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Rondeau.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

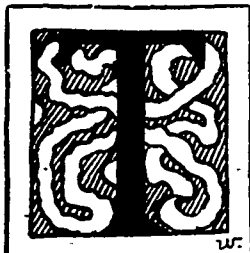
NEAR old St. Paul's* at high noonday,
Go hurrying past in grim array,
A thousand types,—the young, the old,—
Each entered in the race for gold,
While one perchance steps in to pray.

"You see the boom is on the way,"
"We're bound to win," "It's sure to pay,"—
These words you've heard if you have strolled
Near old St. Paul's.

The ghosts of patroons turned to clay
Are fearful in the light to stray,
Lest speculators, cunning, bold,
Might make combine to have them sold—
Then who would haunt the tombstones gray
Near old St. Paul's?

The Progress of Polish Literature.

MARCELLINUS K. GORSKI.



THE rise and progress of Polish literature may be divided into five distinct epochs. These are: the Piast-Jagiellon, Zigismund, Jesuit, Classic, and Romantic. The Piast-Jagiellon epoch began with the year one thousand and ended with the year 1500. The second or Zigismund epoch extends from the year 1500 to 1620; the Jesuit epoch is comprised between the years 1620 and 1750; the Classic epoch began with the year 1750 and ended with the year 1822; the fifth or Romantic epoch began with the appearance of Adam

* St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, the oldest church edifice in New York City, stands on lower Broadway and is only a few blocks distant from Wall Street.

Mickiewicz and extends to the present time.

The Piast-Jagiellon epoch may be looked upon as the morning star of Polish literature. It dates from the introduction of Christianity into Poland to the time when printing came into general use. Before the tenth century, the history of Polish literature is rather dim and uncertain. It was only after the introduction of Christianity that Polish literature assumed a definite shape. With the advance of civilization, the idols created in bygone days were, one by one, demolished. The prejudices of the past were so thoroughly subverted that in a short time scarcely a trace of them remained.

Of this interesting period there remain poems, secular songs and other kinds of rhythmical compositions. The creation of these is due to the fact that circumstances surrounding our people, such as wars, victories and defeats, weddings, funerals and national ceremonies, naturally called into existence the feelings of poetical inspiration. There is also religious poetry, because from time immemorial our people sang in churches in their native tongue. The relics of the original sacred poetry, however, are very scarce, since with the progress of the language, these compositions were made over, and hence many of them lost their original stamp.

In the fifteenth century, Polish poetry made little progress. Scholastic philosophy and the Latin tongue stifled, to a great extent, the native vein of Polish song. Toward the end of the fifteenth century, when our people became stronger and more numerous, our poets began to assume more distinct places. We no longer rest on conjectures and inferences but upon monumental evidences. Sacred poetry was founded upon several renditions of psalms as also upon sacred songs translated from the Bohemian tongue. The secular poetry rested upon a wider range and upon continual improvement of the Piast period.

As the rhythmical compositions of that time are not characterized by any special shading of poetry, it is possible to classify the remaining traces into relics of sacred poetry and relics of secular rhythmical creations. Besides, there could be mentioned some dramatic works of those ages, but as they are of no great significance they may be passed over.

After the introduction of Christianity, the Polish poetry, under the influence of civilization in western Europe, began to flourish very early in sacred song. Of the earliest poetic compositions nothing has yet been found. Whether they had been wholly lost, or defaced by continual use in handling and transcribing, is uncertain. But as no religion has ever done without songs or chants of some kind, it is quite reasonable to suppose that such had existed. It is a well-known fact that songs and chants of that kind form the nucleus of every nation's poetry and music. Certainly, it was in such rhythmical compositions that the Polish language began to put forth its shoots. Pious simplicity above all characterizes these compositions. Intrinsically, they have no poetical worth, as they are, so to speak, only prose unskilfully versified.

Among the most important of these compositions, "Boga Rodzico" (Mother of God) deserves notice. This celebrated chant was originally composed by St. Adalbert, Bishop of Prague. It became so popular that in course of time it was looked upon as the national hymn, and was sung by the Polish army just before the commencement of every battle. This noteworthy song survives to this day and is sung in some of the Polish churches in Europe. The author of it was born in the year 950 in Bohemia. As he was persecuted by his countrymen, he left Bohemia and went first to Hungary, then to Poland. Here the holy bishop was instrumental in spreading the doctrine of Christianity.

St. Adalbert may be called the St. Patrick of Poland, for he brought the Gospel of Christ to the inhabitants of that land, and did much toward the conversion of the whole nation. The happy occurrence that St. Patrick converted the whole of Ireland without shedding one drop of blood, may, with as much truth, be applied to St. Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, and to the Polish nation. Poland joyfully and readily embraced Christianity at his hands, and clung to it with grim tenacity for centuries, even to the present day. In spite of heresies, schisms, Lutheranism, Calvinism and

all the other isms that raged through Europe during the past centuries, Poland remained faithful to the Catholic Church. Although heretical doctrine successfully spread through most of the European countries, Poland rejected them outright at the very beginning, and refused to admit any of them over her boundaries.

In the year 995, when the Catholic religion was well established in Poland, St. Adalbert went to Prussia to bring the light of faith to the pagans. Almost upon his very entrance into that barbarous country, he suffered martyrdom. It is remarkable that this very same Prussia is to-day just as highly prejudiced and embittered against Catholicism as it was twelve centuries ago.

At the early period mentioned above, the Poles had not come to full civilization. Nevertheless, owing to the influences of western Europe, Polish poetry began at once to assume a higher standard of excellence. In the second or Zigismund epoch, which extends from 1500 to 1620, we see a wider and more beautiful field opening before us. What was formerly in the bud is now in full bloom. Then the light of the sun obscured by mists and clouds of superstition, struggled to penetrate the darkness of ages; now the golden rays of the sun throw a new halo and form enchantingly mingled colours of the rainbow. In those days the historian must painfully look for the smallest traces of art; now in the abundance of production, his task is to select only what is best.

Weary of travelling amid the woodless and trackless prairies, we begin with pleasure to see the account of true literature springing up from the inner life of a developing people. It was still more singular that the advance was made in two different languages: the Polish and the Latin. It seemed as if two literatures began to bloom all at once in one and the same people.

The characteristic signs of this age were great discoveries and inventions. At no previous time had there been so much anxiety and lively desire to study and ascertain the inherent qualities of nature. Never before was the spirit of inquiry wider than in this epoch of Columbus, Da Gama, Raphael, Copernicus, Galileo, and Guttenberg. The world became broader and more expansive by the bold conceptions of one man. The entire *orbis terrarum* seemed to be built anew as if by the enchanter's hand. Perhaps at no period did so

many eminent men appear at the helm as at that period of Leo X., Charles V., Francis I., Zigmund the Old, Henry VIII., Soliman and others. Amid the turbulence of those days, there was one country beyond the confines of western Europe progressing in general improvement, in the science of government and in literature. That country was Poland.

Polish poetry then kept even pace with other branches of natural development. Poets of distinction appeared, and by their compositions shed a great lustre over the national literature. Of these Nicholas Rej, Klonowicz, John Kochanowski and Miaskowski, are most prominent. Besides these there were many that wrote in the Latin language.

The third epoch, called the Jesuit period, comprises the years 1620 and 1750. During this period the country was frequently in a distracted state. In consequence of internal quarrels and wars, there gradually crept in a decadence in Polish literature. It is with much regret and reluctance that this fact is stated. The deviation from the right path of a single age caused the retrogression of Poland. Thus while all the countries surrounding us were advancing in light we were thrown into darkness and became the sport of a relentless fate. Sad, indeed, is the lesson received from our forefathers: that retrogression from light is far more detrimental to the happiness of a nation than the simplicity of ignorance.

After the death of the Jagiellons and Stephan Batory many misfortunes came over our people. Incursions of enemies and internal dissensions caused many sufferings to the republic. As if to compensate for this retrogression, immortal heroes appeared on the stage of action. Zokiewski, Czarniecki, Chodkiewicz and John Sobieski shed upon their country a true heroic lustre. They not only fought for their own country, but they often shielded with their breasts the whole of Christendom from the attacks of pagans. Notwithstanding the disturbed conditions of the country at this period, there are a few distinguished names in poetry, such as Zimorowicz, Kochanowski, Gawinski, Elizabeth Druzbacka and Prince Jabonowski.

