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The Desert.

HENRY E. BROWN, '02.

THE roar of nearing thunder echoed loud,
The blackness of the storm seemed one vast tomb
That came to engulf the wanderer in its gloom;
The sand, whirled onward in a mighty cloud,
Wrapped round him like a funeral shroud;
He thought then of that Maker whom
He in his pride had scorned; now doom
O'ertook him and his haughty head was bowed.

But strong and proud though he had been,
Now he had died as all men must;
And as the wind went whistling by,
The soul looked down upon the scene,
The body heard the whispering dust
Say, "We are equal, you and I."

The Ethics of Plagiarism.

ROBERT E. HANLEY, '03.

WHAT Shakspere, creative and original though he was, borrowed material from previous documents and writers, is a fact well known to his readers, but his master-mind made great what was once mediocre, and beautified and strengthened the weak and commonplace. In connection with this habit of Shakspere, an interesting question here presents itself: What would be the attitude of the public of to-day, were some famous modern author to adopt the same course of action in regard to pre-existing material? Would not the offending author bring down the hue and cry of every literary critic upon him?

Mr. Brander Matthews, in a breezy essay, bearing the same title as this study, condemns the prying actions of the amateur literary detective and his penchant "to run up parallel columns with the agility of an acrobat." He also states that parallel columns should be sparingly used and only in cases of absolute certainty. It is not my intention to attempt the part of the amateur literary detective, but to endeavor to find out if the ethics of to-day in regard to plagiarism, are materially different from those that held sway in the time of Shakspere. For this purpose I will take "The Merchant of Venice," examine the sources whence Shakspere took it, and see how much he appropriates from the original documents.

In "The Merchant of Venice," there are two distinct stories: one of the bond and the other of the caskets. Both of these stories are to be found in the "Gesta Romanorum," of which there was an English translation in the time of Shakspere. The casket incident, as it occurs in the "Gesta Romanorum," is as follows: The daughter of a king of Apulia is sent to Rome by her father to wed the son of the Emperor. After many adventures she arrives in Rome where she is submitted to this test: three caskets are placed before her; one of gold filled with men's bones; another of silver filled with earth and worms, and the third of lead which contained precious stones. The superscription upon the golden casket was: "Who chooseth me shall find that which he deserveth;" upon that of silver: "Who chooseth me shall find that which his nature desireth," and upon the casket of lead was written: "Who chooseth me shall find that which God hath disposed for him." The lady after much deliberation and a comment upon each casket, chooses the leaden one, after which the Emperor gives his son to her in marriage.

The story of the bond is also to be found in the "Gesta Romanorum," although Dr.

Farmer and Dr. Johnson say it was taken from the "Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino; a collection of some fifty tales which were written in 1378, but which were not printed until 1558. The tale, as it occurs in the "Pecorone," conforms very closely to the plot of the story of the bond as Shakspere tells it, and the following is the substance of Fiorentino's story:

Gianetto, the youngest son of a Florentine gentleman, is disinherited by his father, but is told to go to his godfather Anfaldo who is the richest Christian merchant in Venice, and who has often expressed a wish to have Gianetto come and live with him. Accordingly, on the death of his father, Gianetto goes to Venice where he is received by Anfaldo as a son, paid every mark of esteem and respect, and given the key to all of Anfaldo's ready money. Gianetto by his good behaviour and pleasing manners soon gains the affection of everyone in Venice. For a year he remains content, but urged by two companions he sets out to see the world, and Anfaldo equips him in a magnificent manner. He is given a large ship loaded with merchandise, and with flying streamers he sails away. When he is but a few days out from Venice he comes to a good port where he anchors. Asking the name and station of the person to whom the port belongs, he is told that it is owned by a widow who will take in marriage and make ruler of all the land the man who will accomplish a certain purpose, but if unsuccessful he will be stripped of all that he has brought with him.

Gianetto's curiosity being aroused he determines to make the attempt, but is unsuccessful, and his ship and merchandise are taken from him and he is sent back to Venice. The next year he goes forth again, but the same fate befalls him. On both occasions he accounts for the loss of the ship and merchandise to Anfaldo by a false story of storms which wreck and sink his ships. The third year Gianetto again goes to Anfaldo and asks him for another ship. Anfaldo lacks ten thousand ducats of the amount necessary to fit out the ship, and he goes to a certain Jew at Mestri and borrows them. The conditions were that if the Jew were not reimbursed within a certain length of time he could take a pound of flesh from any part of Anfaldo's body that he chose. Gianetto is successful on this his third attempt; marries the widow and is made lord of all the adjacent land. In his happiness he utterly forgets about the bond which Anfaldo has made with the Jew until the time for its payment has fallen due. As fast as horse can carry him he goes to Venice and finds that the Jew insists on having the terms of the bond strictly complied with. In vain he offers ten, twenty and even a hundred thousand ducats, but the Jew remains obdurate, and demands his pound of flesh. Before leaving for Venice he had told the story of the bond to his wife, and no sooner had he departed than she disguises herself as a lawyer and follows him.

When she arrives in Venice, she causes it to be proclaimed that she is a lawyer from Bologna and that she will decide all cases at law that may be brought before her. Gianetto hears of this, and proposes to the Jew that they apply to this strange lawyer for a decision. The Jew assents, and together with Anfaldo and Gianetto he goes before the judge. Both sides of the case are stated, and then the judge recommends that the Jew accept the one hundred thousand ducats in lieu of the pound of flesh which the bond gives him. This the Jew refuses to do, and he demands that Anfaldo be stripped that he may cut from his body the stipulated pound of flesh. He is about to do so when the judge reminds him that if he takes more or less than a pound, or sheds a drop of blood, his life will be forfeited. Frightened and disconcerted the Jew offers to take the one hundred thousand ducats and depart, but the judge refuses to allow this, and demands that the Jew take his pound of flesh or nothing. Seeing that he was powerless the Jew in a rage tears up the bond and rushes away. Gianetto is overjoyed at the release of Anfaldo, and in a burst of gratitude offers the one hundred thousand ducats to the lawyer, but to his surprise they are refused. The lawyer noticing a ring on the finger of Gianetto, asks him for it, and says it is the only reward he wishes. Gianetto explains that it is the gift of his lady and that he prizes it highly, but for fear that he should appear ungrateful he hands it to the lawyer who advises him not to tarry longer in Venice, but to return to his wife at the earliest opportunity. Gianetto promises to do this, and he sets out on the next day and arrives at the port some hours later than his wife. On her arrival, she once more assumes female attire and accounts for her absence by saying she has spent the last few days at the baths.

Overjoyed to see his wife once more, Gianetto rushes forward to embrace her, but she upbraids him and accuses him of infidelity. She also asks him to account for the absence of the ring, and when he tells his story she refuses to believe it. The lady at last ceases her acting and tells how she followed Gianetto to Venice and impersonated the lawyer, and then she produces the ring which Gianetto had given to her. Here the story ends, and according to the chronicle: "They spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment."

