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Rondeau.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

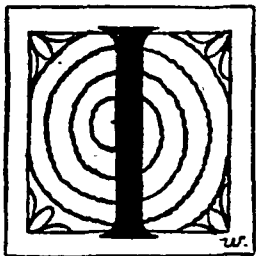
UPON the beach outstretched I lie,
Unnumbered stars bedeck the sky,
A heavy sea breaks on the strand,
The crashing surf, in cadence grand,
Roars 'mid the lofty cliffs close by.

Where new-born echoes never die,
Faint sounds the hungry seagulls' cry
'Mid foaming breakers o'er the sand
Upon the beach.

The silvery moon peeps forth on high,
O'er scattered clouds it seems to fly;
While twinkling lights shine far from land.
Wearily I rise and stand,
Gaze o'er the billowy deep and sigh
Upon the beach.

Andrew Jackson.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.



IN these days when a great people's party is casting about for a leader, when the sole man of its ranks in whom the elements of leadership are most evidently combined is no longer available as a candidate for the chief magistracy of the nation, when the strength of that party is shattered by internal dissensions and its ranks thinned by factional desertion, one's mind goes back to that last great democratic leader, the father of popular democracy, the man whose comprehensive conception and indomitable will outlined the policy and arrayed the forces of the democratic party—Andrew Jackson.

When the war of the Revolution broke forth

in all its fury, there lived in a poverty-stricken settlement of North Carolina an orphan of seven years. Before the conflict ended that boy had shouldered the musket, had borne the suffering of an infectious prison, had seen home plundered, and every living relative killed.

At the age of twenty he was a practising lawyer; at twenty-one the prosecuting attorney of Tennessee. Thenceforth, in rapid succession, he rose from constitutional convention and the lower house of the national legislature to the senate, and then to the supreme court of the State, from which position he became a candidate for the presidency.

When the war of 1812 broke out he was in charge of the militia of the state, and his first operations were against the Indians, allies of the English and Spanish. He defeated them repeatedly, and finally, after two years of starvation and mutiny, he met the combined forces of the southern Indians at the famous Horseshoe. Here his victory ended the Creek war and the power of the Indian in America. Never since have they fought with the hope of ultimate success; never since has there been doubt of the issue. Jackson ended the long dispute finally, and in favor of the white man.

Then came the defense of New Orleans. With Napoleon crushed, England could turn her soldiery against America. She retained control of Canada, she burned Washington, and now the mightiest army she had ever mustered on American soil was directed against the Southwest. The supreme test of loyalty was to be made in that broad region long distracted by sedition. Against these veterans, Jackson had only a motley array of inexperienced frontiersmen, none of whom had ever fought a civilized foe, volunteers from the backwoods of the South. Yet he knew his troops as he knew his enemy. He was unappalled by the formidable array,

more than twice the size of his own, the best trained of Europe's soldiers, the victors in many battles. He infused his own indomitable will, his own unfaltering courage, into his countrymen. With the eye of the general, with the genius of battle, he drew up his line of defense. And what a line was that,—of bold, embattled yeomanry impregnable to the assaults of the conquerors of Napoleon, the guards of the Iron Duke, a compact row of unerring riflers, keen eyes, stern hearts, a bulwark against the last and greatest army to invade American soil, a battlement surmounting, guarding, preserving that fair empire of the Southwest to the Union.

At the close of the war, Major-General Jackson became commander-in-chief of the southern division. He was offered the portfolio of the war department, later, the post of Minister to Mexico. In 1824 he received the popular vote for President. The House chose Mr. Adams, and for the first time in the history of the nation, the wish of the people was subverted, and the man of the people denied the presidency.

Then began the struggle between aristocracy and democracy. This builder of the West, in whom were combined more strength than gentleness, more shrewdness than wisdom, more courage than culture, was brought in bass-relief against the most elegant society in America. The man of the people, who had risen from the obscurity of poverty through the partisan warfare of the Revolution and the camp of the frontiers, was to struggle for supremacy with the scion of America's cultured class, who had been reared in comfort and social refinement and trained in institutions of learning and the cabinets of diplomacy—the soldier politician against the refined statesman.

The contest was the bitterest ever waged in the United States. The country was divided completely into two parties; the most intense excitement prevailed; the most violent electioneering was done; for now the great experiment of true democracy was to be made; and the sceptre was to pass from the Virginian dynasty—the aristocracy; and the representative of the new American spirit, born of the war of 1812, was to grasp it. The orphan of the Waxhaws had won his way to the White House. His election was the nearest to being unanimous since Washington.

Jackson understood this overwhelming majority as the people's warrant for his course;

and that course, as all well knew, was to remove those men who had had charge of the government. He willingly took the issue. Call it the spoils system if you like, but it was the people's will; and Andrew Jackson personified that will. He did what he believed to be his duty as the servant of the people. He next attacked the bank system, which likewise he considered fundamentally wrong. With all the intensity of his energy he fought against that bank,—all the while supported by the people—and he won "as great a civil victory as the battle of New Orleans." Then the nullification of South Carolina—that first dark cloud of secession—he scattered with a thunderbolt in its midst: "The federal union—it must be preserved!"

During his presidency he reopened the ports of the West Indies, closed since the Revolution; made several commercial treaties; renewed many more. He collected indemnities for the spoliation of American vessels from France, Spain, Naples and Portugal. The national debt was extinguished; the Indians were removed from the South, and the States doubled their original number. Such were the material, visible results of Andrew Jackson's administration.

Lost and Regained.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.