The fourth epoch, called the Classic, began with the revival of general knowledge and literature in Poland. The unpropitious times of the Zigmunds had passed away. The circumstances and environment of this new period were very favourable toward reviving and improving the neglected branches of

literature. The languishing powers of the Polish Muse were all of a sudden strengthened and exalted as if by a miracle. Poets like Karpinski, Trembecki, Woronicz, Eniaznin, Krasicki, Wegierski, Szymonowicz, Dmuchowski and others appeared in the galaxy. Authors of great distinction in other branches of literature began to multiply with astonishing rapidity.

The beginning of this desirable revival was owing chiefly to Kornaski and his companions, who, after completing their education in France, returned to Poland and introduced fresh ideas regarding social science and literature. Konarski compelled the Jesuits to adopt these reforms. He obtained the powerful assistance of Joseph and Andrew Zauscy, bishops of great learning and influence, and thus he was enabled to effect the progress of his countrymen.

During the last years of the reign of Augustus III., Polish literature was enriched by works of great worth on history, bibliography and theology. Minasowicz wrote good poetry, and translated the ancient classics into the Polish language. Nagurczewski translated the works of Homer, Virgil and Cicero, and rendered into Polish the fables of Æsop and Telemachus.

As the Nineteenth Century was rapidly approaching, learned men and poets found protection and assistance in the houses of great magnates. Puawy, the residence of princes Czartoryjscy, became the dwelling-place of the Polish muse.

In the year eighteen hundred, there sprung up at Warsaw "The Society of the Friends of Learning." Its members were men of great erudition and at the same time they were vigorous writers. The object of that society was twofold: to keep from oblivion the wealth of Polish literature, and to enrich it. This society served as a powerful incentive for men of talent and genius to write. Such men as Woronicz, Niemcewicz, Albertrandy, Lelewel, Sniadecki, Czacki, Linde, Ossolinski, and others equally eminent, appeared on the stage of literary fame. Each of these men contributed much to the general literature of Poland, and each of them exerted great influence over the literary taste of the time. For that reason there was an uncommon advance in poetry, history and natural science.

Although the compositions of at least a part of this period were somewhat affected by French idioms and bombast, the strength

of the national current prevailed and preserved the native purity of language and thought. The fifth epoch, called the Romantic, was started by Mickiewicz. It extends from the year 1822 to the present day.

Amid the many violent political shocks in Europe, changes in the intellectual world were becoming manifest. Europe gradually got rid of medieval conceits and superstitions. Thinking men must admit that there are moments in the lives of nations as well as of individuals, when the mind, rocked by the storms of adversity, longs for quietness and rest. When we see that the happiness which we have been seeking, the great aims for which we have been striving, have come to naught, at this time we turn our languishing eyes into the past. We imagine that we were then happy, though in reality we were only comparatively so, not knowing that it might and should have been better. We look into the lustre of sweet and pleasing remembrances of departed years, and now they seem to be more beautiful and more poetic just because they will never return. No one will deny that such a time is propitious to the development of historical poetry.

That was the case in the beginning of the eighteenth century in Poland when Classicism began to show every day more and more plainly that its time was almost past. It gradually lost its prestige in the minds of those that were most highly cultivated, and although no one could see at the time what should take its place, every one felt that its decadence was at hand. At this period a single poet appeared and took up the cause of Romanticism. This was Adam Mickiewicz. He gave the first strong impulse to the poetic genius that lay dormant in Poland during the reign of the Saxon kings. Other bright youths soon joined this genius and upheld the new doctrine with the force of their poetic powers. The Polish nation received the new movement, and this delight even now exists.

The creations of the Polish poets of that period are, almost in every instance, characterized by a peculiarly happy, heartfelt and lively serenity of spirit. Although sadness prevails in their strains, it can be plainly seen that these writers were permeated with a strong belief in the guardianship of Providence which assures triumph over the power of falsehood and evil.

When the Romantic style was introduced, no one at first could precisely define what was

its chief aim and in what direction it would tend, because no one fully understood upon what this Romanticism was founded.

It must be remembered that before Mickiewicz's time, French influence was pre-eminent in Polish literature, but now the time had come to cut loose from France. Different Polish writers began to consider the poetical elements that governed the Middle Ages; they began to give much attention to the German style. Happily for Polish literature, these and similar deliberations served finally to upbuild a purely national style.

After the first youthful enthusiasm was over in consequence of the appearance of Mickiewicz, the Polish poets began to examine their strength; but finding it as yet very undefined, they turned their attention to different inexhaustible sources. They turned toward the treasures of popular poetry which led to the love of the supernatural and miraculous; they turned toward the fresh traditions of the great past which they wished to preserve and perpetuate by their songs. The aim of these poets was to bring nearer to sight the local phenomena of existence, to increase the light, to make home-history more interesting, and to preserve in the mirror of poetic art the hereditary thoughts and feelings of national existence.

With the year 1831, a new inspiration seemed to have entered the whole Polish nation; its literature took on a moral and patriotic tendency. From that date, national poetry assumed the highest significance, and became the leading and reigning spirit of the whole Polish people.

About this time Adam Mickiewicz came within the public view. He was the centre of poetic power, the creator of a new epoch in Polish poetry. He accomplished a twofold task: that of gathering in his own personality the spirit of the nation and of raising Polish poetry to the company of the European muse. Mickiewicz was fortunate enough to understand the spirit of the people, and to have the knowledge of governing the elements of that peculiar period in the annals of Poland. His poetic conception, supported by reasoning and balanced in the scales of genius, accomplished what he wished—the creation of a new epoch in his country's literature known as the Romantic.

The Polish people in their feelings of admiration, called Mickiewicz the greatest creative genius of their nation, and they were

right; for he had lifted them higher than they had ever been raised before. In this respect Mickiewicz is really the representative, not only of the people but of their feelings.

Mickiewicz certainly exceeds all other Polish poets in the power of phantasy and beauty of expression. He frequently indulges in allegory and mysticism, which at times are almost unintelligible; still these defects do not detract very much from the merit of his works. His poetry is so diverse that there is scarcely a branch which he did not touch and in which he did not excel.

When Mickiewicz first appeared there was much jealousy displayed by different parties, especially by the Classic school. In addition to that, some journals began severe criticisms. The pulse of the public heart, however, beat so strong that this opposition could neither stifle the enthusiasm nor the admiration for the young and gifted poet. What is equally interesting to note is that those same parties who at first decried Mickiewicz's innovation, gradually began themselves to wheel into the popular ranks, and eventually became devotedly attached to the new Romantic school.

Mickiewicz was born December 24, 1798, in a town called Zaosie, in Lithuania. He received the first rudiments of education from the Dominicans at Nowogrod. In 1815, he entered the University of Wilno where he contracted the most friendly ties with Thomas Zan, a young man of rare qualities of heart and mind. Zan had great influence upon Mickiewicz's life.

After finishing his studies in the University, Mickiewicz was obliged to accept the professorship of Polish and Latin literature at Kowno. Even at this period he had already a great reputation as a poet, gained by his "Ballads," "Romances," and the fourth part of "The Ancestors." About this time, the Russian government suspected some political irregularity among the prominent young men of Wilno, and began an investigation. The consequence was that over a dozen of the best and most talented young men were arrested and sent into the depths of Russia. Mickiewicz and Zan were among them. In 1824, the latter was carried to St. Petersburg, but on account of his great fame he was well received by the educated Russians. Among many friendships contracted in the capital of Russia was one with the renowned Russian poet, Puszkin. Here Mickiewicz wrote his "Ode to Youth," and

"Wallenrod." On account of the latter poem, he was accused by the government, but through the influence of Princess Zeneida, he received an unlimited passport to Italy, Germany and France. In a few days after his departure orders were received for his arrest, but the government officials were too late. From that time on most of his life was spent in travelling through foreign lands. He visited many of the European countries and afterwards Palestine and America. During his tour he composed many of his best works. His death occurred in November, 1855.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

"Up Stream" to Death.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

The American remembered to have read something about the land of death, but a page of glaring headlines and alluring pictures was his only impression, for he had fallen asleep before reading the first hundred words. A month later, he met Captain Rojas of the Paraguayan army, and yawned when some one alluded to Gran Chaco. Meanwhile, the other clubmen gathered eagerly around the guest and listened attentively to a word picture of this, the strangest valley in the world.

