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The Sphinx of Gizeh.

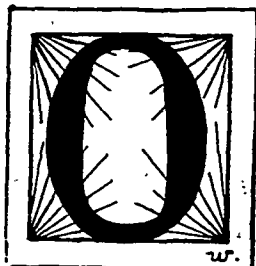
ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

THE years have been thy slaves, O Sphinx,
Enhanced thy spell nor on thee made
Their 'customed ravage; rather laid
A meaning more than man e'er thinks.

And when the stealthy moonbeams creep
Over thy hybrid form, and light
Thy visage with the soul of night,
It seems as if thou dost but sleep.

Poe as a Critic.

HERBERT MEDCALF, '03.



OF late an effort is being made to recreate and vivify the interest in that brilliant son of genius, though much-maligned man, Edgar Allen Poe. A new and complete collection of his writings, to be known as "The Virginia Edition," has just been compiled by Professors Harrison and Kent of the University of Virginia. The former contributes an extensive and sympathetic life of the poet; the latter writes the introduction to his poems. The volume of tales is prefaced by an essay from the polished pen of Hamilton Wright Mabie.

According to a reviewer—for we have not been fortunate enough yet to secure a copy of the new edition—"Seldom has a writer been more denuded of privacy than Poe in this elaborate production." As far as it was possible for human hands to do, the veil has been torn aside from the sanctuary of his inner life and left bare the secrets of it, that the waves of prejudice may beat over them

as they will. The justification in the case is this: Most people, directly or indirectly, owe their knowledge of Poe almost entirely to Griswold's "Memoir." Griswold was Poe's literary executor—executioner rather—and seems to have undertaken this "Memoir" for the sole purpose of making it a vehicle of the most bitter calumny against the dead poet. It is hoped that "The Virginia Edition" will go far towards righting this wrong. Much of the hatred against Poe was brought about by his criticisms as they were published by Griswold. Now it comes to light that the work had been garbled, that a deal of it was not only altered, but even added to by Griswold himself. Much of the matter comprised in the present edition has never appeared before but in the periodicals for which it was originally written.

There is nobody with any pretensions at all to a knowledge of American literature that is not acquainted with Poe, the poet; there are few who do not also know him as a charming teller of wild, weird tales; but doubtless, there are very many who are unaware that he is, besides, one of the first of American critics.

Almost in the very beginning of his career as a writer, in his very first year, in fact, of regular employment, Poe began those daring critiques which were to make and to mar so many reputations and to win for their author not only renown, but likewise bitter enmity. While they more than doubled and trebled the circulation of the paper with which Poe was connected—*The Southern Literary Messenger*—they created throughout the length and breadth of the States terror as well as admiration of his powerful pen. In far brighter garb might the world have seemed to him had he never undertaken this work, but had devoted himself exclusively to poetry, or to those weird tales whose composition he understood so well.

We can not deny that much of his criticism was severe, and that the general tone of all of it is dogmatic. Reading it, we do not wonder that he aroused resentment, especially in such nonentities as are known to-day only because the bubble of their reputation happened to have been punctured by the pen of Poe. He himself realized that the existence of his enemies was due, in the main, to his criticisms. In a letter to one of his friends he says as much, and gives at the same time an indication of the character of his work:

"I have been a critic, a scrupulously honest and, no doubt, in many cases a bitter one; I have uniformly attacked—where I attacked at all—those who stood highest in power and influence, and that, whether in literature or society. I have seldom refrained from expressing, either directly or indirectly, the pure contempt with which the pretensions of ignorance, arrogance, or imbecility inspire me." This last sentence seems to reveal the secret of all his so-called harshness: he wrote always from conviction, and that conviction was as honest as it was deep. As some one said, "with him literature was religion; and he, its high priest, with a whip of scorpions scourged the money changers from the temple." His artistic taste was painfully sensitive, and his worship of the beautiful, enthusiastic; he had little mercy with anything that offended either.

Dr. Johnson, just after signing the contract for the "Lives of the Poets," was asked whether he would really undertake a critique of "any dunce" the publishers might set him at. "Yes," says Johnson, "but I'll call him a dunce." It was much the same with Poe. He ignored, almost entirely, the opinions of others, and based his criterion of criticism on his own broad knowledge of theory and fact and on his innate experience of literary fitness. Yet with all his dogmatism, in none of his works is there anything savage or aught of personal ill-will. He everywhere displays a keen discrimination, a catholic point of view, and a frank and dignified desire to measure our literature by the broadest and truest standards.

"By critical intention," says Hamilton Wright Mabie, "as well as by virtue of the possession of genius, which is never provincial, Poe emancipated himself, and went far to emancipate American literature, from the narrow spirit, the partial judgments, the inferior standards of a people not yet familiar

with the best that has been thought and said in the world. To the claims of local pride, he opposed the sovereign claims of art; against the practice of the half-inspired and wholly untrained, he set the practice of the masters. When the intellectual history of the country is written, he will appear as one of the foremost liberators."

Though all agree that the critical works of Poe are stamped with the seal of his genius, all are not equally lavish in their praise. James Russell Lowell, to whom we are indebted for one of the best appreciations of Poe ever written, is of the opinion that, as a critic, he is æsthetically deficient. "Unerring in his analysis of diction, metres and plots, he seemed wanting in the profounder ethics of art." How grave a fault this was, and how far therein he offended, is not said, nor have we found a second to the above opinion. But even so, we know that the greatest of critics often differ widely in their tastes and standards, and sometimes in their assertions, even to absolute contradiction.

Mr. Lowell goes on to say that Poe's criticisms are remarkable for their "scientific precision and coherence of logic;" they are exact with the coldness of mathematical demonstration. "Yet they stand in striking contrast to the vague generalisms and sharp personalities of the day.... They are especially valuable as illustrating the great truth, too generally overlooked, that analytic power is a subordinate quality of the critic."

Himself, in point of genius, the first of American poets, his strong fort of critical ability was in the field of verse. Especially was he the life-long foe of what he called "the heresy of the didactic," the doctrine that the ultimate object of all poetry was Truth. On this ground particularly he assailed with great severity even such popular writers as Whittier and Longfellow. In his "Poetic Principle" he says:

"With as deep a reverence for the True as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would, nevertheless, limit in some measure its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them. I would not enfeeble them by dissipation. The demands of Truth are severe. She has no sympathy with myrtles. All that which is so indispensable in song is precisely all that with which she has nothing to do. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreath her in gems and flowers. In enforcing a truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of

language. We must be simple, precise, terse."

Further on he defines poetry as "The rhythmical creation of beauty," and says that its sole arbiter is taste. The True is poetic only because it is beautiful. That pleasurable elevation of the soul, which we all recognize as the poetic sentiment, arises solely from the contemplation of Beauty. It is easily distinguished from the admiration of the True, which, in so far as it is true, appeals only to the intellect. The poet may indeed use the precepts of Duty and the lessons of Truth, but incidentally and subservient always to the Beautiful. Such is Poe's position regarding the province of poetry. Of its accuracy we shall not presume to speak. For its able defense we would refer the interested and curious to Poe himself.

In the same work referred to above, Poe asserts that he is "by no means certain" that the proper office of criticism is not to point out the defects rather than the merits of a production. Excellence in a poem, especially, he says, may be considered in the light of an axiom, which, when it needs demonstration, is pretty evidently not much of an axiom. To point out too particularly the merits of a work of art is to admit that they are not merits altogether. True excellence is self-evident.

