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## Thebes.

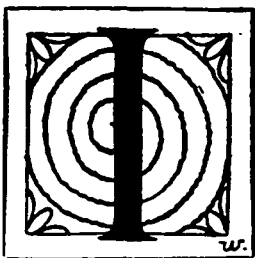
ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

**D**ESERTED are the streets of Thebes. No more  
Its hundred gates ope wide to usher in  
The conquering host, nor more with martial din  
To free from leash the straining dogs of war.  
A gloom, as if grim death in passing o'er  
Had dropped in careless rage his mantle sin,  
Now covers all the land. The sunbeams win  
From Memnon no melodious song of yore.

The images of long-forgotten kings;  
Dim pillared fanes through which the starlight  
whisks;  
The shattered sphinxes, the dread altar's base,  
The Ibis, sacred in those days, which wings  
Its lonely way 'mid ruined obelisks—  
All speak a lesson nothing can erase.

## Pope Leo XIII. Poet.

CHARLES A. GORMAN, '03.



**I**N his excellent character study of Pope Leo XIII. Vicomte E. M. De Vogue, an eminent member of the French Academy, tells us that were a conscientious and intelligent painter commissioned to group in a picture the leading personages of Europe he would not have hesitated any time these ten years to arrange his composition round Pope Leo XIII. This expresses very nicely an opinion which is growing more universal from day to day as men come to understand more and more the true character of the great bishop of Rome. He is undoubtedly to-day the fearless leader of the Christian world, not alone in religion but socially and intellectually

as well. A man of keen intellect, the Pope is world famed as a philosopher. In the art and science of the legislator, the statesman and the diplomatist few are his equal. His is surely a charming personality. Whole-souled and democratic in the best sense of the word, he has won the hearts of all men, eliciting expressions of genuine esteem from sources whence such might naturally be unlooked for.

It is not, however, as the learned scholar nor as the virtuous Vicar of Christ on earth nor yet as the man everywhere loved for a kindly nature that I speak of the Holy Father. Here rather will I essay to study Pope Leo XIII. the poet. The virility and force of his prose writings have always been known from the encyclicals which, from time to time, have come from his ever busy pen. His keen comprehension of his subject-matter, his powerful expression and the perspicuity and simplicity of his style, critics have admired and readers have relished for many years. But it was not until 1897, when Andrew Lang cabled to the *New York World* a translation of the ode on "Frugality and Long Life," that Pope Leo XIII. was introduced to the general reading public as a poet of considerable power.

Not long since there appeared upon the book market a volume entitled the "Poems of Pope Leo XIII." Rev. Dr. Hugh T. Henry, its author, has arranged page by page the Latin or Italian original, as the case may be, and his translation of the same. This has been the first presentation to readers of the collected poems of our venerable Pontiff. As early as 1822, however, when the Pope was but twelve years old, he showed a remarkable faculty for Latin verse. Two distichs which he wrote that year for a school festival of welcome to Father Vincent Pavani, the Jesuit Provincial, are his first recorded attempt at poetry. Three years later he won a prize by writing one hundred and twenty most elegant Latin hexameters in commemoration of the feast of

Belshazzar. Both of these compositions, distinguished for pure latinity and literary grace, gave promise of the exquisite achievements which were to be made by their author during the eighty years to follow. The ode and the hymn of dignified theme, the charade and the quatrain, the epigram and the witticism, warm with feeling or sparkling brilliantly, have equally shared his attention. He is faultless in technique and master of many metrical forms, using frequently the favorite metres of Horace and Virgil.

In his twentieth year the poet tells us in a poem "On His Sickness" that his health was gone and that a wasting fever was hurrying his slender frame to a youthful grave.

Haggard and wan my face and laboring is my breath  
Languid I walk the way to dusty death.

These are the words in which he expresses his pitiable condition. The spirit of the song, sad yet courageous, has been compared to that in Milton's sonnet on his blindness. While lamenting his unfortunate state the author yet shows his contempt for death:

O Death where is thy sting  
With gladness I await thy triumphing.

It is difficult indeed for us now to think that these words could ever have been spoken truly of the poet pontiff whom we know now as the head of the greatest society on earth, energetic and hearty at the age of ninety-two.

Of his numerous charades, clever and beautiful, I think his "Can-Estro," addressed to Sylvia, the most delightful. The Italian original Dr. Henry has rendered into English with little loss of its delicate beauty—an accomplishment by no means easy. The first stanza will serve as an illustration of its lightsome, airy movement.

Sylvia, the glory and the boast  
Of all Italia's fairest,  
An English bard thy beauty sang  
And made thy fame the rarest.  
I, too, would offer thee a gift—  
A little rhymic flower  
Plucked in its grassy bower  
Beside my garden brook.

The irony of the poet in his lines to "Fulvio Bellelio" and the pretty humor he exhibits in "Eccentric Mævius" are amusing and the poems themselves clever pieces. The latter especially bubbles with life and vim. Best known perhaps among the many poems which appeared in the next thirty-five years of the Pope's life are his lines on "Photography" and "His Life and Fortunes." The one is a

charming little poem of two stanzas in praise of the art of photography—the "miracle of human thought;" the other is intensely interesting, relating as it does so beautifully the chief incidents of the author's life up to the time he was proclaimed cardinal.

Between the years 1874 and 1879 Pope Leo wrote those three admirable hymns, one in honour of St. Herculanius and two in honour of St. Constantius. In dignity and beauty they are perhaps unexcelled by any of his work, and lavish are the praises which they have received from several exacting critics who have concerned themselves with making a particular study of these poems. The songs of the "Two Fountains" charm us with their simple, purling music, and his poems in Our Lady's honour, things of beauty as they are, are a joy forever.

I will pass over the splendid poems in honour of the Holy Family, of the Sacred Heart, in praise of Arcadia and in celebration of some pious pastor or devout nun, because the Holy Father is known best to the world as poet by the three famous productions of his later years: "The Epithalamium," the odes on "Frugality and Long Life" and "The Opening Century."

To attempt to paraphrase the first of them, however painstakingly, would be to do it injustice. We can not but marvel at this venerable old man—almost a nonagenarian at the time—waxing young again in spirit to celebrate with a tender, joyous song the nuptials of a happy couple. The song runs thus:

Two hearts—twin altars—claim  
A single love-lit flame:  
You ask me whence it came?

Kindred in heart and soul—  
Love silent on them stole  
And gained complete control!

Sweeter its victory,  
When virtue's laws decree  
Inviolable loyalty!

At Mary's shrine they bow,  
A mutual troth to vow  
In love made holier now.

What more? I end my lay,  
Heaven's choicest gifts to pray  
On this, their wedding day!

The ode on "Frugality and Long Life," as translated by Lang in 1897, has been revised by the Pope since, and it is the revised text which Dr. Henry translates. The ode, or as it is called by the poet, the "Epistle to Fabricius

Rufus," is truly a refreshing bit of literature. It smacks of Horace, and its sprightly, rippling tone is sure to come as an agreeable surprise to those—and they are many—who have seen in Pope Leo XIII. only the august Vicar of Christ, too dignified, too holy, and hence too far above the simple feelings and affections of ordinary mortals, to be in sympathy with their joys and sorrows. In this, as in fact in all of his poems, the Holy Father displays the genial, lovable character that he is.

