossed,  
And as he stepped from out the glare  
A shade became, all colour lost.

## II.

With dreamy eye the traveller gazed,  
And looked and looked again,  
And through his trembling lips he said,  
"Can these dull things be men?"

The stream approaching thickened fast,  
A bell began to toll;  
And as each trembling volume swelled  
It sank within his soul.

A thickening mist came o'er his eyes  
He thought the sound his knell,  
And all the shades that round him pressed  
Were his own actions fell.

Companions gay were they in strength,  
When all the world was bright,  
And the glorious radiance of the sun  
Not yet foretold the night.

Bright garments then and rich they wore  
And laughed right merrily  
With never a thought of what was past  
Or what was yet to be.

But oh! the disillusion now,  
The loneliness and pain,  
And these whom he had thought foregone  
Were seeking him again.

He gasped and sighed and that was all—  
An usher near him drew  
To light a lamp that near him hung  
As he was wont to do.

And when it flared and threw a light  
The worshippers assembled saw  
An old man lying stiff and pale,  
And wonder grew to awe.

## Some Facts about Hannibal.

VITUS G. JONES.

"The deeds men do live after them," but they are known only to the lovers of history. By these deeds alone, however, can we compare the greatness of two men like Napoleon and Hannibal. Unfortunately, a comparison between them is seldom made, and the achievements of Hannibal have been left unwritten. To tell the modern world, which is still intoxicated with the partial success of Napoleon, that Hannibal was a greater general than Napoleon would be a conclusive way of proving to them that you at least knew little of history. But the time must soon come when their prejudice will give way to well-grounded truth, when the inequality in the opportunities of the two men will be considered, and when these blind worshippers will see Hannibal's name placed above that of their idol.

No one will deny that Napoleon was a great genius, one of the greatest the world has ever seen; but that he was greater, or even equal to Hannibal will not be admitted after we have once learned the deeds of the two men and the opportunities with which they were surrounded. Everyone must admire Napoleon for his laws, for his ability to govern, and for some of his brilliant exploits; but everyone must likewise hate him for his ambition, for his injustice and for his cruelty. The world seems to forget, or not to know that he became so transported by success that he regarded neither God nor man; that his one whole ambition was Napoleon first and last, and only ruler.

Napoleon had everything that could possibly contribute to his success. His army was composed of the flower of all France. Men



were supplied as fast and in as great a number as he called for them; the coffers of powerful France were thrown open to supply his every need; he fought in his own country and with nations that were terrified at his very name. He lived at a time when the severest battle could not destroy an army. His men had the greatest confidence in his ability, and believed that with him as leader they were unconquerable; but above all he was ever firmly and heartily supported by his own country.

Hannibal on the other hand was always labouring under difficulties. The ruling faction of his country feared that if he became too successful he would rob them of their power, and rather than see him do this they preferred to submit to Rome, their bitterest enemy. They virtually refused him all aid, and even went so far as to attempt to betray him into the hands of their ancient rival, Rome; but fortunately he escaped. He left his country when he was nine years of age and from that time till he was recalled, thirty-five years later, he watched and waged the wars of his country in a foreign land; and in all this time, Carthage furnished him with only four hundred horsemen, forty elephants and a stinted sum of money. This non-support alone would have shattered Napoleon's power; but Hannibal, though continually surrounded by other difficulties, always triumphed over them. His army was composed of men picked up from several tribes and countries to replace the men he had lost in battle and sickness; but even with such a mixed army we never hear of discord in his camp. He lived at a time when men fought hand to hand and when far more were killed in a battle than there were at the time of Napoleon. His army was never over half as large as the Roman's, yet his enemies dared not attack him in the open field. Napoleon left more men to freeze and starve to death on his Russian campaign than Hannibal ever commanded. If Hannibal's army had been so completely destroyed at any time as the French army was when it returned from Russia, he would never have been able to strike another blow, but it was after that campaign that Napoleon proved to be the mightiest.

When we stop to consider the difficulties that beset Hannibal on all sides, we are at a loss to understand how he subdued all Spain; how he managed to cross the Alps—Napoleon's great feat;—how he marched up and down through Italy, the undisputed and

unconquerable master of the field; how he cut to pieces every army that dared to oppose him; and how he maintained an army in the enemy's country without home assistance. He plundered Rome's fertile fields at will. When the Romans were sure they had him in a trap he escaped by some strategy, and left Rome herself trembling at his expected approach. After the battles of Trebia, Lake Trasimene, and of Cannæ, no general dared to meet him in open conflict. Nearly all Italy bowed to his standard; but with all this power and success, he was not strong enough to effectively besiege a city. He lacked the men and the instruments, and his own country refused to give what would unquestionably have made it master of the world and lull its greatest enemy to sleep forever. Oh! unlucky for you, Carthage, that you did not grant what he asked, because by not doing so Rome became master and crushed you beneath her oppression.