One of the most valuable elements of Poe's critical acumen, was his almost preternatural power of analysis. Small indeed was the technical flaw that escaped his close dissection. Whether the composition was delicate or complex, he resolved it into its several parts and scrutinized even the least of them with rigid, patient care. In the words of Geo. R. Graham, one of his associate editors, "He was the scrutinizing lapidary who detected and exposed the most minute flaw in diamonds. The gem of the first water shone the brighter for the truthful setting of his calm praise. He had the finest touch of soul for beauty—a delicate and hearty appreciation of worth. If his praise appeared tardy it was of priceless value when given. It was true as well as sincere. It was the stroke of honour that at once knighted the receiver."

It would be a pleasant task to take up other aspects of the subject, but time and space forbid. We will say, however, to those who have had the patience to follow us thus far, and who are not already aware of the fact, that if they would spend a leisure hour with pleasure and profit, let them give it to the perusal of the critiques of Edgar Allen Poe.

Evolution in Church Music.

JOHN J. O'CONNELL.

One of the great lessons which the world has received from the teachings of the Catholic Church is that in everything created there is something that glorifies the Creator. In bringing out and exposing the beautiful concealed in nature she has shown herself to be the true educator. The Church has encouraged all the arts, and has given us their productions in various degrees approaching perfection. But her labours and teachings are for all mankind, so simplicity has predominated in all her works. Perhaps in no art has this quality so characterized her efforts as in music.

From the earliest days of the Church down to the present time a most salutary form of devotion has been the singing of the Creator's praises. That music was part of the Catholic worship in the Apostolic days can not be doubted, as Pliny the younger relates that the Christians were accustomed to meet "on fixed days before daybreak to sing by turns a hymn to Christ as to a god." No writing or tradition has enlightened us as to the nature of this music. The evidences of history only show that music was used in the services of the Church. Its important place in the Liturgy of the Church to-day shows its power as an aid to devotion. In giving a brief sketch of the growth of Church music, the aim of this paper is to convey an idea of its influence on Catholic worship.

The various forms of early Church music may be comprised under one head—Plain Chant. Before a system of teaching and singing the Chant was introduced by Saint Gregory, we find that the three chief influences in the development of the primitive Church music were the Jewish Ritual, the Greek and Roman custom of putting moral precepts and religious instructions into musical form, and lastly, the songs composed by the Christians themselves. Christianity did not entirely supplant the old form of worship. The Eastern Church adhered to some of the ancient Jewish customs. Forms of prayer and devotion were modelled after the synagogue rites. We can not fail to see that a like influence was effected in the new Church music. At the present time a strong probability is still maintained that some of the psalm tones

used by the Church to-day are the same as were used in the temple of Jerusalem.

With the spread of the Gospel in the East, Hebrew influence and customs rapidly disappeared among the Christians. The high intellectual life of the Greeks showed its effect in the devotions of the Eastern Church. The melodies of the Greeks and Romans were arranged according to the metre of the composition, and to this practice can be traced a resemblance in the Plain Chant of the Catholic Church. Schletterer says: "The Music of Christendom borrowed from that of the Hebrews its pious, religious content; from that of the Greeks its form, structure and beauty."

The third influence on the early Church music was the Christian Folk-song. Christ could not be praised or worshipped by the ancient melodies in a manner that would satisfy the faithful. That there were songs in which His name was embodied may be inferred from the writings of St. Paul, whom we find encouraging the Ephesians and Colossians to make use of "psalms, hymns and spiritual songs." Then again we find that among the people of Italy and elsewhere there was a system of music which they well understood. This the Church adopted as her own and used in her services.

We have seen how Church music in its infancy was influenced. Let us consider what force Christianity brought to bear on this means of devotion to bring it to its present state. After three centuries of persecution, during which time her devotions and services were conducted in the privacy of the Catacombs, the edicts of Constantine gave to the Church the privilege of publicly worshipping God. New rites and ceremonies were established; psalms and hymns were adapted to various tunes. Congregational singing was prevalent until the Council of Leodicea (A. D. 320) decreed "that no one must sing in the Church but the canonical singers who mount the lectern and sing from the book." In the fifth century Pope Zachary restricted this privilege to clerics alone. Here begins the history proper of Church music. With the establishment of the priestly liturgic chant may be connected the nucleus of the Gregorian Chant as arranged by St. Gregory in the latter part of the sixth century.

The first attempt to systematize the Plain Chant of the Church was made by St. Ambrose. He arranged the mode of execution of the hymns, psalms and antiphons that were sung

in his church in Milan. One prominent historian of Church music thinks that part of the Ambrosian Rite still used in the Duomo at Milan is taken from the chant as arranged by St. Ambrose. As his melodies were subordinate to the words, according to the Greek custom, the same writer holds the probable opinion that the Preface and Pater Noster, as sung in the Mass at the present time, are of Ambrosian origin.

The first great reform in Church music was made by St. Gregory. He added four more scales to the four already established by St. Ambrose. He is the originator of the octave system and the names of notes by the first seven letters of the alphabet. He collected the existing tunes, improved some and added more, and then published the whole collection as a fixed standard to be followed by the Church. Church music was put on a progressive basis. The school of musicians established in Rome by this Saint were so well trained in plain chant music that they were sent out to teach the true way of singing it. St. Gregory himself taught a choir of boys in Rome.

As there was no system of musical notation until the ninth century, the melodies of the Gregorian Chant came down by oral tradition. St. Gregory's work gradually became obscure; variations were made in the chant, and each master had his own way of singing the notes. We may get an idea of the cause of these variations when we consider that before our present stave was adopted, the system of notation used was that of dashes, dots and curves put over the syllables to signify the raising or lowering of the voice. Many attempts were made to restore the Gregorian Chant to its original form, but all were failures. The nearest reproduction to the system established by St. Gregory is the Ratisbon edition of the Graduale published in 1871 under the direction of the Congregation of Sacred Rites by order of Pope Pius IX. A good type of the Gregorian Chant is the *Missa de Angelis*. It is also an illustration of the work of the first school of Church music.

The second epoch in the growth of Church music begins with the attempt to harmonize Plain Chant. The feeling prevailed that the latter music did not utter the deep emotions which are sometimes stirred up in the heart. Here begins the influence of the Polyphonic school on Church music. From the tenth century down to the death of Palestrina in 1594, many composers enriched the new

counterpoint music of the Church by their genius and compositions. The greatest perhaps among them are William DuFay and Josquin Despres. The former was the most successful artist in the new style of music during his time. The latter, who belonged to the same school as DuFay, had greater freedom in his counterpoint than his masters. His music was heard and sung over the greater part of Europe before the birth of Palestrina.

That harmonized music is used in the Church to-day is due to the genius and labours of Palestrina. The Council of Trent had ordered a reform of Church music. The true aim of this part of divine worship—to produce devotion and love in the souls of the hearers—had been forgotten. The composer was glorified rather than God. The commission of eight Cardinals appointed by Pope Pius IV. to carry out the needed reforms, entrusted Palestrina with the task of writing a Mass that would satisfy the objections made against Church music and would serve as a pattern to other composers. The fate of Polyphonic music in the Church was committed to him. He was equal to the task. On April 28, 1565, three Masses written by him were performed before the Commission. The approval of the last one was so enthusiastic that the Pope ordered a special performance of it in the Sistine Chapel. It was soon published under the title of the "Mass of Pope Marcellus," and is still the admiration of the masters of music. What distinguishes the music of this Mass and all the compositions of Palestrina from the productions of the masters before him, is his unsurpassed skill in arrangement and a close attention to the words and sense. Other renowned artists have helped to breathe new life into Church music, but space will not permit reference to their works. Suffice it to say that Palestrina surpassed them all.