Happy and humorous while he describes the essentials of the frugal, wholesome repast, he grows more reflective as he concludes the ode with a warning against the subtle snares of Gluttony whose

.... arts would seek to bury in the sod  
Even the soul—spark of the breath of God!

Just at the dawn of the year 1900, when the Pope was in his ninetieth year, he published his ode to "The Opening Century" which has been called a "marvel of beauty, dignity and earnestness." Everywhere this poem was received with enthusiastic applause. In the long list of its translators, the names of Andrew Lang, Francis Thompson and William Hayes Ward appear prominently. This little gem of poetry written in alcaics—the metre in which Horace loved best to dress his songs—has found its way into many languages. Truly this grand ode is worthy of the great Pontiff who from his lofty watch-tower looks upon the world and tells us what he sees as an old century darkens and a new dawn. And who could have told us better?

The classic metre so beautiful in the original Latin has offered much resistance to translation. Dr. Henry is more concise in his translation than others. I quote part of it:

A noble nurse of all the arts,  
The age departs:  
Let who will sing the truths it taught,  
The marvels wrought.

Me rather shall its sinful years  
But move to tears,  
As in a backward glance I see  
Its infamy.

Hark ye the new hierophant  
Of science, chant:  
His soul to nature's souless clod  
As to a god!

O to what hideous depth is hurled  
The proud, proud world!  
Kneel, then, O mortal man, to God:  
And kiss His rod.

The pilgrim hosts to Peter's shrine  
His hand divine  
But now hath led—a portent viewed  
Of Faith renewed.

One dream let hearts of kings pursue—  
Thy will to do;  
One Shepherd let the earth behold,  
One Faith, one Fold.

Long ninety years my course is run—  
Thy will be done;  
My prayers the crowning grace to gain,  
Be not in vain!

Though assuredly the name of Pope Leo XIII. will not be enrolled among the exceeding small company of the world's great poets, yet the charm of his graceful verses will be pleasantly recalled by scholars, and his sympathy with and comprehension of the hearts of men will render him an attractive figure in history long after he has rounded out the life that has been so full of honour and of service to humanity.

#### Echoes From the Turf.

"Well, I don't like to talk much about myself, but if you wish I'll relate a few incidents of my life," said the old nag. "I was a good racer in my time and many a neat sum I won for my owner. I remember once, just before an important race, of overhearing a conversation between two jockeys. One of them said that he would hold me in while the other should let out his horse and win the event. A few minutes before the race my owner came in, patted me on the back and said: 'My fortune depends on this race, Belle. Do your best and I'll never forget it.' Then he spoke to the jockey and promised him a bonus if he would win the race.

"As the jockeys had fixed the plan, so they tried hard to carry it out. I was kept close to the heels of my rival until the three-quarter post was reached. Here, I was to show a bad streak while the other horse made a grand spurt. Instead I took the bit firmly in my teeth and trotted under the wire a winner. This is but one of many adventures during my running career.

"After my removal from the paddock, I was used as a buggy horse and often rode with my master in the saddle. One Sunday, while prancing leisurely along a crowded boulevard, screams and cries of 'runaway!' were heard.

Not far ahead, a horse attached to a buggy, in which two women were seated, was wildly approaching at full speed.

"In obedience to the rein, I turned round and, urged on by my master, showed some of my old-time form. Gradually I slowed down until the runaway was alongside and kept pace with it until my owner secured the lines and brought the horse to a stop.

"A short time after this my mistress took me for a drive around the parks. Greatly to my delight, she drove me into the edge of a lake reserved for horses, where other acquaintances of mine were enjoying the cool water. I was much interested by the prattle of a child in the buggy on my right. She was jumping up and down and very often exclaimed, 'O mamma, mamma, look at the pitty duckies!'

"A large swan glided gracefully up to the wire and my little prattler leaned over crying 'Shoo! shoo!' The next instant she was in the water. I just poked down my head, and as gently as I could took hold of her dress, lifted her up and placed her safe again in the buggy.

"Well, I think I've told you enough for to-day. Just fill up another measure of oats, and the next time you call around I'll rap off some of my experiences with the fire department.

A. J. DEVEREUX.

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Jenny is a small, gentle-faced mule, but she has all the traits of her kind. Very often she and her mate, Jack, are annoyed by the boys down our way who try to ride them. One evening last summer, I saw the two heading in glee for the pasture.

"May I ride Jenny?" I asked the boy who was leading them.

"Get on!" he drawled out.

I started to do so, but with some distrust; for I remembered that just the day before one unfortunate was thrown off and treated rather uncourteously by her hind legs.

"Well, hurry up!" he yelled impatiently.

"Will she throw me?" I asked, timidly.

"Naw, she's young and easy."

I then mustered up courage enough to mount.

It has always been a mystery to me how a crowd of boys can collect so fast. I was no sooner seated, without reins or saddle, than two sticks were cracked across Jenny's back. After flirting awhile with her right eye and left ear she waved a farewell with both hind

legs, and then started off. I soon found that my position was not very secure. At any moment I might meet my downfall and again descend to the level of the rest. I jammed my toes under her front shoulders, and in this way was able to keep my spirits and body somewhat composed. All the while the boys were hooting and poking sticks into her sides. They meant no harm to poor Jenny of course, but I managed to stick on.

Soon the crowd grew tired and Jenny was again free to go at a more decorous pace. But the calm that precedes a violent storm was shown in this case. They again gave chase and I was never before used so roughly. The mule would jump and kick in the most unpleasant manner; then she seemed to fly like an arrow and stop short. I very often looked for the place where I thought I must fall. I managed, however, to stick fast. The scene resembled much the rough riding in Buffalo Bill's Show, minus the dexterity of the rider. Since that time I have had no pity for any of Jenny's breed. When I see the whip applied to them I recall the night I had startling intimations of eternity thrust upon me by a one-time "dear little mule."

JAMES C. GRAHAM.

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"Yes," said old Ned to a group of yearlings who with heads erect and ears cocked were standing around his stall, "at one time I was the pride and pet of every horseman in the country. Even now my name is brought up whenever horsemen assemble, and my fame extends from coast to coast. Perhaps you would like to learn how I became famous," said the old Hero glancing around at his admirers. A joyous chorus of whinnies greeted him, and after pawing impatiently at the ground for a few moments, he began:

"Born in obscurity, the first year of my life was spent on a large ranch in southern Illinois, where from morning till night I enjoyed the invigorating air of freedom. How the hot blood tingled through my veins! You can bet I enjoyed that life, and the memory of it still brings me pleasant dreams. One day, however, there came a break in this joyous outdoor life, and I was brought to town and sold at auction.