"It's no use to argue, Charlie, I can retain you no longer. The Police Department needs competent men. If you had shown only the least trace of ability you might have stayed on the force, but you failed in every case on which you were detailed. Although I am sorry to see you go, I must tell you frankly that detective work is not your forte." So spoke Homer Kenwick, Chief of Police in Altonborough, and Charlie Blake felt that every word he uttered was true.

The end of his two months' trial as a detective was dismissal. He had been detailed on several cases, but the result in each was failure. On one occasion he had captured his man in a neighboring town only to have him escape on the way back.

Now as he walked away from headquarters he thought sadly of what it meant to be discharged from public service for incompetency—thrust out to seek work without recommendation and without experience. The

position on the detective force he had obtained through the Chief of Police, who was a friend of his father's, after Mr. Blake, financially ruined, had succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever.

The cry of a passing newsboy "Extr' paper here! All about the South Side Murder!" brought Charlie to a realization of his position, and he bought a paper hoping that he would find some advertisement in it that would lead to employment. The column under the heading "Extra," drew his attention. "What! old Henry Thurston murdered? Why, only yesterday I saw him," he exclaimed. He looked at the paper again and read the details.

"His body was found beside his desk in his library. He was shot through the heart from behind and death resulted instantly. On a table in the middle of the room was a revolver, in which there had been only one bullet, and in one of the chambers was found the empty shell of the missile that had ended the career of millionaire Thurston. The housekeeper testified that on entering the library early that morning for the purpose of dusting she found the revolver lying on the table and left it lying there. About ten o'clock on the same morning the coachman heard the voices of old Mr. Thurston and his nephew in loud altercation and shortly afterward saw the young man hurriedly leave the house. Acting upon this testimony, Theodore Thurston, the nephew, was arrested and is now lodged in the county jail. When interviewed by a *Time's* reporter he denied his guilt."

"I don't believe Teddy killed his uncle," was Charlie's comment on reading the paper to his mother that night. "Anyhow, I'm going over there to-morrow morning and see for myself. I think I may be able to prove Teddy's innocence, and if I do, I will ask Chief Kenwick to reinstate me."

Now it happened that when Mr. Blake was prosperous he had sent his son to college where he met young Theodore Thurston, who was an orphan and lived with his uncle in the old Thurston mansion on Drexel Avenue, and they became chums. As they both lived in the same neighborhood they visited each other quite frequently during vacation. It was on one of his visits to the Thurston homestead that young Blake discovered a peculiarity of one of the windows of the library which was on the east side of the house. And acting on this knowledge he

conceived a strange means for the murder of Henry Thurston. Boarding a Drexel Avenue car, Blake was soon at the old mansion. A policeman was on guard at the door, but he promptly admitted Charlie not knowing he was no longer on the force.

The contents of the library, by order of the coroner were left undisturbed, the revolver lay on the table in the middle of the room, the muzzle pointing toward the desk, beside which Mr. Thurston had fallen when shot, so everything favored a test of Charlie's theory. It lacked eight minutes of eleven. Charlie walked over to one of the windows raised the lower sash, tore a sheet of paper from his note-book, dropped it on the table over the revolver and calling the policeman they both sat down and waited. It was a bright summer day and the sunshine filled the room as if in mockery of the grim tragedy of yesterday. Just as the church clock at the corner of the street struck eleven, Charlie pointed to the paper, and, as if in response to his indication, the paper burst into flames. Stepping up to the telephone, Blake called up the police station:

"I want Chief Kenwick," he said.

"Well, what is it?" asked Kenwick.

"This is Charlie Blake. If I solve the mystery of the murder of Henry Thurston will you reinstate me on the force?"

"I will," said the Chief.

"Come, then, to the old Thurston mansion and I'll explain matters."

In fifteen minutes the Chief of Police had reached the house and was shown into the library. Charlie immediately proceeded to explain himself. He pointed out a flaw in the glass in the lower sash of one of the east windows and another in that of the upper sash. He then pushed up the lower sash until the flaws coincided. "These," he explained "formed a lens through which the rays of the sun were focused on the revolver and the heat has caused the explosion of the cartridge which killed the old man as he stood before his desk."

"But how did the window happen to be open," said Kenwick.

"The housekeeper when dusting opened it and forgot to close it again," replied Charlie.

"Well, that ends it," said the chief; "you are reinstated."

"THE errors of honest minds show others the way to truth."

Padorewski's Understudy.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

Constance sat weeping at the piano which she had just been playing. She arose from her seat to peer from her studio window over the city of her fondest dreams, Paris. The smallest rift in the gray sky disclosed a gloomy twilight.

"Constance," a voice called, "come to supper."

"I can't believe, mother, we must leave for America."

"But, my dear, try to realize our circumstances. When we arrive at New York we shall have barely enough to start us comfortably. Then both of us must depend on your music."

"If I had realized," answered the girl, "I could have come before the public before this, and the prestige I would enjoy by playing in Europe would be so much in my favor."

"You can't do that in the two weeks we are to remain, can you?"

"No, it is too late—too late."

The conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the door.

"Mademoiselle Adair?" a messenger-boy remarked as he handed the girl a telegram.

She opened it and read:

"Paderewski has failed us for the concert at the Chatelet Theatre this evening. Can you play one number?"

"Signed—H. DEVEREUX."

The piece of paper slipped through the girl's fingers.

"Mother, I can't believe it,—look."

The woman read the note not a bit less surprised than her daughter. They were soon in a cab driving toward the Chatelet.

When they entered the stage door the hum of voices and the discordant sounds of the orchestra in tuning broke upon their ears. In a moment the overture of William Tell was in progress. Kubelik passed by them to play the second number. The applause that greeted him was spontaneous and unanimous, and after his first selection he was recalled again and again. Finally there was silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," spoke Mr. Devereux, "I regret deeply to inform you that Mr. Paderewski has failed us, but I hope that Miss Adair, who takes his place, will not disappoint you."