From the death of Palestrina (1594) begins the third and last epoch in the growth of Church music. Previous to this time Church music was written solely for the voice. Instrumental accompaniment was not considered. Something greater was demanded in this art. Singing that gave a greater field to the instrumental accompaniment was earnestly desired. The life and power of monody appealed more to the heart, and its effect was more satisfying than purely vocal music. Besides, many intervals which were difficult in the latter were found to be perfectly easy

when played by an instrument; so the modern school of music sprang into existence. Its first master was Claudio Monteverde, a contemporary of Palestrina. Among the great composers of this school stand out prominently the names of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and in our own day Charles Gounod.

We shall not consider the works of these masters. We are living in an age perhaps when Church music has never so abounded in the rich productions of great masters. We have at least an idea of how the Church encouraged the art of music, that her aim was always to infuse into it a spirit of devotion in harmony with her ceremonies and services. That a reform is needed at present to counteract influences contrary to the spirit of Catholic worship may be granted. However, we feel that when the time comes for this move the Church will meet the question and settle it as she has solved many problems in the past.

Before Santiago.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

Roosevelt's troops lay in the trenches before Santiago. Fever had caught a great many, and the sense of common danger pulled the men closer together in friendly feeling.

It was a motley crowd that used to gather round the camp fire those nights. Just such a crowd as in times of peace causes the untired European correspondent to predict dire things for the United States in case of war, and just the crowd that when the nation has fallen on sterner days, delights the heart of the "old man" who knows he can depend on just such a crowd as this for a minstrel show for the entertainment of visitors, or to charge against hopeless walls, blank and bare except for levelled guns. In short, it was the crowd that only the army of your Uncle Sam can gather.

And it just happened that around this particular camp-fire every night were many of college life—more than around any of the others, for somehow there was a kind of brotherhood between them, and no matter what yells or what colours they swore by, they stuck together.

Once in a while in the distance there was the booming of a gun—Sampson's cruisers were trying at the enemy—and as the wind blew gently through the stunted undergrowth

laden with fever germs and disease, the men of college life with pipes lighted, and lying in lounging attitudes, with a background of "greasers," cowboys, mechanics, society favorites, and what not—machines in the game of war—they sang their rollicking songs with vim and earnestness as though the morrow might not bring fever, disease or a bullet.

The line crept slowly up the hill. The noise was deafening. Shouts, curses, wails, bullets, commands—one confusion. Roosevelt stands unmoved and orders the charge. The men go slowly, slowly up, stop, brace, retreat a little, and were at the point of breaking when two of the singers of the camp-fire spring forth with the colours. They run for the crest of the hill, knowing that beyond lay the enemy, a hand-to-hand fight, and then—victory. They run low and hard, and one, the tall fellow ahead, is heard to shout meaningless numbers, 6—12—13—21—and then falls headlong. There is a little hole through the red bandana around his neck, and the other, the short and stocky one, grasps the fallen banner and plunges on. He gains the top—the hand-to-hand business has begun—suddenly the colours fall.

The ambulance crept slowly back from the hill over the rough roads. The fever smell of the night air is stifling. Inside, two Sisters of Charity spoke soothing words that made the limp heaps in blue think of home and God's country.

A voice drowns the crunching of the wheels. It is he who yelled the numbers and the same hole is through the bandana. He thinks of the big elms and the good fellows on the "old fence" after supper:—

"O Yale was old Yale when Princeton was a pup,"—a second voice breaks in. It sounds as though the words were choked with blood. It is he that dropped at the top of the hill—he that carried both banners to the hand-to-hand business. He thinks of another group of good fellows, and the time is the same—after supper, watching the lights of the dimly outlined city. His words halt and are broken:

For they look on us to-day,—
While our young—hearts still—are gay—
And we know they'll—still—be looking,—
When—old—time—has—come—our—way.

The voice died away and the wagon rolled on. The soothing words of the two Sisters of Charity were the only sound.

Varsity Verse.

FORGOTTEN.

HE fleecy snow fell thick one April day
Upon the tepid gloomy mountain side,
Where all the plants by winter's frost had died;
Of autumn's grandeur now despoiled they lay.
But 'neath the heat of Titan's piercing ray,
Which brightens up the joyous vernal tide,
It lingered, as if 'twould fain abide;
Then fading fast it vanished away.

Thus words of counsel, precepts, wise and true—
Rare gems that come from great and brilliant
men,—
Fall light and worthless on the youthful mind;
And though life's time is short and chances few,
They sparkle for a moment, glow, and then
Are gone; like to a breath of fleeting wind.
G. F.

MY LAMB.

(Horace, Odes I. 23.)

Thou shunnest me, Chlōe, like a tender doe
That seeks o'er lonely mountains to and fro
Her timid dam, and quivers with idle fears
At every forest whisper that she hears.

Whether the coming of the early spring
Set all the new green leaves a-fluttering,
Or nimble newts the thorny thinkets shake,
Both heart and knees with deepest terror quake.

But thou,—O think me not a tiger rude,
Nor yet a powerful lion of Afric brood,—
I shall not harm: no longer hast thou need
Of mother's hand, sweet maid, take mine, I plead.
C. L. O'D.

UN RÊVE DE BONHEUR.

I love to sail the rippling lake
And blaze a path through thicket leaves,
To wanton over field and brake
Without a thought that grieves;

The flower-studded hill to climb,
And when the summit bars
My upward course to sit and rime,
And, fancy borne, to scale the stars.

W. J. M.

THE SORIN HALL BELL.

Ring, ring, ring,
Through the hall, O toneless bell,
Would I had time to finish
The dream that began so well.

'Tis well for your warbling tongue
That you're kept in a place secure,
For 'twould take but a swing and a bang
Your silence henceforth to insure.

With joy the church bell we hear,
The belle in the street we admire,
The St. Mary's *Chimes* is our consant delight,
But you call up nothing but ire.

Ring, ring, ring,
Through the hall, O toneless bell,
Would that I dared to slumber
And ignore your deafening knell. D. O'M.

The Monroe Doctrine and Spanish America.

VICTOR M. ARANA, '03.

The serious disturbances which afflict the northern part of South America are at the present time of vital interest to all. This is not on account of the influence lent by the countries directly involved in them, but because the outcome of such disorders may decide international questions of recognized importance. For instance: Will the Isthmian canal be commenced soon? What country will have sovereignty over the strip of land along which the proposed canal runs? To what extent are European nations likely to intervene when having differences with Spanish-American countries? Is it probable that the United States will ever use force to bring about peace in fractious nations?

Problems of this nature are very likely to come up in rapid succession within the next five years; but no intelligent treatment of their origin and nature can ever be arrived at without a thorough knowledge of the two most important factors involved: the present status and attitude of Spanish America and the true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine. The object of this paper is to treat of these subjects.

In some European circles the Monroe Doctrine is considered a dangerously ambiguous argument adaptable to all emergencies, and whose only feature is that it is backed by a powerful army and navy whenever its principles are invoked by this country, and it sees the opportunity to get the best of an international bargain conducted on this hemisphere. Of course this view is a very partial one; it is more a virulent protest against the powerful influence of the Great Republic than an intelligent appreciation of the character of the Monroe Doctrine. And when it is known that such an interpretation is of a German brand, it can not be denied that it is the direct result of the Empire's disappointment at this country's stern refusal to heed any insinuation from Germany regarding the colonization of southern Brazil.