Little is left to us concerning Hannibal's private life and character. We are told by Livy that he was "perfidious and inhumanly cruel," but we are not safe in taking Livy as an authority, for nowhere can we find a just ground for the accusation. He can not be called cruel for annihilating the Roman army because his very existence depended on it, and besides the custom of the time justified him in so doing. We hear of no broken treaties, unless you wish to say he violated one by attacking Saguntum. But this was certainly not a breach of peace, for Saguntum was within the confines of his specified territory. The only claim Rome had to that city was that it clung to her. Hannibal attacked it, however, with no other intention than to draw on a war with Rome which he so ardently desired. His system of ambuscading can not be called perfidious. If Rome did not place her men in ambush, it was because Hannibal never gave her an opportunity, or because she was not accustomed to that mode of warfare. As far as perfidy and cruelty are concerned, nowhere do we find a better example than in the history of Rome at that time. Because Capua favored Hannibal Rome murdered the nobles of that city, sold the rest of the people into slavery, and ever afterward to be called a Capuan was a mockery. Scipio held conferences with Syphax all winter, and when an opportunity presented itself in the spring he perfidiously attacked the Carthaginian army, and, through the

knowledge he had gained from traitorous Syphax, destroyed the entire army.

If we can judge from circumstances, we should inevitably say Hannibal had a kind, winning disposition, for he was a general favorite with all his soldiers. They were so attached to him that Carthage did not dare to refuse to sanction his leadership, although it hated to do so. He must have been a kind leader to keep the good will of an army that was composed of Numidians, men from the Balearic Isles, Spaniards, Africans, Gauls and Italians. Also what we know of his political life after the battle of Zama goes to show that he was not an eccentric person. We find him striving ever for the welfare of Carthage. He seized the helm of the state, and, as a forerunner of Alexander Hamilton, "he touched the corpse of public credit and it sprang to its feet; he smote the rock of internal resources, and abundant revenues gushed forth." In six years he paid off the debt of ten thousand talents—eleven million dollars—which was imposed on Carthage by Scipio. He made just laws, reformed her narrow institutions, and was directing the government in such a way that, if he had been permitted, he would have raised Carthage to a greater eminence than it had formerly enjoyed, and perhaps lived long enough to see Rome again bow to his standard.

But jealousy swept away all hopes of his ever becoming powerful again. His political enemies cautioned Rome to beware of his ambition. They declared he was already making preparations to strike another blow at his sworn enemy. As a result of this jealousy he was forced to flee to save his life. But cautious Rome would take no chances. They determined to pursue him even to the end of the world if necessary.

Hannibal must be held by all people, even his enemies, as a model for fixity of purpose and as a man that shrunk from no undertaking. He never forgot the oath he took when he started for Spain, to be an everlasting enemy to Rome. Every action of his life was directed to the one end, and to accomplish that end he did what no other general ever dared to do: he went into the heart of the enemy's country, and, to use the military expression, cut himself off from his own bases. He had no opportunity to escape nor to receive assistance. For years he supplied the needs of his men from the enemy's stores. He was surrounded on every side, so that he had to conquer at all times or be swept away by a

merciless hand. Although he saw these dangers he never hesitated nor felt down-hearted. He told his soldiers that victory was on one hand and death and disgrace on the other, and for them to choose for themselves. They chose victory, and as a result we see Hannibal and his men cutting their way up and down through Italy at will. Thus you can see the strong determination of Hannibal fording him across all difficulties.

Hannibal was born at Carthage (247 B. C.). At the early age of nine we first see his strong will asserting itself when he really forced his father to take him on the Spanish campaign. He received the training of a soldier in camp at the hands of his father. When he was eighteen years of age he proved himself a capable general. At that time, however, his father died, and the young boy was left in the care of his brother-in-law. In the next eight years he received many responsible commands, and when he was twenty-six years of age he took command of the entire army. Two years later all Spain had submitted to his power. Then he boldly marched into Italy, and for seventeen years hurled defiance into the face of Rome, and swept her mighty armies from the field. When Scipio crossed over into Africa, Carthage called Hannibal home to protect her, but it was too late. By her jealousy she had left the opportunity to crush Rome slip from her. Hannibal's power was then so weak that he could make only a feeble resistance to Scipio's strong force. With his fearless disposition, however, he drew his army up before the Romans at Zama, and struck his last blow at Rome.

After the battle of Zama Hannibal directed all his attention to political affairs, and in a few years he had made Carthage a powerful government; but again jealousy was destined to shatter his success. He had aroused the suspicion of Rome, and to save his life he had to flee to the court of Antiochus and from there to Persia; but the vengeance of Rome was upon him, and to escape her hand he poisoned himself. Thus ended the life of one of the greatest generals the world has ever seen.

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#### Intruders.

Ofttimes when twilight fills my room

With living memory,

My lost hopes, children of deeper gloom,

Sit down in the dusk with me. C. L. O'D.



## O Navis!

(Horace. *Carin*, I., 14.)

SHIP! the waves will combat you  
On waters far and wide;  
Hold fast the port, your men are few,  
No oars are at your side.