The similarity of the casket incident as it exists in the "Gesta Romanorum," and that of the bond in the "Pecorone" is easily seen, but neither the "Gesta Romanorum" nor the "Pecorone" can compare with "The Merchant of Venice" for literary excellence. Shakspere simply took these plots; built his structure about them, and breathed into them through force of his own inimitable genius the breath of life. The Jew of Mestri is as unlike Shylock as the shadow is the oak; and if Shakspere plagiarized in producing Shylock, his plagiarism should be a subject of joy and thanksgiving.

Here arises the question: Can genius appropriate the works of another? Ben Jonson and Dumas answer, Yes; and say that genius does not steal, it conquers. Mr. Brander Matthews states: "Genius takes by right of eminent domain, and rectifies its frontier by annexing outlying territory, making fruitful that which before was but a barren waste."

Let us suppose that some obscure scribbler of our day, while racking his brain for material with which to construct a pot-boiler, stumbles upon an unusually clever plot, and brings forth a story which has no merit other than the plot, and let us also suppose that the story afterwards falls into the hands of Mr. Kipling who appropriates it and gives it his own individuality, would he be justified in doing so? It is possible that the cocksure critics of to-day would put their heads together, and in solemn conclave declare Mr. Kipling a plagiarist.

The stringency with which the law of copyright is now enforced shows that the legislator looks with disfavor upon the literary pilferer. There is certainly far less similarity between Mr. Gross' "Merchant Prince of Cornville" and Mr. Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," than there is between the story of the bond as related in the "Pecorone" and as Shakspere tells it in "The Merchant of Venice," yet Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago ruled that Rostand plagiarized from Mr. Gross.

Had there been an international copyright law in the time of Elizabeth we might read in the old law reports how one William Shakspere was sued by the heirs of one Giovanni Fiorentino for knowingly and maliciously poaching on the aforesaid Italian gentleman's literary preserves; but most diligent search has failed to find any such report. In conclusion it is safe to say that the plagiaristic ethics of our generation are not the same as those which were accepted four centuries ago.

Rafferty.

PATRICK MacDONOUGH, 1903.

You must be conventional even at the door-posts of the lowest society if you expect to be well received. This was a discovery Rafferty made when he began work as a traceboy. A "traceboy," I may remark, is an employee of certain tramway companies in Great Britain, particularly in cities that have steep streets and have not yet substituted the cable or trolley for the old two-horse system. Each traceboy has charge of a horse which he hitches on to a car as it is about to ascend the incline, and when the top of the hill is reached he unfastens the swingle-tree and returns to repeat the performance. The work involves considerable danger, for very often the driver of the car does not stop, and the traceboy has to hitch and unhitch on the run. But just because there is an element of risk about it, the post is much sought by the street gamins, especially by the bigger and more daring among the newsboys. While the hours of employment are irregular and run far into the night, yet the pay is certain, and then there is a further inducement: when the day's work is over and the stragglers in the streets few, the boys run a "Derby" to the stables, provided a policeman does not call a halt. It may have been one or more of these attractions, coupled of course with the necessity of finding something to do, that led Rafferty to apply for the job. But getting the job was by no means the greatest difficulty he had to encounter.

Rafferty was strong and big for a boy of twelve. Although living within the shadow of several huge smoke-stacks that vomited

forth thick, black clouds,—clouds that stole the blush from the little faces in the tenements and from the struggling geraniums in the windows—he had a complexion that was clear and healthy, that contrasted strangely with the pallid faces of the boys in his district. Moreover, he had an accent there was no mistaking, and he was yet as ignorant of the jargon and ways of the street as he was of the Talmud, all of which served to give him a marked individuality, which he never dreamed he possessed until he was given a horse one morning and told off to join the Renfield Street gang. Then his troubles began.

For a "kidseye,"—a three-penny bit—Billy Plumpton offered to initiate him, that is, show him how to hook and unhook and teach him the most expeditious method of climbing over the dashboard. For a few "makes"—halfpence—Spilwell would instruct him in putting away the traces and help him to clean his horse. Now, whether from want of money or other causes, Rafferty declined both offers. Such an exhibition of self-reliance the gang never before witnessed, and they resented it to a man. The final straw came when Cantwell asked Rafferty if he had a "quid" about him. No, he had no quid. Then Maxwell, a traceboy of more than a year's standing, eyed the newcomer scornfully, and, using his fist for a trumpet, shouted at the top of his voice: "When did you come over?" Rafferty gave little heed, but soon again he heard the remark, "E's a Paddy fer sure." But Rafferty's father had told him what he might expect, and the lad bore all their taunts patiently.

A further cause of indignation was the ease with which Rafferty learned and mastered the duties of his new position. Before the end of the week he could hitch and unhitch as deftly as the best, and few could get over the dashboard of the car in better time. Success makes at least as many enemies as failure makes friends, but Rafferty was good-natured and paid little attention to the slights intended for him. At length the patience of the gang was exhausted, and one night after going down to Smithson—the bookey that disguised his profession by renting a little news stand in Newton Court,—and placing all they could rake together on the favorite for the morrow's Liverpool Cup, they resolved on more desperate measures. As a result, the next morning when they were taking out their horses, Maxwell deliberately drew the reins of Rafferty's horse in the gutter, and then in the presence of his confederates, challenged Rafferty to a fist-fight. To the pleasure and astonishment of all, Rafferty promptly accepted, but the work of the day could not be interrupted, so it was agreed to settle the affair at night on their return from the stable. Rafferty went on his way while the gang skulked behind.

"He wuss no company—never put up a make, never arst huss fer nothink, but started in, a sarve him right," one remarked.

"I don't know es we shouldn't nobble him. He've been too classy fer us,—in fack, he've been proper objek fer attack orfin all week," chimed another.

Then the gambling spirit flickered.

"Any dough fer the event?" asked Maxwell.

There was no dough and there was no response, for in the opinion of all present the result of the battle was already determined.

"I don know as yer couldn't put up a purse," Maxwell continued. "'Enery didn't box fer nothink at Tor'enden."

They had no money; Smithson the bookey had it all, and even if they had backed the favorite for the Liverpool, payments would not be made until the following day. It was therefore decided to test their credit among their newsboy acquaintances, which decision was acted upon and resulted in the lump sum of ninepence being put up for a purse. All during the day the gang felt elated, and they never failed to shout words of encouragement to Maxwell as he passed them, while they were just as careful to remind Rafferty what was in store for him.

Along toward midnight when they had put their horses in the stable and when two thirds of the city were asleep, the Renfield Street gang, a silent, business-like and ragged crowd of youngsters, proceeded to the nearest lamp-post. One was detailed to keep a watch on the "p'leece," but this precaution was scarcely necessary, for those officials were engaged in quelling a disturbance in the Swiss café down the neighboring street.

Maxwell was no amateur. He had stolen into the cheap music halls along the river whenever he could, and that was when the bouncer at the door was too drunk or too busy to notice him, and invariably a boxing bout formed part of the entertainment. This gave him a knowledge of the theory which often he had occasion to develop as an art in encounters with his fellows. So the contest started with the odds decidedly against

Rafferty; but science is not always superior to courage and endurance, particularly when these two qualities were backed up by a few lessons which Rafferty senior playfully imparted to his son during a week that the furnaces were shut down for repairs.