The change of conditions brought about since the establishment of the doctrine to the present time has also changed its true character. Three-quarters of a century ago when the principle was proclaimed, this nation had not one-fourth of its present population; its area was hardly one-half of that of to-day, and

in strength it was a mere shadow of the world power of these times. At that time it was a needed protection for the republic; it was a safe means by which Europe was kept back from interfering in American affairs whenever the intervention could in any way delay the development of the United States.

Years later the conduct of this country during the French invasion in Mexico is a proof of the truth of this assertion. The establishment of a monarchy in Mexico meant nothing as long as it did not prove to be a loss of territory to this country; consequently the Monroe Doctrine, as interpreted then, was not in any way attacked, and this country did not take an active part in the affair.

But everything is entirely changed now. This country instead of needing protection is able to give it. The danger of its losing influence or material importance is past; the Monroe Doctrine has therefore a different object. At present the world powers attribute to themselves the right to act jointly regarding political problems in small or weak countries. Turkey, "the sick man of Europe," is by general consent left alone, because it is admitted by all the powers that it is better to leave it alone than to have a general war, which might cost more than that country is worth. In the smaller countries of eastern Europe, in Asia and Africa what the powers decide is carried through, what they sanction is respected more than laws are in any country.

Now, the United States is one of the powers and has a place in their concert; but as far as the American continent is concerned it does not merely want to be one of the concert, but the only one. Ever since this necessity became apparent to the Government, the old and rusty Monroe Doctrine was brought out almost from oblivion, cleaned, repaired and made as good as new to suit the present conditions. Thus the present object of the Doctrine is to exclude European intervention from this continent.

Spanish America without the Monroe Doctrine, as it is interpreted to-day, might become a battlefield. European nations might hover around and at the least provocation try to colonize; this would result in a general war which would only end when the invading nation would withdraw, or when Spanish America was completely annihilated and all its soldiers killed. Now, this state of things would in nowise be convenient for this country; its commerce would suffer greatly, and in the

course of the struggle it might be involved in actual warfare. Industries and advancement would be greatly impaired and prosperity could not exist.

What has been said clearly shows that the United States uses the Monroe Doctrine as a preventive of trouble rather than a protective of principle. It is important because it avoids danger of wars and general disorder rather than shields countries against European aggression.

But among North Americans, the belief that the Monroe Doctrine has purely a protective character, and that thereby this country is the defender of American countries, is largely based on the ignorance of the present condition of those nations. If the average United States citizen knew the true status of Latin America, the character of its people and its resources, not one in a thousand would think that those countries need protection, or that the Monroe Doctrine was intended solely for their benefit and their welfare.

The fact that a few South American countries, the less progressive, have frequent revolutions and are waging continuous warfare, does not necessarily imply that all Latin America is to be taken care of. Even those countries that are in revolution and have similar disorders are not on the verge of ruin or dissolution.

Let it be known that revolutions in South America were and are the only available means by which those countries can secure a place among free and law-abiding nations. During the last half century there has been going on in those countries a true political evolution: the transferring of the power from the soldiers of fortune into the hands of the citizens. As soon as the Spaniards discovered and conquered the nations the supremacy of soldiers began. Many important places were not yet pacified when there started a civil war between two of the conquerors. Undoubtedly militarism was one of the greatest evils that Spain left to her old colonies. This evil had to be eliminated, whence the revolutions had their origin.

The belief that such a state of anarchy is to be expected from a degenerated and disorderly population that is unable to govern itself, is entirely wrong. The very fact that those nations do not conform with the ruling of the military element, shows that their aim is to attain more progressive and healthier conditions by the change of government. No

one that has been in close touch with those countries would think they are degenerated. On the contrary this is the heroic age of those republics; it is the time when they begin to lay the foundations of stable and peaceful governments after having endured severe trials to attain them. Had those revolutions never taken place, the beneficial change would never have come to pass; and as a result of this, new republics would have become slaves to the caprice and rapacity of the little tyrants of the sword.

At present, however, it seems as though all those obstacles that hindered progress in Latin America are beginning to give way. During the last ten years an unprecedented development of industries and commerce has taken place in the majority of them. Argentina, Mexico, Brazil, Peru and Chili, are the leaders of the movement in the order named. It is interesting to note that revolutions have ceased in these countries, and that the above order shows also the order in which they have secured peace. Argentina has achieved such a degree of advancement now that it takes easily the second place among the nations on this side of the Atlantic. Its progress is not due to an artificial or temporal prosperity; it is the result of well-employed energies, working under favourable conditions; it rests on the solid foundations of labour and enterprise. Mexico has also made a remarkable improvement in the last fifteen or twenty years. President Diaz, the grand old man of his country, is largely the author of this state of things. His rare ability to govern his people, his remarkable energy and his no less tact, have been wholly devoted to the task of making of Mexico a progressive and peaceful nation.

The revolutions and other wars have naturally made the population sturdy, energetic and brave. It would now be wellnigh impossible for a European nation to conquer or establish protectorates in Spanish America. This may sound somewhat rash to those who are not well informed, but it is nevertheless a fact. The governments are on the watch for the slightest sign which may tell them of the approach of trouble. In South American circles there is a general belief in the possibility of the formation of an alliance, in virtue of which, Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Peru and Bolivia would unite against foreign invasion. Their combined strength may be estimated as follows: on sea, Argentina, Brazil and

Chili, would be the chief powers: their joint force being about one hundred warships of all denomination, in which number no less than thirty would be battleships and armoured cruisers. On land the five republics can put on the field from four to five hundred thousand soldiers, of which at least one-half that number would be mounted.

When the political evolution above referred to is at an end, when the common interests of South American countries prompt them to maintain a closer friendship than they have now, and when they realize the fact that "union is strength," then and there, it may be safely predicted, they will unite. Within two score years, or at most half a century, perhaps all of them will form part of a gigantic federal republic; everything tends towards the practicability of Bolivar's dream.

A Game of Checkers.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

Curtin was ensconced in a corner of the reading-room. The afternoon mail had arrived and had brought him a variety of newspapers. The same mail brought another individual, a missive to which we shall refer later. But what others received did not concern Curtin. There he sat, poring over the *Hartford Times*, utterly indifferent to his surroundings. He was not destined, however, to remain long in this blissful state. That some people have a propensity for distracting others is a fact which was soon to be illustrated.

Merril's profile appeared at the door and with it the inseparable corn-cob pipe. He peered into the reading-room, and then drew back for a moment to enjoy one more inhalation of tobacco smoke. He next entered, and looking around, his gaze rested on Curtin. A serene smile stole across his features. He walked deliberately toward his friend, and after making some commonplace remark, which the latter did not appear to notice, he unceremoniously gave Curtin a slap on the back. Curtin's curule dignity was offended somewhat; he looked up.

"Say," said Merrill, "I'll play you a game of checkers."

"No, you won't," was Curtin's laconic reply, "I have no time for playing just now."

"I know I can defeat you," Merrill persisted, "though I haven't played a game in a year."

Curtin gave him a withering look, and again renewed his acquaintance with the *Hartford Times*.

"Yes, of course I can," Merrill reiterated, "all the fellows know that."

This was too much for Curtin. His prestige was outraged. He deliberated a few moments, folded his newspaper and accepted the challenge.

