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The Night Shift.

SONG for the men of grime and brawn
Who swing the hammer and beat the steel,
Who sweat and gasp from eve till dawn,—
Slaves of the crank and cog and wheel.
The furnace glare lights the shoulders bare,
Of the men that stoop and tug and strain,—
Perhaps the shift shows wear and tear,—
They'll sweat to-morrow night again.
The city's crowd goes jostling by,
What care the aproned men inside?
For what to them is mirth or sigh?
They pay no heed to the city's tide.
They swing the bar or shovel the coal,
Or curse the heat or the boss' shout,—
They work and strive for their daily dole,—
Of what concern is the throng without?
Instead of the hearth, the city's blare,
The night's earned rest, the happy throng,—
To strive and toil is all their care,—
The men that make the world move on.
A song I say for the men of brawn,
Who swing the hammer and beat the steel,
Who sweat and gasp from eve till dawn,—
Slaves of the crank and cog and wheel.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

Bret Harte.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.



WHEN Bret Harte died the other day, there passed away a unique figure in modern literature. From the first minute he began to write, the strangeness of his subject-matter and the originality of its treatment drew the breathless interest of all who speak our language. In the heyday of his success, and while still a young man, his inspiration began to lag, and he retired from the centre

of the stage never to occupy it again.

For this reason Harte takes a place among the elder class of English writers. His best work was done before the death of Dickens, a man whom he greatly admired. Modern writers have travelled far since then. An extreme and often brutal realism is the predominating note in the fiction of to-day. In Bret Harte there is realism, but life is shown forth with a sympathetic insight and a kindly sentiment.

Bret Harte, moreover, described and was contemporary to a phase of modern existence which has completely passed away. He wrote of a new country and of a marvellous life; a life which probably never existed before, probably never will exist again. He satisfied the craving of human nature for the bizarre and romantic, and consequently his stories electrified the world.

The California of those days was practically an unknown quantity. The discovery of the golden treasure which lay hidden in its streams allured the brave and daring, but the great dangers which accompanied an attempt to reach it, intimidated the weak and cowardly. There were two routes to this land of promise: one was across the far-reaching plains, surrounded by constant danger from the fierce Apache, made fearful by dangers of hunger and thirst. On account of the inclemencies of the weather, many of the brave argonauts who travelled this road never reached California; many were lost in the winding ravines of the sierras, or perished miserably on the pathless deserts. Bret Harte in *Gabriel Conroy* gives a true and vivid picture of the sufferings of a party of immigrants who were overtaken by winter in the bleak mountains, of whom but a small number escaped in the spring. The other way to reach the desired goal was by sea, and in those days the hardships on the waves and in crossing the Isthmus of Panama were almost equal to the land journey.

Thus when the hardy pioneer finally reached his destination, he was already accustomed to look upon danger with a steady eye, to endure without murmuring whatever discomforts and hazards there were yet awaiting him in the land of the Golden Gate.

And life in California was far from easy. The distances were great, and means of transportation were of the roughest kind. The work was hard, and exposure to all kinds of weather was often productive of dangerous diseases. It is pathetic, too, that after all these hardships the venturesome pioneer rarely amassed a fortune. As is usually the case they only prepared the way for the shrewd men who came after to reap the benefit of their labours. Among the thinning band of "forty niners" none are men of great wealth.

But, as if in return for this barren harvest, they participated in a kind of life the remembrance of which must be to them a source of unending delight and satisfaction. Everybody in that early period was making money. Labour commanded a very high price. The poorest miner received eight dollars a day for his services. Domestic servants were paid princely salaries, and grew wealthy and founded families. Consequently, all led a free and untrammelled existence, not burdened with that sordid desire for money which makes slaves of so many. Nearly everybody was young. Gray hairs excited unusual reverence because of their scarcity. Women were very few, and their appearance on the streets of the rough mining town caused more interest than a menagerie would in our day. Children were spoiled and indulged by everybody and burdened with costly gifts. All men were on the same plane. There were no distinctions of class or pocket-book. An insult was instantly resented, generally by the use of a deadly weapon. Duels were common, and men of Colonel Starbottle's stamp were admired and respected. This was the wild, reckless life which formed Bret Harte, and this the society which he has perpetuated in literature by his wonderful stories and inexpressibly comic verse.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839. His father was a very learned man who held for many years the chair of Greek in the Albany Seminary. He died when Bret was quite young, leaving very little to his widow and son. Consequently, the boy's education was all obtained in the

Albany public schools. Even this did not last long. In the spring of 1854, Mrs. Harte took her fifteen-year-old son and sailed for California. They arrived safe in San Francisco, and a few days later Bret Harte walked thence to Sonoma, where he started a school.

The school's success was short-lived, but it is probably to this experience of the author that we are indebted for those beautiful child types in his stories, which are a source of endless pleasure to the reader. In *Cressy* we see these children at their best; and where in all fiction can we find the beautiful traits of childhood more truly and sympathetically depicted?

From Sonoma, Harte went to the mines, but in this, also, he was not successful. Then at the age of seventeen, he was appointed tax-collector, and marvellous to relate he managed in that turbulent community to collect the taxes. Where many men had failed, this boy, probably, indeed, on account of his youth, succeeded.

After this he again became a messenger for Wells, Fargo Express Co. The express messenger rode on the stage beside the driver, and his duty was to protect, often by his life, the valuable shipments sent to and from the mining camps. No one has related better than himself the dangers of this calling in those days. Both his predecessor and his successor were injured, one fatally, in conflicts with highway men. Bret Harte, though, seemed to bear a charmed life. In this occupation likely he became acquainted with that heroic race of stage-drivers which he immortalized in *Yuba Bill*.

Some more months were spent in the mines, while all the time his keen intellect was busy absorbing the kaleidoscopic life about him, and then he went back to San Francisco. Here began his acquaintance with the world of letters. In the beginning he worked as a type-setter on one of the papers, and his first articles were composed in type while working at the case. His rise was rapid. In July, 1868, he became editor of the new magazine, *The Overland Monthly*, and in this publication appeared nearly all the works which have made of him a universal favorite.

Much has been said about the kinship which existed between Harte and Dickens. Between them there was, certainly, the most profound sympathy. Each perfectly understood the aims and ambitions of the other. No wonder;

then, that when on July 9, 1870, Dickens died, there should come from far California a tribute of love and respect which has seldom been equalled. It is infinitely touching and simple; such an acknowledgment as one great artist may rightly give to another. Like a great many things Harte wrote, it is cast in the form of an anecdote. It describes the effect which a reading of the doings of "Little Nell" had on the rough miners of the sierras, and concludes with this beautiful stanza:

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

Nothing can show better than does this "spray of Western pine," the love which existed between the two authors. Joaquin Miller thus describes a visit which Bret Harte paid to the tomb of Dickens. "He could not rest till he stood by the grave of Dickens. . . he tried to speak but choked up; tears ran down and fell on the stone as he bowed his bared head very low; his hand trembled as I led him away."

Necessarily, Harte's admiration of Dickens entailed a certain emulation. The critics agree that this imitation of Dickens had a bad effect on Harte. It is responsible for much that is crude and objectionable in his writings, for a sometimes coarse and exaggerated sentiment, and for certain mannerisms in his style. This is true; but beneath the surface surely we can see where he has derived much good from his early readings of Dickens. From him Harte learned to gaze on the underside of life with a pitying eye, and to treat with such charming sentiment and moving pathos the struggles of the erring and unfortunate.

In character also, Harte greatly resembled Dickens. He was a great observer of human nature. The motives and dispositions of men were an open book to him. He caught with ease the little traits which mark out one man from another, and seemed to know, as if by instinct, the springs governing men's actions. This wonderful gift accounts, more than anything else, for the rare naturalness of his fiction. Harte, at his best, never oversteps the modesty of nature, and consequently, the the speech and action of his characters flow naturally. His men and women live.

The highest form, however, of creative power was not Harte's. He never made his characters out of whole cloth. Jack Hamlin, John Oakhurst and Tennessee's Pardner, really

existed in those stirring days and little thought to afford literary material to their youthful comrade. An intimate friend of the author in early Californian days says: "In Sacramento he and I met Colonel Starbottle, who had, of course, another name. He wore a tall silk hat and loosely fitting clothes, and he carried on his left arm by its crooked handle a stout walking-stick. The Colonel was a dignified and benignant figure; in politics he was everybody's friend. A gubernatorial election was pending, and with the friends of Haight he stood at the hotel bar, and as they raised their glasses to their lips, he said: 'Here's to the coming event!' Nobody asked at that stage of the canvass what the coming event would be, and when the good Colonel stood in the same place with the friends of Gorham he gave the same toast, 'The coming event.'" This reads like a page of Bret Harte. We see the breezy and chivalrous Colonel before us in all his unquestioned dignity.