The swift south wind has split your mast;  
Your yards are hanging free;  
Your keel will ne'er endure the blast  
Of a fierce and raging sea.

Your sails are rent; to you there are  
No gods on whom to call,  
Although your hull was brought afar  
From Pontic forests tall.

Your birth and race, alas! are vain:  
The timid sailor fears  
To brave in sterns of pine the main  
And winds he braved for years.

A grief you were to me of late,  
But now an anxious care:  
Lest you on rocks be tossed by fate  
In treacherous seas beware!

G. A. F.

## A Reminiscence of Camaldoli.

LOUIS E. BEST, '04.

High upon a hill that overlooks Naples, lies the old monastery of Camaldoli. A visit there brings one back to the olden times. The large stone courtyard and the old weather-beaten buildings tend to give the place an ancient look. Everything is primitive and rough from the entrance gate to the insides of the houses. The doors, which are of iron-studded oak, have heavy forged iron hinges and bolts. The interior is in the same primitive and rough style. Across the high, bare ceilings run great rafters darkened and coloured by age. The rooms are bare of ornaments with the exception of a few old masterpieces in oil and large wooden crucifixes.

The monks of this strange old monastery lead a very simple and strict life. A bundle of straw with a blanket serves for a bed, while the chairs and tables are but rough hewn boards. No woman is allowed to enter the inner court of the monastery, and there has been but one attempt in which the offender, disguised in man's apparel, was detected and tearfully removed before she reached the inner court.

I was walking through the garden with one of the monks, when we stopped before a large tree which he told me had been planted when the monastery was founded. As I looked at this monarch gnarled and twisted but still growing and affording shade, I thought what really insignificant beings we were compared to this dumb tree. This silent old tree had seen hundreds live and die. Battles had been fought and maps changed while it lived serenely on. We walked on to go outside the garden. On my way I saw fourteen wooden crosses which represented the fourteen stations. We then went through a small wooden gate. The monk told me we now stood on the highest part of the grounds. Below us lay Naples, the houses looking like small boxes. To the right and in front of the city was the beautiful bay of Naples and the Mediterranean stretching away to the great horizon. Back of Naples grand old Vesuvius, bathed in the crimson light of the sinking sun, stood boldly outlined against the surrounding country. We turned back and I deeply regretted to leave such a beautiful scene.

On our return the monk told me about the history of the monastery. It was founded in fourteen hundred by a few men, but it grew very rapidly. Even princes had taken the habit and spent their lives within its walls. But now through the enactments of the present government no more candidates are allowed to join, and the membership has dwindled down to five, and when they go the land will be the property of the king. Five old men out of a once great monastery are all that are left. As I left I heard the tolling of the Angelus from a sweet, clear bell. I looked back and saw a look of joy and contentment light up the old monk's face as he reverently raised his cap, and I thought that though shut off from the world and its pleasures, these men have lived very happy lives.

THERE is joy in seeing one's work grow. It is felt by those who plough or build, as by the creators of immortal things. It cheers the hearts of mothers when their children rise, like a winding stair, about them: it gives contentment to farmers when they look on their ripening fields: it is the gladness of young men when their labors make homes for the maidens whom they have chosen.—*Spalding*.

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J. PATRICK O'REILLY, 1905

—We would remind students that the Annual Oratorical Contest will be held in Washington Hall on December 10, little more than two months hence. Heretofore it was usual to have the competition in May, but this custom will not be followed in the future. The departure is made in order to determine who shall represent the University in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest which takes place next February. Of course, the winner of the Breen gold medal will be student chosen. But while only one can win this medal, a large number should try for it, and their attempts should be the result of long and careful preparation in composition and delivery. Medal or no medal, the time spent in any well-directed effort is a profitable investment. Moreover, by making the survival of the fittest as severe a process as possible we enhance our prospects of success in the State Competition. Those that have not yet written their orations should begin work on them without delay.

—The photographer and artist are having close competition at present. In his original subjects and his skill in tone and shadow combinations, the modern photographer pleads strongly to be called an artist. Photography is no longer a mere science. The tradition that a portrait painter brings out the strong and characteristic points in a face is open to the charge that he also leaves out so many

unbecoming but natural features. A photograph shows both becoming and unbecoming features. Scarcely a person is satisfied with a true photograph of himself, but let a skilful portrait painter artfully use shadows and colour schemes, and the subject becomes well pleased with himself. The skill and originality now shown in photography entitles it to be called a real art. In numerous instances, the results in photography show as much taste in setting and development as the works of many of the modern painters. If photography does have limitations and may never enjoy the distinction and elevation of painting, it is, nevertheless, a branch of the same art.