"My new master, 'Lucky' Baldwin, as he was known to followers of the turf, was at that time the greatest race-horse owner in the country. He placed me on his large stock

farm in Kentucky where, for a while, I enjoyed my former freedom. It was not for long, however. The stock farm boasted of a fast half mile running track, where the thoroughbreds, the cream of America's racing stock, were put through a course of training. I was used as a pacemaker, or trial horse. Very often during these trials, I would break away from the restraint placed upon me by my jockey, and dash along side by side with the best of them, and often took the lead. After a few of these triumphs my master, who was always present, began to pay greater attention to me than formerly, and placed me under the care of a trainer. I was put into new and better quarters; was given choicer food, and every day, after running several brisk miles (to my joy—a pacemaker with me) I was rubbed and handled by two assistants; in fact, underwent the same treatment I had so often, yes, and enviously, beheld the "stars" receive. You can't imagine the joy I felt when I realized that I was looked upon by America's best judge of horseflesh as fit to carry his colours on the track. This thought alone served to give me greater speed, and made me feel able to cope with anything. The daily routine of training and careful treatment continued for two months, and then one morning I found myself lodged in a car. Sold again, thought I, and my heart began to lose courage.

"After arriving at my new quarters I overheard a conversation between my trainer and one of his helpers which gave me an inkling of what was in store for me. I was entered in the 'Golden Rule Sweepstakes', which was to be run off the very next morning. How proud I felt when I learned that I, an unknown, was to be pitted against the 'cracks' of the whole country in the most classic turf event of the season. That night was the most exciting I ever passed through. Sleep failed me, and it was with relief that I beheld the approach of dawn.

"Early in the morning of the eventful day, Baldwin came into my stall, and patting me on the nose said:

"Neddy, old pet, I have banked my all on you to-day. Show the people that the "homely plow horse," as they call you, is a thoroughbred in speed."

"Here my master reached up and whispered something into my ear which sent the hot blood rushing through my veins as never before. At last the time for the great struggle was at hand. As my jockey led me out for my

final warming up, the sea of faces and the numberless thoroughbreds and jockeys, shining resplendent in the colours of their respective stables almost overwhelmed me, but when I thought of my master my courage returned. In a few minutes the bugle sounded and I found myself in line waiting the signal.

"At last it was given, and with a bound I was off, running easily but well up in the bunch. At the half-mile post I found myself out in the front with a big black—the favorite—by my side. The next quarter was passed without any relative change in position. As we neared the last turn before the home stretch I felt my faithful jockey give me a slight jerk, the signal to be ready for my final spurt. Around the turn we flew together and started down the home stretch on even terms. I was running faster than ever before, but to my dismay the big black seemed to be distancing me slowly but surely. On, on, I went; at the last twenty yards I caught up with him, and then just as we reached the finish I gave a desperate lunge forward and won. The crowd surged around me, and seemed to shake the very earth under my feet with their applause, but I heeded them not; it was only when I found my master's arms around my neck that I felt happy."

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

#### The Shield of Two Colours.\*

MATTHEW J. WALSH, O3.

During the days of chivalry and paganism one of the ancient Briton princes erected on a spot which formed the intersection of four roads a statue to Victory. In her right hand the goddess held a lance, while her left rested on a shield, the front of which was of gold and the back of silver. From one side you could read this inscription, written in the old Briton language: "To the ever favourable goddess;" and from the opposite side: "In honour of four successive victories gained over the Picts and the other inhabitants of the northern isles."

It happened one day that two knights fully equipped, one in an armor of black, the other in white, reached the statue from opposite sides. As it was the first time they had passed this way, they stopped in order to read the inscriptions and admire the delicate workman-

\* Translated from the French.

ship of the statue. After eyeing it for some time the black knight exclaimed:

"This shield of gold—"

"Of gold," interrupted the white knight, who was attentively examining the opposite side, "unless my eyes are bad, the shield is of silver."

"I know not whether your eyes are bad," answered the black knight, "but if ever in my life I have seen a golden shield it is this one here before me."

"In truth," replied the other sneeringly, "it is very likely that they would expose a golden shield in such a public place. For myself, I am greatly surprised that even a silver shield does not prove too strong a temptation for the reverence of some of those who pass this way."

The black knight could not endure the sneer which accompanied this insinuation, and in the heated discussion that followed he challenged his tormentor to a combat.

The knights drew back until there was sufficient distance between them, then placing their lances in rest, they rushed upon each other with terrific force. The shock was so great that both fell to the ground wounded and bruised by the fall, and here they remained for some time in an unconscious state. It was in this condition that a venerable druid who was passing along the road, found them. He carried with him a sovereign balm, for at this time the druids were physicians as well as priests. He soon succeeded in staunching the flow of blood and applied his balm to their wounds. When he saw that they were somewhat revived from their stupor, he asked the cause of their quarrel.

"This man," exclaimed the black knight, "claims that the shield which you see is made of silver."

"He holds," said the white knight, "that the shield is of gold."

"Ah!" said the druid with a sigh, "you are both right and you are both wrong. If either of you had taken the trouble to examine the opposite side of the shield with as much attention as you did the side which was facing you, this bloody quarrel could have been avoided. You may draw an excellent lesson from the disgrace you have suffered on this occasion. Allow me then to ask of you in the name of our gods, and especially in the name of this goddess here present, never more to take part in any kind of a dispute until you have first considered both sides of the question."

### Varsity Verse.

#### THROUGH MY WINDOW.



LOOK to the blue, the deep blue of the sky!  
The broad, blue wall imprisoning the earth  
Like a range of mountains high.

O see above the deep, chaste blue  
Where the little gold of sunset pales  
Melting into a lemon hue.

O look to the liquid blue above  
Dripping into the gold below,  
Mellow and fair and pure as love.

Behold the still lake fringed with brown!  
A colder tint its bosom wears,  
Like a patch of evening sky dropt down.

C. L. O'D.

#### DISILLUSIONED.

She stood like a statue with queenly air,  
Her cheeks had a lasting bloom;  
She smiled on the son of the millionaire—  
Which lured him to his doom.  
He lifted his hat with the courtly grace  
He'd had since he could toddle,  
But, on stepping forward another pace,  
He saw, 'twas a dressmaker's model!

I. D. L.

#### WE SUFFER AS DID OUR FATHERS.

The turkey's again the butt of the joke,  
Our wrath by quips is deeply stirred,—  
How untold measure of coal and coke,  
Have failed to roast that rubber bird.

How axe and saw are vainly plied,  
And chisel, cleavers, all made blunt,—  
The same old jokes that have defied  
For years our fathers, us confront.

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#### MAY IT BE GRANTED.

O editor! spare that joke, ancient, solemn,  
That at Thanksgiving shows its hoary, wrinkled face—  
And he who steals it yearly from *Adam's* funny column,  
Is worthy of coal and coke and the depths of the lower  
place.

B. V. K.

#### THE GAME.

Whence all those cries, those shouts that roar?  
Whence all that din, that deafening noise?  
Some evil thing, some sudden war?  
Oh, no!—a football game!—just boys.

C. A. G.

#### FOILED.

One day the king in anger  
Resolved to kill his fool,  
And having so decided,  
According to his rule,  
Demanded of the culprit  
What mode of death he'd choose:—  
"Of old age let me perish  
If I my life must lose."

D. O'K.

#### A WISH.

O for a ship and a jolly crew  
And a spanking breeze,  
And a sail once more to a foreign shore—  
Over bounding seas.

MACD.



## After the Game.

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.