A year afterward the American was in Paraguay looking after some mines, and by chance again ran across Captain Rojas who was stationed at San Pedro. Delighted to grasp the hand of a friend in an unknown country, the mine explorer was not reluctant in acceding to the captain's request to spend the next day at the latter's country house near the above-named city. So it came about that the next evening found three gentlemen enjoying cigars on a long veranda quaintly embowered and redolent of orange groves and cocoa palms, the stillness and the distant, lonely shanties, standing out in the pale glow of the moon and stretching far until the eye is arrested by a rising hill in the background forming an ideal scene. The third person of the party on the piazza was Captain Servient, a German instructor in the Chilian army, who was about to leave with his son on a journey through Gran Chaco. The dinner and a ramble through the rare old rooms of the mansion were conducive to a comfortable familiarity between the guests, and their conversation tended to subjects of common interest.

"Gran Chaco," mused the American, "I'll swear I heard that name before. "Captain," he asked aloud, "where is this land that you intend to explore—this Gran Chaco?" He surmised this question would insure a spell of conversation, and he was right. The captain appeared interested immediately.

"It lies between the Tropic of Capricorn and latitude 20° south, and between 58° and 55° west; it contains something like 75,000 square miles, and the only sign to mark its existence on the map of South America is the Palcomayo River. Gran Chaco is called the land of death.

The American raised his eyebrows—it was the third time he had heard of the Land of Death.

"And why did it get that name?" he inquired.

"From the fact that no man who ever ventured into it returned alive!"

The American smiled:

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes," rejoined Captain Servient, eager to arouse the curiosity of the foreigner. Although Italy, Spain, France and Paraguay have each sent explorers into the valley, not a single man of them was ever heard from again. It has been called the most mysterious spot on the American continent. Ramon Lista of Paraguay guessed it was the mylodon, a giant sloth, that had survived the pre-historic ages. He took enough ammunition to kill the monster, and the splash of his oar as he paddled up the Palcomayo one sunset, was the last sign to mark his existence on earth—"

"Um!" This strange narrative began to interest the American. Since coming to South America his day-dreams had been occupied with but one vision: that of a woman's face scanning his letters with a tender smile and look of eager anticipation. She was waiting for the American, and was to be his wife when he returned to his own country. The captain continued:

"But Lista's fate was ascertained; the Tobias Indians brained him while he lay starving. Then Boggiono was the next victim; he started with six Indians and a peon to guide him to his grave. Two of the Indians fled from the suspense that terrified their progress during the first week, and reported that lurking dangers and mysterious objects harassed them on all sides. Repulsive, unnatural shadows and strange creatures baffled them by day and night. Strange to say, no more was ever

heard of Boggiono and the rest of his party."

The American puffed his cigar in silence and watched the strips of clouds racing in the sky. He was thinking what an adventure it would be to explore such a valley if all the old German was telling him were true and not exaggerated, as such desert-deaths commonly are. Anyhow, he liked Captain Servient for his pluck and spirit of hazard.

"And how many have ventured into Gran Chaco, you say?" he asked again.

"Creveaux of France, Ibarreta of Spain, Lista of Paraguay and Boggiono of Italy, all have crossed this threshold of their grave and left their fellows not the slightest trace of their fate. What their terrible doom was, whether some demoniacal beast or agent hypnotized their senses and thus overpowered their activities by some potent force, no man knows. I have always been deeply interested in the mystery, and will be the first German to undertake the task either of slaying, discovering or evading whatever it is that lurks in Gran Chaco. I purpose to enter the valley from the West, and expect to return within a month."

"Yes," inserted Captain Rojas, "he and his son are determined to go despite all our entreaties and warnings. Captain Servient, here is a mine operator from the United States, a man old for his years. His experience and travel have gained him a very fair judgment of the foolhardiness of such undertakings as the one you are about to attempt. You have not overstated the horrors of Gran Chaco. You did not tell him how this hell on earth swallowed up the other explorers forever—"

The American rose and stretched himself.

"And yet, allow me to make one last appeal: Ask this young man with all his vigor and dash and love for excitement what he thinks of the affair."

They turned instinctively to the foreigner who shook the ashes from his cigar and coolly answered:

"I think Captain Servient that—it—you may count upon three exploring Gran Chaco this time, and we will succeed too."

The moon slipped from behind a cloud; Rojas had turned pale. He knew what that statement meant. The American had seen Paris, the jungle and San Juan, and he would now be the first of his countrymen to see the Land of Death. Captain Rojas knew Gran Chaco as well as any native, and he shrank at the very name of the place—yet he remained

silent, for he knew the American was not to be dissuaded any more than Captain Servient. The captain foresaw that he was destined to bid them farewell—he feared forever—on the day after the morrow. He could only sigh and wish them success.

A correspondent in Asuncion, Paraguay, recently sent in a report to a San Francisco paper that one Captain Rojas of San Pedro had just returned from an attempt to explore a strange valley called Gran Chaco in search of three of his friends—one of them an American—who had left nearly a month before, but had not been heard from since. The captain's efforts to find any trace of them had proved fruitless.

A great many Americans noticed the item, but not knowing of such a country as Gran Chaco, they were not much interested. Captain Servient, his son and the American started into the valley on September the 19th; nearly four weeks passed when Captain Rojas started in pursuit, but was compelled to abandon the search within a week after. What fate lies in that strange valley that it conceals its nature so completely from the outside world? The inhabitants of San Pedro and thereabout would eagerly await the answer through Captain Servient and his party—but they never expect to hear from them again unless they return very shortly. Each day the sun descends forming another link in their unutterable doom. But the natives are not the only ones who wait.

In New York City cards are out announcing the wedding of a prominent society woman to the man referred to in the newspaper. The marriage is announced for November the 20th and the last letter the bride-to-be had from the mine owner was in the form of a cablegram as follows:

SAN PEDRO, PARAGUAY.

September 17, 1902.

DEAR ALICE:—Am going in two days on a short tour into a curious valley called Gran Chaco. You will hear from me in a month or so. Just a little adventure, you know. Get everything ready for Nov. Good-bye

MELVILLE.

Extensive preparations for the wedding are being carried forward under the direction of the fiancée. She has not read the item in the San Francisco paper; neither does she know anything about Gran Chaco—but she knows the American has never failed to keep his word.

Varsity Verse.

THE VARSITY SCRUBS.

SONG for the "scrubs," the Varsity "scrubs,"
They buck the line and turn all the flips,
They get the knocks, the awfulest rubs,—
They're lame and too sore to go on the trips.

It's out every day and in every play,
And plunge till their faces are spattered with gore,
The line of the "scrubs" is built to stay,
And they're out to-morrow looking for more.

They're kicked and pushed—they simply grin,
They're piled and heaped in an awful muss,
You hear them choked for breath again,—
They take it all and never cuss.

What matters the goal they never see,
They only plunge with greater zest,—
They're out to help the Varsity,
And try to make better the Varsity's best.

The doctor knows well the Varsity "scrubs,"
He's sewed 'em and patched 'em often enough,
He knows from their grit that *they're* no "dubs,"
That their work on the field is far from a bluff.

So a song, I say, for the Varsity "scrubs,"
The men of the jolts and digs and rubs,
We know from their grit that *they're* no dubs,—
So a song, lads, for the Varsity scrubs.

B. V. K.

EPITAPH.

Six feet below this humble tomb
Lies poor old Thomas Grey;
He lived to eat as many do
But ate too much one day.

D.O' M.

IN THE LOFT

There's a sort o' creepy feelin'
An' a hint o' somethin' wrong
Comes a-sneakin' on a feller at the hour
When the little stars are stealin'
From behind the heavy clouds,
An' the early dews are fallin'
An' the whip-er-wills are callin'
In their pinin' song,
Low but lonesome-like and long.

An' when the thunders beat
Ye can almost hear the steps
Of folks ye knew, but never more will meet.
An' when the raindrops patter down
You're skeered to look aroun'
The room, an' yer legs jist quiver
As ye duck beneath the kiver;
Then ye ain't no more afeard,
An' ye laugh for very joy o' bein' skeered.

C. L. O'D.

NOT SURE.