Harte was, above all, an artist. He wrote because it was his nature to write. He had the fine susceptibility and the discriminating vision of the artist. Unfortunately for his fame he possessed, too, something of the indolent soul of the dilettante. He was too self-indulgent for good, sustained effort. His novels therefore are poor. They are lacking in interest and so involved as to be almost incomprehensible. Gabriel Convoy contains some fine passages, but it is disjointed and profuse, and woefully lacking in unity. The denouement, moreover, is most illogical.

But in the realm of the short story, Harte has few peers. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Tennessee's Pardner," Harte's own favorite, will last as long as the English language. They are models in this division of fiction, and their art is so fully concealed that they give the impression of actual happenings. They all abound in that beautiful sentiment of which Harte was a master, and the nature which is not softened and made better by the pathetic lessons they teach must be hardened indeed. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is generally considered his best, and as a triumph of artistic workmanship, it has few equals in all literature. Its sentiment is touching and beautiful, and the whole energy of the writer is bent upon showing the golden sand of tenderness which lies at the bottom of the most turbulent nature.

Harte was a master of satire as well as of sen-

timent. The keen shafts of his ridicule were turned, not against the poor and erring, but against the disciples of that pharisaical "respectability" which is so common in our day. It was well said that he had no respect for "respectability." A striking example of this is his description of the commotion which was caused in a church by the casual appearance there one day of John Oakhurst, the gambler. "Before the service was over it was pretty well understood that 'miserable sinners' meant Mr. Oakhurst. Nor did this mysterious influence fail to affect the officiating clergyman who introduced an allusion to the calling and habits of Mr. Oakhurst in a sermon on the architecture of Solomon's temple, and in a manner so pointed and yet labored as to cause the youngest of us to flame with indignation."

In one way, especially, Bret Harte has surpassed all American authors and is excelled by no writer of any age, and that is by the embodiment of humour in his verse. The best instance of this is the poem popularly called "The Heathen Chinee," but entitled by its author "Plain Language from Truthful James." Too much praise can not be lavished on this work of art. Its immense popularity was fully deserved. Besides being an unrivalled example of dry humour, "The Heathen Chinee" is a marvel of style, and probably for this reason more than for any other, is it destined always to remain fresh and unexcelled. The metre is the one used by Mr. Swinburne in his tragic poem, "Atlanta," and when we place the two side by side the result is inexpressibly ludicrous. I quote it here because of its brevity and because it is probably the most popular thing Bret Harte ever wrote.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh
And said: "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene which ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game 'he did not understand.'

In his sleeves which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

The first sensation upon reading "The Heathen Chinee" is, of course, one of uncontrollable mirth, but on a second reading, the poem impresses us more by the imperishable vigor of its style and the natural flow of its verse. It is sufficient to prove, if nothing else were, that Harte was a great literary artist. It alone would keep his memory green through the ages.

But Harte passed away like the extraordinary life he so ably depicted: without ostentation, almost forgotten. The world is the better, and literature the richer, for his living. In all he wrote there is a golden vein of ennobling sentiment. He never taught a degrading lesson, never sought a mean end. California is particularly indebted to him. He

is the founder and master of her literature, the able portrayer of the thrilling natal period of her history. More than this, he is the only one who has adequately described the wonderful charm of her scenery and the fresh and invigorating shades of her climate. The scent of the cypress and the pines breathes from every poem and story which he wrote. He has put into words the mysterious whisperings of her souging forests and the gay lightness of the tradewinds, dancing on the vacant seas. Every beauty of the snow-capped sierras or the vast undulating prairies has left its imprint on his work, and like the beautiful tribute which he gave to Dickens, the imperishable glory waving ever green over Bret Harte's grave, will be a "spray of Western pine."

Taking a Burglar.

GEORGE E. GORMLEY, '04.

"I've never been scared in my life," was Frank Summer's boast as he walked down the path with his cousin, Tom Green, "and it would take a quick man to get the better of me when I am armed with this," and he produced a revolver with an assumed air of manliness. "I shall have to teach you to shoot, Tom, for you know it's a great thing to be able to defend yourself."

Frank, a boy of sixteen years was spending his vacation in the country. He had so many stories to tell of his exploits that his younger cousin soon began to wonder whether or not his adventures were realities or the outgrowth of a fervent imagination. Several times Frank had bragged of his daring, until finally there came an opportunity to display it.

One evening shortly after the boys had retired, Frank, closely followed by Tom, came bounding down the stairs three steps at a stride. He was but half dressed and his white face and trembling voice showed that he was frightened.

"For Heaven's sake, Frank, what's the matter?" said Mrs. Green as she caught sight of him.

"Oh, auntie," he gasped between breaths, "there—there's a burglar in the house."

"A burglar? nonsense, Frank! You must have made a mistake; I've been in the house all day and no one but ourselves has come near it. You have heard some noise and imagine the rest."

She was a quiet woman of much steadier nerves than many of her sex, and consequently did not scream or faint. Her nephew noticed her apparent unconcern and it irritated him.

"Do you think, aunt Mary, I don't know a man when I see him?"

"But did you see him, Frank?"

"Yes, he's in our room; I just caught a glimpse of his feet under the bed. Oh, where is uncle John," he exclaimed, almost imploringly.

"I shall see if he is awake," said Mrs. Green, going to her husband's room.

"John! John!" she said, as she found the good man in anything but a waking state. A drowsy "What do you want?" was the only response.

"There's a strange man in the house. He's upstairs in the boys' room. Do get up."

She returned to the sitting-room, and was soon followed by her husband, who was evidently not in the best humour upon being aroused from his sleep. After hearing his nephew's story he eyed that gentleman closely as he said:

"Haven't you a revolver, Frank?"

"Why, yes; but I—I left it under my pillow," said Frank, sheepishly, remembering for the first time that he owned such a weapon.

"So it would do no harm, I suppose. Well, get him the rifle, Tom, for we must have this fellow dead or alive. I shall use these," he said bringing out two army horse pistols that looked as if they might have been heirlooms in the family. "Now, Frank, you go upstairs, and I shall see that he does not escape through the window."

"Oh, I'll not go up there alone," said Frank, excitedly; "he might—he might shoot at me."

"Then follow me," and Mr. Green opened the door, and, with a pistol in each hand, slowly ascended the stairway. He was followed by Tom carrying a lamp, for on discovering the intruder Frank had suddenly extinguished the light in the room. Trembling, clutching the rifle, Frank brought up the rear.

"Come out of that room or I'll blow out your brains," commanded Mr. Green halting on the landing near the open bedroom door.

There was no response.

"Oh, don't shoot, Uncle," whispered Frank from the stand he had taken half way up the stairs.

Mr. Green and Tom, cautiously followed by Frank, now entered the room and looked about. No one was to be seen. The room was

undisturbed and no evidence of the intruder's mode of entrance was visible. Then going over to the other side of the room Mr. Green stopped, suddenly seized by the heels and drew from under the bed a—pair of boots.

"Is that your robber, Frank? You had better bind him to prevent his escape and to keep him from frightening the children."

The laugh that followed the discovery added to Frank's discomfiture, and it was some time before he forgot his chagrin and joined in the mirth produced at his expense. He has often wondered how those boots found their way under that bed, nor did he fail to suspect Tom of being able to throw some light on the matter.

Korner's "Zriny."

MATHIAS J. OSWALD.

True poets are in our day what the prophets were of old:
Upon the wings of poetry a fallen nation shall rise again.
—Körner.

The poet's mission is a twofold one: to teach and to amuse. It is for him to make us know everything that is beautiful, noble and elevating in human nature, and avoid everything that is mean or debasing. Hence in judging the merits of a poetic work, we must not only look whether it is expressed in artistic language, but if it is conducive to raise the moral standard of mankind. "The proper sphere of poetry," says Schlegel, "seems to be a representation of the eternal, the ever-important, the universally beautiful; but for this a material basis, a veil, legendary or national reminiscences, is required. In her representation of these, poetry transfers the rich treasures of the present, and since she explains the enigma of existence and the intricacies of life, as far as they are capable of solution, whilst prefiguring the bright glory of all things in her magic mirror, she reflects the lustre of the future, the dawning streaks of approaching spring.