The fight began viciously. So confident was Maxwell that he exposed himself without need to his opponent's blows which, to the consternation of all present, were directed with telling force and precision. Maxwell grew reckless. He threw away his skill and indulged in wild swings and rushes, most of which did nothing more than serve to waste his wind and strength. All the while Rafferty was on the defensive, getting in now and then some stinging blows. The moments were critical ones for Maxwell's reputation. His supporters were dumfounded. Some of them had already transferred their admiration to Rafferty. He was putting up a game fight, was giving more than he received, and all along Maxwell was growing weaker and losing confidence. The latter was winded and beaten when one of his adherents, out of seeming consideration for both, stepped in to separate them, and in so doing held Rafferty's arm. In reality, however, it was to give Maxwell an unfair advantage, a ruse which he at once detected, and as promptly exclaimed: "No, none of that. He've done me up—that's all. I'm loser." It was a bloody battle, and both were severely punished, but Rafferty was the less injured of the two. Then they shook hands, and it was proposed that the purse be divided, which proposal Rafferty magnanimously declined, so finally they agreed to spend the ninepence that it contained in pies for the whole crowd.

Next morning there was a much better feeling toward Rafferty, but before the day was at an end, an accident happened that brought gloom to the Renfield Street gang and evoked a demonstration of sympathy that was pathetic in the extreme. It somehow happened that Rafferty was given a horse that was new at the business. When unhooking at the top of the hill, he had to stoop behind the horse, and while thus engaged, the animal kicked him on the head and injured him fatally. He died in the hospital that night, and the following day was taken home to be waked. Some time before midnight, when the Renfield Street gang had put up their horses, they held a meeting at which it was decided to go to the night foreman and ask him to advance them sixpence each to be deducted from next week's pay. It was a daring proposition, but they explained their reason for such an unusual request, and harsh though he was, the circumstances appealed to him. The next move was to appoint a committee to visit a certain florist and bargain for a wreath,—"a reeth sumthink like a arp, bein es he wuss Hirish,"—which they were to take along the following night to Rafferty's.

Between eleven and twelve they set out on their mission, and it was a picturesque and touching spectacle to witness their arrival in the dingy, back room where a few tearful women and neighbors kept watch by the departed traceboy. The gang were tattered and grimy, and some were even starved looking. Maxwell was the spokesman, and behind him came the two carrying the wreath. When he got inside the door he took off his cap, an example that the others followed, and began a short speech.

"Missus," he said, "we that belongs to the Renfield Street gang feels bad fer Rafferty—don't we, fellows?"

"He've been sayin es we feels," answered the gang.

"We'se come down to spend the night with him an you," continued Maxwell, "an we's took these flowers along, 'cos es we know it's usu'l. He wuss square, so he wuss."

Here Mrs. Rafferty burst into tears, and Rafferty senior drew a cinder-stained red handkerchief across his forehead and eyes, and remarked that the night was close, while at the same time one of the neighbors ground off the shank of a clay pipe with his teeth in an effort to suppress emotion. The gang, somewhat embarrassed, stooped their heads, and after a brief pause carried the wreath over and placed it just below the smoky-looking crucifix that lay on the breast of the corpse. And while these children of the streets, that assembled to keep the last vigil at the bedside of poor Rafferty, were unlettered, unkempt, and strangers to almost the name of religion, I somehow think that seldom have the funeral tapers shone on a worthier company.

A MAN comes to me to speak of some project to stimulate the growth of the city, and I talk with him with as much interest as though this were my chief thought, turning my mind in whatever direction the moment requires. But no one, alas! ever comes to thrill me with the love of divine things.—*Spalding.*

Varsity Verse.

A RETROSPECT.

UPON the wings of thought I often fly,
Back to the times when every heart was true;
And one by one the scenes my boyhood knew,
In fancy pass before my moistened eye.
The lowly church appears against the sky—
The best belov'd of all the grand review—
Where simple folk in faithful crowds withdrew
To join in prayer before their God on high.

Behind the abbey towers where tangled vines
Link the green mounds of those whose labor's done,
And where the silent tear of memory falls,
There do I roam when Vesper brightly shines—
And may God grant that when my race is run
I'll rest beneath the shadow of those walls.

J. H.

THE SPIRIT OF EVENING.

The loitering sun in the sapphire west,
Belted with clouds of blazing gold,
Looks out on the world at its evening rest,
Mantled in colours manifold,
And smiles, meseems, on the earth and calls it blest.

In the mellowing light all silent we,
Alone with the peacefulness of sound;
A mother-bird in the mist-hung tree
Chirps crooningly; while from all around
Ascends a din of cricket harmony.

How trifling now seem the cares and the fears
That burdened our heart at the morning ray,
And even now half forgot are the tears
That blinded us in the bright noonday;
Yet there is a pang for joys that have passed away.

For down the ranks of purpling trees
We fancy roses hang, weighty with dew,
And low and sweet on every velvet breeze
Beat echoes of loved voices that we knew,—
The day is dead, its spirit breathes anew.

C. L. O'D.

HORACE, CAR. I, II.

What death the gods may grant to you or me
Unlawful 'tis to know, O Leuconoe,
Or even of Babylonian tablets meddle;
This winter Jupiter the last may settle,—
Or many more to come perchance to thee
Which now doth break the strength of Tuscan sea.

By wave corroded rocks, which it doth wear,
What chance may bring far better 'tis to bear;
Prune down thy long-lived hopes and strain thy wine;
Be wise and ever learn how short is time,
For while I talk our jealous age flies fast—
Enjoy this day as though it were thy last.

E. DeW.

THE SLUGGARD.

"I'm in the drawing class," he said,—
The tale was nothing new;
For ever when his class was called,
A deep, long sigh he drew.

MacD.

Maximilian of Mexico.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, '02.

The Austrian Empire with its many groups of nationalities and almost numberless forms of language was, about ten centuries ago, known by the name *Oest-reich*. The country was then governed by dukes of the House of Bamberg. In the thirteenth century the last male descendant of the Bamberg House died, and the country was thrown into utter confusion. Whoever could get a band strong enough to support him, for at least awhile, might claim the dukedom. Rudolph, son of Albert IV. Count of Hapsburg, succeeded in becoming leader. In 1282, he placed his son Albert upon the throne of Austria, and thus began that illustrious line of monarchs whose blood flowed through the veins of our hero. Year after year the power of these monarchs kept increasing until in the sixteenth century, Charles V. was ruler of half the world. The last of the male line of Hapsburg died in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Maria Theresa was crowned, and was succeeded by her son Joseph II. In 1792, Francis II. became emperor of Germany, king of Bohemia and Hungary; in 1804, he assumed the title of emperor of Austria, and in 1806 he gave up the title of emperor of Germany. He was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand I., who abdicated in favour of his brother, who, in turn and on the same day, gave the title to his eldest son. Thus we have come to the father of Maximilian.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, second son of the Archduke Francis Charles and the Archduchess Frederica, was born July 6, 1832, at the palace of Schönbrunn in Vienna. The present emperor of Austria is his elder brother. King Leopold I. of Belgium was his father-in-law. Queen Victoria of England, Queen Isabella of Spain, Victor Emmanuel II. king of Italy, and the king of Sweden were his cousins.