"Did your wife," asked Brown, "ever happen to be
So provoked she was speechless about it?"
"Well, yes," answered Jones, "so she says, but you see
I have my own reasons to doubt it." H. M.

The Regiment's Return.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.

The 9th had come home. Men and women thronged to the armory to see the soldiers fresh from the Philippines. Three years had marked a great change in them. Robust men they were once, but fever and other ills attendant upon an army in the enemy's country had told. Now emaciated, weather-beaten, and yellow, their countenances bespoke hardships and suffering. The soldiers grouped among the throngs of friends that had come to see them, and all were gay and busy except a few whose homes were in the country and who had no friends to meet in the city. Fred Mahon, a native of the city, found no friends awaiting him, nor did he seem much troubled by this fact. He was not more than twenty-three years of age, tall and handsome. He always wore a kindly look, hence he was a general favourite with the regiment. His term of service was at an end, and with an honourable discharge in his pocket he could leave the armory that afternoon, and if he so desired never return. He was very busy making preparations to visit his friends, and the excitement and hurry brought back to his cheeks a little of the colour and bloom which malaria and a torrid sun had blighted. Now that he was home, the one thought in his mind was whether that home was as he left it. In the strict sense he had no home. He had been an orphan since childhood, and relatives he had none; but he had made friends, and, like a true soldier, when he went with his regiment, he left a girl behind who vowed to be true to him. It was the thought of this girl that was uppermost in his mind, and it was the expectation of soon meeting her that called back the glow to his bloodless cheeks.

He left the armory about three o'clock. Of course he would first go to Mr. Bundy's to see Irene. The Bundys lived in the suburbs, and he never thought a street-car could take so long to reach the place. After what seemed to him an age, he arrived at his destination, and as he got off the car he could not but notice the air of quiet and sacredness that pervaded everything. The dogs, sleeping on the sidewalks were large, genial-looking brutes too lazy to yawn at the passers-by. He sought the familiar marks. They were all

there: the large tree in Bundy's lawn, under which he and Irene had exchanged their vows the evening before he left with his regiment; there were the familiar flower-beds, and—

"What!" he exclaimed—"Irene herself! But why does she pay so much attention to that young man? And—that baby?"

Fred paused, drew near to make surer, and unperceived saw and heard what caused him to turn a sickly hue. The objects of his gaze were a young man and a woman with a baby in her lap. The woman was seated in a chair in the porch and the young man was playing with the little one.

"Will Harry go to papa?" the woman cried as she held forth the child with an expression of love. "No! no!" she continued, as the child protested, and she pressed it to her bosom.

The newsboy was coming with the evening paper, and, fearing detection, Fred staggered away. This was enough. The hopes he had cherished and which had kept him from despair on many trying occasions were shattered; the pictures his imagination had painted, in one second became colourless, and the castles he had built fell toppling with a crash that tore asunder his heart strings, and buried forever beneath their ruins his ambition.

"What," he thought, "can I do now? She whom I deemed firm as a rock—faithless! The army now is my only hope; to-morrow I shall again enlist."

He retraced his steps and took the next car back to the armory where the soldiers were already making preparations for the entertainment of the evening. A grand ball was on the programme. Fred paid little attention to them, his mind was so engrossed with his own gloomy thoughts. He sat alone, sullen and frowning, and though several of his companions tried to rally him, he remained unsociable. Even when the dance began and everyone was plunged in the gayeties, he kept aloof. The gorgeous bloom of fashion that filled the hall had no fascination for him. He saw only a wrecked life, a hopeless future.

There was a pause in the dance and the partners in the waltz were chatting familiarly. Fred gazed vacantly across the hall, and as he did a look of deep hate suffused his countenance. Not twenty feet away he beheld the very young man to whom he had laid all the responsibility of his blasted life. The

stranger interchanged a few words with the soldiers, and after inquiring where he might find Mr. Mahon, he elbowed his way to where Fred was seated. He wore a glad smile, and in a friendly tone asked:

"Are you Fred Mahon? I am Maxwell—" Fred cut him short.

"Yes, I am Fred Mahon. No one has asked your name. What do you want?"

His voice was tremulous with passion and his face purple with rage and hate. The young man hesitated.

"Have you no business with me? Then pass on," Fred shouted, and some of the soldiers turned to see what was the trouble. They saw the stranger with a stiff air hand a letter to Fred Mahon.

Fred took the letter haughtily, and scornfully tore it open and read the following:

DEAR FRED:—We have just seen by the evening paper that you came back with the regiment after all. You know you stated, when you wrote from Camp Gandara that you decided to go with a prospecting company to Mindanao. I am glad you changed your mind. I am surprised that you did not call since the regiment arrived. Had I expected you I should have gone to the armory.

You will be surprised to learn that Agnes is married. Maxwell Dean, whom this letter introduces to you, is her husband. They have the sweetest angel of a baby you ever saw.

I wish you would come back with Maxwell; I am so anxious to see you.

Yours lovingly,

IRENE.

Fred finished the letter, and turning to his companion begged a thousand pardons for his roughness.

"You know," he explained confusedly, "we soldiers are a rough set. I am afraid I insulted you."

"No, no! Not at all!" was the reply.

"I am glad," Fred answered and continued, "I'll be back in a minute," and he walked off looking twenty years younger. Before long he returned, and he and Maxwell left the armory together.

THE light for which the world is waiting is a new light: the glory that shall rise out of patient and triumphant suffering. And the kingdom which is to be established forever is a new kingdom: the royalty of perfect and unconquerable love.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Falling Leaves.

I walk down the forest path that stretches before me through broken ranks of stately trees. At every little breeze numbers of leaves flutter earthward. The wind that just blew consumed the last bit of their strength, and, like Virgil's dove, they drop down, leaving their souls in the higher air.

Some one has said, "The flower that blooms to-day, to-morrow dies," and the same is true of all vegetation. "The growth of vegetation in the spring depends on the death of vegetation in the autumn." It is one of the many manifestations of the Providence of God who watches eternally over mankind. God is provident, that is, He provides. By causing a general decay of vegetation in the autumn, He prepares,—He provides—for a rich growth in the spring. So, then, one lesson we learn from the falling leaves is gratitude for God's providence.

Last spring there was joy in all hearts when, with the singing of the birds and the greening of the meadows, the trees budded into leaf. To-day the leaves, as they drop slowly to their grave, produce within us an entirely different emotion. There is sadness born of associations and memories. Thoughts of the spring-time of our life come crowding upon us; we see again each airy castle that we built; we recall some of our early hopes that now

Lie wrecked like ships upon the shore.

Through it all runs a thread of the unfulfilled.

Sister, you would not know to-day

These fields of withered leaves

That lie 'neath trees with dead vines hung,

Swept by a wind that grieves,

As that same place from which we saw

With youth's unshadowed eyes,

A dreamland palace, shining clear,

Built in the coral skies.

It was so near we almost marked

Its banners waving fair,

And heard the sound of music soft

Borne on the vibrant air.

Encouraged then we told ourselves

It would be all our own,

A home of joy where we should find

Sweet peace as yet unknown.

Sister, to-day the fields are brown

And full of withered leaves

That lie 'neath trees with dead vines hung,

Swept by a wind that grieves.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Board of Editors.

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—Besides being a holiday of obligation in the Catholic Church, November 1, the feast of All Saints, was the date on which the spiritual retreat at Notre Dame ended. This coincidence made the observance all the more notable. At the early Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. President Morrissey, the Catholic students received Holy Communion, and when Archbishop Christie offered up the august sacrifice later, they were again present. The ritual, the music, the altar illuminations, and the large number of worshippers—both within the sanctuary and outside it—made the occasion seem even more solemn and impressive. These, with the sermon by the eloquent Dominican, Father Reinhart, left in the minds of all who attended a memory time will not soon efface. The afternoon services, which consisted of Vespers, sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, brought the retreat to a close.

—Americans have the happy faculty of seeing something comic even in the tragic. The coal strike, the cause of so much privation and suffering, has afforded the newspaper artist an opportunity to exercise this talent in two pictures that recently appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. One of these gives a view of a policeman vainly trying to head off a shivering crowd that rush with extended hands to warm themselves at a burning building. The other shows a fur-coated citizen

running at top speed and carrying on his shoulder a wooden Indian which he has stolen for fuel from the door of a tobacconist. If we can not have coal, at least we can have a laugh.