That Theodore Körner was lost in such noble aspirations concerning the power of poetry may be seen from even the least of his productions; but in an especial manner is this true of his great tragedy, "Zriny." When studying this—probably the boy-poet's dramatic masterpiece—we are unconsciously drawn to compare the poet's characters with ourselves; to note our own deficiencies, to

love and imitate all that is good and beautiful, and to abhor and avoid all that is otherwise. As each new day dawns upon the bard we hear him sing in these sweet strains:

In des Liedes heil'gen Tönen
Und im Morgen-glanz des Schönen
Fliegt die Seele himmelwärts.

"Zriny" is a historical play that takes us back to the scenes of terror and desolation of 1566. Shortly after the siege of Malta, Soliman the Great, bent upon overthrowing Christianity, presented himself with an immense army before the walls of Szigeth, a small but well-fortified town of Hungary. The defense of this fortress had been entrusted by the Emperor Maximilian to the intrepid Count Nicolas Zriny, with his garrison of three thousand men. For two months, history tells us, these noble defenders of their faith and of their country successfully beat back the indomitable Soliman with his hundred and fifty thousand Janizaries. Firm as a rock stood the three thousand even to the last man, while Soliman suffered a loss of upwards of thirty thousand. Count Zriny and his undaunted followers had pledged themselves by a solemn oath, if they could not conquer, at least to die together in defense of their religion and their country; and never in the history of the world has it been known that so generous a promise was better or more resolutely fulfilled.

This much history afforded to the poet, but in "Zriny" he far more than compensated her for these few bare facts which she laid at his disposal, both by the artistic execution of the whole and still more by that limpidity which he drew from his own spring. Nor can it be said that in this play the poet is less original than in his other works; to me it seems that he has displayed this great power of his in a much higher degree than in all his other poems, "Rosamunde" excepted. The lasting merit, nay the very life of "Zriny," lies not in what the poet took but in what he gave us. We can not read a single scene without being lost in wonder at the marvellous power and grandeur with which he fuses the tender delicacies of a heroine and the manly vigor of a hero.

The first scene of the drama introduces to the reader the great Soliman and the chief characters of his party. No other occasion could have been better suited to produce the highest possible effect. The poet characterizes the Sultan in a few expressive traits.

"What is there impossible,"—the latter addresses his generals whom the very name Zriny had filled with terror and consternation—"what is there impossible when Soliman wills it?"

He stands forth headstrong of purpose, a deity, absolute master of life and death of his soldiers. While marching triumphantly through conquered towns and villages, the soldiers kept their arrows pointed at open doors and windows that no one of the inhabitants might "boast of having looked down upon the divine Soliman."

But Soliman is not the poet's hero; he is a worthy counter-player whom we admire the more because he serves to bring before us, in so lively a manner, a Greek Leonidas, a Roman Regulus, nay more, a Nicolas Zriny. The very name implies much; with it, we associate all that is noble and sacred to every heart: an ardent love of country, a yearning for the welfare of his compatriots, and above all an undying faith in God whose honour and name he had undertaken to defend. There is little to be wondered at then that the poet should dwell with such mildness and love on everything that pertains to his hero. And this devotion shows itself in every word that he puts into the mouth of Zriny. The language, the choice of words, the simplicity of the man in general, breathe a calmness and serenity of soul that can be found in but a few.

Zriny is a true hero, not a mere daring warrior whom the world, alas! too often mistakes for a hero. He defends his position with a strength of intense love and a faith that his cause is a holy one, that communicates itself to all those around him, but especially to Eva, his wife, Helen, his daughter, and to Juranitsch, the lover of Helen. These, too, command our highest respect and love, because, like their worthy leader, they maintain that self-possession and tranquillity which only those who know that their cause is just, and that a God above is pleased with their work, are at such a time able to maintain. The delineation of Eva is above all well defined. In her we see combined all the tenderness and devotion of which a woman's heart is capable, and the strength of a hero,—a martyr for the highest cause.

It is well to remember that one of Körner's great powers lay in the characterization of woman; he could read the innermost secrets of her heart, and recognize her dignity. It may be contended that he put woman on too

high a pedestal; but for this we may account in either of two ways: first because, as we may easily learn from his life and letters, he had himself a sublime idea of woman, or because he wished to oppose or counteract the evil tendency of a few other dramas of the day, in which for no other sake than scenic effect woman's heart had been mercilessly distorted.

One step, however, the poet made in our present play for which he has been much censured, and, I think, justly. We know the fate that will inevitably befall the fortress; but six hundred are left, fighting for their God and their home. A safe way of escape is offered to our two heroines, but they bravely refuse, declaring that they are ready to die with those that they dearly love. Just before the final battle,—rather slaughter,—there is a scene between Helen and Juranitsch which is very painful. Rather than fall into the hands of the Turk to be carried off a slave, Helen entreats her beloved to take pity on her, to give her a speedy and sweet death. After a long and severe interior struggle, the youth is conquered and grants her her request in the gentle manner in which she had desired it. Though this might show a weakness of heart, and though it certainly is horrible to behold, yet we are quieted and rather pleased when a little later we hear him speak of her to the count and countess: "She has gone home where she is now in company with holy angels twining garlands wherewith to crown us who are soon to meet her."

A Pastel of Friendship.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

Nearly every morning on my way to the office I saw Willie Johnson playing with his dog, Prince. When the weather permitted, the two could be seen running about the yard, Prince in pursuit of Willie. Oftentimes the big St. Bernard would run into the little fellow and upset him. In case one of these trifling accidents occurred, the dog would lay his big shaggy paw on Willie's chest and look playfully down into his little master's face with round, inquiring eyes. Then when the boy, after a brief period of make-believe unconsciousness, would jump up, Prince's demonstrations of joy almost led to another upsetting.

Again I would see them in winter days tumbling each other in the snow, one seeming to enjoy the sport as much as the other. Sometimes Willie would hitch Prince to a sled and then jingle around the yard like a Russian nobleman. When the weather was very severe I could see two white noses flattened against the frosty window-pane, and I knew that Willie and Prince were fretting at their enforced confinement.

Master and dog were the most attached friends. Willie was contented with his big playmate even to the exclusion of boys of his own age, and Prince, faithful old fellow, was perfectly happy in the company of his master. In view of these circumstances, imagine my surprise one evening on passing the Johnson home to see Willie standing listlessly on the porch watching a strange man who was fastening a chain to Prince's collar. The little fellow's eyes were red, and as the stranger gave the dog a vigorous punch to make him hold up his head Willie's lip trembled.

"Hello, Willie, what's going to become of Prince?"

"Papa sold him," he replied simply, and his big eyes began to glisten.

I didn't ask why papa sold the dog; he no doubt had a reason for doing so, but I knew that the boy was at a loss to account for it all. To him there could be no reason why he should part with his playmate; he measured the value of the dog by the love he had for it, and surely this could be bartered for no money.

Prince, as well as his master, seemed to feel the parting; he stood with his tail drooping and his head hanging heavily forward. Willie went over to him and stroked the big dog's shaggy head. "You won't forget, old fellow, will you?"

The dog looked at the little fellow with mild, wide eyes that appeared to hold a promise in them; he licked the caressing hand,—it was the only way he had of speaking—then, after a lingering look, slowly and reluctantly, he followed his new master.

I stood for a few minutes trying to console the boy, but my words had no effect. He didn't seem to know I was talking. I walked on, and when about a block away I turned and looked back Willie was still hanging on the gate steadily gazing down the street where the twilight was closing on the figure of a man and a St. Bernard dog.

Varsity Verse.

TO A FIREFLY.

ERRATIC wanderer of the breathless night,
Soft point of fire that fitfully doth glow,
As without aim thou flittest to and fro
Like some demented, Juno-smitten wight,
Thou ne'er dost dream that while thy flashing light
Discloses many things that thou wouldst know,
To other creatures near, it serves to show.
How purposeless and wayward is thy flight.

I marvel not that thou, a senseless thing,
Should wander thus nor care that others see;
But that a man intelligent and free,
With clamorous tongue incessantly should ring
The idle changes of an idle mind,—
A greater wonder sure is hard to find.

H. M.

EVENING SONG.

The narrowing sun burns red
And the heliotrope turns gray,
The purple tints are dead,
Speedily fades the day.

Anon the blue clouds break
While I watch the pale sun sink;
His last beam kisses the lake
And the water flushes pink.

The argent moon is high
A peerless archer she,
Fixing the star-full sky,
The earth and me.

C. L. O'D.

THE CROCUS.

Upward through the crisped earth,
Springing like a pleasant thought;
Fairest flower of the spring,
Fairy hands thy beauty wrought!

Crocus-bud! thou com'st to cheer
Ere the trace of frost has fled,
Wreathed in glory, deftly spun,
On thy beauty-laden head.