—It appears that the historical novel is on the wane. Yet, upon the face of this, comes the announcement of the second hundred thousand of one of the late novels. The fad that made the historical novel so stylish will prove as fickle as other fads. There have been several strong stories of that kind written; even these, however, can not strictly be called historical or novels; and so it will be that we shall read few more headings,—“This being the Account of the Adventures of His Excellency's Knight,” and the like. To write a romance in the first person and have that first person an illiterate king-retainer, two centuries old, covers a multitude of grammatical and other errors. All such trivial matters as learning were held in slight repute when the narrator was a boy, you know. The pen pictures drawn of Lincoln and Sherman in “The Crisis” were somewhat wholesome; *Eben Holden* enjoyed a somewhat deserved popularity for its naturalness and local colour; but an able critic, says Mr. Bacheller's “D'ri and I,” is but a step removed from one of the “Western Awfuls,” and thus do fashions change.

—To-day specialization is the keynote to success. This is the trend of the modern world, and it has made itself felt in the study of the law as elsewhere. In law the specialist is something distinctly modern. The “all-round” lawyer is often seen even yet, but he is no competitor with the strong and well-equipped specialist. The man that grasps the prizes in the court-room is he who has joined to natural ability a peculiar and thorough knowledge of some special division of the law. And this necessity for specialized knowledge

should be well impressed upon the men who are now studying law in our universities. The average student early should determine upon the sphere he thinks best suited to his abilities, and then he should bend his best energies resolutely in that direction. But he must not do so at the expense of his general knowledge, for the structure of the law must have a firm foundation, else the solidity of the whole is endangered. Above all the student of law should remember that the underlying qualities that make a successful lawyer are the same to-day as they were in the days of Blackstone. Learning, tact, coolness and knowledge of human nature are but supplemental to the unchanging requirements of success in any pursuit,—courage, intelligence and honesty.

—Close on the announcement of the fall of the Campanile of St. Mark's comes the news that another monument of the ages is rapidly crumbling away. The great Egyptian sphinx, undoubtedly the oldest and most gigantic statue in the world, is fast losing the mysterious form that has puzzled for years both poet and scientist. It was left for modern science to bring about the destruction of this world's wonder. Under the old condition of affairs the sphinx bade well to outlive the offspring of its builders, for owing to the natural dryness of the country, a structure of its kind could almost endure forever. With the march of civilization, however, a system of irrigation was introduced which has brought about a great change in the climate of the country. The result is that the increased moisture is working havoc among the stone statues of the Egyptians. So great a portion of the stone forming the face of the sphinx has peeled off during the past two years that it is estimated that in a few years more the features will be altogether indistinguishable. Nothing seems to be able to arrest the destruction of the sphinx, which, needless to say, will have no successor.

—Sometime before Christmas, Father Elias Younan will lecture to the students. Father Younan is of Syrian parentage and a native of Calcutta. He received the degree M. A. from the University of Calcutta, and afterwards taught for several years at that university. He came to the United States in 1899, and is a member of the Paulist Congregation.

### Hurry.

Perhaps no other word so aptly characterizes the present time as the word hurry which is the very contrary to calm, quiet, repose. The word itself is old; but it has passed through a series of evolutions, and its present meaning makes it a characteristic child of the present times. It is made after the most recent pattern, and it is the inspiring genius of the modern man.

Hurry shows its dire consequences. There is nervousness, greediness after pleasure, dissatisfaction of the soul, surfeited pessimism, gross materialism, eagerness to grasp a change, striving after worthless show of exterior honours and distinctions, unfitness to assimilate great thoughts, and hence a failure to become familiar with the ideas of the great minds of former times. Men read in a hurry. They catch the meaning of not even one half of what is written. They have no time to stop to think. Vast numbers of books are glanced over; none are studied carefully. Calm reflection has become rare. Everything bears the impress of hurry. There is no need of crying out: *avaunt! laudator temporis acti*; for when the sources are stopped, the streams dry up.

Science, art, politics, suffer from this bane. The immeasurable fullness in all departments of knowledge and work leads to hasty inspection. Sensations are experienced without lasting effect; ideas have no chance to grow, to develop. Hence a disgust for everything that is called doings of the mind, a want of philosophical sense, a lack of true spirit in the various fields of scientific work. The technique has the precedence over all else, and technique the student must have. Science is not an object any more; it is but a means to an end, a means to position. These are the results of modern education. But what, when the reaction comes?

Hurry prevents man from enjoying life properly. There is no genuine contentment. Man lacks the most essential requisite to acquire true culture, to acquire clear principles. He will depend on hollow phrases and cues and catch-words; personal worth resting on character deeply rooted in man's nature will be seldom found.

True, there is a brilliant side to this modern culture, but this very brilliancy casts deep shadows in man's inner life. Where is that

pure; noble, strong feeling in the youth that will develop into strong will-power? Knowledge arouses the faculties of the mind, strengthens the intellect, furthers talent; but it is the will and the purifying process of the sensations that build up strong character. That which makes a man feel, that which makes itself one with his nature, that which goes over into his own flesh and blood and helps him to be a good man, that which evenly educates heart and head, that is worth striving after. It is that something undefinable, which is evident in the truly educated man and makes him stand in most striking contrast with the man of encyclopedic knowledge, of mechanical receptiveness. This true culture has to grow up slowly, must be carefully tended, until it finally unfolds that soulful atmosphere of a live, efficient personality, in which mind and body are harmoniously developed. This inner process of development must be cultivated: new ideas must be associated with the old; the old must be enriched, enlarged, broadened, deepened, and always made new. A strong, noble character is impossible without inner nobility of soul, *i. e.*, a soul filled with pure, correct sentiments.