—“Was the retreat a success?” some one asks. The question is so peculiar that each must answer for himself. Between a spiritual exercise and a physical one little analogy exists. Unlike the end of a game of football or baseball we can not pat ourselves on the back at the close of a retreat and say the victory is ours. We are in the spiritual combat for life, and only with our latest hold on reason do hostilities entirely cease. But as a rule, the battle is lost or won long before that event takes place. If we feel purer, nobler, happier, after the retreat than we did before, then we may say with comparative certainty that the retreat was a success, and as long as we persevere in our good resolutions, the truth of this conclusion is strengthened.

The Archbishop of Oregon at Notre Dame.

The Most Reverend Archbishop Christie was the guest of Notre Dame during the past week. We had hoped he would be here in time to officiate at the close of the retreat, and we were not disappointed. On last Saturday he celebrated Pontifical High Mass at which Father Regan was assistant priest; Father McNamee, deacon; Father Ready, sub-deacon; and Father Connor, master of ceremonies. At noon on the same day, he was present in the Brownson refectory when Mr. Robert J. Sweeney delivered the following address on the part of the students:—

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP:—The students of Notre Dame are happy to welcome you. You come to us not as a stranger. Every student recalls with delight your visits to Notre Dame in other years. They were looked forward to joyfully and remembered with pleasure, not only because you are a successor of the Apostles, a distinguished prelate of our holy Church, but also because we know you to be a man of broad sympathies, of keen and cultured intellect. The consciousness that you take a lively interest in our efforts toward self-culture is another bond between us. The words of encouragement and advice which you have spoken to us on former occasions have been cherished, and, we hope, put into practice. They have helped us to realize the worth of Christian manliness and the advantages of Christian education. For this we most heartily thank you.

The signal honour which you paid to our *Alma Mater* and the men who shape her destinies, by placing in

their hands the new university in your diocese, is an expression of confidence which we are quick to appreciate. Upon the banks of the beautiful Willamette river, near Oregon's most favoured city, a new university has sprung into being. Planted there in the heart of the great growing West, this sturdy institution founded by you is destined to expand into greatness. We know that it is your ambition to see another Notre Dame lift her towers and domes to the sky of Oregon. Most cordially do we sympathize with the work and bid it God-speed; for knowing our *Alma Mater* as we do, we can not but wish to see her duplicated in as many spots as may be in our beloved land.

For many reasons, therefore, we are happy in your presence here to-day, but most of all because of your lofty Christian character which we admire, and the gracious personality which we never can forget.

In response the Archbishop said:—

Very Reverend Father Provincial, Reverend Rector, Reverend Fathers, Professors, and young gentlemen:—

I assure you that I appreciate your kinds words of welcome and especially those words in which you invite me to come here to this university and make myself at home. Whenever I return to Notre Dame I almost wish to remain, for I am so heartily in accord with the work of the Community of Holy Cross that I could wish to be a member of it. I come here therefore to pay my obedience to the Reverend Father Provincial.

You mentioned in your address, young gentlemen, that I was in some measure identified myself with the advancement of education. This I acknowledge to be true. When Rome informed me that I was to be a bishop of the Catholic Church, I resolved from the very first that I would use all my power and all my strength for the education and uplifting of young men of character, both Catholic and Protestant. It is for this purpose that I have founded the Columbian University to which you referred, and in establishing that university I was not satisfied until I succeeded in persuading the Reverend Father Provincial to accept the institution as his own. Finally he agreed, and sent to me Fathers of Holy Cross well qualified to sustain the best traditions of the priest and the scholar.

Not long since, young gentlemen, I visited a university, the rector of which declared to me that there were within its walls several thousand students. That surely is a large number, I said; but numbers, massive, wealthy buildings, and learned professors do not constitute a university. There can be no university worthy of the name where correct moral principles are not imparted. It is moral training, not numbers nor massive buildings nor learned professors, that forms the important factor in a university. Come with me, I said to him, and I will show you an institution which perhaps to-day has not more than one thousand students, and there you will find a university in reality,—the University of Notre Dame. You will there find the scholar, the young orator, the Christian gentleman; and, my young friends, I believe I told the truth, for I have been edified these last few days in seeing the manner in which you have conducted yourselves during the Annual Retreat. It was indeed a most edifying spectacle.

I sincerely thank you for the words of welcome which you have extended to me, and in conclusion, I say to you, be, not only scholars, but men of morality; not only devoted sons of Notre Dame, but loyal members of the great Catholic Church.

New Railroad to Notre Dame.

The building of a railroad to the University marks a new step in the checkless progress of Notre Dame. The work which has lately been completed is a branch of the main line of the Michigan Central between South Bend, Ind., and Niles, Michigan. It is nearly two miles in length, running in a winding direction north of St. Joseph's Lake and terminating at the steam and electric light plant. The work also includes a switch which runs to the ice house.

The road bed lies in a region seldom visited by visitors to Notre Dame, or even by the students themselves. A few oaks, remnants of the mighty forest which fifty years ago covered the entire locality, skirt the tracks. Standing on the rails, the spectator gets a splendid view of the university buildings, casting their shadows on the placid waters of St. Joseph's Lake; and on still afternoons hears the humming of machinery and the puffing of steam, mingled with the shouts and yells from the campus. And while he is looking and listening, the Notre Dame train, waking the echoes with its shrill whistle, speeds past him.

Notre Dame has long felt the need of this improvement. Many years ago the idea was conceived, but circumstances did not permit of its realization till now. The hauling of coal and other commodities from the Michigan Central tracks to the place of consumption has for a long time been a task of much labour, inconvenience and expense, and Notre Dame, from her infancy, has looked forward to the time when old-fashioned modes of conveyance should give place to the railroad train. To the present authorities of Notre Dame, and especially to the Very Reverend Dr. Zahm, belongs the honour of having made this idea a reality. We have but to consider the growth of Notre Dame to see how rapidly improvement has followed improvement; and while we marvel at Notre Dame's progress, we feel, looking into the future, that this progress has not come to a halt, but unimpeded keeps its onward course.

As soon as cars are running on the new track Notre Dame will have complete and thorough communication with all parts of the world. At present a student may speak by telephone with friends in any part of the United States, and he may send a telegram flying to the ends of the earth. By the build-

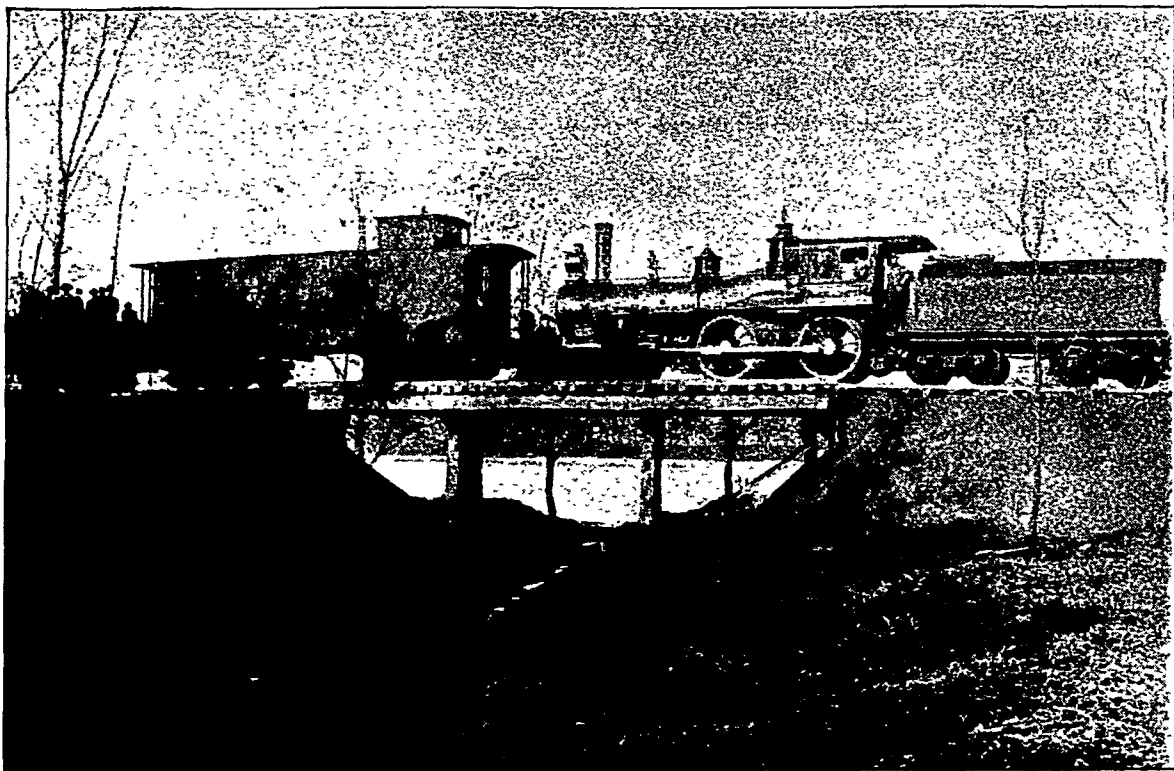
ing of this railroad, the University has opened another means of communication, so that Notre Dame now has all the facilities of the best equipped cities in the land.