Sign of hope! from nature's death
Risest thou with spring's first sighs,—
Out of death, we'll rise to life,
Glorious in Paradise.

J. L. M.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Was it your voice I heard
Or a slumb'ring note that stirred
In my brain?

Did I see your gentle face
Or an angel's image trace
At the pane?

Strange—these thoughts that come
When twilight through my room
Creeps again.

Ah, voice forever gone,
Ah, face I'll gaze upon
Ne'er again.

P. MacD.

The History of a Raindrop.

J. L. CARRICO, '03

"My history!" said the raindrop; "you have no idea how much you have requested. To give you my history, and I suppose you mean by that my experiences, would require far more time than I have just now at my disposal. However, if Mother Nature will allow me to tarry that long I shall give you an outline of my past.

"Very many ages ago, some six thousand years it is generally reckoned by me, I was given my existence by the Creator and placed in the service of his handmaid, Nature. During all the years and centuries that have elapsed since then I have shifted about over the world always visiting new portions and revisiting the old. I travel, as you know, under different forms. Ordinarily, I go as you see me now; but for quick and easy moving I dissolve into vapor and mount the winds, or, if I desire a rest, I find some nice cool spot and turn into a solid.

"Thus I have journeyed, and more than once, to the ends of the earth. There is not a continent, scarcely an island, that I have not visited at one time or another. I have travelled over and through, above and below seas, and fields, and forests, and hills, and valleys, and mountains, and deserts, so often that I have a picture of them all in my memory. I know the channel of the great rivers of the world just as you know the turns and stretches of the roads through the country. I have made the long trip down the Nile, the Euphrates, the Tiber, the Thames, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Amazon; time and again have I coursed down your own great Missouri and Mississippi, sometimes all the way from their sources.

"I have visited towns and cities in every country and in every age. Among the many, Jerusalem, Athens, Carthage, London, Paris; nor am I a stranger in your modern New York and Chicago; I have been through their factories, shops, hotels, even private residences.

"You imagine, perhaps, that during so many and varied wanderings I have never had a moment's rest in one place. But I have. Once I was lodged for more than a century on a frozen peak of the Alps. It seems that I was fated to remain there for all time, but with a snow-slide I glided down into the warm sunshine and started again into active life.

And then for years and years at a time I have rolled around idly on the waves of the ocean. Nor must you think that my travels have been mere pleasure-trips. It would take a long time to review in detail the good that I have done. I have served men day after day, month after month, and year after year; I have quenched their thirst, and washed their faces; I have helped to grow the grass, the grain and the trees of the forest; I have helped to draw the long trains that wind over the plains and through the mountains, to bear the heavy-laden ships across the broad seas, to extinguish the flames of the burning city—in a word, I have served you in every way that water may.

"Oh yes! I have done some harm too. I was part, a small part to be sure, but none the less a part, of the Deluge that swept man, beast, and every living thing from the face of the earth. I saw the Ark as it floated quietly and securely on the crest of the flood. I saw the waters close over the head of the last survivor of the wicked race. I do not always come as I did in the gentle shower this afternoon; but often in the raging tempest, often in the storm of snow and hail, sometimes in the cloud-burst that breaks forth, flooding, drowning and carrying everything away before it. At one time I am flying about as the soft, light snowflake; before long I am rushing with the wild and noisy torrent; very soon again I am babbling in the glistening brook, or oozing up from under ground in the cool spring; but amid all the chances and changes always remaining the same. and so shall I remain till the end of time. How long that will be I know not. Possibly my end will come to-morrow, or, perhaps my life is just begun. But however long or short the time, I shall play my part as best I can.

"Hark! Dame Nature is calling me now. Do you hear the whistling of the zephyrs over there among the trees? That means that I am needed elsewhere. I have been allowed to remain longer than I had thought. But do not think that I have told you all, or half, or even a hundredth part. It is only an extract from my diary. Good-bye."

—◆—

THERE are so many shames, in the world, shames not at all amusing, that you may see no harm in adding to the number. "If I don't do it," you may argue, "some one else will." Undoubtedly; but *why should you do it?*—*Andrew Lang.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The Most Reverend Archbishop Christie of Oregon is expected to arrive in time to officiate at the closing of the retreat. We hope nothing will prevent his coming. The students of Notre Dame are never happier than when the prelate of the far northwest is with them.

—Professor Ira N. Hollis, a contributor to the October *Atlantic*, is of the opinion that the student who takes an active part in inter-collegiate athletics can not do as much work as the one devoting all his time to study. The professor thinks that the six weeks of football during the fall is time thrown away so far as the class-room is concerned, for although members of the team attend lectures regularly, their minds are on signals and plays for the next game or practice. In addition to this, the successful athlete finds himself a natural leader in the social life of the college, which involves a still further loss of time. These statements seemingly have much weight, yet we find that the player of football or baseball is generally a success as a student. Because of the open-air exercise his health is better, his mind clearer, and he can apply himself more effectively to study. Thus he is able to profit more in a given time than his fellows who are strangers to the gridiron or the diamond. The stringent rules now in force in most of our colleges make it obligatory on the candidate for athletic honours

to first attain a certain class standard, and afterwards to pass creditably the class examinations. The few that have suffered through these enactments is a proof that college athletics are for most students no serious hindrance.

—Although the process of development in human beings and their institutions may be gradual, yet there are certain periods and certain points of time in the history of each that seem to mark in an especial manner the advancements from stage to stage. Such a day in the history of our neighbor institution, St. Mary's Academy, was last Saturday, which witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of St. Angela's Hall. The new building, which is to be devoted to young women seeking higher education, may well be regarded as an important milestone in the march of St. Mary's toward pre-eminence among Catholic academies.

The ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone were conducted by the Right Reverend Bishop Alerding, of Fort Wayne. Very Reverend President Morrissey of the University made the address, congratulating the Sisters on this happy realization of their fondest hopes, and reminding the young ladies that they who now enjoy the privileges and advantages of an institution such as St. Mary's should not forget the sacrifices and disinterestedness that were necessary to make the Academy what it is.

The new building is really the centrepiece in the architectural scheme of St. Mary's, and in it will be located the reception parlor and general offices.

—Repeatedly we hear of "secrets of success," but these have been written about so often that they no longer deserve the name. The true secret of success is the right use of the present. How often it happens that an hour, a day, perhaps even a week, glides by and at the end we have accomplished nothing. We are generally well supplied with good intentions, and we realize that it is a duty to use our time profitably, yet we fail. We fail because we have not learned to appreciate properly the *hic et nunc*. Present moments may seem insignificant, but our lives are made up of them. One good stroke here and now is worth more than all the proposed triumphs of the future.

—Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie says one becomes interested in the classics, as in everything else, by acquaintance deepening into friendship and finally into love. This acquaintance sometimes is slow to be formed; in foreign tongues it takes years to enter the circle of acquaintance, but this compensates with the satisfaction of a lifelong friendship. And, after all, no one yet who has taken the pains to know the classics has ever said that those pains were not eminently worth while. "A book, like a picture, must be studied before it can be enjoyed to the full; or at least one must have studied other books before one perceives all the quality and charm of the unfamiliar book."

The Gaelic Revival.

Amid the rush of modern progress, it is difficult to see how a people can halt and look back over the road trodden by their ancestors more than a century ago. Yet, in the last few years, a people has done this. Wales, Scotland and Ireland had lost nearly every note of the language of their forefathers, and were awkwardly struggling with the tongue of the conqueror, until a few years ago, some one pointed a finger across the centuries and showed that language all but dead. The people paused, examined, studied and began to use the speech that for so long had not been heard. At the present day in Dublin and Belfast, two of Ireland's most anglicised cities; in Dundee, one of the most flourishing seats of industry in Scotland; and all over Wales, the old Gaelic tongue is spoken almost as generally as the English. Gaelic operas and plays are acted on the stage; Gaelic sermons preached in the churches; and, while English is not neglected, students are given a thorough course in Gaelic in all the principal schools and colleges. The movement has spread even to this country and has received a new impetus. A chair of Gaelic has been founded the Catholic University of America. In all our principal cities, schools for the teaching of Gaelic have been established. Notre Dame, not to be backward in so good a cause, placed Gaelic on the curriculum this year. A competent teacher has charge of the classes, and every opportunity is given the student to become thoroughly acquainted with a language which was once styled, "the softest tongue in Europe."

Notre Dame Defeats Indiana.