His youthful days were spent among his books. He dreamed of a high career, and he was determined that he should do all that lay in his power to fit him for whatever position in life should fall to him. He had learned teachers in Hungarian and Italian; in mathematics, diplomacy, naval tactics and Christian Doctrine. He became acquainted with these branches of learning in a very high

degree, which goes to show that he was not the idle dreamer of a glittering crown, as many of his rank are prone to be. He may be looked upon as the ideal student and a fully developed man. He was six feet two inches in height, straight and well proportioned. At an early age he entered the Austrian navy, and it is said that one peculiarity of the sailor life never left him: he always walked with his hands behind his back.

About the age of sixteen the desire to travel grew upon him. Greece and Rome haunted him. He had read so much of their heroes and their famed cities, that he wanted to compare the originals with those pictures which his fancy had wrought. When he was eighteen years of age he was made a lieutenant in the navy; and in 1854 he was commander of an expedition along the coast of Dalmatia. During this expedition he received the commission of vice-admiral and commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy. In 1855 he made another pleasure tour, visiting Jerusalem, Egypt, Belgium and England. During this voyage he met Charlotte for the first time, and on the 2d of July, 1857, the imperial ambassador, Count Arquinto, in solemn audience, asked King Leopold I., in behalf of Maximilian, for the hand of his daughter. In August of the same year he was married to Charlotte. What Maximilian lacked Charlotte's love supplied, and henceforth she became half of his life. She was ever at his side in times of dire distress, and heroically played her part in his tragic ending. This makes it important and interesting for us to review her early life.

King Leopold I. of Belgium was an English citizen, and he married the Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV. of England. Leopold did not long enjoy her presence, for in November, 1817, about a year after their marriage, she died. On August 9, 1832, he took for his second wife, Louise Maria Theresa de Orleans, daughter of Louis Philip, king of France. By this marriage he had three children, namely Leopold II., the present king of Belgium, Princess Charlotte and Prince Philip Eugene.

Charlotte was born June 7, 1840, at the palace of Laeken, about fifteen miles from Brussels. At baptism she received the names Maria Charlotte Amelia Auguste Victoire Clementine Leopoldina. She is called French and French is her vernacular tongue, although she did not spend altogether more than six months of her life in that country. It is said that the blood of that great French ruler who, May 14, 1610, was assassinated by Ravaillac, flowed in her veins. Her father was styled the "Nestor of Kings," and her mother is known as the "Holy Queen." Soon, very soon, Charlotte had cause to weep and mourn. When but ten years of age she knelt beside her mother's death-bed, heard the last words of love for an idolized child and wept, for she was losing a treasure, an incomparable treasure, greater than which none ever existed. On October 11, 1850, the "Holy Queen" died. Henceforth Charlotte was in charge of a preceptor and a governess, and could neither run nor play.

Often she could be seen with her two brothers, walking slowly along well-beaten paths, carrying in her hand a hoop which she was never permitted to roll. Longingly she gazed at children, met on the wayside, who frisked on the lawns and played with one another; and gently she would ask her governess to allow her to play like other girls; to roll her hoop and run along. Her governess refused. Then Charlotte, with child-like simplicity would always say: "If mamma were here she would let me play." Thus she spent the days of youth. Her appearance was charming. Tall, majestic, graceful, she had a bright complexion and still brighter eyes, with a head of heavy, dark auburn hair. Her mind was well cultivated, and she spoke and wrote French, Spanish, German, Italian and English. She was seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage with Maximilian. After their marriage she accompanied him on many voyages, and in September 16, 1857, they made their grand entrance into Milan where they were welcomed with enthusiasm.

In 1857, Maximilian was made governor of Lombardy and Venice where he ruled more beloved than any of his predecessors. He was the only Austrian ruler that ever drew respect from the Italians, and he always strove to do everything in his power for the advancement of these people. We are told that Count di Cavour said of him: "Archduke Maximilian is the only adversary I fear: because he represents the only principle that can ever enchain our Italian cause." He was most liberal in aiding the needy, and was never known to leave a subject of his in hunger or distress. He never feared the mob or the assassin, and his only bodyguard was his generous heart. In 1859 his term of governorship

expired, and but one year afterward we come to the verge of a great and bloody tragedy. However, before we proceed we had better see the ground whereon the crime was perpetrated.

Mexico comprises one of the richest and most varied zones in the world. It is suited to a tropical vegetation, and on account of its hills has all the advantages of a temperate climate. The earliest inhabitants of this country were the Toltecs, who in the twelfth century were replaced by the Aztecs. On the arrival of Cortes in 1519 the Aztec throne was occupied by Montezuma. In 1540, owing to the efforts of Cortes, Mexico was united with other American territories under the name of New Spain and governed by a viceroy appointed by Spain. The natives were harshly, I might say brutally, treated. This in 1810 caused Hildago to head a rebellion against the vice-regal power, but the rebellion was soon crushed and its leader executed. The good fight was started, and was again taken up by Guerrero and Iturbide who gained many complete victories over the Spaniards.

In 1824, Mexican independence was finally established, with a federal republican government, which in the next year was recognized by all the foreign powers except Spain. The natives were, however, unable to govern themselves. A vast majority of them could not tell the difference between a monarchic and a democratic government, so that whoever wished to take the reins might easily get a party to support him. Civil war, under the leadership of *Conservadores*, or the aristocratic party, and the *Liberales*, or democrats, was kept up almost constantly. From 1852 to 1858, the presidentship changed hands at least twelve times. In 1858, Benito Juarez was elected by the democrats and General Miramar claimed the chair as leader of the conservatives. Civil war ensued, foreigners were ill treated, payment of debts to foreign countries was suspended, foreign diplomats and high ecclesiastics were expelled, which caused England, France and Spain to form an alliance and seek Mexican waters.

When in 1861 Juarez had obtained possession of the capital and had exiled the leaders of the conservative party, they, under the guidance of Napoleon III., addressed a letter to Maximilian offering him the crown of Mexico. The reason which they gave for their request was that internal wars were ravaging the land and destroying a beautiful country. They promised him that the Mexican people would be ever grateful to the hand that should extricate them from the state of anarchy in which they were. Maximilian replied to their letter in very courteous terms. He said: "The welfare of your beautiful country has certainly always interested me." In fact, many writers tell us that he ever manifested an extreme eagerness for the glittering bauble from Anahuac. This letter was written about two years before the famous "Assembly of Notables" sent him their deputation. But before proceeding, it will be necessary to seek the origin of this assembly.

Toward the close of the year 1861, the allied English-French-Spanish fleet arrived at Vera Cruz. The three leaders were unable to agree in anything. Not long after France sent reinforcements headed by the exiled Mexican General Almonte, who, it is said, had fixed plans with Napoleon for the changing of Mexico into an empire with Maximilian as emperor. However, President Juarez demanded the re-embarkation of Almonte. The French refused to grant the request, and proposed to invade and conquer the country, thus violating the treaty which they made in London. The English and Spanish would not break the treaty, and decided to retrace their steps homeward and leave the French alone in their glory.