Excursionists from Chicago at Commencement will especially appreciate the convenience of this improvement. Instead of boarding the Lake Shore train from Chicago to South Bend, they will find it much more satisfactory to take passage on the Michigan Central, and come directly to the boat house, where the crews will be awaiting their arrival to start the regatta. Thus the delay and trouble of engaging hacks to come from South Bend to Notre Dame will be avoided.

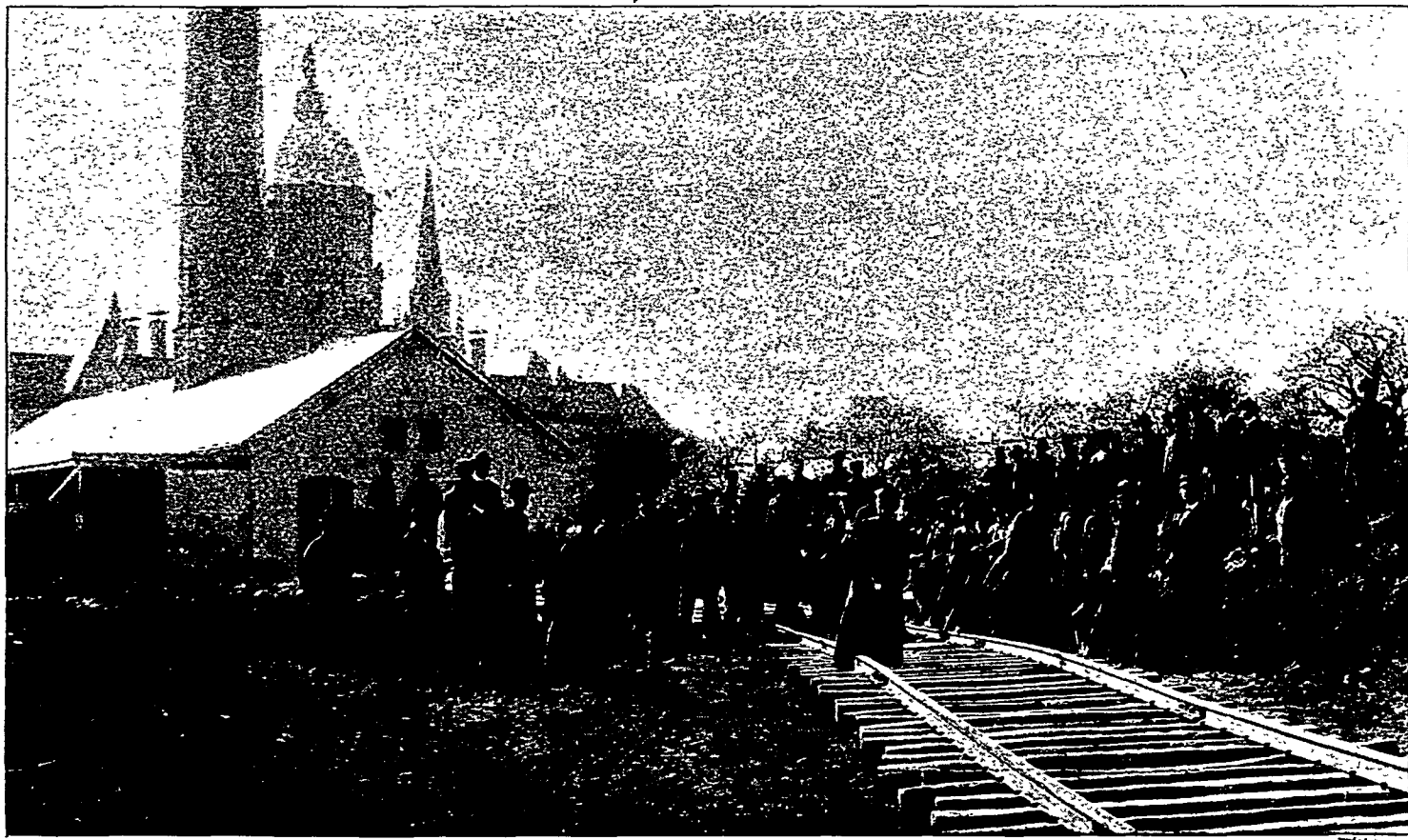
Passengers leaving Notre Dame will enjoy similar advantages. The confusion, delay and expense of sending baggage to the railroad depots in South Bend will be dispensed with,

and the students will be put to no more inconvenience than that of walking a few hundred yards to the railroad station.

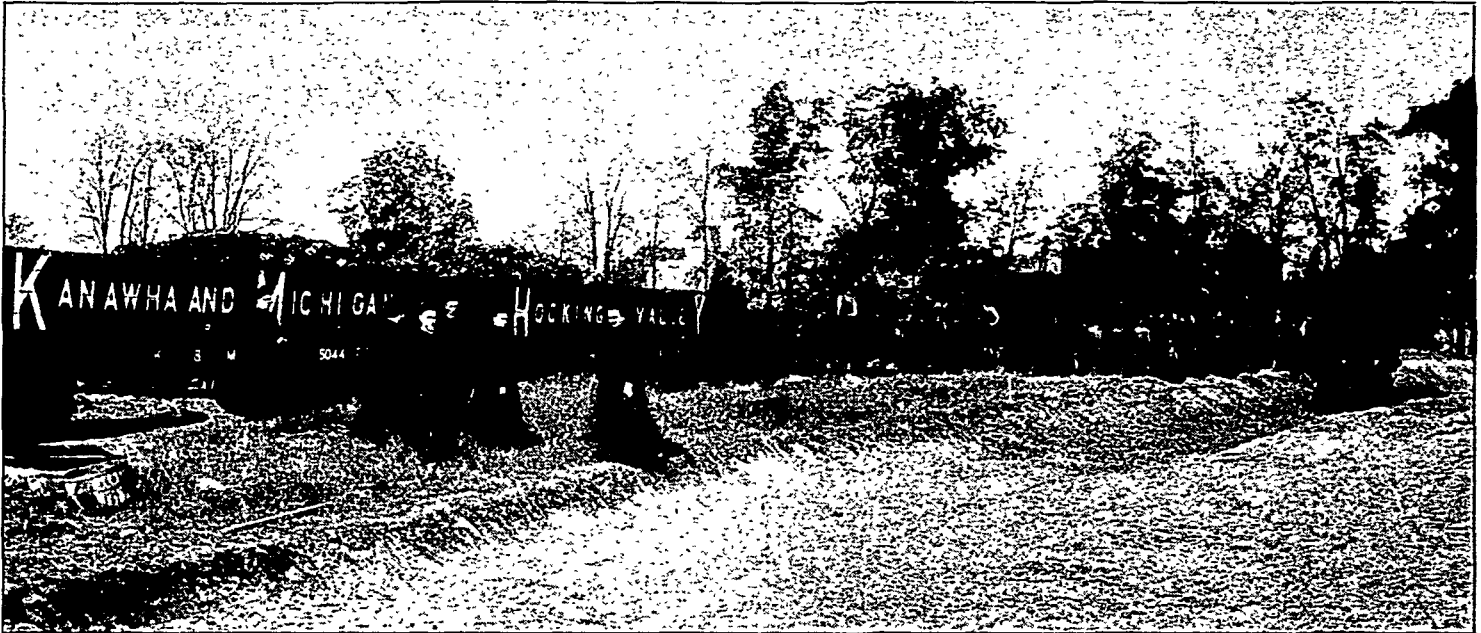
Besides rendering the importation of commodities to the University more expedient, the new railroad will hereafter be a great factor in Notre Dame's development. When new buildings are about to be put up, the contractors will find great satisfaction in having the cars bring building materials right to the spot. In many respects the work



ON THE TRESTLE—ST. JOSEPH'S LAKE IN THE DISTANCE.