WE WIN THE FIRST GAME OF THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Notre Dame won the first game of the Championship series last Saturday at Bloomington from the heavy team of the University of Indiana. It was expected that we would win the game, but by a close margin, and this, as the score seems to indicate, was what happened. The score, however, does not tell the whole story, as we outplayed Indiana at every stage of the game in the second half, and but for fumbles and offside plays, would have scored a few more touchdowns. In the first half, the play was more on even turns, as Notre Dame players, still feeling stiff after the long ride, did not have their usual vim and dash.

In the second half, however, our fellows braced and gave an exhibition of football that has seldom been seen on Jordan Field. I. U. did not make a first down during this half, and had to content themselves with punting whenever they got the ball. Our defense in the early part of the game was ragged, but later on it improved. Salmon and Doar, as usual, were the heroes of the game. The former broke through the Indiana line several times for long gains, twice for touchdowns, while Doar distinguished himself by his defensive work, and by a fifty-yard run through a crowded field. McDermott also came in for some long runs. Nyere's tackling, Shaughnessy's running back of punts, and the all-around work of Salmon and Doar were the features of the game. For Indiana, Clevenger, Knight, and Markel were the stars.

THE GAME.

Indiana kicked off to Salmon who returned it forty yards before being downed. After a few plays the ball was fumbled, and I. U. secured it. After making twenty yards around end, I. U. failed to gain, and the ball was given to our fellows on our fifty-yard line. Salmon broke through left tackle, and eluding the speedy Clevenger carried the ball forty yards to a touchdown. Doar kicked goal. Indiana again kicked off to Salmon, and our gallant captain returned it to the middle of the field before he was stopped. Here the ball was given over to I. U. for holding. Short gains by Clevenger and Knight brought the ball to our goal where I. U. secured its only touchdown after a brill-

iant resistance, The whistle blew soon after with the ball in our possession on Indiana's thirty-yard line. Score—Notre Dame, 6; Indiana, 5.

In the second half Furlong replaced Gillen at guard and Cullinan went into tackle instead of Fansler. Salmon tried a boomerang trick on the kick off, but an I. U. player fell on it. Three attempts to gain against our line proved useless, and Clevenger was forced to punt. Shaughnessy returned it twenty yards. Then our fellows carried the ball down the middle of the field when Salmon punted, but it was brought back and given to Indiana for holding. Again I. U. was forced to punt. Shaughnessy carried it back thirty-five yards, and on next play Salmon hit tackle for thirty yards. Doar, McDermott and Salmon carried the ball to the twenty-five yard line. Our men were penalized for offside play, and Salmon tried a drop kick, but the ball fell short, Clevenger making a fair catch on I. U.'s five yard line. He then punted to Nyere who brought it back twenty.

I. U. got ball for holding and punted thirty yards more. Shaughnessy returned it twenty-five. On a fake full-back plunge Doar took ball and carried it fifty-five yards to Indiana's ten-yard line. On next play, ball was lost on fumble and I. U. punted. Next line-up Salmon broke through tackle and carried ball to third yard line and was shoved over for touchdown on next play. No goal. During the remainder of the half, ball remained in our possession, and time was called with ball on thirty-five yard line. Score, Notre Dame, 11; Indiana, 5.

THE LINE-UP:

INDIANA (5)		NOTRE DAME (11)
Lockridge, Ross	L E	Nyere
Hillman	L T	Cullinan, Fansler
Schmidt	L G	Furlong, Gillen
Markle	C	O'Malley
Railsbach	R G	Steiner
Baulkes, Jones	R T	Desmond
Schackelton	R E	Loneragan
Briesback	Q B	McGlew, Shaughn'y
Clevenger	L H	Doar
Caval, McCann	R H	McDermott
Knight, Litelle	F B	Salmon

Time of halves—25 and 30. Referee—Henry, Chicago. Umpire—Hall, Illinois. Touchdowns—Salmon, 2; Clevenger. Goals from touchdown, Doar.

* *

Notre Dame played a good, square and fair gentlemanly game at all times, and nothing can be said that will detract from her victory. Hers is a great team, else it could never have withstood the terrible onslaughts of the

Indiana men, who, knowing that they had never been defeated on Jordon Field, played to their limit.

If Indiana should never win a game from her rivals after such playing, there could not be the slightest reason for complaining.—*The (Indiana) Daily Student*.

Indiana lost to Notre Dome Saturday by one of the hardest and most spectacular contests ever witnessed on Jordon Field.... Indiana clearly outplayed Notre Dame, especially in the first half and had Salmon been out of the game we would have had no trouble in winning. He was responsible for their scores as he broke away from the line twice for a run of twenty yards for a touchdown. The Varsity and other competent judges charge Referee Henry with partiality. Indiana was frequently penalized for offside plays, and at one time when Clevenger had a clear field and was going for a touchdown the whistle sounded, and Indiana lost five yards more for an alleged offside—*The (Indiana) Daily Student*.

Trojans, 19; Benton Harbour, 0.

The Carroll Hall Trojans again demonstrated their superiority over the Benton Harbour second eleven by easily defeating them on Cartier Field Wednesday afternoon. The Trojans played a remarkably fast game for little fellows, and their cleverness took the visitors completely off their guard. The latter made some gains at times, but not consistently enough to give them any chance of scoring.

The bright stars of the game were C. Winter, Jasper Lawton, Bosler, Pryor and Usera for the Trojans, and Keller and Beyers for Benton Harbour. Lawton and Pryor made several long runs, and the former also distinguished himself by his tackling. Bosler was a tower of strength to the Trojans, both on offense and defense. The three backs did some good work carrying the ball; in fact, the whole team played good football. The visitors also displayed brilliant team-work at times, but the vim and dash of the Trojans proved too much for them.

LINE-UP.

Trojans		Benton Harbour
Lawton	L E	Rowe
Bosler	L T	Simons
Harrington	L G	Armstrong
Ehrke	C	Pike
Hackman	R G	Maffat
Riley	R T	Bacon
Pryor	R E	Gore
A. Winter	Q	Boswell
Usera	R H	Keller
W. Winter	L H	Eldred
C. Winter	F B	Beyers

Touchdowns—Winter, Lawton, Bosler. Goals from touchdown—Usera, 2. Safety—Boswell. Time—25 and 20. Referee, O'Reilly. Umpire, Maypole. Timers, Wagner, Clarke. Linesmen, Giggles, Houtenany. J. P. O'R.

Inter-Hallers Defeat Michigan Champions.

The Benton Harbour team, proud of its victories over Northwestern scrubs, Detroit and many other teams, went down in defeat before the plucky Inter-Hall team last Saturday. From the kick off until the time when Benton Harbour left the field, saying they had to catch a train, both teams fought stubbornly. By this act the Inter-Hallers were robbed of another touchdown as the ball was on Benton Harbour's ten-yard line.

Both teams played the best ball of their career, but the fast, snappy work of the Inter-Hall backs was too much for the Michigan boys. Our boys played with a vim that was remarkable, every man getting into the play, and by their "help along" tactics many an extra yard was gained. Benton Harbour played a good offensive game, Armstrong and L. Bauschke being particularly strong. Busby, while he was in the game made several good runs.

Opfergelt kicked off and Sheehan fell on the ball when Benton Harbour fumbled. Then a succession of line bucks, in which Stephan, Dillon and Hogan figured, took the ball to the ten-yard line where B. H. secured it on downs. They carried it back twenty yards before our boys stopped them and got the ball on downs. A quarter-back followed, and N. D. secured the ball. This play was a new one on both the Michigan players and their official, and fifteen minutes elapsed before they could be persuaded that it was a regular play. A few more bucks put the ball on Benton Harbour's yard line, and Opfergelt carried it over. Stephan kicked goal. Score, 6-0.

Benton Harbour fought gamely during the rest of the half, and once had the ball on our fifteen-yard line when they lost it for offside play.

The Michigan team strengthened by Busby started things with a rush in the second half. Plunges by Armstrong and L. Bauschke and runs by Busby put our goal in danger, but the Inter-Hallers held and Opfergelt punted and the ball rolled to Benton-Harbour's twenty-yard line. The game closed soon after this with the ball in the Inter-Hallers' possession.

The work of the Inter-Hall linemen on the defensive was much better than in previous games, but was rather slow. But on offensive, the whole team worked together like a machine. Dillon, Petritz and Hogan made

good gains around the ends, which gains Opfergelt also repeated. O'Reilly, Stephan and O'Phelan were in the game all the time. Stephan made one of the most brilliant plays ever witnessed on Cartier Field. The ball was kicked out from behind the goal, and Maypole heeled it, but a second later he accidentally dropped it to the ground, and the ball was declared in play. The Inter-Hallers stood dumfounded, but Stephan rushed up, and as Maypole raised the ball from the ground, he kicked it squarely between the goal posts amidst loud applause. All in all, the team is improving and should finish the season with a clear record.