It was Thanksgiving and Akron had won from Huron. For the past three years Huron's High School team had defeated the Akron eleven, but the tables had finally turned, and everybody in the little village was elated. Notwithstanding the prediction, which the "Banner" had made with a great show of confidence, the victory was unexpected and there had been no provision made for any demonstration. Each year alternate trips were made by the two teams and the contest had been played at Akron this season. It was customary to give the visitors some sort of amusement, and an elaborate *musical* following a banquet was what the committee on arrangements had planned for the strangers' entertainment. The programme was successfully executed, but this would have happened even had Akron lost. Those most enthusiastic over the triumph thought that something special ought to be done.

Huron's players left for home at midnight and a number of students accompanied them to the train after the *musical* was over. It was while sitting at the station, that the talk turned on the want of appreciation among the local enthusiasts.

"I tell you, fellows, we ought to do something by way of celebrating," said Bob Evans, the quarter-back. "Huron gets a day's 'rec' when they win, but Professor Hilson said to-night that he'd expect every player at school to-morrow for 'exams.' When we get a chance to celebrate only once in four years we ought to do something remarkable."

No one dissented from this opinion but though various suggestions were offered for carrying it into effect none met with approval. The train pulled in, and after a yell for the departing eleven, the town boys set out for their homes. As they passed the hardware store Sid Wallace said:

"Wait a minute, fellows, I want to get some rope for a trunk. My sister's going away to-morrow forenoon and I've forgotten this errand twice to-day. Guess I'd better do it now while I remember it."

As they passed the court-house square a few minutes later, Hicks stumbled over a chair lying near the flag-pole. "Give us a piece of rope," he said, "and we'll surprise old Willets

in the morning when he goes to run up the flag." Ten seconds later, the piece of furniture dangled from the staff eighty feet above their heads.

"Say, fellows, there's lots more rope left," put in "Tub" Bersford, "there are four chairs over in front of the Arlington House, suppose we run them up too." The suggestion gave general satisfaction, and while the solitary chair was lowered the other four were brought from their place in front of the hotel. After tying them onto the first one, however, there was still plenty of unused rope.

"Let's do the thing up right," said Hicks. "The windows on Rice's Hall are seldom fastened. We can climb up on that wooden awning and get chairs enough to string the pole from top to bottom." There were some remonstrances to this proposal, but a majority favored the project. The hall was less than a half block away. Sentinels were stationed at different places to avoid surprise or detection and the work of transferring the chairs was begun. Two trips would be necessary. It was an easy task to mount the awning when willing hands assisted the climber and the windows yielded. The first load was carried over and run up without meeting anyone and a return for the last supply was being made when one of the sentinels came running up with the announcement that the marshal was coming. With a call to those inside to "Lookout for Hawes," the crowd started down the street at a rapid pace. The night was dark and none of the fellows upstairs had heard the warning. Hawes came up just as one of the mischief makers emerged through a window with a couple of chairs. Thinking that one of his companions was coming for more material, the unfortunate youth called out: "Here you go," and held down a chair. This with the sound of scurrying feet at once aroused the officer's suspicions that there was some lawlessness going on. Threats, however, did not bring the culprits within his grasp; his attempts to climb upon the awning unassisted proved useless, and his anger arose as the minutes passed. He informed the prisoners that their capture was only a question of time and that he would wait till morning to get them if need be.

Vivid pictures of prison bars, irate fathers, and sorrowing mothers passed in rapid review before the eyes of the captives. They were in a dreadful state and with no way to escape. In the meantime, the crowd that had retreated

at the marshal's coming, had had time to collect their wits. When they found that the officer was not in pursuit, they came back cautiously. Two of the more adventurous approached near enough to hear his threats against the unfortunates. From his talk it was evident that he had mistaken the party for the "Dirty Dozen," a set of shiftless fellows, who were always into mischief about town, but never committed any serious disturbances. The scouts stole back to their companions and a council of war was held over the predicament. Hawes would have to be driven from his position or morning would bring discovery and disgrace upon their hemmed in friends. How could he be routed? Various ways were suggested, but the task seemed hopeless. He would be on his guard, and long experience with the "Dirty Dozen" would probably prevent his being tricked from his post. Some one suggested that they turn the hose on him, but to do that it would be necessary to break into the fire-engine house to get hose. This might bring more trouble.

The case was bad. The group of debaters stood near a big heap of gravel, piles of which lined both sides of Main street as a lot of new walks were being put in. Everybody was trying to think of some scheme to relieve the prisoners. "Say Hicks," said Frank Sykes, as he dug his foot into the heap, do you remember our fight in the gravel pit three years ago?"

"The very thing," was Hick's rejoinder, and his excited speech attracted the attention of all. "We won't do much to Hawes. Everyone of you fellows load up with gravel. Carry all you can, and pick out a few good pebbles to use if he tries to charge on us. If we get to that pile in front of the hall we'll have a good base of supplies, and I guess that if we can route Hawes for a few minutes the fellows upstairs will do their part in getting out of the scrape."

The first volley brought the sleeping sentry to his feet, the second awoke him to his danger and the third shower drove him from his post. The prisoners slid hastily down from their perilous position and the party faded away in the darkness. They had had all the excitement that they wanted. Attempts to bring the suspects to account were defeated as their innocence was established without legal proceedings. The culprits kept their secret well, and the "Charge of the Dirty Dozen" is still a mystery to the village folk.

#### When Woman Proposes and Disposes.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Harrison T. Washburn was a young man, who, as he proudly stated, had always "hoed his own row." Left an orphan, he was early thrown on his own resources. For a number of years he "hired out" to neighbouring farmers; but when he was about nineteen years of age he became tired of milking cows, and decided to go to the city.

There, by the favour of Fortune and his strong arms, he obtained employment as a mill-hand at fair wages. His ambition was to get an education; so after working hard all day he attended school at night. He studied untiringly, and soon interested his instructors to such a degree that they secured a better position for him. He appreciated their kindness and served his new employers so faithfully that his salary was raised; and when his night-school course was finished, he found that by dint of hard saving, it was within his power to attend a college where he could work for board.

At college he displayed so much industry that he soon was known as "the plugger." He was flattered by this appellation, and began to picture his future career. He could see himself the central figure of political campaigns, finally elected to Congress, making a world-wide reputation as a statesman. His friends were sure that a man of his grit and talent would some day occupy the Presidential chair. He may not have believed this, but at any rate, he kept on working.

When the summer vacation came around he, with some of his fellow-students, went out to a summer hotel, where he could make some money and have time to review his law. The boarders at the resort, who had little else to occupy their time, took considerable interest in the college boys. One young wealthy widow, named Mrs. Hartley, showed a special liking for Harrison. As she was neither sentimental nor "spoony," her society was very congenial to the young man, so it was not many days before they were spending most of their spare time together. Of course, he didn't review law under those circumstances, but every time he returned to his room and gazed upon the books, his conscience smote him, and he resolved to make a change. But the days lapsed into weeks and matters



remained the same. At last he packed the books back into his trunk.

Then the other college boys told him that he "had it bad," and that after all, a few years' difference in age didn't matter. Harrison protested in great annoyance that the only sentiment which existed between Mrs. Hartley and himself was friendship, whereupon the fellows laughed loudly. Harrison walked angrily away, but after some serious thought concluded that, since the affair was beginning to create "talk," he had better "cut it out."