Merril exultingly went for the checker-board which he secured, and both retired to a table near by and commenced to play. Each was eager to win. Merrill was actuated by a spirit of prevarication, and Curtin by a desire to retaliate for the flamboyant remarks directed toward him. But the game had not been long in progress when Merrill's ability began to assert itself. His tactics were the more skilful, and he was slowly but surely vanquishing his opponent. Already more than half the disks controlled by Curtin had been forfeited, and there seemed to be little doubt as to the result of the game. But it was not quite lost yet, for Curtin was playing with caution and determination. He knew his chance of winning was almost hopeless, but he also knew that if he could prolong the struggle until recreation should expire, he would avert the ignominy of defeat. To secure this end was evidently his object, but despite his best efforts, he was all but vanquished when a little incident occurred which for him transformed defeat into victory.

"A letter for Merrill," some one shouted.

"I'm engaged here; bring it down, please," for Merrill is always polite.

There was a cessation of hostilities as the letter was conveyed to him. It was a dainty, azure-tinted envelope, with the superscription in a neat, feminine hand. A flush suffused the recipient's face, and the "light that never was in land or sea" sparkled in his eyes. But he was not to be taken off his guard or diverted from his purpose, and at once affected his accustomed indifference. He carefully consigned the letter to his inside coat-pocket—he would read it later—and the battle on the checker-board was renewed.

But all his military genius had deserted him. His former coolness and precision had vanished, and every move he made was a palpable blunder. One by one he was forced to sacrifice his wooden warriors, until at last the game was won by Curtin—all on account of the distraction caused by the inopportune arrival of that innocent-looking little envelope.

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PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

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—The world is too much with us, wrote Wordsworth, and few will doubt the truth of his sententious remark. So absorbed are we in worldly pursuits that we give scant heed to things spiritual, and act as if soul and body had each a destiny, that of the body being the more important. To counteract this habit and its evil effects, the directors of a Catholic college always include an annual retreat in the curriculum. The students of Notre Dame will have the privilege of beginning this useful exercise on next Wednesday evening, under the direction of a distinguished and eloquent member of the Order of Saint Dominic, the Reverend Albert Reinhart, of Somerset, Ohio. The time selected for the retreat is opportune. At this season of the year, when nature disrobes, and the glory of summer and autumn is vanishing in decay, we are more apt to grow meditative, and give ear to the great question of our last end. By careful attention to the instructions we shall hear during the week, and by an earnest participation in the spiritual exercises, we can go a long way toward a safe solution of this stupendous problem.

The student often looks on his attempt at story-writing as little better than a farce. When he is assigned to do something in fiction he shrugs his shoulders and remarks in an undertone: "No use in trying; the field has been too well explored." He excuses his lack of originality by saying that there is nothing

new under the sun, a dictum that too many of our authors—especially those who have failed to scale the heights themselves—find solace in quoting. As a matter of fact there are things new under the sun. Think how many thousands of human beings are born every day, and these differ from one another and from their parents. True, the people of one generation do not radically differ from those of the preceding one; but ever-varying conditions of life, complexity of temperaments, and growth of society, afford the writer of to-day views that were denied the scribe of yesterday. Our clothes are of a different cut, we have new tenets, we live in better or worse surroundings, perhaps we speak a language that our parents could not understand. It is just these divergencies that the story-teller or novelist can use to advantage. If treated in the right way they make his originality pronounced. Here then is a mine in which the literary novice can delve to his heart's content. He need not fail; he need not steal from his fellow craftsmen.

—From the September *Critic* comes another protest—this time from a literary worker—against the commercialism of the age. The writer deplors the fact that literature, like so many other things of to-day, seems to find its highest expression in terms of cash. Editors are anything but dreamers searching for the good, the beautiful and the true; they are frankly business men, the deferential servants of the reading public, and panderers to its taste, good, bad, or indifferent as that taste be. The taste just now is bad. The yellow streak condemned in journalism has found a refuge and a welcome with the popular magazines. If the literary aspirant would write for bread he must cease to write for glory; he must forego his dreams of immortality, and be content to turn off page after page of the ephemeral balderdash which alone seems capable of satisfying the present voracious appetite for something to read. The cause of this vitiated taste may be ascribed to Democracy itself, that has made of the uncultured masses a reading public, and such a clamorous one that, amid the uncouth din, the voices of the comparatively few lovers of real literature can no longer be heard. Such is in part the substance of the article. Besides being a vigorous and spirited protest against an undesirable state of affairs, it sug-

gests an interesting question: Is it due to this same Democracy and commercial progressiveness that no real literature is being produced? Have our men of letters, so to speak, watered their stock, content to give the world clever work instead of great?

—Notre Dame has been honoured during the week with a brief visit from a prominent member of President Roosevelt's cabinet. On Friday evening, as the students were about to sit down to supper, Mr. Moody, accompanied by President Morrissey, F. Henry Wurzer, and Walter Brown, chairman of the 13th Congressional District, entered the Brownson Hall dining room. His coming was wholly unexpected by the student body, but when word went round that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was in our midst, and when the rumour was confirmed by a few remarks from Father Morrissey, the applause that greeted his arrival was long and loud. Before taking his seat with the Faculty, Mr. Moody, who had a pressing political engagement in South Bend, responded as follows:—

Reverend Sir, Gentlemen, Brethren:—I think I have the right to call you by the latter title because we are bound together by that comradeship which grows out of the higher education which has been bestowed upon us, a privilege and a trust. I saw in Chicago to-day, as I came through from East St. Louis, a gathering of men and women and children who had come from other lands to this precious land of ours to enjoy all its privileges. Your fathers and mine in their time came here, and they built up for us a precious heritage indeed. And by the obligation of our education we owe it to the country that it suffers no detriment from us. Your mission and mine is to work for good, for our families, our friends and our country. I am glad and honoured to be here in this bee-hive of intellectual activity, and when I look upon your faces, I go back home with increased confidence in our beloved country,

“Do not attempt to be a great reader, and read for facts and not by the bookful.” The scholastic year is now well on its way, and it is advisable that students give some attention to this truism which the “Sage of Concord” thus pointedly expressed. Every student, and especially those students who are attending classes in English literature, should have a programme of reading laid out for the year. Each man knows his own needs best, let him shape his course of reading so as to meet those needs. He knows his weak points; let him strengthen them. Here, for instance, is a classic which he would be ashamed to con-

fess that he had not read; let him be sure to include it in the list of books which he is to read this year. The list, we think, should not be a long one, and should contain no book that does not satisfy a particular need of the reader. When this is the case each book can be read, re-read and studied, which is an exercise most essential if the reader would reap the richest fruits of his work. Again it should be remembered by the student that he can not read all the books with which he ought to be familiar; it would therefore be advisable that he select those books from which the greatest profit is to be obtained. A course of reading mapped out to suit his needs, a comparatively small list of well-chosen books,—this the conscientious student must have when his work is still young; and he will do well to remember Emerson's caution which opens this paragraph and which is but a later and a particularized expression of the old but not obsolete adage, *Multum non multa*.

The First Concert of the Season.

Brooke's Marine Band and Orchestra furnished the attraction at Washington Hall Monday afternoon. The management of our Lecture Course merit well for this selection. A better prepared and more finished programme has not been given at Notre Dame for some time. Mr. Brooke's personality and thoroughness of training were shown in all the numbers. The overture “Mignon” and the mosaic introducing gems from the works of Gounod, Wagner, Leoncavallo, Weber, Mascogni, and Liszt were the most musical and pretentious selections played by the orchestra. The popular music given for encores caused the student body to make a hearty demonstration of approval. The soprano, Miss Lillian Berry Reid, sang with good voice and expression; and Mr. Bert Brown, the cornetist, played with excellent tone and expression. Altogether the first concert of the college year was an enjoyable affair. Orchestra leaders seldom show such painstaking preparation for public performances as Mr. Brooke has shown, and though some persons might wish to hear him play more numbers like “Mignon,” the majority of his hearers were highly pleased with his programme as given. We hope he will receive from the lovers of good music among the public the support he so richly deserves.