REV. DR. ZAHM DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE IN THE NOTRE DAME DIVISION OF THE M. C. RR.



THE FIRST TRAIN ARRIVES AT THE TEMINUS OF THE NOTRE DAME DIVISION OF THE M.C. RR.

promises to be the greatest improvement the University has made in some years.

* * *

Contrary to the usual rules of railroading, President Ledyard took personal interest in the building of the road, and to him is thanks mainly due. Mr. Sullivan, the road-master, claims he was never pushed so hard by railroad officials, and the daily visits of Dr. Zahm

served to give additional impetus to the work. The road-master is still engaged in the work of ballasting the road, which operation will entail the hauling of 1000 carloads of earth.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. Parker, the road engineer, for having dropped other important work to make the proper survey.

To the projectors and builders of the road Notre Dame is under everlasting obligations.

FRANK J. BARRY, '03.

Ohio Medics Are Beaten.

The Varsity won last Saturday's game with the Doctors at Columbus, Ohio, but only after the hardest kind of a struggle. The Doctors were much too heavy for our lads, and proved superior in offensive work, but on the defensive the two teams were about evenly matched. Captain Salmon's long punts were a puzzle to the Ohioans, who either misjudged or fumbled the ball every time it was punted. Salmon took advantage of this defect and punted on every possible occasion.

The result of the contest was a huge surprise to the people of Columbus, as they confidently expected the Medics to swamp us with their superior weight. They were compelled, however, much to their chagrin, to watch their pets go down in defeat for the first time this season. The Medics carried the ball down towards our goal quite often, but whenever they approached within hailing distance, our line held like adamant, and the Doctors had to resort to the place kick to score. Salmon's punting, the tackling of Nyere and McGlew, Doar's brilliant defensive work,

and Lonergan's forty-five yard dash for a touchdown were the chief features of the game.

Francis kicked off fifty yards for O. M. U. to Salmon, who was downed on the ten-yard line. Salmon made two plunges of four yards each, and then booted the ball fifty-five yards. Leiblee misjudged and then fumbled it, and Lonergan grabbed it up and ran forty-five yards to a touchdown. Salmon kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; O. M. U., 0.

Francis kicked off fifty yards and Salmon returned five. Salmon hit centre for four yards and then repeated past Howard for a like gain. He then punted, and again Leiblee fumbled, but Francis fell on the ball on Notre Dame's fifty-yard line. The Medics then carried the ball by a series of line plunges to our fifteen-yard line. After failing to gain at this point, Francis dropped and kicked goal from placement, making the score, Notre Dame, 6; Medics, 5. This ended the scoring, and during the rest of the game the ball zigzagged up and down the field without any apparent advantage on either side.

THE LINE-UP:

| OHIO MEDICAL (5) | | NOTRE DAME (6) |
|------------------|-----|----------------|
| Sicles-Loyd | L E | Nyere |
| Howard | L T | Cullinan, |
| Kelso | L G | Gillen |
| Callahan | C | O'Malley |
| Thompson | R G | Desmond |
| Berry | R T | Steiner |
| Dougherty | R E | Lonergan |
| Farson | Q B | McGlew, |
| Leiblee | L H | Doar |
| Cherrington | R H | McDermott |
| Francis | F B | Salmon |

Summary: Score—Notre Dame 6; Ohio Medical, 5. Touchdown—Lonergan. Goal from placement—Francis. Goal from touchdown—Salmon. Length of halves—25 and 20 minutes. Umpire—Lee Thurman of Virginia. Referee—James Henry of Chicago.

Athletic Notes.

The Doctors had been preparing for our game for over a month. They are a husky aggregation and were "on edge" for Saturday's contest.

Salmon is undoubtedly one of the most versatile full-backs in the country. One game it is his terrific line bucking that wins the admiration of the spectators, and the next his phenomenal punting stirs the crowd.

Our crack quarter back, McGlew, is in the game again after a long siege with his leg. Mac ought to strengthen the back field considerably now.

Shaughnessy will probably be out again in a few weeks. Doar has a badly wrenched arm, and it is doubtful whether he will be in the Knox game or not.

The Thanksgiving Day game with Purdue promises to be the hardest-fought contest in years. Purdue is putting forth every effort to be in excellent shape for that game in particular.

To-day the Varsity clashes with Knox at Rock Island, Ill. Knox has defeated several of the "Big Nine" teams and is very strong this season. It will be a hard game.

Another Victory for the Inter-Hall.

Last Saturday the Inter-Hall team put up one of the fastest and cleanest games of football ever seen on Cartier Field. The crack Culver team, with a long list of victories behind them, including games with the Chi-

cago scrubs, Englewood and Lewis Institute, were their opponents, and as the Culver scrubs defeated the Inter-Hallers 6-5 some time ago, they expected an easy time of it. But they were taken off their feet by the fast play of the Inter-Hall backs; their line could not stop Hogan, Stephan and Opfergelt. Dillon and Petritz and Williams brought the rooters to their feet by their long runs. The Culver team was about as heavy as the Inter-Hallers, but could not send their plays past the ends, and the line stopped all gains in short order, so the Soldiers were forced to play a defensive game all through.

Culver kicked off, and the Inter-Hallers rushed right down the field for a score. After this Culver fought stubbornly and once had the ball on Notre Dame's ten-yard line, but were held for downs. Hogan, Dillon and Opfergelt made large gains, and once Dillon had a clear field, but a fine tackle by Heinley saved Culver from being scored on again. The Culver team couldn't stand the plunges of the Inter-Hall backs, and aided by a clever quarter-back kick by Maypole which Petritz secured, the Inter-Hallers scored again, Dillon going over the line.

The second half was short, but the Inter-Hallers kept up their fast work and scored once more before the call of time. The Inter-Hall team played fast ball all the way through; the work of the backs being especially commendable. Hogan used good judgment in calling the plays and the other men played well. The line charged faster than before when on the defensive, and opened large holes for the backs to plunge through. From present indications the Inter-Hallers should be able to furnish the Varsity with some good material for next year. The Culver team played a plucky game throughout, the work of Kelly, Bemis, Smith and Rockveldt being the best.

LINE-UP:

| INTER-HALL (17) | | CULVER (6) |
|-------------------|-----|---------------------|
| Petritz | L E | Smith, Lester |
| Stephan | L T | Phillips |
| O'Reilly, Kanaley | L G | Kelly, Cavanaugh |
| Medley | C | Anderson |
| Sheehan, Maher | R G | Williams |
| Griffin, O'Phelan | R T | Shepherd, G. Beys |
| Williams | R E | Heinley, Hunter |
| Maypole | Q | McQuaid |
| Dillon | R H | Carrouette, H. Beys |
| Opfergelt | L H | Raymond, Rockveldt |
| Hogan | F B | Bemis |

Umpire—O'Connor. Referee—O'Shaughnessy. Linesmen—Giggies and De Trivion. R. R. C.

Obituary.

General Bela M. Hughes, who died at Denver, Col., a few days ago, was a type of the first hustler in the West. The word "hustler" was not known then in its present signification.

In the rapid growth of the West, and in the general development of the country, General Hughes was of late years overshadowed. But few men did more to open up the country than he; few men helped others to success in business and in politics as he helped his friends, and yet he steadily refused political honors for himself.—*Western Daily*.

General Hughes was the father of Mr. Ellsworth C. Hughes, who donated the Ellsworth C. Hughes gold medal for the best record in Mathematics.

Mr. Bela M. Hughes, who formerly attended the University, was a son of General Hughes. The SCHOLASTIC sympathizes with the family and friends.

Personals.

—Mr. Thomas Cavanagh, A. B. '97, is a welcome visitor at the University.