LINE-UP:

INTER-HALL		BENTON HARBOUR
Petritz	R E	Lester
Stephan	R T	A. Bauschke
O'Reilly	R G	Handy
Medley	C	Corling
Sheehan	L G	Mazaw
O'Phelan	L T	Lee
Maypole	Q	Allen
Dillon	R H	Busby, Green
Opfergelt	L H	L. Bauschke
Hogan	F B	Armstrong

Touchdown—Opfergelt. Goal from Touchdown—Stephan. Time, 25 minute halves. Umpire—McChesney. Referee—Kirby. R. R. C.

Book Notes.

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES. Two Volumes. By the Rev. John McQuirk, D. D., LL. D. Pustet & Co.

Charles James Fox once said to a friend who was praising an oration of Pitt's, "Does it read well in the *Gazette*? If it reads well I know it was not a great oration." But Fox was fond of epigram, and an epigram is "truth standing on tiptoe" to make itself seen. Every reader will doubtless remember discourses which thrilled and inspired when they were spoken, and which even the dull expanse of the printed page could not deprive of magnetism.

The work under review affords abundant evidence that literary form aids rather than impedes a discourse in its work of teaching, persuading and moving. In these two goodly volumes we have fifty sermons, all marked with the scholarly spirit, yet full of the unction of the saints, admirable in their literary form, yet no less admirable in the zealous spirit which permeates them. The themes are those usual to the Catholic pulpit; the matter of the discourses is solid and practical. Those who from sickness or other causes

are prevented from attending Mass on Sundays or holydays, should make a practice of reading one such sermon as these during the Mass hour. Similarly, country folk who have no resident pastor and can hear Mass only occasionally would do well to possess themselves of a copy of these sermons. Indeed, we should say that pastors themselves would find them suggestive and helpful in preparing the Sunday discourse. The volumes are well printed and well bound, and are for sale by the author at 127 E. 117 St., New York. Price \$3.50 per vol.

—Among the various magazines that have come to us for review at the opening of the SCHOLASTIC's new year we notice with pleasure the *Medical Record*. The *Record* maintains the high standing of former years, and we find its pages replete with articles interesting and instructive. The initial article in the current number, entitled "Rational or Dietetic Treatment of Bright's Disease Contrasted with Surgical Intervention" by Wm. H. Porter, M. D., is an exhaustive one on the subject. Bright's Disease and its relations to the kidneys with the anatomy and physiological functions of these important vital organs are clearly explained.

There are five full pages of editorials on live medical topics and extended accounts are given of the doings in various medical associations under the heading of "Society Reports."

Medical men need not be told that this magazine always contains a wealth of information with clear-cut illustrations, and for the general reader there can always be found news of more than ordinary interest.

Personals.

—Mr. Frank Confer, A. B. '97, was recently admitted to the Bar in Altoona, Pa.

—Mr. Wm. Dechend, B. S. '79, who represents P. J. Sorg in Middleton, Ohio, was a welcome guest of the University recently.

—Mr. William Carrell, student '94-'95, has been appointed superintendent of a wholesale grocery business at Johnstown, Pa.

—Mr. Thad. M. Talcott, Jr., South Bend, Ind., Republican candidate for state representative, visited the University during the past week.

—Mr. Timothy Ansbury, Law '80, who is prosecuting attorney at Defiance, Ohio, paid a visit to his many friends at Notre Dame during the past week.

—Rev. John McNamara, A. B. '97, who is at present chaplain of St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Albuquerque, New Mexico, recently was visited by several old students.

—Reverend Edward J. Murphy, of the archdiocese of Oregon, accompanies Archbishop Christie on a visit to the University; all his old friends will be glad to see him.

—Recent visitors to St. Edward's Hall were; Mrs. L. Altheimer and Mrs. L. Lewis, of Pine Bluffs; Mrs. G. H. Gasman, Mrs. A. M. Robinson, Mrs. B. Flook, Mr. S. Lowenthal, Mr. T. Conway, Dr. McHugh, and Mrs. G. H. Kemper, all of Chicago.

—Visitors to the University during the past week were: Mrs. F. M. Farwell, Chicago; Mr. E. P. Yarsdorfer South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Gaffney, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Mayme E. Kiefe, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Marabel Ryan, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Katharine Yarsdorfer, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Adelaide Walsh, Chicago, Mr. Hudson, Waukegan, Mich.; Mr. Charles Walsh, Chicago.

—Mr. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labour, was appointed auditor of the Arbitration Committee, and President Roosevelt in his address to the committee appointed Charles P. Neill, A. M., '93, as one of two assistants to Mr. Wright. Dr. Neill was for many years a student at Notre Dame and afterwards taught with distinguished success until he accepted a professorship in the Catholic University in 1899.

—We quote the following from Mr. William Curtis' letter on "Young College Men in Politics," published in the *Chicago Record-Herald* of October 28, 1902.

Martin P. McFadden was born in Chicago in 1874. His father, Michael J. McFadden, is a substantial business man, having been engaged in the grocery business for the last thirty years. Martin McFadden was prepared for college in the public schools, and graduated from the University of Notre Dame with the degrees of B. L. '93 and LL. M. '94. He was associate editor of the SCHOLASTIC, the collegiate weekly, and was secretary of the Varsity Athletic Association for four terms. He was admitted to practice as a lawyer by the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1895, and is also a member of the bar of Indiana.

His keen interest in politics is manifested by his activity in several political clubs. He is a member of the County Democracy, the regular Ward Club, the Tilden Democracy, and is secretary of the Young Men's Democratic precinct organization of the Fifth ward. He was a charter organizer and sachem of the Tammany Society of Chicago while residing in Hyde Park. In 1897 Mayor Harrison appointed Mr. McFadden assistant city prosecuting attorney, which position he filled for three years, when he resigned to resume private practice. He has been honored by his party as a delegate to the aldermanic city, county, judiciary and state conventions. Last spring the democratic advisory committee, of which Judge Tuley is chairman, commended Mr. McFadden as a suitable candidate and first choice for legislative honors in the ninth senatorial district, and recently Austin J. Doyle, chairman of the democratic executive committee, assigned him to a place on the committee on speakers and halls in the present campaign.

T. D. L.

Local Items.

—Notre Dame has grown big enough to have a direct railroad of her own. Full account of its completion last Thursday in our next issue.

—The Curator of the University Museum of Natural History wishes to thank the Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., student in the Catholic University, at Washington, for a fine collection of Mycetozoa collected by him in the District of Columbia. The reverend gentleman may rest assured that his kindness is highly appreciated by those in Science Hall who know the great care and pains required to bring together such a large collection of those microscopic children of life. We trust the reverend gentleman will find time to further augment this collection so fairly begun.

—GYMNASIUM NOTICE—Students interested in their physical development would do well to visit the gymnasium. Here are machines well calculated to assist in making narrow chests broader, in straightening the bending back, in lifting the drooping shoulders and in making the whole figure vigorous and symmetrical. By making use of the opportunities afforded here, one can keep in the very best possible trim for the work of life. If your studies press heavily, let us put you in a condition that will enable you to bear them lightly. If you are determined to win in life's race, here is the place to train successfully. Let us invigorate your physique, so that in the weeks of hard work to come, your brain will be active and your mind bright, thus enabling you to master your studies with greater success and certainty. Classes in physical culture will be resumed on Monday, November 3d, for members of the Minim department and on Tuesday for senior students. Regulation suits must be worn by all students taking exercise in the gymnasium. Further particulars may be obtained by applying at the students' office. The following are the hours for gymnastic work:—

Students of Sorin, Corby, and Brownson Halls:

Tuesday—3 to 4.30 p. m.
Wednesday—3 to 4.30 p. m.
Thursday—2 to 3.30 p. m.
Friday—3 to 4.30 p. m.
Saturday—2.30 to 3.50 p. m.
Sunday—3 to 4.30 p. m.

Students of Carroll Hall:

Sunday—3.45 to 5.00 p. m.
Tuesday—9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Wednesday—9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Thursday—3.30 to 5.00 p. m.
Friday—9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Saturday—9.30 to 11.00 a. m.

Students of St. Edward's Hall:

Monday—3.30 to 4.30 p. m.
Monday—4.30 to 5.30 p. m.

Students Registered for the Fall Examinations,
October, 24-25.

SORIN HALL.