The French forces, under the leadership of General Forey, now set about their work of destruction. After a siege of sixty-two days they entered the city of Puebla and were joined by many of the Conservative party. The republicans retreated, though not ingloriously; they had an able leader in Juarez, a man of indomitable will and of pure Indian blood. On June 10, 1863, the French entered the city of Mexico and on the sixteenth their general issued a decree that a provisional should be formed and that those who were to be invested with governmental power should be chosen by a superior Junta of thirty-five members. This superior Junta with two hundred and fifteen other citizens formed that famous "Assembly of Notables." This assembly issued a decree which declared that the Mexican nation adopts for its form of government a limited, hereditary monarchy with a Catholic prince, and that the imperial crown be offered to Prince Ferdinand Maximilian, archduke of Austria. A committee of nine, four of whom were already in Europe, were appointed to present Maximilian with this decree.

The committee were received at the Palace of Miramar by Maximilian and Charlotte. Señor Gutierrez de Estrada read an address in which he said among other laudatory things: "Without your Imperial Highness—believe these lips, they have never been stained with flattery—it would be inefficacious and ephemeral, whatever might be the attempt, to raise our country from the abyss in which it lies; and besides, the generous views of the powerful monarch whose sword has redeemed us, and whose strong arm now sustains us would be frustrated." They offered him the crown in the name of the Notables and of many provinces with the assurance that it would soon be ratified by the whole nation. Maximilian did not immediately accept the offer; he took time to deliberate; and although he desired to possess that crown, he was neither rash nor credulous; he knew the difficulties that lay in his path. In his reply he said: "Upon the result of the generality of the votes of the country... I must make depend the acceptance of the throne which is offered me."

By this time the arms of France had met with much success. The republican forces were forced to retreat to the north, and the "Regency"—the later name of the "Assembly of Notables"—began to think that now all were in favour of Imperialism. The French troops hunted to death a handful of brave Mexicans led by a braver hero, only because they were Mexicans and loved their native land. When the work of annihilation was nearly finished, they congratulated themselves on their God-given victories and prepared a second committee to visit Maximilian.

In April 1864, amidst the greatest pomp, Maximilian for the second time received the Mexican deputation at the palace of Miramar. Señor Estrada was again the spokesman, and in his address he expressed his almost unbounded joy in being able to offer His Majesty the crown in behalf of the Mexican people, and in knowing that his offer would be accepted. The speaker pictured very vividly the reward that would fall to Maximilian for his aid in restoring Mexico to its place among nations. Maximilian was thankful, and said: "Now I can comply with the conditional promise which I made you six months ago, and declare here, as solemnly I do declare, that with the help of the Almighty I accept from the hands of the Mexican nation the crown which it offers to me." In another part of his reply he said: "We shall prove, I hope, that liberty, correctly understood, is perfectly reconcilable with a well-governed empire. I shall know how to respect the first, and to cause to be respected the second." In a few moments Maximilian took the oath of office. He swore that he would ever try to promote by all the means that lay in his power the welfare of Mexico. The first part is finished; the climax is reached, and Maximilian leaves his peaceful Miramar and hastens to a volcanic region in the New World where the French troops are hunting to death the owners of the land.

On April 14, 1864, Maximilian and Charlotte left Trieste on board the *Novara*. No pen can describe that parting scene. The farewell cries, the booming of the cannon, the exultant shouts of the sailors, all mingled in one, and for a while the roar of the sea could not be heard. They sailed for Rome and spent a few days with the Pope. The *Novara*, May 28, dropped anchor at Vera Cruz. "Never did the arrival of living man cause in Vera Cruz such a gala-day, such a shout of universal joy." On the afternoon of his arrival, Maximilian issued a proclamation to the people of the city, telling them why he came, promising them to be ever faithful and picturing the bright prospects which were awaiting Mexico. A few sentences of this proclamation will be worth the reading: "Painful as it has been for me, to bid farewell forever to my own, my native country, I have done so, being convinced that the Almighty has pointed out to me, through you, the noble mission of devoting all my strength and heart to a people who, tired of war and disastrous contests, sincerely wish for peace and prosperity....God and your confidence constitute my strength; the flag of independence is my symbol; my motto, 'Equity in Justice;' I will be faithful to it all my life." Numerous were the welcome addresses which he received, and indeed everyone seemed to be in favour of the Imperialists. From the beginning he was broad-minded, and one saying of his will clearly show this: "I wish, in the future, that there be no distinction made between those who are Indians and those who are not. All are Mexicans, and have equal right to my solicitude."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE deepest love is silent, the deepest faith is dumb.—*Spalding*.

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—For weeks past there has been a dearth of material for the SCHOLASTIC. Only by heroic efforts have we been able to furnish the required copy, but now that most of the appointments on the editorial staff are filled, we hope such an admission will not be possible in the future. It should be understood, however, that the SCHOLASTIC is open to others than those whose names appear at the head of this column. Its pages are at the disposal of all students that have the ability and the industry to contribute a piece of good prose or verse. A college paper should reflect the individuality of the many rather than of the few. Boys, your best thoughts, well expressed,—this is what we want. If the SCHOLASTIC does not reach your expectations, do not leave home to seek the cause: blame your own indifference and inactivity.

—"Is the American College to Go?" This is the latest topic for discussion in educational circles. Following the decision of Harvard University to grant the degree of bachelor of arts after a three years' course comes the proposal from President Butler of Columbia to confer degrees for two years' study. As the New York *Sun* puts it, "the degree already battered and rendered ambiguous by the elective system is to be reduced further by a quarter or a half of its present value." The reason for all this curtailing is in a great measure due to the hurry of candidates to begin work in the professions. But will this imperfect preparation enhance their success even materially? Anyhow, it does not seem probable that the system proposed by Columbia's President will meet with general approval. It will very likely be opposed by students themselves, most of whom are too honest and manly to pose as graduates when in reality they are only sophomores.

—The critics have somewhat agreed that the most evident lack in modern fiction is virility; that is to say, modern authors know how to write well, but they do not know what to write about. The writers of short stories show ingenious plots and clever situations, but no short story can truthfully show sustained human action. The characters in the modern books are unnatural and overdrawn, though they are not first seen on the stage they are dressed in stage tinsel and show the insincerity and consciousness of the average stage character. It is too bad that men who can write will not direct their attention to subjects which are worth while; it is too bad they will not do work which is vigorous and manly.

—The floridity of style that often possesses the freshman, and breaks out, now and then, in the higher classman, is a very prevalent disease. Sometimes the victim of this literary affliction will get through many exacting paragraphs with some success to show unmistaking symptoms of floridity at the close of his article. Nevertheless, there are places where elegant expression is not out of place if the rhetorics make this fact appear unlikely. "A Friend's Tribute," from one of our smaller contemporaries carries a wholesome illustration of where that place is not. Concerning the character in question, her eulogist says: "Pathos was there to touch with delicate hand the fountain of tears, the poet's fancy was at hand to paint pictures and pageants, and over all was the wizardry of strong, beautiful and simple speech. Amid the sunshine of her diction, you heard her jovial laugh." The above sins as much against good sense as good taste. The following forms the inspired eulogist's last flight: "In imagination we still hear the gentle ripple of the clear stream of her conversation as it flowed delightfully between the banks of her intellect, and see the deep and dignified dint of her footsteps on the rocky ridge of the hills of difficulty."