"Besides," he said, "I must review my law," and thereupon he went to his room and unpacked the law-books for the second time, to be all ready to begin work next day.

He did indeed attempt to study early the next day, but the weather was so sultry he could not accomplish anything. Then he decided to row out on the lake, and be in good condition to study as soon as it became cooler. As he walked down to the beach he met Mrs. Hartley. Of course it would be impolite not to ask her to take a boat ride; and Harrison was honest enough to admit that he was not sorry she accepted.

Something like that was always turning up, and he never got an opportunity to read law. So things ran on until a week before the close of vacation, when one evening Harrison went to repack the books. He stood before his book-case and muttered in a kind of callow gravity: "Well, it's a good thing that there's but one week more, for things have become serious, very serious." Just then a sweet voice called to him:

"O Harry, come down and give me a boat ride. It's a glorious night, and besides I've got something to tell you."

Harrison T. Washburn gasped hard. "Harry!" it was the first time a woman had called him that. Mrs. Hartley had always addressed him as "Mister" before.

He didn't care whether things had become serious or not, as he dashed down the stairs, and said: "Come on, I feel just like rowing, to-night."

It was one of those clear August nights when every star in the heavens seems especially brilliant. The moon was just rising, round and red, above the tree-tops. Not a breeze rippled the smooth surface of the lake. Along the water's edge could be seen the clear reflection of the trees, heavy with foliage. From a cottage, across the water, came strains

of music and peals of joyous laughter. It was such a night as would have delighted Lorenzo and Jessica.

Harrison had rowed in silence for some time when he looked up and said, as if he had just recollected the fact, "Why, a week from to-night I'll be back at school." Then, after much encouragement from Mrs. Hartley, he told in a straightforward way his short and prosaic history. When he had finished, his companion's eyes shone with sympathy.

The boat, which had been drifting, stopped suddenly.

"Why, we have drifted ashore," exclaimed Mrs. Hartley.

"Yes," said Harry, "we're near that famous old oak-tree which you were so eager to get a view of."

"Let's walk over and see it," said Mrs. Hartley.

They had gone but a short distance when she continued:

"Harry, it's too bad that a good fellow like you has to work his way through school. Don't think me bold," she went on, placing her hand on his shoulder and looking up into his eyes, "but I have plenty of money and if you'll only say so—"

The moonlight and the bright eyes and the soft voice had left Harrison in a pitiable state. He was scarcely responsible. He seized the lady's hand and in a voice that quivered with emotion, he murmured:

"Dearest I loved you all the time, but—"

Mrs. Hartley hurriedly withdrew her hand. Then in a tone of mingled pity and contempt, she said, "Poor boy! I might have known it would come to this, but I thought all the time that you had some sense. I was about to offer to pay your expenses at college. Why, I'm ten years older than you and just divorced from my second husband. Too bad!" and with that she turned away.

Harrison rubbed his eyes and looked around to see if he were still on earth. He walked slowly back to his room, his head bent, his face blank; he was like a man who had been overwhelmed by some great calamity. He took down his law-books mechanically, and began to read them. It was early in the morning when he threw himself on his bed and fell into a deep sleep. Late the next afternoon he awoke. His head ached and his eyes smarted but he was cured. He learned more about law the rest of that week than he had ever before in a month.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—President's Day celebration will be held this year on December 2, and as this is the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC preceding that date, we shall anticipate a little and offer Very Reverend Father Morrissey our heartiest felicitations. May he enjoy good health and long life in the service of God and of education, and may all his annual feastdays be as happy as the one we now wish him.

—Last Thursday was truly a day of thanksgiving at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass, at which the students were present, was celebrated by the Reverend Vice-President, Father French. Father Maguire acted as deacon, and Father Oswald as subdeacon. The celebrant gave a short discourse on the significance of the national festival. He said the day was one on which the people of the United States made public profession of their gratitude to Providence for the great privileges of citizenship and for the material favors they had received. That America's Chief Executive annually proclaims such a day serves to counteract the efforts of those who would root from our hearts a belief in the Almighty. He concluded by exhorting his listeners to commend in their prayers all who had helped to build and preserve the Republic, and he besought those present to join in solemn *Te Deum* for the blessings spiritual and temporal which God had seen fit to give them.

—How much a small sum of money can do in simulating sentiment was well shown a few weeks ago. A bachelor wrote to one of the daily papers offering twenty-five dollars for a love-letter competition, and forthwith epistles many and fervent began to pour in. The results must have satisfied the bachelor's curiosity. This is not to be wondered at when one thinks of the uses to which the average man can turn twenty-five dollars. If he has made love a reality and is a father and husband, the amount held forth would help to fill his coal cellar at the approach of winter. True, it would not buy him very much because of the strike, but better ever so little than none at all. Then take the case of the unmarried man—what delights twenty-five dollars could be turned into by him! The average salaried young man would find it enough to pay his week's board, take himself and somebody else to the theatre, and enable both to dine pleasantly under verdant palms and in the hearing of sweet music. Besides all this he could hire a carriage home, and afterwards discover that he had money left to add an article or two to his wardrobe.

If the young man is courting fame as an unsuccessful author, and is hid away in some garret, the sum in question would furnish an indulgent landlady with a month's rent, and buy him several commutation tickets at the restaurant in the basement of the side street. He could go further even, and call on his friend Jacob or Isaac, and once more secure possession of the birthday gold watch that so often had saved him from starving. Or there he could get a suit of clothes, purchase the unredeemed overcoat of some stranded actor, buy a pair of shoes and a hat, and return to his aerial abode in an outfit that might inspire his landlady with increased confidence. There is no saying how much can be done with twenty-five dollars. The amount is big enough to stir most people to effort. No wonder there were many competitors; no wonder the bachelor got his money's worth.

—With a good fire and a comfortable chair is associated the idea of a good book, and now that a fall of snow reminds us of the afternoon indoors it is only proper that we should give a thought to our reading. It passes as a matter of course that every student reads;

how to get the best out of what he does read is a matter of great moment to him. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, writing on this subject in December *Success* says: "The end of true reading is the development of individuality." Following Shakspeare's idea, he suggests that we read only what we like to read. He says:

"No reading does us any good that is not a pleasure to us. . . . Yet, of course, this does not mean that all profitable reading is easy reading. Some of the books that give us the finest pleasure need the closest application for their enjoyment. There is always a certain spiritual and mental effort necessary to be made before we tackle the great books. One might compare it to the effort of getting up to see the sun rise." There is excellent sense here as well as good figure.

Mr. Le Gellienne goes on to say: "Books like Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' or Plato's 'Dialogues,' will not give themselves up to a lounging reader. They demand a braced, attentive spirit. But when the first effort has been made, how exhilarating are the altitudes in which we find ourselves, what a glow of joy is the reward which we are almost sure to win by our mental mountaineering." This is a truth too few of us appreciate. It is useless almost to preach solid reading to the fiction inebriate; he can't be made to understand that fiction is merely a delicate aid to the perfect working of the mental system, so delicate, in fact, that a wee drop of it brings about the desired effect.