Man's inner life is an important problem. The pulsations of his own life must be understood before he can understand similar phenomena in his fellow-beings. In the hurry, which kills all inner feeling, he can never understand himself; he remains an enigma all his life, both to himself and to others. He does not know, or he does not believe, that hurry is the root of the evil; and, therefore, he will never be able to apply a remedy to his misfortune.

Modern education develops according to individual disposition, special mode of training, and personal temperament, the most heterogeneous results: crass materialism, democratic anarchism, aristocratic individualism, and especially a hatred against everything ideal. The cares of business engendered by a damnable spirit of commercialism, and the manifold mental efforts in the turmoil of current events, which no man can avoid, allow no calm reflection. Even men of science find but scant leisure to keep up with the mushroom-like developments in their special field of scientific work. There is no assimilation, there is no knowledge. Truly, the modern man lives like a slave in an era of freedom.

J. B. S.

### Open Season with a Victory.

NOTRE DAME, 33; M. A. C., 0.

The Varsity opened up the season of '02 with a sweeping victory over the husky eleven of the Michigan Agricultural College. The game, however, despite the large score was not very encouraging, as it developed the fact that our line is lamentably weak. The large score is due to the fleetness of our backs and ends, and to them should be given the credit for the victory. The linemen were excessively slow in charging, and time and again they allowed their opponents to break through them and down our men in their tracks. This latter fault was more noticeable during the first half. Towards the close of the game the men braced considerably.

The feature of the game was Doar's sixty-five yard dash through a crowded field for a touchdown. Nyere also distinguished himself by making several long runs around end. Captain Salmon at full back was a host in himself. His line bucking, punting and brilliant defensive work was noticeable throughout the contest. McDermott, a half back on last year's "Prep." team was put in at right half and made a splendid showing. Quarter back McGlew played his usual fast game and afforded splendid interference for the ends. Of the linemen, O'Malley and Cullinan deserve special mention. During the second half, O'Malley secured the ball on a fumble and ran thirty-five yards before he was downed. For the visitors, Agnew, full back, and Burlington, left end, were the most brilliant performers.

### THE GAME.

Michigan kicked off to Doar, who regained twenty-five yards. Salmon, Doar and McDermott carried ball to goal, and Nyere went over for first touchdown, two minutes and a half after play began. The visitors kicked off forty-five yards to Salmon who returned fifteen. Nyere circled end for forty yards; Lonergan gained seventeen more; Salmon bucked centre for six, and on next play McDermott was shoved over the line. Two more touchdowns were scored in this half in much the same way, and the half ended with the ball in our possession on the Michigan Agricultural College's thirty-yard line. The visitors did not obtain possession of the ball once during this half. Score, Notre Dame, 21; Michigan Agricultural College, 0.

In the second half the visitors played havoc with our line, and at one time with the ball in their possession it looked as if they would score, but great defensive work by Doar and Cullinan at this point saved our goal. The Varsity scored two touchdowns in this half, one on Doar's long run. The game ended with the ball in our possession on Michigan Agricultural College's twenty-yard line.

LINE-UP.

Notre. Dame		Michigan
Neyre, O'Shaughnessy	L E	Cartright R E
Cullinan	L T	Kratz R T
O'Connor	L G	Meek R G
Steiner	C	Decker C
O'Malley	R G	McDermid L G
Desmond	R T	Peters L T
Lonergan	R E	Burlington L E
McGlew	Q B	D. Childs Q B
Doar	L H B	H. Childs R H B
McDermott	R H B	Smith L H B
Salmon	F B	Agnew F B

Touchdowns—Nyere, McDermott, Desmond, Doar (2), Salmon. Goals from touchdown—Doar (1), Salmon (1). Umpire—Brainard, Michigan. Referee—Fogarty, South Bend. Linesmen—Fansler, Eaton. Timers—Dempsey, N. D.; Green, M. A. C. Time of halves—Twenty and fifteen minutes. J. P. O'R.

Culver Wins a Close Game.

CULVER, 6; INTER-HALL TEAM, 5.

The Inter-Hall Team went down to Culver Military Academy last Thursday where they met the crack team of that place in one of the most interesting games ever played at Culver. Culver presented a heavier team than the boys from Notre Dame and had a large assortment of trick players who fooled our ends time after time. Our boys played listlessly in the first half, and this, combined with poor generalship, gave Culver their score. But in the second half the Culver team, though reinforced by several new men, could do nothing with the Inter-Hall line, and our men plunged through their line and circled their ends repeatedly. The ball was kept in Culver's territory after the soldiers' touchdown, but Culver managed to keep us from scoring by their desperate defence. Had the Inter-Hallers changed their tactics in the first half and played for the ends more, instead of bucking so much, the score would have been different.