L. M. Antoine, V. M. Arana, F. L. Baer, F. J. Barry, E. R. Battle, J. J. Battle, L. E. Best, H. E. Brown, F. P. Burke, L. J. Carey, E. D. Collins, C. P. Conboy, Francis Conboy, H. V. Crumley, J. J. Cullinan, W. M. Daly, H. H. Davitt, F. X. DeLahunty, D. C. Dillon, J. F. Dinnen, J. L. Doar, T. L. Donnelly, John W. Dubbs, James A. Dubbs, L. J. Dwan, B. R. Enriquez, F. R. Fack, B. S. Fahey, J. A. Fahey, G. A. Farabaugh, L. M. Fetherston, N. R. Furlong, J. M. Gaffney, R. U. Gali, W. K. Gardiner, E. J. Gavigan, W. J. Gearin, M. M. Gomez, O. D. Green, C. A. Gorman, G. E. Gormley, E. T. Hammer, Ernest E. Hammer, T. A. Hammer, R. E. Hanley, W. P. Higgins, H. G. Hogan, Harry Hoover, F. B. Hughes, J. M. Jenkins, V. G. Jones, C. P. Kahler, F. J. Kasper, B. V. Kanaley, J. R. Kelly, D. T. Keeley, J. L. Lamprey, F. J. Loughran, I. F. Lomelin, L. H. Luken, R. E. Lynch, T. D. Lyons, R. C. Maher, W. I. Manier, J. J. Meyers, L. I. Mulvey, P. J. MacDonough, G. F. McCullough, F. H. McKeever, J. H. Neeson, G. L. Nyere, J. J. O'Connor, P. W. O'Grady, D. K. O'Malley, F. J. Petritz, E. F. Quigley, J. M. Quinlan, J. D. Quinn, V. N. Rayneri, E. P. Rayneri, P. F. Rebillot, F. Rincon, L. J. Salmon, F. J. Shaughnessy, J. F. Shea, M. J. Shea, F. A. Smoger, J. W. Stanford, G. T. Stanford, A. E. Steiner, A. C. Stephan, R. V. Stephan, R. J. Sweeney, J. L. Toohey, R. A. Trevino, J. R. Voigt, E. C. Wurzer, G. F. Ziegler, H. W. Zolper.

CORBY HALL.

F. Allende, F. P. Bailey, J. J. Bailey, A. J. Barry, H. N. Boscowitz, H. J. Boos, F. C. Brent, R. W. Briscoe, R. J. Burns, P. V. Butler, J. C. Campbell, I. Canedo, E. O. Canedo, F. Cano, I. Cano, J. F. Carrigan, J. T. Cleary, V. Corbett, R. J. Dannemiller, A. M. Darragh, C. L. Darragh, F. E. Darragh, G. C. Davis, S. P. Delgado, L. S. Delone, J. M. Delone, N. E. Dempsey, H. J. Diebold, J. E. Dougherty, G. J. Erdelen, M. L. Fansler, J. Farragher, F. T. Farrell, R. W. Fisher, J. J. Flaherty, O. A. Fox, A. S. Funk, F. L. Gallastequi, C. I. Gillen, C. C. Golden, R. D. Golley, W. F. Goode, C. M. Graeber, G. H. Graeber, S. J. Guerra, G. I. Guerra, C. S. Hamilton, T. F. Healy, W. Hermann, G. A. Hermann, R. N. Hernandez, N. J. Hurst, R. P. Hurst, F. P. Kasper, G. W. Kasper, R. A. Kasper, H. M. Kemper, M. J. Kerr, C. E. King, H. E. Kirby, A. A. Kotte, K. L. Krotz, F. J. Lonergan, H. M. Lynch, R. Marti, G. W. Matthews, H. A. Maypole, G. M. Maypole, C. E. Moran, C. J. Mulcrone, J. Muriel, F. Muriel, J. A. McCaffrey, C. M. McDonald, A. W. McFarland, F. M. McKeon, W. E. Nolan, K. A. O'Brien, E. F. O'Connor, H. D. Patterson, H. C. Piper, M. L. Portillo, J. R. Record, E. M. Reulbach, S. F. Riordan, F. A. Rosado, J. E. Rosado, E. C. Ruiz, E. H. Schwab, H. S. Sheuerman, W. A. Stevens, A. J. Stopper, O. Striegel, J. C. Villanueva, L. E. Wagner, F. C. Weiss, E. E. Weise, J. A. Welch, L. A. Welty, J. F. Wohlgemuth, F. E. Woodruff.

BROWNSON HALL.

J. A. Alberti, J. H. Bach, C. F. Baker, J. A. Barrett, P. A. Beacom, H. M. Beechinor, J. M. Bergan, C. B. Bergen, H. K. Bilsland, C. Borja, W. R. Bradley, L. Broghamer, C. W. Byers, T. H. Cahill, C. P. Cain, M. A. Campbell, C. Carroll, H. C. Cary, C. C. Cary, J. M. Casey, J. M. Celis, E. J. Chassaing, G. J. Christie, R. R. Clarke, D. W. Coffey, B. J. Cogan, S. B. Connell, G. R. Conrow, J. A. Coughlin, L. F. Craig, C. J. Cullinan, R. J. Daschbach, F. P. Davey, W. E. Dechant, W. W. Desmond, M. A. Diskin, W. J. Donovan, C. J. Doran, E. P. Doyle, W. A. Draper, C. H. Dunn, R. W. Dunnington, G. V. Duttle, A. J. Dwan, R. M. Edelen, C. A. Ehrenfeld, J. O. Erdmann, M. Esquino, S. Esquino, A. B. Eustace, M. D. Falvey, J. P. Feban, B. I. Fernandez, J. J. Fitzgibbon, S. J. Fleming, J. M. Foster,

H. L. Freeman, W. B. Frost, R. Gage, J. A. Garcia, F. Garcia, J. P. Gartland, E. P. Gaston, R. S. Gatens, T. J. Gehlert, H. J. Geoghegan, O. P. Goerg, W. J. Gerraughty, Thomas P. Gerraughty, Richard D. Gray, Carl F. Gruber, John C. Hanner, Charles E. Haney, T. J. Hanlon, J. E. Hussey, F. J. Hanzel, J. R. Harmon, T. M. Harris, E. W. Hatfield, J. R. Hayes, J. F. Hennebry, J. W. Henry, M. C. Hoban, J. H. Hogan, J. C. Horn, D. D. Howe, T. F. Hunt, A. P. Ill, W. D. Jaimieson, T. Jelsch, R. S. Jennings, R. F. Johnson, F. T. Jurgens, G. M. Kavanaugh, T. J. Keaney, J. T. Keefe, F. A. Kellner, C. J. Kennedy, T. J. Kenny, J. T. Krieger, A. E. Lally, J. T. Lantry, C. M. Larkin, W. P. Lawless, J. J. Litzelmann, A. Lomba, P. I. Lyman, R. C. Madden, M. C. Maginnis, C. J. Maher, F. S. Maher, J. L. Marké, M. P. Manzanares, B. F. Medley, W. Medley, J. H. Medrano, S. D. Mercado, J. L. Milliken, J. J. Mills, J. P. Montes de Oca, J. B. Mooney, H. C. Moran, J. A. Moran, W. R. Mulcrone, A. A. Munsch, F. X. Munsch, C. R. Murphy, D. C. Murphy, C. A. Myers, A. F. McCaffrey, R. F. McDermott, G. J. McDermott, E. W. McDermott, J. C. McDonald, J. J. McGarrell, J. T. McMahon, P. J. McNamara, D. McNichol, T. H. Nabers, J. W. Nelson, F. G. Nieto, G. B. Niezer, E. Opfergelt, J. O'Connor, D. J. O'Connor, J. W. O'Neill, J. P. O'Reilly, L. A. Padden, A. Pino, M. S. Quinlevin, J. H. Rapier, H. N. Roberts, G. D. Robertson, H. P. Rothwell, C. E. Rush, C. S. Schutz, H. G. Schaus, R. E. Scott, O. F. Scott, F. W. Seidel, E. K. Sheble, C. J. Sheehan, C. F. Sheekey, F. P. Shields, W. T. Siewertsen, N. Silver, M. L. Simms, T. W. Simms, A. Simon, R. E. Smith, A. L. Sonnenhalter, J. K. Stack, H. L. Staley, L. J. Steinkohl, A. W. Stenger, D. L. Sullivan, F. R. Sweeny, H. W. Talcott, F. Toba, C. B. Tong, I. M. Treadwell, S. A. Trentmann, M. J. Uhrich, J. A. Villanueva, S. F. Villanueva, L. G. Villanueva, F. H. Vogel, J. L. Wachter, F. Wagner, L. M. Wagner, M. A. Walsh, H. Wenter, M. B. White, J. E. Wiley, J. A. Willard, G. J. Williams, M. F. Williams, J. A. Winkel, J. Worden, A. J. Zang.