Another great fault of the student reader is that he is apt to read too much. If he reads a great deal he must read hurriedly, and hurried reading is of no more benefit to the mental nature than hurried eating is to the physical. Moreover, do not try to remember everything you read, your mind will soon become as chucked with useless things as an old garret. Pick out from your reading the points that stand out boulder-like, jot them down if you will, memorize them, make them your own. If you are to get any good out of reading you must devote yourself to some real book, "Pascal's Thoughts" Boswell's "Life of Johnson" or the like. Take your little bracer of fiction occasionally, but read carefully and consider. Mr. Le Gallienne concludes "if you want to get the best out of books, spend a quarter of an hour in reading, and three-quarters of an hour in thinking over what you have read."

#### In Regard to the Teaching of History.

The foundation of the present system of civilization must necessarily be an outgrowth of past conditions and past lessons. When the truth of history has been tampered with, the vital essence of present conditions, whether religious or secular, has been tampered with. The fact that such periods as the Renaissance should divide the opinions of men is not so strange or so culpable in itself; but the unmistakable fact that secular institutions of learning consider such questions entirely from their own biased point of view has long been detrimental both to their own point of view and to their institutions. While the professor of history in a Catholic university feels morally certain that his secular controversialist has grown to his secular convictions through a lifelong series of secular misinformation, still the Catholic professor of history does not think it beneath his cause or beneath himself to present both sides of the controversy and to invite impartial discussion. However certain such a professor might be in his own conclusions, to consider all disputed questions impartially before his students is not only the part of a fair-minded man but the part of a Christianlike and an honourable institution.

On the other hand, the Catholic student in a secular institution of learning is put to the shame of hearing his Church grossly maligned or its practices entirely misinterpreted. All such unfair and unhistorical statements are not the result of the secular professor's knowledge, but they are a result of his ignorance. In his preparation, the history teacher in a secular university invariably persuades himself that he should scorn all Catholic data. And even this may not be so much a result of intentional or designed perversion of historical truth on his part, as the result of narrow and biased teaching afforded him during the time he studied *his* secular histories.

The inexcusable misrepresentation of indulgences and other Catholic practices has caused Catholic students at Princeton, Harvard, and many of our state universities, to spring to their feet in righteous indignation. Upon a true statement of facts recently made by a young man who had the courage of his convictions, a professor in one of the largest state universities replied that he really had never looked into the matter at all. A like ignorance of such matters of historical con-

trovery is equally inexcusable whether on the part of a Catholic or a secular history teacher. And besides, the day is past when bitter partisan controversy can be brought to dispose finally of mooted questions of history.

In the current issue of the *Pilot* there is a clear statement of the manner in which "History is Taught in Secular Universities." The writer of the article spent several years in historical study at Wisconsin, Chicago, Cornell and Columbia Universities. His statements, therefore, deserve consideration. The writer says that the causes for the misrepresentation of the Catholic Church and Catholic truth in the history departments of our great universities are many. He cites, as a first cause, that the Catholic side of a mooted question is rarely read; and, furthermore, the works of Catholic historians are either not in the university library or they are not recommended to the students for study. The second cause for misrepresentation is that the most learned and erudite professors of history in the secular universities seldom comprehend the elementary truths of the Catholic Church, so that their explanations of Catholic teaching and dogma are ridiculous even in the eyes of a child half instructed in the Catholic faith.

The most prolific cause, however, is taken to be the character of the works which are studied and consulted by secular students to supply data and information. The authors most frequently consulted are not honest. They are such as seldom seek truth as a reward for their investigation. That is the reason that such a class of men catch at every little slander against the Catholic Church, and in their eagerness to blacken and besmirch, they forget that they are contradictory, illogical and ridiculous.

F. F. DUKETTE, '02.

#### Notre Dame Wallops DePauw.

#### MEN FROM GREENCASTLE PLAY HARD.

The second game of the series for the State Championship was played last Saturday with the strong DePauw team, and resulted in a victory for our lads. The final score was 22 to 0. The Varsity gave a good exhibition of football in the first half, and plowed through the visitors with apparent ease, rolling up seventeen points. In the second half, however, their work was just the reverse. The visitors braced wonderfully and for some time created

havoc with our linemen. Our linemen played entirely too high during this half, and seemed to lack the vim and dash that characterized their work in the first half. They were completely fooled by a very simple fake line plunge play, and time and again one of DePauw's backs was shoved through them for good gains. In the early part of the game, however, their playing was of championship calibre, and DePauw was not able to do much against them.

Seventeen of our points were made in the first half on touchdowns by Salmon, Doar, and Furlong, and two goals by Salmon. Five points was all that was added to this during the second half, and that on a pretty place kick by Salmon. The visitors were never close enough to our goal to be dangerous. They played a very plucky game, and fought desperately for every inch of ground. Twice they held our fellows on their five-yard line.

Salmon did some remarkable punting during the game, once sending the ball seventy-five yards, and making several other punts ranging from 60 to 70 yards. He also made a pretty place kick from the twenty-five yard line.

The best and most consistent playing of the afternoon was done by Doar and McGlew. These two were in every play, led every interference, and time and again brought down De Pauw's backs behind the line. Lonergan made two long end runs by clever dodging, and Nyere did good offensive work. Cullinan won more laurels for himself by his clever playing, and was largely responsible for our first touchdown. Kirby played star ball while he was in—once blocking a punt beside DePauw's goal, Furlong falling on the ball for a touchdown. Furlong, Steiner, O'Malley and Desmond did well against their heavy opponents.

#### LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		DEPAUW
Nyere	L E	Conley
Cullinan	L T	Robbins
Desmond	L G	Dewey
O'Malley	C	Coble
Furlong	R G	Baker
Steiner	R T	Pearson
Lonergan	R E	McKinston
McGlew	Q	Kreston
Kirby, Silver	R H	Davidson
Doar	L H	Hawthorn
Salmon	F B	Brown

Touchdowns—Salmon, Furlong, Doar. Goals from touchdowns—Salmon, 2. Goal from field, Salmon. Referee—Studebaker. Umpire—Henry, Chicago. Time of Halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

J. P. O'R.

Championship Is Retained.

PURDUE AND NOTRE DAME BATTLE TO A TIE AT LAFAYETTE ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Before the largest and most enthusiastic crowd ever collected to witness a football contest in this state, Notre Dame and Purdue battled on Stuart Field, Lafayette, last Thursday, for the state supremacy. The field was in miserable shape. A heavy snow fall of the evening before had left it in a very sloppy condition. The weather too, was anything but pleasant. A cold, raw wind from the north made the spectators feel chilly for a time, but as the game progressed the crowd, becoming interested in the struggle, forgot the cold.

It was a brilliant game. Experts who watched it declare it to be one of the hardest and fiercest fought contests ever held in this State. Purdue entered the game with a feeling of confidence; with the odds 2 and 3 to 1 in her favor, and with the advantage of being in splendid physical condition, while our team was partly demoralized by the absence of Kirby and Gillen. But, in face of all these odds, our fellows not only held Purdue, but by their perseverance and determination they compelled the Gold and Black wearers to fight desperately to keep their goal line from being crossed a couple of times.