The announcement was met by a universal sigh; but disinterestedness fast gave way to curiosity. Adair, Adair—who was she? Her name never appeared in the musical comment of Parisian journals. Her advent on the continent had not even been noticed, for Adair was a foreign name.

The mumble of voices subsided into a critical silence as the youthful performer modestly stepped toward the piano. The silence would have been a strain to anyone's nerves, yet she began Chopin's seventh nocturne as calmly as though she were by herself in her studio. But there was no test of strength or execution so far. True, the feeling she imparted to it was extraordinary, still it might have been a natural uncultured gift.

In a moment, though, she began a rhapsody of Liszt's. She seemed so carried away in the wild, weird spirit of the composition that all difficulties were lost sight of. Passages that were tests for any master were but the simplest means for her of imparting its spirit to the audience. Everyone wondered how such tremendous physical force could exist in a mere girl. Yet they had to believe their eyes and ears. When she finished the orchestra and audience raised their voices in one universal "Brava!"

In the same modest way she had come upon the stage, a few moments hence, a stranger to them, she now returned to acknowledge their appreciation. After responding with enough encores to fill an ordinary programme she felt her duty done.

She could not realize as she rode home that evening from the concert that she was the idol of Parisian music lovers, that the first fruits of her past work and sacrifice, reaped in one grand harvest already, were but a preparation for still greater conquests. But by the next noon when letters from critics, admirers, managers and even souvenir hunters arrived in scores and when she saw herself lauded in the columns of the papers, then she did realize that she looked forward instead of backward and that she could return to America or remain in Europe as she pleased.

Assured.

"I fear I shall not live four score of years,"
Quoth Anna. "Good cause for fears,"
Spake Jack, "since first I ever knew
Thee thou hast been but twenty-two."

L. J. C.

Varsity Verse.

O FONS BANDUSIÆ.

(Horace, Carm. 3, xiii.)

O BANDUSIAN fountain, sparkling and clear,
Worthy of libation with flowers adorned,
To-morrow an altar to thee we shall rear,
And slay a young kid with forehead unhorned,
The goddess of love to appease and of war;
A lamb too shall be killed from the flock blithe
and gay;
In the cool gurgling streamlet its life-blood shall pour;
A meet expiation divine wrath to allay.
The unbearable heat of the Orient star
To thee never shall reach; thy waters concealed
Shall refresh the dry herds that come from afar,
And the oxen tired out by the plow in the field.
Thou, too, shall be one of the fountains of fame,
With the clump of grey oaks, whence thy waters
disperse;
Thy charm I shall sing, their beauty proclaim -
In the rhythmical flow of Ionican verse.

G. A. F.

ETHICS OF THE DUSTER.

'Tis not the cook that makes the meals,
Nor all that she can muster,
That to our hearts so much appeals,
As does the careful duster.

Across the rungs of every chair,
With feathers in a fluster,
She touches almost everywhere,
That shows a lack of lustre.

Not only does she keep things bright,—
Hers is no low employment,—
She dusts the frames at any height,
In art she finds enjoyment.

E. A. D.

THE SNOWBIRD.

Chirping, chirping, all day long,
Hopping about from tree to tree,
Ever singing his simple song,
To gladden the hearts of you and me.

Only he on wintry days
Dares to venture in the cold;
No one hears his pretty lays,
Yet is his happiness untold.

W. D.

IDLERS.

Some lounge about in old arm-chairs
With paper, pipe or rum,
And think they are enjoying life
And take things as they come.

They scorn to labor like true men,
These tired and slothful drones;
They loaf about and drink and smoke
Or rest their weary bones.

They smoke and sleep to kill the time,
And lie all day in bed.
They have no worthy aim in life
And might as well be dead.

L. H.

The Blue Grotto.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

As we stand, our backs to the dirty metropolis, and gaze far out over the placid bay, against the azure sky we can distinguish the rough outlines of an island, rising out of the shimmering sea, faint and misty in the summer sunshine. This is Capri, famous for its wine and the indolence of its natives,—the same Capri whose scraggy hills, some two thousand years before, the dissolute Tiberius scaled, vainly seeking quiet and seclusion from a world with whose pleasures he had satiated himself. And this is the same Capri that is now beloved of artists, a prey to hungry tourists, who search in vain for traces of its ancient splendor, and a victim of its own enervating climate and rugged beauty.

We go down to Santa Lucia and board a small steamer riding at anchor. Although an almost illegible placard at the entrance to the gangway announces that the vessel leaves at nine o'clock, it is nearer eleven when with a scream of the whistle and a shout of "Addio, Napoli!" from the lazzaroni on the quay, we slowly head for Sorrento. There is a credible tradition to the effect that nobody was ever left by this steamer since first it began to plow the waters between Naples and Capri.

The ubiquitous Neapolitan musician of course is on hand and insists upon plaguing us, weary and ill-humored by an hour's delay under a scorching canvas, with his plea for "soldi" between the numbers of mandolin overtures and songs in soft Italian.

The time and position is ideal to drink in all the beauties of the delightful bay. The mist of early morning has vanished now and we can see Naples far behind nestled at the side of Mount Camaldoli with its whitened buildings glistening in the morning sunshine. Out here free from the contagion of its dirt and the stench of its byways, we may thoroughly enjoy and appreciate it. An uneventful hour of smooth sailing through water of the deepest blue, with old Vesuvius belching forth columns of thin smoke on our left, and the towering heights of Epomeo in isolated splendor on the right, brings us by the frowning cliffs of Sorrento.