Culver kicked off to Maypole who returned twelve yards. The Inter-Hallers failed to gain, and Culver had the ball. Our linemen played high, and Culver had no trouble in breaking through for gains of three to five yards. The Inter-Hallers fought desperately all the time, but Garoutte went over for Culver's first and only score after five minutes of play. After

the kick-off Captain Petritz' men braced up and stopped Culver's rushes, but were unable to gain themselves. The ball seesawed back and forth until just before the call of time, when by hard bucks, in which Hogan and Opfergelt figured, we took the ball to Culver's ten-yard line. Instead of trying an end run a buck was tried, and though Hogan made a gallant attempt he could not cross the line, and time was called. Williams and Medley were cheered by the Culver rooters for their fine playing in this half.

In the last half Culver presented a stronger line-up, but they only secured the ball two or three times, and then had to give it up right away as our boys were fighting every inch. Twice, end runs by Gearin brought the ball to Culver's ten-yard line, but when line smashers were tried they netted no gains, and Culver secured the ball. Once more we lost the ball when near the goal, but Culver immediately fumbled, and Petritz fell on the ball behind the goal, and the Inter-Hall roter had a chance to shout. Opfergelt missed the goal by a narrow margin. With five minutes to play the Inter-Hallers tried to get the ball across the line again but failed, and when the whistle blew the game was lost.

THE LINE-UP:

Inter-Hall		Culver M. A.
Williams, Gearin	L E	Smith
O'Reilly	L T	Phillips, H. Beys
McDermott, Maher	L G	Kelley
Medley	C	Anderson
Toner	R G	Williams, G. Beys
O'Phelan	R T	Caranah
Petritz	R E	Hunter
Maypole	Q B	Rockvelt, McQuaid
Opfergelt	R H	Huntly
Fahy	L H	Raymond
Hogan	F B	Garoutte

Umpire—McGlew. Referee—Griener. Linesmen—Stephan (N. D.), Small (C. M. A.). Timers—Rush (N. D.) and Campell (C. M. A.) R. R. C.

From the Newspapers.

The simon-pure athletic spirit which dominates the big colleges of the West and prompts them to refuse to let their "real amateurs" play football against athletic club teams and to place restrictions and charges of professionalism against their smaller but dangerous rivals has taken a peculiar turn.

Last week Manager Baird, of Michigan, was in Chicago on a still hunt for talent, and abducted Fred Hall, a Hyde Park two-miler, and Paul Dickey, a track and football man. Both of these young men were expected to

go to the University of Chicago; in fact, they had begun training with the Maroons when they had a talk with the Michigan folks, and then they changed their minds and are now entered at Ann Arbor.

These two universities have, in the last two years, severed athletic relations with Notre Dame, in fact, prohibited its athletes from taking part in the Conference meet in Chicago last spring on a minor charge of professionalism. The action of Michigan swiping these two athletes from Chicago is an act that would give Notre Dame a fine opportunity to retaliate, but as they are not members of the "big nine" they have no resource. If these exemplar universities continue their kidnapping they may expect the same finish which came to amateur athletics in the A. A. U. when the big clubs imported men and gave them jobs to compensate their work on track and field.—South Bend *Sunday News*, Sept. 21.

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The following, taken from the *Chicago Tribune* of Sept. 28, may be read with interest by many students, and studied with advantage by others:—

"The usual number."

This was the answer of Professor J. Scott Clark of Northwestern University yesterday when he was asked how many of the freshmen who entered the college this year from outside schools had succeeded in passing the first test in spelling.

"On second thought I believe that I have done an injustice to the class," Professor Clark continued, "there was a gain of about 1 per cent in the number of those who passed. The method of teaching spelling in the public schools remains about the same, as nearly as I can tell. As long as the word method of spelling is taught in the public schools, just so long will boys and girls enter college unable to spell the simplest words correctly. There is nothing to do with those who can not spell but to teach them how to spell."

More than a hundred freshmen in the university failed to pass the test in spelling that is required by Professor Clark of those who intend to study English. A list of 150 words that had been misspelled in the freshman manuscripts last year was selected on which to examine those who just registered this year. The words were not quite as simple as those taught in the kindergartens, but there were few of them of over two syllables and none of them "catch" words.

#### ADVOCATES OLD-FASHIONED METHOD.

Because the students had not been taught to say c-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog; m-u-l, mul; t-i, ti; p-l-y, ply, multiply, many of them were unable to spell correctly. This is the reason assigned

by Professor Clark, who told them that it is no disgrace to be old-fashioned when they were learning to spell. The result was a raid on the book stores for old-fashioned spelling books, and a hum of voices spelling words by syllables as the students went to and from the classes.

The spelling test was taken by 141 freshmen, and only 56 of them passed. A failure resulted when a student misspelled twenty or more words. Not one spelled all of the words correctly. One student missed one, while the poorest speller of the class missed seventy-two.