Despite the slush which put a stop to any spectacular work, the game was a pretty one to watch. The two teams resorted to straight football, with a few fake plays now and then, Purdue using a fake cross plunge off tackle which proved her best ground-gainer. Captain Salmon tried straight football throughout.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

At exactly 2:30 both teams appeared upon the field. A light practice was taken by both teams and then the coin was flipped. Salmon won, and chose to defend the north goal. At 2:40 the Referee's whistle sounded the opening of the greatest football contest ever held in the state. Miller kicked off to the thirty yard line. Notre Dame was held fast on the first plunge, but on the next Salmon gained three, and then hurdled for four more. Salmon repeated for six; Nyere added five more, and then Doar broke through for eight. These tactics were followed down to Purdue's thirty-five-yard line, when Salmon punted. Purdue's backs then carried the ball to the centre of the field where Leslie was forced to punt. Notre

Dame immediately punted, and Osborne fumbled, Salmon falling on ball on Purdue's thirty-five-yard line. At this point the playing was fast and furious. Salmon tore through centre for six yards; Doar repeated on next play, and then hurdled for three. Slowly but surely our fellows kept up their march to the Purdue goal. A few plays put the ball on the ten-yard line. The Boilermakers played desperately to stave off the touchdown. Salmon gained four, and then Doar placed the ball on the one-yard line, from where Salmon was pushed over for a touchdown, and kicked goal. Score, N. D., 6; Purdue, 0.

Miller kicked off to Doar who returned ten; Salmon punted. A series of line plunges by the Purdue backs brought it to centre of field, where they were again forced to punt. Salmon, Doar and Nyere, aided by splendid interference by McGlew, again started toward the goal. On the 25 yard line McGlew made a quarter-back kick, Lonergan securing ball. An attempt to gain proved useless, and Salmon tried drop kick on the twenty-yard line, but it fell short. Time was called at this point with the ball in Purdue's possession.

In the second half the Boilermakers started in with a rush. Three fresh men were substituted, and a vicious attack directed against our men which looked for a time as if we would be swept off the field. But our plucky lads soon settled down, and stopped the march of the Gold and Black. Five times they rushed the ball to our ten-yard line, and five times our gallant linesmen rose up, although battered and bruised, and hurled back the invaders. The defense of our men at these critical periods was the most brilliant bit of football ever seen on Stuart Field. On the offensive, we were greatly weakened by injuries to Doar Salmon and McGlew. Salmon's ankle was so badly sprained that he was hardly able to stand upon it. Purdue tied the score in the last few minutes of play on a twenty yard run by G. Miller. Leslie kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Purdue, 6.

Purdue (6)		Notre Dame (6)
Hohn	R E	Lonergan
Allen	R T	Fansler
Boyer	R G	Steiner
Davidson, Emise	C	O'Malley
Reibel	L G	Gillen
M'Manus, Davidson	L T	Cullinan
Leslie	L E	Silver
Osborne	Q	McGlew
Knapp	L H	Doar
Zimmermann	R H	Nyere
Kaylor, G. Miller	F B	Salmon
Touchdowns—G. Miller, Salmon. Goals—Leslie, Salmon. Referee—Hadden of Michigan. Umpire—Wren of Harvard. Time of halves—35 and 35 minutes.		

## Notes.

Captain Salmon, Doar, and McGlew did the star playing of the afternoon. Doar's splendid interference work was very largely responsible for some of our largest gains.

McGlew did some clever tackling in the second half. Despite the slippery ball, and the slush he handled the pigskin with wonderful accuracy.

When Salmon began his line bucking, the rooters were so dumfounded at the way he tore through, they forgot to yell.

The average weight was: Notre Dame, 168; Purdue, 179. Total weight of lines, Notre Dame, 1177; Purdue, 1283. Average weight of line: N. D., 168; Purdue, 183. Back-field average: Notre Dame, 166; Purdue, 171. By the above it is seen that Purdue had the advantage in weight at all stages of the game. This extra weight was very useful to Purdue on the sloppy field.

O'Malley broke through several times and downed the Purdue backs before they could start. Cullinan, Fansler, Steiner and Desmond played well and more than held their heavy opponents even.

"Happy" pulled "Long John" Miller back for a loss every time he essayed to circle end.

Young Silver earned his monogram in the play. The little fellow played a brilliant game.

Nyere and Doar formed perfect interference for Salmon in the first half.

Among the spectators were many of the Notre Dame alumni, including the football heroes of other days.

Purdue's rooters were backing their team to triple our score, and giving odds of 2 to 1 that we would not score.

Twelve times during the afternoon the officials were obliged to measure off the distance, so fierce was the struggle.

Our clever little quarter-back, H. J. McGlew,

was agreeably surprised by a crowd of his old friends from Fairfield Military Academy. Thanksgiving evening he was the guest of honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, formerly Fairfield students.

Prominent among Notre Dame's rooters was John Eggeman, the giant centre of the '98 and '99 team.

The crowd was the largest ever seen on Stuart Field. Had it been a fair day there is no doubt but that the attendance would have exceeded 5000.

Captain Salmon's punting with a sprained ankle and a slippery ball was wonderful. It averaged thirty yards.

Doar's splendid defensive half-back work elicited the admiration of even Purdue's loyalists. Not once were the Boilermakers able to gain against him.

The championship remains at Notre Dame, thanks to the plucky work of our heroes. The men deserve the highest praise for their successful ending of an eventful season. Their work this year could not be duplicated by any other college team in the country.

Purdue had a squad of thirty-five on the field, and during the latter part of the game kept sending in fresh men every few minutes. Our squad, on the other hand, numbered twelve available men.

The ball was weighed after the game and found to balance at fourteen pounds.

When the team pulled into Lafayette Wednesday night there was an immense throng at the Depot anxious to get a glimpse of the "Red-topped Terror," as they called Captain Salmon.

The Lafayette citizens were very hospitable to our boys after the game, and vied with each other in making their stay a pleasant one.

The Notre Dame rooters were Steven Trentman, John Eggeman, Representative Fleming, Peter Crumley, J. Fitzgibbon, R. J. Sweeny, E. DuBrul, L. Collins, R. Lynch, A. Stephan and several of the Lafayette people. J. P. O'R.



Magazine Review.

The happy arrangement and the intrinsic worth of the contents of the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* serve to show what perfection a monthly magazine is capable of. The names appearing in its table of contents—Swinburne, Mark Twain, Howells—are in themselves warrant enough of the excellence of the magazine from a literary standpoint.

"King Lear" is the title of Mr. Swinburne's contribution. This masterpiece of Shakspeare he compares with the works of the best ancient writers of tragedy, and after reading Mr. Swinburne's essay we are not afraid to assert that Shakspeare was not only the peer of Æschylus and Sophocles, but in his delineations of the most vital passions of man—love and hate—he stands pre-eminent in all literature. What character in tragedy can compare with the vengeance-seeking, hatred-filled Lear? Where else can we find an example of baser filial ingratitude than that which characterizes Goneril and Regan; and who except Shakspeare's own creation, Imogen, can compare with the respectful, loving Cordelia?