Athletic Notes.

MICHIGAN VS. NOTRE DAME.

....It was the hardest fought game Michigan has had this season or last....At first it looked as if it would be anybody's game from the way Notre Dame tore up Michigan's line with its great plunging full-back, Salmon....Then was exhibited the fiercest line bucking by an individual that Michigan has ever run up against. Captain Salmon in two smashes had the ball on the forty-three yard line, then he hustled for eight more. Salmon made an heroic attempt to score on Yost's team....He was given the ball eight times in succession, but Michigan finally held him on the five-yard line for downs.... *Chicago Tribune*, October 19.

**

THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM.

I sing no song of the dead and gone,
The living is my theme;
The men that fought and the deeds they wrought,
And the captain of the team.
The captain of the team, boys,
The captain of the team;
O a hero true, for the gold and blue,
Is the captain of the team.

On the football field where the stoutest reeled
Our men held the "Wolves" at bay;
But who plunged and tore through the lines before,
And brought to our foes dismay?
The captain of the team, boys,
The captain of the team;
O a hero true, for the gold and blue,
Is the captain of the team.

O halves and backs, guards, ends, and "tacks,"
Here's a three times three for you;
But boys, *all* here give one wild cheer
That will ring where sound ne'er flew—
For the captain of the team, boys,
The captain of the team;
O a hero true, for the gold and blue,
Is the captain of the team.

In the years to be, though divided we,
And life's deeper cares we know;
When we hear *his* name, we'll recall the game,
And our cups with a "health" shall flow—
To the captain of the team, boys,
The captain of the team;
O a hero true, for the gold and blue,
Is the captain of the team.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

A Glorious Defeat.

OUR GALLANT LADS HOLD THE WOLVERINES
DOWN TO TWENTY-THREE POINTS.

When Captain Salmon and his little band of football players left here for Toledo to meet the Wolverines, not a person at Notre Dame could be found who would dare to say

that we had any chance with Yost's men. But we did. Our plucky lads put up the grandest and most magnificent struggle that has ever taken place on any gridiron in the West. The odds against them were almost overwhelming. Michigan had for coach, Yost, one of the greatest in the country; Notre Dame got along with the instructions of Farragher, Salmon, and Doar. Michigan's men were in the pink of condition for the contest; two of our stars were on the hospital list, while the linemen were all more or less bruised and battered. Michigan outweighed us ten pounds to the man, while her team was composed almost entirely of veterans; our line was very light and composed entirely of inexperienced players. Michigan was confident of running up her usual high score; Notre Dame had hopes of keeping it below sixty. These facts and the knowledge of certain defeat are what confronted our men as they entered the contest. The never-say-die spirit of Notre Dame, however, came to the rescue, and our fellows went into the fight determined to stave off defeat from their beloved colours until they dropped. For this, the SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of every loyal son of Notre Dame, congratulates the gentlemen of the Varsity. The memory of their glorious achievement shall live as long as the Gold and Blue floats across the gridiron at Notre Dame.

THE GAME.

Captain Salmon kicked off to Sweeley. Sweeley returned the punt to Salmon. Salmon hit centre for four yards. With magnificent interference Salmon went through left tackle for five yards. "Jim" Doar repeated for three, Salmon hitting centre for four more, and the crowd went wild with glee.

The mighty Salmon plunged like a battering ram into Michigan's centre. The ball was fumbled, but a Notre Dame man fell on it. A quarter-back kick put the ball on the Wolverine's forty-five yard line where Sweeley caught it and was downed by Nyere. Michigan now began her slow march towards Notre Dame's goal. Hernstein hit right tackle for a good gain, and was downed by Steiner. The ball was forced slowly towards the goal by the onslaughts of the backs. Maddock made the first touchdown on a tackle cross buck. No goal.

Salmon kicked to Hernstein on the ten-yard line, and the Michigan man was nailed in his tracks by Nyere. Sweeley punted to Shaugh-

nessy who advanced twenty yards before being downed by Hernstein. Salmon hit centre for four yards; McDermott went through tackle for three, and Doar added three more around Redden. Salmon threw himself into centre like a catapult for five yards, then hurdled tackle for eighteen, and Michigan's hopes went down.

The furious onslaughts of Salmon and Doar placed the ball on the twenty-yard line. Doar hurled through tackle for two yards, and our plucky captain placed the ball on Michigan's fifteen-yard line. Lonergan skirted end for two, and Salmon plunged through left tackle for an equal gain. Salmon went through right tackle aided by McDermott and Doar for first down. Again Captain Salmon hit centre, but this time he slipped, and Michigan held for downs on her own five-yard line. The rest of the half was spent in exchanging punts, and time was called with the ball in Michigan's possession on her own twenty-five yard line. Score, Michigan, 5; Notre Dame, 0.

In the second half the heroic efforts of our fellows during the first half began to tell on them, and slowly but surely they were forced to yield to the furious charges of the well-trained Wolverines. In this half, however, our fellows continued to do some brilliant playing. Steiner made several tackles that won the applause of even the Michigan rooters. Salmon still continued to puncture Michigan's line whenever given an opportunity, and Doar made several tackles behind Michigan's line. Shaughnessy also distinguished himself by a forty-yard run, and Nyere and Lonergan continued to down the Michigan men in their tracks. Three touchdowns were scored by Michigan in this half, but it was only after seven and a half minutes of the hardest kind of a tussle that she scored her first. It was the most serious opposition Michigan's men had encountered in the history of Yost's connection with them. During the latter part of the half, Fansler and Desmond were obliged to give way to Furlong and Cullinan. The half ended with the ball on Michigan's thirty-five yard line. For Notre Dame, every man played the game of his life. O'Malley at centre was a stone wall, while the guards, Steiner and Gillen, gave splendid account of themselves. The tackles, Fansler and Desmond, against whom the majority of Michigan's terrible mass plays were directed, deserve the highest credit. As to the other men, we all know what they did.

THE LINE-UP:

MICHIGAN (23)		NOTRE DAME (0)
Cole, Sherry, Redden	L E	Nyere
Palmer, Cole	L T	Fansler
McGuigan	L G	Gillen
Gregory	C	O'Malley
Sweeley	R E	Lonergan
Maddock	R T	Desmond, Furlong
Carter	R G	Steiner
Graver (Capt.)	Q B	Shaughnessy
Heston	L H B	Doar
Hernstein	R H B	McDermott
Jones	F B	Salmon (Capt)

Touchdowns—Maddock, 3; Jones. Goals, Cole, 3. Referee—Louis Hinkey, Yale; D. J. Jackson, L. F., Umpire. Timers, Paul J. Ragan, Notre Dame; Capt. H. Weeks, Michigan. Linesmen, Silver, Notre Dame; W. Weeks, Michigan. Time of halves, 25 minutes. Rooters from Notre Dame, C. J. Mulcrone, W. Higgins, L. J. Carey, and T. Cavanagh. Date, Oct. 18, 1902, Toledo, Ohio.

* *

Notes from the Toledo *Bee* and the Toledo *Times* anent the game.

Michigan won. That was expected. But to the astonishment of the Michigan rooters who had bet on a score of 60 to 0, the first half passed and their brawny boys had rolled up the superb total of 5 points, while Notre Dame had waged the battle in the enemy's territory at all times.