Some of the words most frequently misspelled were: Reins (rains), usefulness (usfulness), marshal (marshul), accommodate (acomodate), extravagant (extravigant), judgment (judgement), suppressed (suprese), tastefully (tastfully), tries (trys), scene (seen) dessert (desert) and whether (wheather).

#### SOME WORDS THAT WERE FATAL.

All of the words in the list were misspelled at least once. Besides those mentioned above, which proved especially difficult, the list included:

Forgetting,	Occurrence,	Fascination
Resplendent,	Artistically,	Heterogeneous
Pedestal,	Dessert,	Embarrassment,
Assertion,	Legends,	Grieved,
Graciously,	Precipitous,	Dried
Resurrection,	Description,	Calendar,
Possession,	Village,	Desiring,
Advice,	Height,	Parallel,
Develop,	Hostile,	Similar,
Prosperity,	Boundary,	Paralyzed,
Hurrying,	Beginning,	Coarse,
Studying,	Dilapidated,	Ordinarily,
Hospitable,	Labeled,	Arrangement,
Narrower,	Business,	Elaborately,
Territory,	Philippines,	Stripped,
Traffic,	Noticeable,	Prairie,
Specimen,	Intermission,	Erection
Hopeless,	Anniversaries,	Excelled
Triple,	Skies,	Emanates,
Symmetrically,	Weird,	Straight,
Athletics,	Curriculum,	Pedestrian,
Borne,	Variegated,	Stationary,
Seizing,	Awful,	Tranquillity,
Bouquets,	Recommendation,	Occasions,
Gorgeous,	Altar,	Spurious,
Degradation,	Valleys,	Saddened,
Privilege,	Preparation,	Mortar,
Immediately,	Utilized,	Sewing,
Initial,	Peddling,	Lying,
Espying,	Tariff,	Definitely,
Principal,	Controls,	Stifling,
Loses,	Argumentative,	Apartment
Extremely,	Referred,	Secretary,
Unattractive,	Receive,	Disappointment,
Favoritism,	Respectability,	Resolved,
Separated,	Desirable,	Visitors,
Sacrifice,	Substantial,	Existence.

Three-fourths of the words in the list used last week were used in a similar test a year ago, and half of them have appeared in all of the tests that have been held. Those who failed to pass are assigned to a class in elementary English, which the students have named "pity sakes."



## Personals.

—Father Olmstead, C. S. C., has returned from a visit to New York where he has many friends. The students are glad to have him back and to know that he is in excellent health and spirits.

—Among the visitors to the University during the past week were: Mr. Chambers of Baltimore, who registered his two sons in St. Edward's Hall; Mr. Matthias W. Jelinck of Wadsworth, Nevada; Miss Maria Uline and Miss Louise Foster of Dell Rapids, South Dakota.

—Referring to the Court of Arbitration, now engaged in settling the dispute between Mexico and the United States over the Pius fund, Mr. W. T. Stead, the eminent London journalist, writes in last Sunday's *Chicago American*: "The figure around which the drama of the court revolves is Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. He sits quietly at a table in the rear of the counsel and he does not speak, but one discovers quickly that Archbishop Riordan is the pivot around which the whole case revolves.... "I departed, feeling that there was another archbishop who was as firm and liberal minded a Catholic as Archbishop Ireland. With him the American case is in very good hands." The archbishop is a distinguished and loyal alumnus of Notre Dame, and we are selfish enough to hope that he will honour us with a visit before the end of the year.

—We have seen a newspaper account of the welcome tendered to the Reverend L. J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City, by his parishioners and friends on the occasion of his return from a late visit to Rome. Father Evers is best known to the public as the priest that inaugurated the "Midnight" Mass for the convenience of night workers, especially for those engaged in the newspaper offices along Park Row. As a result of the innovation he was summoned to Rome where he had a special audience with the Pope who was much pleased with the success of the new movement. The particulars of the interview are further evidence of the vitality of the Holy Father and of his abiding solicitude for the welfare of his spiritual children. "He asked me about the Mass," said Father Evers. "He also asked about the printers, how many were at the Mass and how we came to think of it. He was surprised to know that hundreds of persons attended. At the close of the audience the Holy Father said: 'God bless you, and God bless the printers.'" Father Evers graduated at Notre Dame in the class of '76, received the M. A. degree in '86 and preached the baccalaureate sermon in '99.

## Library Notes

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library returns thanks to the following donors: Mr. George Nestor, Detroit Mich., for sixteen volumes of the History of Rome and the Romans (Durny), translated by Rippley and Clarke and edited by Mataffy; also for twelve vols. of the History of Greece.

Mr. George Rhodius, Indianapolis, for sixty volumes of German literature.

Father Gauvreau for box of books and pamphlets and complete volumes of newspapers relating to the history of Canada.

Rev. John McQuirk for 2 vols. of Sermons.

Dr. William Seton for set of writings.

Dr. Henry F. Brownson for valuable manuscripts.