The mountains here form an immense table-land, which ends abruptly on the side toward

the sea, and the slope is precipitous to the narrow neck of beach below. Perched on this rocky slope and on the edge of the wall above is Sorrento. A long row of hotels, extending the length of the beach, and clusters here and there among the lemon groves of whitewashed cottages are all of the town that meet the view from the sea; and I doubt whether a great deal more can be seen from any other position. But it is beautiful nevertheless, and there is little wonder that the inviting *albergi*, from whose windows one might almost throw himself into the sea, with their gardens of orange and olive trees, are always filled to overflowing, and the good people on the beach make a profitable living selling manufactured coral and miserable shells to the unsuspecting tourists.

It is near noon when we approach a little village called Capri Marina, the centre of the best wine district on the island; but on we sail wishing to visit before dinner the Blue Grotto, the chief feature of Capri. The sea viewed from the deck is comparatively smooth, for the overhanging cliffs are reflected in it with remarkable distinctness, but according to the captain the weather is not the very best for a successful entrance into the cavern. We search intently the frowning rocks, pierced by many little caves, for the particular arch through which we are to enter. We are somewhat surprised when told it is but three feet high and four feet broad.

A lot of small boats staunchly built have followed us out from the village, and now endeavor to draw alongside of the steamer. Ropes are used, and there is a great scramble for seats, noise and confusion as persons of all sizes and weight lose and regain their equilibrium in the tiny skiffs. Corpulent women and lengthy men struggle to decrease their proportions in the bottoms of the boats as we approach the narrow opening, and small individuals thank their stars that their stomachs are no bigger and their legs no longer. Each boat carries two passengers besides the boatman who is constantly exhorting his patrons to be careful of their heads. The sea is not so very pleasant after all, at least it does not seem so in these diminutive crafts, and wind and waves combine to give you a severe rocking and dread of being thrown into the water. The voice of the oarsman again admonishes you to look out. Flat on your back in the bottom of the pitching craft you do look out.

It is like entering the jaws of some monster.

You close your eyes and hold on with a death-like grasp, unconsciously, perhaps muttering some words of contrition or supplication. The rower shouts harshly, the boat pitches and jolts upon the rocks, the water dashes over you, saturating your clothing, you gasp for breath like a drowning man, and the entrance to the mysterious cavern is won.

Behold a sight marvellously beautiful, of unearthly grandeur! The deep azure of a cloudless sky is scarcely comparable to the limpid and pellucid depths over which your boat skims seeming scarcely to touch the water. The arched roof above is incrustated with coruscating stalactites of a deeper blue and their irregularity is reflected with such distinctness in the glowing water that you have precisely the same effect below you as above you. The illusion is complete. You look about, everything is blue. The light-skinned American is of the same color as the dusky Caprean. The very atmosphere is blue in this cavern of mystery. Through the entire Grotto, one hundred and eighty feet long and ninety feet wide, a sulphurous radiance pervades everything, and the shining entrance looks like the moon rising out of the water.

Suddenly a series of unearthly yells fill the place and reverberate along the stalactite roof. Through the splashing of the sapphirine water we behold objects much like frogs of shining tin swimming beneath us. In reality, however, they are a lot of naked youths diving after "soldi" for their own enrichment and the enjoyment of the "Signori." Phosphorescent light seems to radiate from every portion of their swarthy bodies, and the water flashes fire where they strike it with their hands.

The impressiveness of the place is remarkable and we seem transported into the mysticism of another world. Soon the glittering aquatics disappear in the murky shadows whence they came, and their inarticulate yells as they wrangle for the spoils alone remain. When we open our eyes in the bright sunshine after a less dreadful passage out, we feel as if awakening in a new life, having escaped from "a shadow which is not gloom, and a half light which is not of the sun nor of the moon, but of the sea—phosphorescent, pallid, indescribable, inimitable, like the light beyond the grave, perhaps, where the unshrived spirits dwell in a perpetual twilight and await the coming of the last great day."

A Sketch from a Mountain.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

The sky is fringed with large, billowy clouds, which follow one another like ships, changing fantastically all the while and affording a pleasant relief from the unvarying foreground of blue. The tree-topped summits of the Green mountains are sharply outlined against the horizon, casting an ever-lengthening shadow eastward, and hiding in darkness the adjacent portion of the valley. The regular fields and meadows make the valley resemble a huge checker-board. A gentle breeze rustles the dry leaves which have already begun to fall, and the yellow and crimson tint of the autumn foliage betrays the advent of a new season. In the river below we can see splash after splash as the small boys take their last dive before hastening home to supper. A horse, no larger than a spider in the distance, appears on the long, grey, winding road, and through the telescope we descry a farmer leisurely driving homeward after a day's bargaining in the city.

All the while the sun is imperceptibly sinking lower, and the lower it sinks, the larger and more expansive it seems to grow. Suddenly the rim of the fiery circle touches the top of one of the mountains and seems to consume it in dazzling brightness. Gradually the great orb disappears. Our relieved eyes now revel in the greatest of nature's pictures, the sunset. Crimson shafts of color stretch out to north and south; tints and shades of every hue intermingle and change every minute like an immense kaleidoscope, presenting to our view scenes so rich and perfectly blended, that the greatest artist would despair of ever reproducing them. Gazing on such a gorgeous picture we may well say that no one "can paint like nature," nor any "imagination boast, amid its gay creation, hues like hers."