Sweeley, the great punter, had to bow his head in acknowledgment of Salmon's greatness. The Notre Dame Captain out-punted the man whose fame as a spiral producer has gone from coast to coast.

For the first time in two years Michigan was met with an offensive play equal to her own in fierceness and determination. The shock was terrific, and hopes went crashing to the ground as time and again Salmon and his boys pushed the blue-clad line backward with terrific onslaughts.

Had Kirby and Farragher been in their places on the Notre Dame team, and with McGlew at quarter the result would have been far different.

Salmon's playing was the most remarkable ever seen in Toledo. He was knocked out four times, but refused to quit, although he was "groggy" during the last few minutes of play.

Nyere's tackling brought applause from even the U. of M. contingent.

When it comes to tacklers, Doar and Heston are top-notches.

For a second team man, Shaughnessy put up a dandy game.

One remarkable feature of the game was the fact that during nearly the entire portion of the first half the ball was in Michigan's territory almost continually.

Doar made a neat hurdle in the last half.

Salmon's great work will remain in the minds of many for days to come. It was superb.

Many a loyal Michigan man's heart was in his mouth when Salmon plunged through to the five-yard line. Only bull-dog persistency on U. M.'s part kept the Gold and Blue from crossing the coveted goal line.—*Bee*.

* *

The tackling by Salmon, Doar, and Nyere for Notre Dame, and by Hernstein for Michigan was the fiercest of the day.

In the first half the honors were clearly in ground gaining with Notre Dame, who were marching steadily to Michigan's goal when time was called. Two men

on Notre Dame's team—Salmon, full-back, and Doar, left-half—were notably into every play for their side, while the Indiana line gave a splendid account of itself against their heavier antagonists.

Shaughnessy's return of the ball to the centre of the field after Michigan's kick off was one of the features of the game.

Notre Dame lung players among the rooters at the game were C. J. Mulcrone, H. McGlew, McKenzie, Silver, and W. Higgins. They were led by Tom Cavanaugh of this city, and all were armed with megaphones. It was not for lack of rooting that Notre Dame lost.—*Times*.

* * *

The members of the Varsity, through their manager and captain, wish to return thanks to the people of Toledo and the Alumni for the kind and hospitable treatment they extended them while in the city. The Alumni showed their loyalty to Notre Dame by attending the game in a body and rooting for our fellows, and also by preparing receptions, etc., for them. Among those present were Paul J. Ragan, James Cooney, George Covert, Will Covert, Dr. Hartlett, Tom and John Cavanagh.

Sunday morning the members of the team attended Mass in a body at Saint Patrick's Church where they listened to an eloquent sermon by our Vice-President, Rev. James J. French. After services, the Rev. Pastor E. Hannin invited them into the Rectory to enjoy a smoker at his expense. A very pleasant half-hour was passed with the reverend gentleman, who seemed to be very much delighted over our creditable showing on the gridiron.

The Inter-Hall Team Wins.

The Inter-Hall team won a decisive victory from the heavy First Regiment team of South Bend last Sunday on Cartier Field. The Soldiers had come up with the expectation of wiping out the defeat of a few weeks ago, and for this purpose they had strengthened themselves by the addition of some of the Athletic's and K. and S. men. The Inter-Hallers, however, proved entirely too speedy for the visitors, and at no time were they in danger. The Soldiers had possession of the ball but twice during the whole game, and on each occasion they were compelled to give it up on downs. Long end runs by Williams, Petritz and Dillon; line bucks by Hogan and Opfergelt, and the tackling of Kanaley, were the features. The linemen also put up a splendid game, and Maypole at quarter did not have a single fumble and was in every

play. The whole team, in fact, played good football, and showed greater speed and better team work than in any other game this season. Three touchdowns in the first half and one in the second were the sum total of points scored. For the visitors, Curry played a star game.

LINE-UP:

INTER-HALL (20)		FIRST REGIMENT (0)
Williams, G.	L E	Curry
O'Reilly	L T	Talor
Sheehan	L G	Erski
Medley	C	Broad
Kanaley	R G	Yauk
O'Phelan	R T	Ferrin
Petritz	R E	Magie
Maypole	Q	Donnell
Dillon	L H	Wagner
Opfergelt	R H	Newcomb
Hogan	F B	Hummer
Referee—O'Connor; Umpire—Broedemus. Time, 20 and 15.		

Trojans Win at Benton Harbour.

The Trojans won a very interesting contest from the Benton Harbour second eleven at Benton Harbour a week ago. The two teams were about evenly matched in weight, and gave a very good exhibition of football, but the Trojans were slightly ahead on team work. The hero of the game was Jasper Lawton. He scored two touchdowns for the Trojans on long end runs and was mixed up in every play. Usera, Pryor, and the two Winters gave good account of themselves and drew many compliments from the spectators by their brilliant work.

The Trojans kicked off thirty yards to Benton Harbour. On the first play Benton Harbour's left half-back fumbled, and Lawton grabbed up the ball and ran twenty yards to a touchdown. Benton Harbour kicked off to Usera who recovered fifteen yards before he was downed. On a fake play Lawton was given the ball, and ran around end sixty yards for the second and last touchdown of the game. After this the honours were about divided, although in the second half the Trojans forced their opponents across the goal for a safety. The game ended, Trojans, 12; B. H., 0.

J. P. O'R.

Obituary.

Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner*.—The remains of Mr. J. T. Foley, who died in Evansville on Wednesday, arrived in this city this morning and were conveyed to St. Patrick's Church, where Requiem High Mass was held. Father Abbott officiated, and pronounced a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of the deceased. The music was impressive; two solos, an 'Ave Maria' and 'Good-Night,' sung by Miss Lillie Wooten, were especially tender. The remains of Mr. Foley were deposited in the vault at Mt. Calvary.

Mr. Foley was at one time a student of the University. The SCHOLASTIC extends its sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.

Personals.

—The Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O. M. I., D. D., is a welcome guest of the University. Father Emery is Rector of the flourishing University of Ottawa; and we feel honoured in having him among us.

—The reputation enjoyed by the Law Course at Notre Dame is well deserved and is growing apace. Time and again, graduates of this department have more than held their own with the best men sent up by other colleges to the State Bar examinations. At this early date we are glad to record the success of two of last year's graduates at the recent examination for the Illinois Bar. These are Fred W. Myer and Joseph E. Kinney, both of whom acquitted themselves most creditably. No more welcome news could reach the SCHOLASTIC and their many friends here. Congratulations, gentlemen, to you and to the worthy dean of the Law department, Colonel Hoynes, whose ability as an instructor has been such a factor in your success.

—Mr. Charles O. Burket, student here in the 70's, has a very successful law practice in Findlay, Ohio.

—Mr. Timothy Crimmins, Law '02, is engaged in the practice of law in New Mexico. Success to him!

—Mr. Frank Clarke, a former student of the University, is at present Judge of the City Court of Columbus, Ohio.

—George Nestor, student '74-'81, of Detroit, Mich., made a flying visit to Notre Dame last Sunday. Mr. Nestor is one of the most successful business men of Detroit.

—Colonel Hoynes represented the Faculty of Notre Dame at the installation of President James of Northwestern University, Chicago, which took place during the week.

—Mr. William Shea, Litt. B., '02, is about to attend the medical department of the Columbia University. "Bill" was a member of the track team and president of his class. He is sure to win.

—R. J. Emerson, '02, has a responsible position on a corps of engineers surveying railroads in southern Illinois. "Richie" will long be remembered among the fellows for his prowess as an oarsman.