Death of Father Houlihan, C. S C

For the second time during the present year the SCHOLASTIC has to record the death of a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross, intimately connected with the University. Fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church, the Reverend William Houlihan died in Saint Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, on Monday, October. 6.

Father Houlihan was born in South Bend, Indiana, on September 1, 1868. Fifteen years later he entered at Notre Dame University with the intention of studying for the priesthood. This intention he never altered, and throughout his college course gave every indication that he had chosen the calling for which God intended him. He was religious, studious, and obedient. In October, 1886, he was admitted to the Seminary of Holy Cross and remained there almost four years. He received the cassock August 15, 1890, made his profession August 15, 1893, and was ordained priest by the Right Reverend Bishop Rademacher in the Church of the Sacred Heart on December 21st, 1895. Soon after his ordination he went to Cincinnati where he remained until his transfer as assistant pastor to Watertown, Wisconsin. He returned to Notre Dame in July, 1900, and since that date has been pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Father Houlihan's illness was brief. He was in his usual health and spirits until about two weeks ago when he showed symptoms of appendicitis. Then followed his removal to Chicago where he underwent an operation which he appeared to have withstood successfully until last Monday when a reaction set in, that toward afternoon resulted in death. On Tuesday evening the casket containing his body was transferred to Notre Dame and placed in the aisle before the main altar of the church in which he had been lately pastor. Here it was allowed to remain until the final obsequies on Thursday morning. Meanwhile large numbers of the students, members of Holy Cross, and relatives and friends visited the church to pay their tributes of respect to his memory and to pray for his soul.

The services on Thursday began with the Office of the Dead, after which Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Reverend Edward Houlihan, brother of the deceased. Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., acted as deacon, and Father Corbett, C. S. C., as subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Father DeGroot, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend. Taking for his text "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," he reminded the students and parishioners of the loss they had sustained through Father Houlihan's death. He then referred to the ritual vestments of sorrow which the Church uses in Masses for the dead, and said that nature and religion were two sisters both having the same God. He paid an eloquent tribute to Father Houlihan, whom he said he had known for more than twenty years, and spoke of the sterling qualities he possessed, particularly of his solicitude for the souls entrusted to his care. He concluded by exhorting all present to join with the celebrant in the Mass in intercession for the departed soul.

After the services in the church were over, the vast congregation followed the remains to Holy Cross Cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed. To the many who knew Father Houlihan, his death will cause profound sorrow. Possessed of a genial disposition, kindly, charitable, an exemplary priest, it might be truly said that to know him was to love him. And those who knew him best, loved him most. Time will corrode the humble little cross that will mark his grave, but the good that he has done will endure in the Book of Life until the final awakening. May his soul rest in peace!

P. McD.

The Bishop of Rochester at Notre Dame.

The Right Reverend Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, New York, honoured the Faculty and students with his presence on last Friday. This was the first visit of the Bishop to Notre Dame, and it proved to be a most interesting event for all. Accompanied by the Very Reverend President and members of the Faculty, he entered the Brownson Hall refectory and was given a most cordial reception by the students. The dining-hall was tastefully decorated with gold and blue bunting, while here and there several large palms were placed to advantage. The University orchestra, under the direction of Professor Peterson, discoursed a choice selection of music, and when dinner was over, Mr. Patrick MacDonough, on behalf of the students, delivered the following address:—

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MCQUAID:—Whenever a successor of the Apostles is a guest of the University, the students are always glad to welcome him. This happily occurs to-day; and in tendering you our greeting, be assured that the act is no mere seeming, no formal manifestation. It is much more, as indeed it well ought to be. Here at Notre Dame, we are as so many sculptors, each busy on a work vastly more important than ever engaged the hand of a Phidias or a Michelangelo, each chiselling into symmetry his own character. While thus engaged, our beloved President, and the other members of the Faculty, hold forth for our inspiration and guidance ideals that they would have us follow. They direct our attention to the best and noblest products of Christianity: men religious, learned, pure, fearless for right, zealous for truth. And as artists in a studio joyfully behold a visitor that is the embodiment of their ideal, so do we to-day look toward you. We are not mistaken; for nowhere can we find better models for imitation than in those sentinels of truth, the Bishops of the Catholic Church. We recognize in you a worthy representative of that distinguished body, the highest type of a Christian gentleman, a great educator, a prelate whose diocesan seminary sets the standard for the best and most thorough spiritual and intellectual training. We feel happy and honoured to have you with us, and we offer you this humble expression of welcome, with profound reverence for the high and exalted office to which God has called you.

Bishop McQuaid made a most able and eloquent reply, but owing to the fact that we go to press so early, we are unable to give his words in the present issue. Next week, however, we hope to furnish a full report.

After the Bishop came Father Morrissey who said:—

Mr. MacDonough spoke words of welcome to our distinguished guest on behalf of the student body; but I feel that I would be derelict in my duty as President of this institution if I did not give public expression here this afternoon to the great pleasure which the members of the Faculty feel in having in our midst to-day the distinguished Bishop of Rochester. We appreciate, Monsignor, the honour you have done us, and we are not unmindful that honours bring with them grave responsibilities. These responsibilities have been made known to the young men in the beautiful address that you have just made them. These responsibilities are, that it rests with us to train them in such a way that they may attain that highest of America's privileges: the true Christian gentleman. And I think that I know well enough the young men that comprise the student body of this year to promise our distinguished guest that their efforts in the future will be directed on such lines as will merit the approbation of such grand men as Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. It was my privilege during the last few days to be associated with him; and he being one of the ideal Catholic educators of America, I took occasion to learn many things that would be serviceable to us members of the Faculty and to you students. We talked on educational lines. There were many things on which we agreed. There was one thing, however, that struck me, and it was this: He said that in his institutions there are no recreation days given except the ones that are mapped out in the beginning of the year. I told the Right Reverend Bishop that we had no absolute rule as yet in that regard; that we were not tied down to any tradition exactly; in fact, we did not need any absolute rules because the young men at Notre Dame realized what the real purpose of their coming here is, and they are very careful not to ask anything that is unusual.

But I have claimed always that our lecture course forms one of the principal benefits at the University in an educational way, and

the words that have come from the lips of Bishop McQuaid to-day are so full of lessons for the student body that I feel that they ought to have time to think well upon what they have heard. And this afternoon will be a preparation too for that intellectual treat that is in store for us to-night when Bishop Spalding opens our lecture course. I think, therefore, that I am justified in making an exception to the Bishop of Rochester's rule; and he is the man that forces me to make the exception. And therefore I think,—and Father Regan is smiling; I think he will have no objection—I think that classes ought to be suspended for the afternoon.

Book Notes.