A reproduction of Goneril and Regan, by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A., as frontpiece and illustrations of several characters in the drama, also by Abbey, give additional interest to Mr. Swinburne's article.

Mark Twain's "Was it Heaven? Or Hell?" a story refreshingly out of the ordinary, contributes to the interest of the magazine. With the words of the title he concludes the story, but the query, unlike that at the conclusion of Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger," is answerable, and the answer will be "Heaven" or "Hell" according as one believes whether harmless lies are criminal.

Mr. Howells has written a clever dialogue in blank verse between a young mother and her indulgent husband. The joys and hopes and fears of the mother are all ably and artfully depicted. The mother is made to indulge her imagination as she fondles the sleeping babe at her side, and to speculate on the origin of the soul that animates the little infant. The sketch is altogether a pretty picture and teems with naturalness and true poetry.

There are also sketches from other notable authors: Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has a story entitled "Lucy," Julie Lippmann, an interesting sketch, "The Man and the Boy," and Dr. Ales Hodlicka writes an historical essay, "The Aztecs of Yesterday and To-Day." The illustrator's art displayed in this number can not fail to elicit approval. The magazine will do much in making its readers spend a happy Christmas.

G. B.

How Some Short Stories are Written.

Mr. Anthony Hope, whose "Prisoner of Zenda" made such a hit some years ago, has lately written a clever novel called "The Intrusions of Peggy." He is best known, however, as the author of several good short stories, and how he writes one of those is told in a spicy manner in *Harper's Weekly*. Some of us may be consoled to learn that he spends a whole day in turning out a story of two thousand words. Mr. Hope and the college student do not differ so much in method as in results.

10:00—Put on writing coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10:03—Light pipe and sit down in large armchair by the fire.

10:15—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10:45—I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11:15—I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11:45—Hullo! Will that do?

12:00—Hang it, that's no use!

12:30—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12:40—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1:00—Lunch! Good! I believe it's going.

1:30—Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2:15—Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh, yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3:00—One, two, three—300 words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3:15—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3:40—Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1200 words and I want 2000. What the deuce shall I do?

3:50—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4:00—She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4:15—Oh, confound it!

4:45—Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5:00—Thank heaven that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5:03—It's not so bad, though, after all.

5:11—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5:15—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5:20—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5:25—Pretty smart ending.

5:30—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5:35—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I sha'n't touch a pen again to-day.

"There it is—How a Story is Written. By one who has done it.... That remark about the 'dozen men not in England' represents a momentary phase of feeling, a reasoned opinion."

## Personals.

—Right Reverend Herman Alerding, D. D., delighted his friends at Notre Dame with a short call recently.

—Mr. P. E. Lally of Denison, Iowa, visited his son, Addis E. Lally of Brownson Hall, during the past week.

—The Reverend Francis Kelly, pastor of Lapeer, Mich., was a welcome guest of Notre Dame during the past week.

—Robert T. McIntyre, whose father died suddenly in Minneapolis last week, has the sympathy of friends at Notre Dame.

—Mr. H. Lamar Monarch, Litt. B. '93, who is making a name for himself, has recently removed from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Kentucky. We wish him continued success.

—Brother Hilary, of the Congregation of Holy Cross and student '64-'65, died suddenly in Springfield, Ill., last week. Interment was at Notre Dame, in the Community Burial Plot.

—Ernest F. DuBrul, graduate Litt. B., '92, was a visitor during the week. Mr. DuBrul is the Vice-President of the National Metal Trades Union. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates him.

—Father John O'Shea, pastor of Watson, Mich., visited Notre Dame recently. Father O'Shea was for many years a student of the University, and more than delighted his many friends by his call.

—Mr. Charles Sweeny of Spokane made a brief call during the week on his sons, R. J. Sweeny of Sorin Hall and Charles Sweeny of Brownson Hall. Mr. Sweeny was accompanied by Mr. John Hinchcliffe, a leading capitalist of Patterson, New Jersey.

—Recent visitors to Notre Dame were: Mrs. Zoe Cole, Memphis, Tenn.; W. J. Mooney, North Dakota; Mr. J. Hanger, Chicago; Mrs. C. Pfeiffer, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. George Merrill, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. D. Merrill, Etna, New Hampshire; Miss Blanche Gurley and Miss Leona Gurley, Marion, Ohio; Mrs. H. A. Parker, Chicago; Mr. W. C. Walsh, Sr., Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, Chicago; Mrs. A. Herr, Chicago.

—Mr. Patrick O'Brien, a prominent citizen of South Bend and a lifelong friend of Notre Dame, has been recently honored by Governor Durbin with an appointment on the board of Managers of the Indiana state prison at Michigan City. Mr. O'Brien has filled several public offices in South Bend, and in each has given general satisfaction. Despite the claims made on his time by the position he holds as president of the O'Brien Varnish Works he has been a member of the city council, and at the last election was appointed to the county council. We are glad to learn of his latest distinction, and we feel sure that it has been worthily conferred.

## Local Items.

—Report of Inter-Hall football victory will appear in next week's issue.

—Students wishing to try for baseball team will report next Monday to Captain Stephan.

—Competitors for the oratorical medal are requested to deliver copies of their orations to the Prefect of Studies by next Monday.

—The SCHOLASTIC extends sympathy to Brother Callistus, C. S. C., on the death of his brother, who was buried yesterday in Cedar Grove Cemetery after funeral services were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart.

—Brownson Hallers wish to extend their sincere thanks to Messrs. D. M. Edelin, A. B. Eustace; G. M. Cavanaugh, M. C. McGinnis, J. A. Foster and D. O'Sullivan, who arranged the successful Thanksgiving smoker.

—Triple football victories were ours on Thanksgiving Day. The Varsity were victorious in retaining the State Championship in the struggle with Purdue; the inter-hall team defeated Elkhart 5 to 0; and Niles High School went down before the Brownson Hall team. Who says we can't play football?

—The gentlemen in charge of the electrical department acknowledge with thanks the gift of an excellent enclosed arc lamp of the latest type from Mr. A. A. Serva of the Fort Wayne Electric Works. Students of that department will learn with pleasure that Mr. Serva will lecture at the University in the near future on the duties which a college man who secures employment in a large electrical establishment is expected to perform. His interest in Notre Dame is appreciated.

—Preparations were begun a few days ago for the extension to Notre Dame of a branch of the Indiana Electric Railway. Two routes are open: one from the Niles division, running down St. Mary's road to the Post-office, with a loop at Cartier Field, and the other, running from St. Peter Street to the city limits, thence north, back of Cedar Grove Cemetery, and over the hill, behind the new barns and terminating at the baseball grounds.

—While the Varsity was desperately struggling on Stuart Field, Brownson Hall defeated Niles High School at Niles by the score of 6 to 5. The game was necessarily a slow one owing to the condition of the field, which was covered with four inches of snow. In the first half Sweeny made a spectacular end run, carrying the ball up to Niles' ten-yard line. Lantry then carried the ball over on a line buck, and Gray kicked goal. Niles braced in the second half and scored a touchdown after eleven minutes of hard playing. East and Lowry played the strongest ball for Niles; and Sweeny, Lantry and Gray distinguished themselves for Notre Dame.