—Another old student who is on the stage is Mr. W. W. O'Brien, Law '02. "Shammy," as he was known to the fellows, has been on the Vaudeville stage for two years, but has decided to enter the "legits" this fall.

—James Kelly, of South Bend, student of 1900, paid his friends at the University a visit during the past week. Mr. Kelly, who was one of the most popular students in Brownson Hall, is at present attending the P. and S. College, Chicago.

—Visitors to the University during the past week were: Mr. McDermott, Waukegon, Ill.; Mrs. M. E. Weisse, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. William Seidel, Elkhart, Ind.; H. R. Welsh, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. A. P. Sawyer, Chicago, Ill.; Joseph A. Kernan, New York; John L. Hartzer, bookkeeper, South Bend, Indiana.

—The SCHOLASTIC is pleased to learn that Mr. Julius A. Arce (C. E., '99) of Peru, South America, has received a government position of great responsibility in his native country. Mr. Arce spent five years here as a student, and two as a teacher of Mathematics and Spanish. We wish him every success.

—Mr. C. E. Mitchell, Law, '02, has been promoted to the managership of the Inside Real Estate Department of the Royal Trust Co. Mitchell was a member of last year's famous Law Debating team, an excellent student and popular with the fellows. The SCHOLASTIC is glad to hear of his success.

—Other recent visitors to the University were: Mr. Strother J. Murphy, Spring Valley, N. J.; Mr. W. F. Clapp, Albion, Indiana; Mrs. Lena Best, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Mr. John J. Hall, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Darion Greer, Chicago; Mrs. Mary Dunnebecke, Melrose Park, Ill.; Mr. B. C. Fausot, Lima, Ohio; Mr. Joel G. Sayre, Pittsburg, Pa.

—G. F. Stich, Joseph Touhy and F. Guy Schoonover were members of this year's graduating class at Payden's Dramatic School, Chicago. All three were prominent in Notre Dame theatricals. Stich and Touhy were among the best female impersonators ever seen at Notre Dame, and Schoonover was the winner of the Elocution Medal in 1901.

—Chicago *Record-Herald*.—Norwood T. Gibson of Peoria, Ill., who played with the Kansas City Western League team last year, has signed to pitch for the Boston team of American league next year. His contract calls for \$3000 for the season.

"Gibbie" will long be remembered at Notre Dame for his famous twirling on the Varsity. He was a member of the Championship team of the West, '99.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dimmock of St. Louis were guests of their grandson Master Carol Von Phul of St. Edward's Hall on Sunday last. Mrs. Dimmock is well known and has many friends at the University, but it was Mr. Dimmock's first visit. He is a cultured gentleman of large experience who has seen much of the world. His admiration of Notre Dame and of the unsurpassed advantages it offers its students found expression as he visited the different departments.

—Mr. J. J. Cooney, the great half-back of '89-'90, is at present proprietor of the Cooney Carriage Works, Toledo, which do a very prosperous business.—Messrs. G. and W. Covert, students in the 90's are members of the Duncombe Wholesale Toy Co., Toledo.—Mr. Paul J. Ragan, debater, orator and old-

time editor of the SCHOLASTIC, has law offices in the Spitzer Building, Toledo.—Mr. Michael Hannan (C. E. '92), whose topographical work received special mention at the World's Columbian Exposition, is chief draughtsman of the Civil Engineering department of Toledo.

—Mr. "Tommy" Cavanagh, '95, is engaged in the contracting business in Toledo with his father.—Mr. T. A. Wade, student '89-'90, is building up a large architect business in Toledo.—Mr. Earl Wade, student '92, is head bookkeeper in the B. F. Wade Co., Toledo.—Mr. William Welch, student '88-'90, is electrician of the Traction Co., Toledo.—Mr. William Rowsey, student '85-'90, is engaged in the railroad business.—Mr. Con Nolan, one of Toledo's prominent Knights of Columbus, is one of the overseers of the Libby Company Glass-works.
T. D. L.

College Clippings.

The *Indiana University Student*:—Football outlook at Notre Dame is not encouraging." To Whom?

Registration at Wisconsin University, 2030, at Chicago 2253, at Indiana (opening day) 725.

Every tub stands on its own bottom.—*Ex.*

The new Bartlett gymnasium at the University of Chicago, erected at a cost of \$250,000, is to be ready for use by the first of February.

The Oberlin Freshmen and Sophomores substituted a pig-roast for the "class-scrap." The Freshmen were the guests of the Sophomores at the barbecue; wrestling matches and a tug-of-war between ten chosen members of each class gave a chance for exhibitions of strenuousness.

The Junior Engineers at Michigan have seceded from the Collegiate Class by a vote of 41-36, and have formed a class of their own.

University of Chicago and University of Michigan will meet in debate, golf and cross-country running this year.

The team that is to represent Oberlin University in the debate with Notre Dame this year was chosen last week. The men are: F. C. Van Cleef, M. F. Parmelee, C. R. Cross; alternate, W. J. Ryan. Oberlin has another team, equally strong, preparing for the debate with Western Reserve University.

Carrie Nation, champion "knocker," visited the Yale campus recently, and told the boys how naughty it is to smoke and drink. The students sang a number of their favourites for her, beginning with her own "Good Morning" song. Incidentally, she sold several hundred souvenir hatchets.

Football.—Wisconsin-Michigan, Marshall Field-Chicago, November 1st. Umpire, Everts Wrenn, Harvard; Referee, Louis Hickey, Yale. Wisconsin money is seeking odds of 5 to 2.

Local Items.

—Several vacancies yet remain to be filled in the Typewriting Class. Those who are too busily engaged on the regular class days and who wish to take up work in this department can be accommodated on Thursdays. Application should be made without delay at the Students' Office.

—In Professor Murphy's Parliamentary Law class last Wednesday, the question: "Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to provide for the election of U. S. senators by popular vote," was the topic for discussion. The affirmative was stoutly contended for by Messrs. Irving, Gorman, and Medcalf, while the conservative mode of electing the future Beveridges in present operation, was maintained with a fine array of logic and eloquence by Messrs. Dillon, Griffen and Gormley. Extemporaneous speaking was indulged in by several of the members.

—The "Trojans" of Carroll Hall were disappointed last Thursday when they found that their opponents, the Benton Harbour "Little Giants" failed to show up. They felt the disappointment all the more as they had a number of tickets sold. For some reason the "Little Giants" could not come on that day, but will come perhaps on next Wednesday. We promise our patrons they will get their money's worth when the game is called. The "Little Giants" were not scored on until the "Trojans" defeated them by the score of 12 to 0. When we remember that this score was the result of a fumble and a trick play the equality of both teams is evident.

—On Sunday evening, October 12, was held the special meeting of the class of '03 which it was decided at the previous meeting to call. The meeting was an important one, yet strange to say there were not more than the necessary quorum present. Messrs. Baer, O'Malley and Petritz were appointed to act as a committee to procure the mortar board tassels representative of the various courses. A suggestion that a date be fixed to hold regular meetings caused considerable discussion. During the debate it became necessary for President Crumley to rule that in the future addresses to the chair and to the house must be made in English exclusively, as two speakers in particular seemed in their excitement to have found ready expression only in the tongue of the fatherland. A motion was finally carried fixing the meetings of the class upon the evening of the second Saturday of each month. After business of minor importance was transacted the meeting was adjourned. The date of the next regular meeting is Saturday, Nov. 8. It is quite probable, however, that another special meeting will be called before that date to discuss questions that have lately arisen.