The recent death of George Douglas in London has provoked a superabundance of good-natured praise of his much-advertised novel, "The House with the Green Shutters." That Douglas was a man of power can not be denied, but neither can it be denied that his much-lauded book is too grewsome for human nature's daily use. It is a picture of sordid maliciousness and of unyielding strength and pride,—the strength and pride of a stubborn man of low intelligence. The character of John Gourlay is well drawn, and despite his coarse brutality and overbearing pride, one can not but pity him, when he who could crush a man "wi' a glower," is slowly brought to ruin by his own weakness of intellect.

Besides the Gourlays, the other inhabitants of Barbie consist mainly of "bodies" whose greatest delight, and apparently whose sole occupation, is to congregate on the street corner or at the "Red Lion," and maliciously gossip about the approaching downfall of Gourlay.

Were the dark seriousness of the book relieved by any bright side-lights, it would be much more readable. The ending is tragic in the extreme. The father murdered by his son; the son murdered by himself; then the mother and daughter following in the footsteps of the son,—this is the way the family of Gourlay end their residence in "The House with the Green Shutters." The book is obviously not calculated to raise the spirits of the reader; it is not wholesome, not bracing, not worth while. R. J. H.

Benton Harbor Forfeited Game.

The game between Benton Harbor and the Inter-Hall team at Benton Harbor last Thursday was forfeited to the Inter-Hallers in the second half. The score at the time was five to nothing in Benton Harbor's favour, but at the time the dispute came up the Inter-Hallers were on Benton Harbor's eight-yard line. The action of Benton Harbor's Captain in calling his men off the field at such a stage of the game was very unsportsmanlike. One of his team had been detected playing several yards offside, and the officials were going to punish him accordingly, when the Harborites became sulky and left the field mid the hoots and jeers of the spectators.

Aside from this annoying feature the game was one of the fastest and most exciting ever played at Benton Harbor. The home team seemed to have the advantage the first few minutes of play, but when the Inter-Hallers struck their gait they were invincible. The heavy guards' back play and a series of trick plays gained considerable ground for the city team during the first few minutes of play, but with all this and several crippled men in our own line, it took the Harborites sixteen minutes to score. After this touchdown the Inter-Hallers woke up. Opfergelt kicked off thirty yards to Benton Harbor's R. H. back. The ball was fumbled and O'Reilly secured it, carrying it to the twenty-five yard line. There were but a few minutes left to play, and our fellows worked desperately for a touchdown. Hogan, Dillon and Williams carried the ball to the ten-yard line when time was called.

In the second half the Inter-Hallers were obliged to make a few changes in the line owing to injuries, O'Reilly going into right guard, Sheehan to left tackle, and Guerin replacing Williams at end. In this half the Inter-Hallers did not surrender the ball once. Hogan got the ball on the kick-off and regained ten yards. Then by a series of line bucks by Hogan and Opfergelt, and long end runs by Dillon and Guerin the ball was brought to the eight-yard line. At this point the dispute occurred which put an end to the game, and the officials awarded the game to the Inter-Hallers with fifteen minutes of the second half left to be played. Stephan did some brilliant work, in fact, the whole team played good, steady football. J. P. O'R.

Athletic Notes.

Monday we celebrate Founder's Day, and one of the chief events on the programme is the Inter-Hall Track Meet. This year we expect to see one of the most interesting contests of this sort ever held at Notre Dame. All our crack Varsity men are entered, but as they are evenly divided among the different Halls, the result of the contest will depend upon the new candidates. The latter are a very promising lot, the majority of them having had experience on high school or academy teams. Hall spirit should be another great factor in making the contest an interesting one. Heretofore the title of Inter-Hall Champions has gone to Brownson without any real struggle, but this year we expect to see Sorin dispute the title.

The Inter-Hall Meet also means a great deal more than a mere struggle for the Inter-Hall Championship. It is only by an event of this kind that the Coach, Captain, and Manager are able to get a line on the men. The managment intends to distribute medals to the winners, so that it behooves everyone of athletic ability in the different halls to don their track suits next Monday and help to make the affair a success. The following list of events will be run off:

100-yard dash; 220-yard dash; 440-yard run; half-mile; mile; 220-yard hurdles; shot put; discus throw; hammer throw; running broad jump; running high jump and pole vault.

***

James Farragher, the crack tackle of last year's Varsity and one of the best linemen in the West, has been secured to coach our linemen. "Jim" knows all the points and tricks that can be used by the line, and no doubt he will succeed in instilling most of them into our squad. Salmon and Doar will have to look after the backs and ends, as the managment is unable to secure a coach this late in the season.

***

Last Saturday the Varsity lined up against the heavy South Bend Athletic Team for a practice scrimmage. The showing made was very discouraging to the large crowd of rooters, and showed plainly that some of the men have no heart in their work. The linemen, with one or two exceptions, were very weak. They played too high, charged slowly, and seemed to be entirely lost. The backs and the ends had again to bear the brunt of the work, and time and again when called upon to make gains, they had to struggle by themselves. Of course we must not overlook the fact that our men were pitted against stars, men who have been playing the game for years; but still with a handicap of several weeks' practice we expected a better showing.

***

With the Michigan game but one week off, our chances of having a team able to cope with the "Wolverines" are growing poorer instead of brighter. The return of Gillen has added to the strength of the line, but Reil, our hope for the other guard, was compelled to withdraw on account of sickness. The tackle positions are still open. Desmond, we believe, can fill one of these positions, and in time will be a valuable man, but for the other there does not seem to be any available candidates. Joe Cullinan, who has been filling that position very creditably, has a very bothersome ankle which may take time to strengthen.

Another thing which is very discouraging to all concerned in the welfare of the team, is the withdrawal during the last few days of several members of the second team. The majority of these men have resigned "because," they say, "we can not make the team." Very patriotic, indeed. What would our country do if she had to depend upon such men to fight her battles? If when called upon they would say: "No use in joining the ranks because I can not become a general or a captain." Let us be thankful that they are very few in number.

To every able-bodied young fellow in the University who loves his *Alma Mater* and hopes for her success, the SCHOLASTIC addresses these few words: Put on a football suit and line up with the second team, and give our Varsity men the practice they need preparatory to their season's work. It may not be a pleasant task, but if you go out with the determination of doing all in your power to make the Varsity a successful one, then you will find that your work is not so disagreeable. Forget all about gaining renown for yourself, and work with your whole heart and soul for your *Alma Mater*. Whatever honours the Varsity may secure during the season will redound to your credit as much as to theirs. The Varsity needs plenty of practice during the coming week for the Michigan game, and it is up to you, fellows, to see that they get it.

JOSEPH P. OREILLY, '05.

College Clippings.

A chair of Chinese has been established at Columbia University

President Mills of Earlham is seriously ill.

Harvard conferred its first degree of LL. D. on George Washington.

On the University grounds at Ann Arbor a club boarding-house has been opened for coloured students.

Michigan University has sixteen Latin-American students, also students from Persia, Syria, Armenia and Russia.

University of California is to have a new $500,000 Mining Building, with laboratories for three hundred students. Leland Stanford University has been presented with $500,000 for a new gymnasium.

Purdue University has 1200 students this year, the largest number in the history of the University. The registration at Michigan is expected to pass the 4000 mark.

Coach Pat O'Dea has seventy-five candidates to choose from in selecting the Varsity football team at Missouri State University.