CARROLL HALL.

R. E. Anderson, C. J. Baillargeon, S. C. Bastar, W. A. Bastar, H. F. Beechinor, H. A. Beers, R. R. Benson, J. F. Berteling, H. R. Berggren, W. N. Bosler, A. C. Bosworth, B. L. Brooks, A. A. Brown, M. B. Carraher, J. Callico, G. F. Casey, W. F. Clapp, M. G. Clarke, C. E. Cole, T. A. Cressy, H. T. Creveling, D. A. Cullinan, H. L. Daschbach, F. J. Dolan, H. D. Donahoe, L. A. Donahoe, B. H. Dosenbach, L. V. Dougherty, H. G. Dunnebecke, C. J. DuBrul, F. R. Ehrke, C. W. Eyke, A. H. Fink, H. P. Fisher, S. C. Floyd-Jones, M. H. Fox, B. Freudenstein, R. H. Goeke, J. P. Gallart, J. D. Gelder, T. W. Graham, R. J. Graham, J. T. Grindall, A. J. Hackman, R. J. Hamer, F. W. Hartzler, J. D. Harrington, L. A. Hart, V. J. Hearn, C. A. Hellman, H. M. Hodge, B. J. Houser, A. Hurtado, A. O. Jepson, W. R. Katterjohn, T. J. Keenan, L. F. Keiler, D. T. Kelly, M. J. Kenefick, E. M. Kennedy, G. B. Kerr, G. N. Krost, N. Kingston, J. J. Langan, J. H. Lawton, J. J. Lynch, N. Mambourg, E. A. Matthews, H. E. Miller, J. B. Morrison, D. A. Morrison, A. Moya, B. J. Mulligan, M. C. Murphy, J. M. McCaffrey, J. A. McCaffrey, J. A. McCullough, C. T. McDermont, F. P. McGowan, W. A. McKearney, W. P. McKenna, W. A. McLean, W. J. McMahon, N. L. McQuown, J. T. O'Connor, C. B. O'Connor, A. J. O'Donnell, J. O'Leary, A. W. Page, A. Pfeiffer, T. Popp, J. E. Poulin, F. Pryor, W. G. Purdy, G. A. Quertimont, E. J. Quertimont, D. F. Randle, M. J. Riley, C. A. Reitz, C. J. Reilly, G. A. Rempe, C. A. Riley, E. R. Rocheford, E. L. Rousseau, M. G. Rubio, Manuel Rubio, W. Ryan, T. S. Ryan, H. P. Sawyer, G. A. Shannon, J. M. Shea, W. J. Smith, T. J. Smithwick, C. A. Sorg, W. J. Spengler, H. A. Spengler, F. H. Strauss, E. N. Swann, R. D. Talcott, J. J. Usera, E. S. Vanderhoof, A. P. Villanueva, J. B. Wade, H. L. Walsh, P. A. Weisse, W. J. Winter, A. A. Winter, C. A. Winter, J. Young, G. C. Zeibold.

MAIN BUILDING.

B. M. Daly, F. F. Dukette, H. J. McGlew, P. J. Weiss, Jr.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

W. J. Barry, A. J. Beriault, J. M. Brooder, E. P. Brown, M. J. Brown, E. C. Burns, D. L. Callicrate, C. W. Casey, C. N. Cody, S. A. Corbett, R. E. Crotty, J. V. Cunningham, T. J. Curtis, R. Dvoracek, W. P. Feeley, E. M. Flaherty, H. C. Garland, J. D. Glasheen, J. H. Gormley, M. Griffin, E. M. Guyette, C. E. Haight, J. T. Hannigan, F. B. Hoover, F. X. Joerger, H. F. Jones, T. J. Jones, L. A. Kolupa, M. A. Lacey, M. J. Lavoy, P. M. Malloy, P. Miller, J. C. Morrissey, W. B. Murphy, J. F. Murphy, P. J. McIlhargey, P. M. O'Donnell, D. P. O'Keefe, J. M. O'Meara, J. I. O'Phelan, J. P. O'Shea, W. E. Perce, R. E. Proctor, D. F. Purtell, W. F. Robinson, W. J. Rogers, E. A. Ryan, J. W. Sheehan, J. J. Sherry, H. Sullivan, C. F. Sullivan, T. J. Swantz, S. A. Sweeney, T. A. Toner, A. M. Trester, L. P. Van Rie, F. M. Walsh, T. J. Welch, H. J. Zeigler.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

J. J. Boyle, J. H. Burke, E. P. Burke, T. E. Burke, F. S. Baczowski, W. A. Bolger, G. A. Buenger, J. L. Carrico, W. E. Collier, H. Collins, J. J. Corbett, J. B. Corcoran, W. P. Corcoran, W. F. Cunningham, J. W. Curran, D. J. Cannon, E. A. Davis, A. J. Devereaux, E. P. De Wulf, P. Durcan, J. Devine, W. J. Donahue, J. F. Farley, G. J. Finnegan, E. P. Finnegan, C. R. Finner, P. J. Foik, P. P. Forrestal, J. C. Gallagan, S. J. Gorka, S. A. Gavin, J. J. Gorman, J. J. Graham, J. M. Griffin, S. A. Gruza, C. J. Hagerty, M. S. Hanz, D. J. Hennessy, F. X. Hock, C. D. Hagerty, T. P. Hagerty, F. D. Hayes, J. C. Heavell, A. Hebert, P. Hebert, G. F. Horworth, S. A. Hosinski, W. B. Irvine, T. P. Irving, L. M. Kelly, L. I. Kennedy, W. P. Lennartz, B. J. Maguire, F. C. Maguire, J. C. Maschke, M. J. Mathis, T. T. Mannion, H. C. Medcalf, W. F. Molony, E. J. Misch, F. T. Maher, H. B. MacCauley, W. A. McCarthy, J. C. McGinn, G. J. McNamara, H. A. Norman, W. C. O'Brien, G. J. O'Connor, C. L. O'Donnell, W. J. O'Donnell, T. R. O'Neill, D. A. O'Shea, W. O'Shea, J. J. Quinlan, W. E. Roque, J. M. Ryan, J. A. Sheedy, A. W. Sullivan, J. V. Stanton, C. H. Schoeni, W. A. Steiner, S. P. Szamecki, S. A. Sypniewski, L. P. Szybowicz, M. J. Walsh, A. A. Weisbecker, W. M. Wimberg, F. X. Zerhusen.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

John Baillargeon, Royal Bassett, Francis Baude, Linn Boyd, James Brannen, Charles Brannen, Francis Brennen, Joseph Brennen, Clemens Brinkmann, Vincent Brown, Arnold Carette, Antoine Cartier, Edward Coleman, Roscoe Conklin, J. Ward Commack, Edward Connolly, Cassius Connolly, Huntington St. Clair Conover, George Cornelius, William Cotter, Lorenzo Crounse, John Dean, Robert Dinan, Calvin Dunfee, Donald Dunham, Joseph Dunnebecke, Enrique Esquino, Durant Ewart, Howard Farrell, Raymond Farrell, Arthur Farwell, Glen Felix, John Fox, George Freese, Emil Frossard, Juan Gallart, William Gasman, Peter Gately, Clarence Green, John Hall, William Hennessy, Edward Johnston, William Kasper, Simeon Kasper, Clarence Kelly, Charles Kelley, Leon Knight, Francis Kroth, Thomas Lavan, Randolph Lewes, Robert Lewes, Irving Loewenthal, Henry Luhr, Francis Maginn, John Maginn, Charles Marr, Harry Meenach, Louis Mishkowsky, Edward Mooney, Patton Morrison, Porter Munson, Chapman McDermont, Edwin McDowd, Thomas McFadden, Clarence McFarland, Robert McGill, James O'Brien, Charles Plunkett, Wm. Powell, José Prada, Joseph Quinlan, Paul Quinlan, Harold Rempe, Lester Rempe, Everett Robinson, Leo Robinson, Wm. Rudolph, Marshall Rudolph, Franklin Sabin, Edgar Sayre, Claire Schonlau, Clarence Shannon, Francis Shick, Emmett Small, Walter Smith, Francis Spengler, Ernest Strassburger, James Strugeon, Robert Sullivan, Edward Symonds, Henry Symonds, Grover Tillett, Walter Upman, Everett Van Zandt, Carol Von Phul, Peter Weber, J. Lambert Weist, Earl Wilson, Roy Wilson, James Woods, Eduardo Yrissarri, Jacobo Yrissarri.