As the darkness of approaching night spreads over the valley, the sunset gradually fades away, and only a few dark crimson spots on the horizon betray the exit of the fleeting day. No sound breaks upon the calm silence of the night except the distant rumbling of the busy city, whose twinkling lights seem to reflect the stars in the heavens, and the marmur of the brooks flowing swiftly over their pebbly beds toward the great river,

How Evans Got Even.

GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.

When Evans arrived in Lexington, a marked member for Sigma Chi, he was immediately taken in hand by his fraternity who proceeded at once to initiate him into the mysteries of the order. Evans knew that these initiations were generally very embarrassing, and he shuddered at the thought of what he might be subjected to before he was allowed to wear the coveted colors.

It was the height of the social season in Lexington. Evans was being "rushed" almost every night, and at each place he went he noticed that one young girl seemed to be the centre around which society, especially the men, revolved. At his first reception she had been introduced to him as Mabel Van Sant, and a member of the fraternity had told him that she was the queen of Lexington society.

He met her at every reception, at the balls and at the theatre, and though she apparently greeted him as the others, he could not but fancy a deeper meaning in her glances than she gave other men. At the end of two months it was evident to all that Evans, like many others, had fallen in love with society's favorite. Jealousy then raged among the young men of Sigma Chi and plots against the unsuspecting Evans were numerous.

"Humiliation is the best cure for love," spoke a member of the fraternity, as a group sat in the chapter house one evening discussing the events of the past two months. It was tacitly understood that the remark applied to Evans. "Next Wednesday night is our first ball; Mabel will be there of course; Evans will, too, unless we prevent him. A note sent to him Wednesday morning, informing him that an informal reception in his honor will be held at Mabel's that evening, will be sufficient. He will understand what is meant, and when he finds Mabel not at home he will return to his rooms to ponder on a lost opportunity."

Wednesday morning found Evans in a quandary. In one hand he held the fateful note, in the other was a programme of the annual Sigma Chi ball. The note read "Reception at the Van Sant home, November 24." The same date appeared on the programme. The grand march was to start at nine; the reception was from nine to twelve. The hidden meaning

of the whole affair then dawned upon him. He knew it was but a humiliating test of his obedience to fraternity authority. To refuse was to endanger his chances for Sigma Chi. To yield was to sacrifice a dance, perhaps two, with Mabel. Vague images of fraternity scouts rose before him. He could almost hear them in his room. He was confident he could see them as he pictured himself going up to the Van Sant mansion, deserted and dark, and could almost hear them laugh when he would be told there was no one at home.

"If I must, I must;" and the programme went spinning to the far corner of the room.

That evening two members of Sigma Chi concealed themselves on the veranda of the Van Sant home in order to see that Evans acted on the hidden meaning of their note.

A few minutes before nine Evans mounted the steps of the Van Sant house. There was every absence of a reception, but he was not surprised at this. However, he did experience a strange sort of feeling when he was ushered into the reception room and asked to be seated. He was becoming nervous. Something told him that the conspiracy against him had failed. What, if Mabel was not going to the ball! But she evidently was, for he had overheard a conversation of his friends at the chapter house that removed this doubt.

"But maybe—" Just then his musings were interrupted by a light footstep on the stairs, and soon Mabel appeared in the doorway. Her look of surprise served only to increase the nervousness of Evans.

"I beg pardon, Miss Van Sant, but you see—that is,—I am afraid I am intruding."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Evans. I am sorry to have kept you waiting—please, take this chair."

These few words from Mabel acted as a stimulus to Evans, and by strenuous efforts he managed to stammer out an explanation of his presence. But Mabel was too well acquainted with fraternity initiations to need a detailed explanation. She grasped the situation in a moment, and resolved to turn humiliation into triumph.

"Oh! I see, Mr. Evans. You are a candidate for Sigma Chi. They are always doing something like this, and—but here comes mamma. We were just going to the ball; won't you come with us?"

"Thank you. I should be delighted, but I feel that I am imposing."

"Oh, not all. I suppose it does not appear just formal; but circumstances alter cases,

you know. Mamma, this is Mr. Evans."

A second explanation followed, but this time by Mabel, after which Evans felt himself an old acquaintance.

It was but a few minutes after nine when the Van Sant carriage drew up at the ball-room. The delightful strains of an old Hungarian waltz floated on the air, as Evans, with Mabel leaning on his arm, entered and glided down the room, while those who had hoped for the honor he now shared looked on in amazement.

The Kentucky Yankee.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

Down the long, fertile valley came the terror of war. Flocks and herds were hurried here and there into a ravine or sheltered nook. Household goods were stored away in dark and musty cellars, while through the halls no living step woke echoes. Morgan, the raider, had crossed the Ohio, so the report rang, and was lengthening a track of waste unequalled by any of nature's destroyers. Morgan, the raider, had at last invaded the North and was fleeing down that peaceful valley pursued by the loyal twelfth Ohio. Foraging along his march, he exchanged his worn horses for those in the fields; he cleared house and granary of supplies, and where no supplies could be found, he destroyed. Seldom indeed did he find the people of any neighborhood, much less those along the road to Zanesville, at home to defend where Morgan found anything worth attacking.

No one was in the village save "old Calet" Brown, crippled and old, who lived in the little log-hut down by the creek. He could fear nothing from the raiders because he had nothing to lose. His hut was a palace because it reminded him of the little home he had left in Kentucky but a year before. Alone with his grandchild, a boy of thirteen, he kept the hearth fire glowing lest the war should end and the son in grey should come back to meet the son in blue.