—Father Griffiths, of Washington, was a welcome guest of the University recently.

—Mr. Ganey of Chicago, Ill., a former student, paid the University a visit recently.

—Rev. Father Callahan, O. V. M., and Rev. Father Conway, O. V. M., both of New York, visited the University during the week.

—Mr. B. D. Heel of Chicago, Ill., a former student, accompanied by his wife and son, visited his friends at Notre Dame during the past week.

—Mr. Louis Chute, Law '90, post-graduate, '92, and his brother, Mr. Fred Chute, Law '93, are engaged in the real estate and law business at Minneapolis, Minn.

—Professor J. F. Edwards will represent the Faculty of the University at the Jubilee celebration of the Right Reverend Bishop Horstman of the diocese of Cleveland which is to take place during the coming week.

—The students of the Advanced Zoölogy class feel indebted to Reverend A. M. Kirsch for his kindness in securing them admission to a very interesting lecture delivered by Professor Schurr at South Bend last Friday.

—Mr. Pierce Murphy, C. E. '90, is at present professor of law at West Point. Mr. John B. Murphy, C. E. '96, a first lieutenant in the regular army, is stationed at San Francisco. Both gentlemen served with great distinction in the Philippines.

—Last Thursday, solemn first Month's Mind

Mass was celebrated for the repose of the late Father Wm. Houlihan, C. S. C. Father Edward Houlihan of Lafayette, Ind., sang the Mass. Father J. Corbett acted as deacon; Father O'Reilly, as subdeacon.

—Mr. Chauncey Depew Yockey, who graduated in the Law Class of 1901, is forging rapidly ahead. He has been nominated for prosecuting attorney in Escanaba, Michigan. The eloquent and versatile Yockey still lives in the memory of his friends at Notre Dame, and he has their best wishes for success.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.—Messrs. James C. O'Connor, Warwick Miller and William J. O'Connor compose a new firm, the style of which is O'Connor, Miller, and O'Connor. Mr. Miller and the Messrs. O'Connor have practised law several years, and have been unusually successful.

Mr. William O'Connor was graduated in Classics in 1900. He was president of his class, and very popular among the fellows. During the recent campaign, "Bill" stumped Kentucky in the interest of Democracy.

—W. E. Curtis finds many collegians entering Politics.—Cites a notable example:

Record-Herald.—Joseph J. Sullivan, a graduate of Notre Dame University, is taking an active part in Chicago politics, and promises to become an influential factor in municipal affairs. He is a forceful speaker, was a member of the Notre Dame team that defeated the Illinois College of Law in debate, was editor of the SCHOLASTIC, the college paper at Notre Dame, and has had considerable experience as a reporter for the Association Press in Chicago. He began his political career while a student, was President of the Republican organization at the University during the McKinley campaign of 1900, and was a delegate to the St. Joe (Ind.) County Convention in April, 1902.

—Mr. Roger Sinnott, Law '02, is a member of a prominent law firm of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Nicholas Sinnott, Law '90, of the firm of Bennett and Sinnott, is practising law in "The Dalles."

Mr. Edward Brennan, Law '96, is a partner in a prosperous law firm of San Francisco.

Mr. Horace Wilson, Law '94, is engaged in the practice of law at Seattle, Washington.

Mr. William Galen, Law '96, is a prominent attorney of Helena, Montana.

Mr. Edward Dwyer, Law '89, is a member of one of the leading law firms of St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Monahan, student of the University, '93-'97, has a very profitable practice in Butte, Montana.

Mr. John Adams, student '95-'97, is prosperously engaged in the coal and ice business in Butte, Mont.

Mr. P. J. Corcoran, Law '00, post-graduate '01, is principal of the Butte (Mont.) high school. "Pat" broke the world's record in the 220-yard dash and was Captain of the '01 track team. His friends at Notre Dame are pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. B. Monahan, a former student of the University, has a prosperous coal business at Butte, Mont.

T. D. L.

Local Items.

—We have heard nothing about the organization of debating societies in the different Halls this year. Why not form them?

—Through the untiring efforts of Mr. H. E. Scott of Brownson Hall, we shall have several good water polo teams at the University before the winter season sets in. Mr. Scott has had considerable experience in the game, having been a member of the famous team of Washington, which made a tour of the country in 1900. All those desiring to receive instructions in the game, will kindly report to Mr. Scott any rec. hour in the natatorium.

—Interest in football is at something higher than fever heat just at present. The University boasts of more teams than ever before. Perhaps the most prominent of these is the recently organized Gaelic team. The members are all true sons of Erin. Last Sunday they played their first game against a picked team, and from all accounts it was the most interesting and scientific contest ever played. The SCHOLASTIC, ever alive to the interests of its readers, had a large corps of correspondents upon the field to follow up the intricate plays of the Gaelics, but the correspondents (themselves Irish to the core) became so wrapped up in the game that they forgot to report the proceedings. Through the kindness of Mr. Ill, correspondent of the Woman's Home Journal, the SCHOLASTIC is enabled to give a brief account of the game.

The Gaelics were the first to make their appearance and were greeted with applause. A few minutes later their opponents arrived upon the field. At exactly ten o'clock Captain Adick McDermott kicked off three yards for the Gaelics, and the greatest game in history was on. The rivals were unable to gain. Williams bucked centre for three and one half inches; Gerrauxycghty hurdled left end for a loss of seven inches. Mulcrone made a centre kick and Adick fell on the ball. Time out while ball was repaired.

Clarke kicked to the umpire, but got thrown down, and Cullinan tackled him for a chew. Umpire objected and crowd interfered. With splendid interference, Hennebry started around end, but saw a tackler awaiting him and fainted. McHernandez opened up a big hole in the ground, and Adicks plunged through for fun. Then came the play that won the day for the representatives of Erin. McDermott double shuffled around end and then criss-crossed between tackle and the gymnasium, but forgot to carry the ball. Gerraughty put it under his sweater, and without a word to anyone ran down the field for a touchdown. Williams kicked a hole in the ball in an attempt to kick goal, and the game ended with Adicks on his left foot. Score, Gaelics,

5; opponents, 0. Referee, unknown; Umpire, ditto. Casualties, zero. Weather, immense. Crowd, enthusiastic.

—MINIMS PLAN FIRST EXCURSION ON THE NOTRE DAME RAILROAD.—At the completion of the new railway last week, one of the Minims present said to his neighbor, "Let us have an excursion." The remark was too suggestive of enjoyment to pass unheeded. Without delay a committee was formed and the project submitted to proper authority. The movement met with approval, and forthwith received the hearty support of every Minim in St. Edward's Hall. To insure its success, the patronage of the teaching and superintending staff of that department was secured, and so jealous were the promoters of the distinction that was to be theirs that preparations were pushed forward with the utmost secrecy. Scarcely a student in the other Halls knew anything about the excursion until the moment of its departure. This occurred last Saturday at half-past three when the excursion train was boarded by over a hundred Minims

"With summer in their happy hearts
And sunshine in their laughing eyes."

The whole party numbered one hundred and twenty-five, and included, besides the Minims, Father O'Reilly, fifteen Sisters of Holy Cross, Brothers Albius and Cajetan, and two students from Corby and Sorin Halls who had received invitations.

The objective point was Bertrand, a village about eight miles distant by rail, and possessing a special interest, inasmuch as it was the early site of St. Mary's Academy. The run to Bertrand Station was made in fifteen minutes, and on arriving there, Mr. Edward Schwab of Corby Hall took photographs of the entire party. Then followed an excellent luncheon served under the supervision of the Sisters. The day was fine, the roads dry, and sufficient time was had to visit the village of Bertrand, where once labored some of the pioneers of the Community of the Holy Cross. That was a long fifty years ago, and now little remains to trace a connection between the locality and their work. One little building is there, a small, low house with gothic windows. Within its walls the Mass was often celebrated, but the altar lights have long since been extinguished, and it is now an abandoned Calvary.

Evening was coming apace when the Minims started on their return. They got aboard for home at half-past five, reached St. Edward's Hall before six, and were well pleased with the success of the first excursion on the Notre Dame Railway. Altogether, the excursion was a most enjoyable affair, both for the Minims and for the few whom they honored with invitations. It afforded a pleasure one is never sorry for—the pleasure that comes with variety of scene, good weather, and good company.