—The following books have been recently placed on the shelves of the library: Life of Gregory VII. (Voigt), 2 vols.; Life of Innocent III. (Hurter), 2 vols.; Life of Gregory VII. (Villmein), 2 vols.; Cardinal Manning (Purcell), 2 vols.; Ambrose Philip de Lisle, 2 vols.; Life of Cardinal Wiseman (Ward), 2 vols.; Life of Charlemagne (Vatault), 1 vol.; History of Rome (Dyer); Roman Forum (Nichols); Pagan and Christian Rome (Lancani); Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Excavations; Historic and Monumental Rome (Hemans); Roman Life in the days of Cicero (Church); Society of Rome under the Cæsars (Ingi); Rome and the Campagne (Burns).

## Local Items.

—The Minims are very busy during their recreation hours these days, practising their athletic sports for Founder's Day.

—Students receiving letters and packages should have them addressed with the name of their respective Hall. Attention to this will insure promptness in delivery and save much unnecessary trouble.

—Brother Paul has just received a consignment of very artistic aluminium souvenirs containing a good impression of the University buildings and grounds. Specimens may be seen in the Stationery Office.

—The Philopatrians, under Brother Cyprian, have started to make frequent visits to the Hotel De Haney. As the hotel can only accommodate eighteen or twenty, the members have to go in companies of that number. Last Thursday and Sunday a company went, and this will continue till every member has gone.

—On Monday evening the Very Reverend President visited St. Edward's Hall. He spoke words of encouragement to the little men, and was delighted to see them so cheerful and so

well started in their classes. It certainly reflects credit on St. Edward's Hall and those in charge of it that the little fellows are so happy and contented.

—Last Sunday the Trojans of Carroll Hall lined up against the Spartans of the same place and easily defeated them by a score of thirty-eight to nothing. The game closely resembled the Michigan Agricultural game. In three minutes after the kick off the Trojans had crossed their opponents' goal. From then on the Trojans scored almost at will, and had it not been for the tackling of Dashbauck, the score would have been much larger. The all-round playing of C. Winter, W. Winter and J. Usera were the features.

—We would again call the attention of the students to the great opportunities offered at Notre Dame for physical training. *Mens sana cum corpore sano* is the maxim of the University authorities, and they have done all in their power to provide for the proper physical development of the students. That our gymnasium contains a set of apparatus as complete as that of any university in the country is a fact too well known to need mention. Furthermore, we have at the head of this department a trained and experienced man, well able to direct the students in the work that is to make them strong and healthy, and to prescribe for each student the particular work he needs to develop him symmetrically. Mr. Weiss, our Physical Director, spent several years at Harvard under Dr. Sargeant; and he is conducting the work here on a scientific basis, on a plan very similar to that followed at Harvard University.

In the Director's office are special instruments for testing the strength and capacity of the lungs, the action of the heart and the strength of the different parts of the body. The new student is given a thorough examination; his measurements, his strong points and his weaknesses are all carefully noted; and he is then given special directions as to what exercises he most needs. These particular exercises he goes through every day in addition to the general gymnastic exercises and the gymnastic games participated in by all members of the class.

The classes in gymnastics will not be started until the cold weather comes to make outdoor sports impossible; but the gymnasium is open from 3:00 to 4:30 every afternoon for those who wish to exercise. Physical examinations and strength tests are given on Sunday and Thursday mornings from 9:00 to 12:00. The gymnasium suit prescribed for students of Brownson, Corby and Sorin Halls consists of black, sleeveless jersey, gray trousers with black stripes, gray belt, heelless shoes.

We would earnestly advise all students who can possibly find time to do so to take up

the work in gymnastics. Now that the military drill has been done away, a number of the students have gotten into the habit of taking no exercise whatever. Remember that lack of exercise soon renders the blood sluggish, and that an infirm body will badly handicap the work of the brightest mind. Devote one hour to your gymnastic exercises daily, and you will find that you can then turn to your studies with an energy that will soon make up for the short time you have "wasted."

### Don't Swear.

If a column you must fill,  
Do not swear;  
You can write it if you will,—  
Take a chair

And a paper and a pen  
And some ink.  
Then your troubles just begin  
When you think

That the moments fly so fast;  
Yet you know  
You must get a theme at last,—  
Don't be slow.

There are thousand tales and one  
To be told;  
Some of battles lost and won,  
Some of gold

That was hidden 'neath the lea  
When the Dane  
Roved a spoiler wild and free  
O'er the main.

There are knights in coats of mail  
By the score;  
Do not let your courage fail,  
Look them o'er.

One may challenge you to fight,—  
Very good;  
Do not shirk if in the right;  
What if blood

Should in torrents flood your pen;  
You're in need,  
And it's just what boys and men  
Like to read.

There are other kinds of work  
For your trade:  
You can march against the Turk  
On Crusade,

Or with Marco Polo sail  
For the East,  
And bring back your friends a tale  
For a feast.

There's again the theme of Love  
I might name;  
But you may not quite approve,  
For it's tame.

So you see if little time  
Is your own,  
And a column needs some rhyme—  
Do not groan.

You can write it if you will—  
Take a chair  
And a paper, ink and quill,—  
DON'T SWEAR!