"Jim," he said, gathering the child in his shrivelled arms, "I'm getting too old now to war. Yo' daddy wears the blue an' yo' uncle Henry wears the grey. You're a Yank and I'm a rebel, but we's both from Kentucky, and a Kentuckian won't hurt us. You're a Yank and you've got to save the North; you've got to turn Morgan off; you've to help ketch him;

so now saddle old 'Belle' that we fetched with us, and remember you're a Yank and you've got to save the town."

How could he turn Morgan aside; Morgan who was weary and worn with his long ride; Morgan who was fleeing with an enemy behind and gaunt starvation before. Still his father was a Yank and so was he. He was a Kentuckian and so was Morgan.

The child's brain never bore such troublous questions before. He must keep a rebel from destroying northern homes and northern property; but he could never give a Kentuckian over to an enemy.

"Here boy," called the leader of the band that came thundering down the road where the youngster sat cheering for Morgan and Kentucky. Up in front and we'll follow to Kentucky hospitality. On! there is no time to waste. The Yanks are behind; lead on where we can feed and sit."

The Ohios were a few miles back. Jim could hold the raiders till they arrived. The little village was a few miles on. That must be robbed to feed the men. Quickly he wheeled and darted off down the road to the right followed by cheering warriors—a Kentucky leader at the head of a Kentucky band!

"Two miles on to the town and the valley's outlet," he shouted as he turned aside to let the flying cavalry pass. Slowly he rode back to the cross-roads where the Ohio cavalry were galloping past. The raiders were hurrying down to the South, the pursuers on to Zanesville and the North, while naught but the dust of the eluded Yanks fell over the town.

Soon the people drifted back. Once more the flocks and herds wandered about in the peaceful valley. Again the houses were filled, and Jim Brown sits by his grandfather and wonders why so ardent a rebel should pet him for leading Morgan away from the town.

The Island of Gibraltar.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

Near the western end of Lake Erie there is an archipelago of small islands, very picturesque and attractive and enclosing many sheltered harbors. Perhaps the best known of these is Put-in-Bay. It is situated almost equidistant from Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland, and is the natural wayport for steamers plying between these cities.

The fruit industry of the island gives it some importance, but its fame is due chiefly to its many summer hotels. Nature seems to have planned this pretty little island for a summer resort; for its sheltered harbor affording protection to yachts and small craft lying at anchor, its excellent beaches and shady walks, its camping grounds and picnic parks, all combine to form an ideal summer gathering-place. Cottages line the shore around the entire island, and during July and August, a day is very rare that does not bring its hundreds of picnickers from the busy cities near at hand.

The first thing to attract the attention of those coming to Put-in-Bay is the Island of Gibraltar, standing guard as it were over the entrance to the harbor. On the side towards the ship channel, its rocky wall rises abruptly seventy-five feet from the water's edge, and on the side towards the bay it slopes gradually down to an excellent beach.

The surface of the island, covered by a beautiful grove, comprises about two acres, and in its centre stands an old stone house—a castle one might almost call it from its picturesque surroundings. It has long been deserted, and is now in a sad state of decay; but in the good old antebellum days, that mansion took its place in the social world of the West—a very prominent place too, for it stood with Monticello, the Hermitage and Blennerhasset. It was the home of the man whose energy opened the new west and whose brains controlled the finances of the country. Gibraltar was the home of Jay Cooke.

One evening, a few years ago, during the Inter-Lake Regatta, I lay on the deck of a yacht under the lee of this island. Across the bay all was merriment and almost boisterous glee, for a smoker was in progress at the pavilion. From out over the water came the sounds of the dance at Middle Bass; there, too, was joy unconfined, and youth and beauty were there met to chase the fleeting hours with flying feet. But above me, in that lonely pile all was still and lifeless. It shone against its dark background only in the reflected light that beamed across the bay.

And then I thought, as I felt that contrast, of the days that had been and were gone, and how transient the glory of this place, and how weak was the power and only temporal the name of the man who had once called it home. Scarcely one of all those revellers had ever heard of the name of Jay Cooke, and that one had, perhaps, forgotten Cooke had lived, done a mighty work, played a great part—and failed, and had "gone down in the voiceless silence of the dreamless dust, unnoticed and unknown;" and yet, that rugged cliff, that silent pile of stone, typifies the character of Jay Cooke.

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—The college world in particular was shocked by the awful disaster in which so many Purdue students lost their lives last Saturday. The impression produced by the news at Notre Dame was at once apparent. Instead of the light-hearted throngs that make the campus ring at the close of the week were groups of students with serious countenance discussing in subdued tones the particulars of the accident. Spontaneous and heartfelt were the expressions of regret heard on all sides. President Morrissey immediately telegraphed the following message to President Stone of Purdue: "The president, faculty and students of Notre Dame have heard with profound sorrow of the terrible catastrophe that befell your students *en route* for Indianapolis. Be assured that we, who have always rejoiced in your success, deeply sympathize with you in this dark hour. Kindly extend our sincere sympathy also to the afflicted parents of the dead and injured." Following this, Captain Salmon wired the condolence of the team, and in the evening Father O'Callaghan, C. S. P., in the Church of the Sacred Heart made a feeling reference to the victims of the wreck. At the close of his remarks, the entire student body and the many priests present joined with him in praying for the sufferers. Notre Dame's sympathy for Purdue is indeed deep and sincere, all the more so because of the common aim of both institutions and the friendly relations that have always existed between us.