Michigan University is considering the adoption of a three-year literary course. Harvard, Brown and Pennslyvania have this "hurry-up" course at present.

Whitewater, Wisconsin, boasts the first spiritualist college in the world. Class sittings for the development of the psychic powers form an important part of a curriculum which otherwise conforms to the courses of the first two years of college.

The Seniors at the University of California have adopted the old Princetonian custom of gathering on the campus on one night in each week to sing the old college songs.

St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, is erecting a large main building. This new centerpiece is located at the head of the driveway. It is to afford private rooms for seventy-five additional boarders, and in it will be located the reception parlours and the students' office. St. Mary's has just completed a model Infirmary building. The alumnæ took upon themselves the task of furnishing the rooms in this building. A portion of the building is to be set aside for the accommodation of visiting relatives of pupils.

Personals.

—Father Dinnen of Lafayette, Ind., was a welcome guest of the University during the past week.

—Fred Wile, a former student of the University, is manager of the London office of the Chicago *News*.

—John Reinhart, Commercial, '90, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, is now filling a responsible post in New York City.

—Mr. Edward L. Breen, commercial, '02, is at present head book-keeper for a prominent firm of stationers at Glen Falls, N. Y.

—Mrs. Cartier, wife of Mr. Warren Cartier, an old student of Notre Dame, and the donor of the Cartier Field, was a guest at the University during the week.

—Mr. Colton, student of the University in '82, is theatrical manager. His company is at present in Chicago playing "The Village Postmaster" at the Great Northern.

—Notre Dame men are in demand just now in local politics. Mr. F. A. Smogor, a senior in this year's graduating class of engineers, has received the Democratic nomination for county surveyor for St. Joseph's County.

—While attending to some professional business in South Bend and Chicago, Mr. Thomas F. Carroll, a prominent lawyer of Grand Rapids, Michigan, paid a flying visit to the University. Mr. Carroll has a son in Brownson Hall.

—Mr. John Fitzgerald of Pekin, Ill., who was graduated in 1878, visited the University Monday. Other visitors to the University during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Gelder, Chicago; Mr. Charles S. Doyle and party, Winchester, Ill.

—Mr. Michael J. Flynn of the class of '86, is occupying a responsible position with the well-known tailoring house of Joseph Maguire and Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. "Mike" will long be remembered as one of the "bell-wethers" of that notable aggregation which held sway in '86.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. George A. Krug to Miss Claire Kathryn Kramer of Dayton, Ohio. George was one of the promising law grads of the University during the 90's, besides being one of the most popular fellows in his class. The SCHOLASTIC tenders the heartiest congratulations.

—The faculty is in receipt of an invitation to attend the wedding of Mr. William A. McInerney and Miss Anna E. Murphy of South Bend. "Bill" was graduated in law in 1901, and was one of the famous debating team of 1900. Since then he has had and maintained an enviable reputation as an orator, and also as a lawyer. The happy pair have the best wishes of the SCHOLASTIC.

Library Notes.

Members of the Library Association are requested to take out books between 9:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.

Several hundred volumes of French classics have been ordered for the Lemonnier Library and are expected daily.

The following works have recently been placed on the shelves of the library:

Statistics Concerning Education in the Philippines, Hedges; Friars in the Philippines, Coleman; Friars Must Stay, *Sacred Heart Messenger;* The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Gihr; Renaissance Types, W. S. Lilly; History of Stonyhurst College, U. Gruggen and J. Keating; From Canterbury to Rome, Decosta; The Life of Bartolomé Las Casas, Dutto; Father Marquette, Thwaites; The Music and History of the Western Church, Dickinson; England and the Holy See, Jones; The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution (2 vols.) Taylor; Lives of the Popes in Early Middle Ages, Maun; Synopsis of History, Willard; Japan (2 vols.), Reed; History of India (9 vols.), Mills; The Dawn of History, Maspereau, and several volumes of general literature.

Students using books in the library are requested to replace them in the same position on shelves in which they were found. Great inconvenience will thereby be avoided.

Other important volumes recently added to the library are: The Public Economy of Athens, Boneckh; A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece, Mure.

Local Items.

—October 13—Founder's Day.

—St. Edward's Hall has passed the one-hundred mark.

—We hope to give a full account of Bishop Spalding's lecture in our next issue.

—Members of the Library Association are requested to make return of books between 9.30 and 11 a. m.

—Visitors to the University are especially attracted by the beautiful and well-kept park in front of St. Edward's Hall. It always causes favourable comment, and has been rightly styled "the small boy's paradise."

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting Wednesday evening, Oct. 1. Recitations by Harrington, Beechinor, Helce and Hern were well rendered. Cole, Riley, Dougherty, Carey, Hodge and Young were admitted to the society.

—At a mass meeting of Corbyites a few days ago, Charles J. Mulcrone was elected manager and Neal Dempsey captain of the Corby Hall team for the coming season. A call for candidates brought out a very promising squad. The men are very enthusiastic and expect to have as strong a team as any among the Halls.

—The Senior Law class met in the Law room Sunday evening and elected the following officers: President, Edward F. Quigley; Vice-President, Dennis T. Keeley; Secretary, Peter J. MacNamara; Treasurer, William P. Higgins; Class Orator, Francis P. Burke.

—A very exciting football game was played on St. Joseph's campus between the St. Joe Buffaloes and the Carroll Hall Trojans. The Buffaloes scored 17 to the Trojans' 0. Sheehan, Callierate, Hoover and Guyrette for the Buffaloes, Hartzer for the Trojans were the stars.

—Here's a starter for the rooters! Time: "There'll be a Hot Time."

There's a victim on the field for Notre Dame,
for Notre Dame,
And we'll make that victim yield;
There's a victim on the field for Notre Dame.
As the ball goes dancing
And the game begins to play,
Watch the Gold and Blue advancing,
For Notre Dame will win the game to-day,
Singing tra-la-la.

—Friday afternoon at 2 p. m., the class of 1903 held its first meeting for the year. On the motion of Mr. O'Grady the members proceeded to the election of officers. Mr. Crumley was nominated on Mr. Fahy's motion for presidency. Mr. McKeever, president of the class last year, also received nomination. The result of the ballot, after the elections were closed with two nominees, was the election of Mr. Crumley. Mr. Crumley took the chair, and the election of officers continued. Mr. Gorman was next elected secretary without opposition, and Mr. Neeson, who was Vice-President last year, was retained in office, after which the class unanimously called Mr. MacDonough to be class poet. The offices of class orator and class historian will be filled by Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Barry respectively. The class, however, experienced no little difficulty in choosing between Mr. O'Malley and Mr. Fahy for treasurer. The first ballot in the election resulted in a tie, and a new ballot was taken. The new vote brought the victory to Mr. O'Malley, the class thinking no doubt that, since there was no choice on account of merit, and since they must have a treasurer, it was better to elect the bigger of the two to guard the exchequer for the year. After settling the matter of election, the members proceeded to discuss in prospective, matters of interest to the class. A motion was then passed fixing the next meeting of the class at 7:30 p. m. on Sunday evening, Oct. 12, when matters of importance are to be discussed and voted upon. This ended the business of the day, and the class adjourned.