—The recent appearance of the University band calls attention to the representative character of the organization and the students' responsibility to support it. The band and orchestra are as representative of the work and spirit of the student body as are the athletic teams; and while equally productive of entertainment, the encouragement given the athletes is seldom given the musicians. There are no cheering side-lines on the afternoons and evenings when the persevering bandman labors in rehearsal. He gets no praise when he finally masters some difficult run—unfortunately not a goal run—and the metaphorical touchdowns he makes are very tame and quiet affairs. This is remarked in nowise to disparage the field enthusiasm, but in justification of the musician. On the exhibition days the University orchestra does its share toward the entertainment of the visitors and the students, and out of fairness the tireless volunteers should receive better recognition. It is only thoughtlessness on the part of the other students that they are so apparently unappreciated. Students with musical talent and having the time to devote to its cultivation should try for the orchestra; others would do well in showing due appreciation at the different recitals.

—This week our personal column chronicles the announcement of the recent or prospective marriage of no less than five Notre Dame alumni—information interesting and hopeful. We commend it heartily to the attention of those who believe that the world has grown too practical and has lost much of its faith in love. The truth is that the divine passion is still as tender and potent as it was in the days when knighthood was in flower. Home has not lost its charm nor is Cupid yet an outcast. The home-building goes on because the devotion of plighted hearts must have its tabernacle. We are glad that Notre Dame has not helped to evoke the gloomy comments so frequent nowadays anent the dearth of marriages among college graduates. The great majority of those who have passed through these halls have become the heads of families, proud, too, of the distinction. They certainly had the courage the lack of which maketh the faint-hearted bachelor. They had confidence in their country and the nation rejoices in the inspiring example they give to others. Hearty congratulations to our latest benedicks. There are happy days before them.

The Oratorical Contests.

The time is close at hand for the oratorical contests to begin. The Breen Gold Medal, donated by the Hon. William P. Breen, '77, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, will be contested for in Washington Hall, Dec. 9. The orations must be handed in to Father French before ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 22. It is preferable that the orations be type-written, or at least carefully and legibly written in ink, for the judges of manuscript have heretofore found difficulty in deciphering written work. Every little counts, and easily read manuscript may make the judges well-intentioned, or at least good-humored, at the start toward one's effort.

The successful contestant in the competition of Dec. 9 will win not only the highly-prized Breen Medal, but also will win the right to represent Notre Dame in the State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis the first Friday in February. In this contest seven of the leading colleges of Indiana will compete. The State Contest always calls together a brilliant gathering; for not only is the audience composed of prominent people from all over the state, but the alumni fraternity members of the other colleges take advantage of this date to hold in conjunction with the contest their annual fraternity conventions.

The State Contest is held in Tomlinson Hall, the largest auditorium in Indianapolis, and capable of seating four thousand persons. The other colleges usually send delegations of about one hundred students, although De Pauw has always sent nearly her entire student body. De Pauw has won over one-half of the State Contests since 1882, and once her orator, the present United States' senator, Albert J. Beveridge, succeeded not only in winning the State Contest but also the Inter-State, the only time Indiana has won the latter.

The orator who wins the State Contest, wins not only a prize of \$50 in gold, but also the right to represent the State of Indiana in the Inter-State Contest in which eleven states are entered to compete, namely, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Colorado, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Michigan. This year the State of Indiana will have the fifth place on the speaking programme of the Inter-State, and Notre Dame will have the seventh place on the programme

of the State Contest. The prize of first place in the Inter-State competition carries with it \$100 in gold. Certainly here is incentive for one's best efforts, even leaving out considerations of advantage or reputations for oneself and Notre Dame,—the Breen Medal so highly prized and \$150 in gold.

The time and number of words an oration is allowed varies in the three contests. At Notre Dame or in the State competition, there is no set limit for either time or words, but it is customary to have orations of from 1800 to 2400 words, occupying a time for delivery of from fifteen to twenty minutes. Of course in the local contest here one should regulate the length of his oration by his usual speed in talking, for some talk many more words to the minute than others. The Inter-State Constitution contains the provision that no oration shall exceed 2000 words in the Inter-State Contest.

The big contest—the Inter-State—will be held in Washington Hall, Notre Dame University, in May next, the exact date not yet being definitely fixed. At the annual convention in May last at Cleveland, of the Inter-State Association, Indiana was designated as the State in which to hold the next annual contest and convention. Since then Notre Dame has been selected as the place because of its possessing many advantages not possessed by other colleges in Indiana—namely, its location on the main lines of three large railroads; its nearness in location to Chicago, which in itself was a great consideration, for eight of the eleven states comprising the Association are west of Chicago; the fact that Notre Dame has her own theatre, well equipped for such an event; the facilities we have for handling a large crowd, and lastly, the fact of the nearness of so many cities and towns whose people will be interested in such an event as is coming to Notre Dame in May. The trouble heretofore has been that the contests were held in too large cities where it is difficult to awaken interest.

The Inter-State, as stated above, has never but once, by Senator Beveridge, been won by Indiana. Wisconsin, represented by Beloit, has won it the past two years, the contest of two years ago being held at Minneapolis, and last year at Cleveland. A singular fact is that the successful winners for Beloit were brothers, W. J. and H. F. Mawres. The subject of the winning oration two years ago is "Martin Luther," and last year's successful oration

trats of Bismarck under the title of "The German Monarchist."

The latitude allowed in selecting a subject is unlimited except by considerations of fitness for an oratorical theme.

But it may be remarked that a large percentage of the successful orations both State and Inter-State, have been studies of great men, or at least prominent men. Of course, one not having a personal knowledge of past contests would be unable to say whether the success of orations that treat of individuals is due to any predisposition on the part of judges toward such subjects for oratory, or whether it may have been due to the excellence of the themes themselves, or to the oratorical powers of the speaker in each case.

So these are the oratorical opportunities open this year to all the students of Notre Dame. That they will make the most of them no one doubts.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

Need of Religious Journalists.

With the foundation of a school of journalism at Columbia University, a school sanctioned and even advocated by the leading editors of to-day, is brought very forcibly to mind the need of a new school of journalism for the religious press.

The religious press has a field practically its own. The discrimination of news is its object, as that of the secular is usually to aggrandize it. The direction of things religious and moral is its end, just as the narration and ridicule of such affairs belong essentially to the press of the people. If the religious press, or, I might say, the editors of religious papers, would come to the conclusion that they are a few among many, that their paper is but a secondary matter in the household of to-day, and that they are in a field alone and hedged in by the great daily, weekly or monthly periodicals in circulation, a better class of journalism would be offered. The religious press has not the circulation to-day that it should have because of its lack of originality.

Take the religious press as a whole. There is very little news that is not already recorded by the secular press. Hence news as such is not the subscriber's longing. He wants good, solid and entertaining comment on the world's doings—the morality of everything.

Of course such and such a one subscribes so much for a church. He is a good and noble benefactor, etc. The people know this. They know that if a pope dies we are all sorry; they know too his virtues, in fact his whole life. There are not three out of every ten that know particular incidents of the Pope's life, save that he was "The great white shepherd whom Protestant as well as Catholic mourned."

The religious editor—I speak of Protestant as well as Catholic; and the Protestant paper seems more papery because more newsy—knows that he can not satisfy the reader's cravings with news, and must necessarily turn to fiction as the only resource. This is the weak point of Catholic journalists. Why is it, week in and week out, that you read in Catholic papers stories "republished from the *Ave Maria*," with "courtesy of *Freeman's Journal*?" etc. I don't blame the names scratched from the subscription list of the Catholic papers while such work continues. Maybe the fiction is good. I have read the same story in at least three different papers. It is money wasted to buy such periodicals.

If the religious editor would search for new material his paper could be placed on a money-paying basis. If he would introduce bits of wit unworn by the travels of other papers, or at least by the travels of many other papers, people would agreeably subscribe. Until such a time when a religious paper shall appear in a garb strictly its own, the editor may grumble all he pleases about his inability to pay writers. The garb must be sprightly; not heavy, uninteresting editorial comments. It must be catchy and not a dull, unpicturesque sheet. It must be of such a nature that it can take its place among the other sheets around the family lamp of the household's reading-room. It must have its department for young as well as old, for serious as well as light-minded, for religious bent as well as those whose paths have led far among the briars of the world. In a word, it must be a paper of the household, and the only way it can become such is to interest the young.

The religious press needs an editor who can fascinate the younger members of the family, and in such positions the religious papers are lacking. The subscription sheet will never grow until the children become a factor in a paper's circulation. The first thing a publisher does with a child's book is to

look out for illustrations. The last thing a religious editor does is to illustrate the children's page; yet he fully realizes, maybe from experience, that the children look first for the picture and then the story. Ask many families why the religious papers are wanting, and they will point to the children. Ask the children and they will say that religious papers are uninteresting. The child must have pictures, and a good sketch artist or a cartoonist on a paper's staff would do more toward raising the low stage of religious paper patronage than all the heavy writers or serious controversialists on record.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

Lecture-Concert Course.

With the appearance of the Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra yesterday in Washington Hall, one of the best lecture and concert courses in the history of the University was opened. The particulars that follow show the successful efforts that have been made to bring some of the best talent in the country here.

Among other musical attractions for the season are the Westminster Abbey boy sopranos who have a world-wide reputation; the Lyceum Operatic Company, which will make its first appearance at the University, and the Mendelssohn Quartet Company. Arrangements are still pending with other musical organizations, and it is expected that Brooke's famous marine band will be secured for some date after the holidays.

Special attention has been given to the lecture course, which will be particularly strong and which includes more than the usual number of lectures. This course will open Dec. 7, when the Hon. Bourke Cockran will deliver an address on "Catholicism and Democracy." Mr. Walter A. Kilrain, the traveler, will give an illustrated lecture on the "Passion Play."

Much interest is shown in the coming of William Butler Yeates, the noted Irish poet and dramatist, who is well known to the American public. He will deliver two lectures. James Jeffrey Roche, Editor of the *Boston Pilot*, Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Latere Medialist and recently appointed commissioner in the postal scandals, Rev. Francis Kelley, of Lapeer, Mich., the Hon. William Onahan, of Chicago, and Hon. John M. Gearin, one of the best-known lawyers on the Pacific

coast, an alumnus of Notre Dame and Commencement orator last June, will be heard during the year.

At the annual flag presentation made by the senior class on Feb. 22, Gen. John Black, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be the Washington's birthday orator. While at the University he will be the guest of the Notre Dame Post.

Many prominent members of the clergy will be seen here during the course. Among these are the Most Reverend Archbishop Christie, of Portland, Oregon; the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; the Right Rev. James Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. It is thought that the Most Reverend Archbishop Ireland will also address the students. Efforts were made to secure lectures from Dr. Addis Emmet and President Roosevelt, but dates could not be arranged with either.

F. H. MCKEEVER, '03.

Opening Concert.

The first of the season's concerts was given in Washington Hall on Friday morning by the Hungarian Orchestra. While composed of only ten men the ensemble was excellent. No brass instruments were used, and the combination of string and wind instruments was very pleasing. The Hungarian cymbal, an instrument seldom heard at Notre Dame, was played with evident skill. The cello and flute duet showed the respective soloists to be artists of recognized rank. With this number the conductor's E flat clarinet solo shared in the skill displayed. The selections played were of a high order and well executed. The Hungarian Orchestra has some good qualities not found in larger organizations and has fewer faults.

Athletic Notes.

Last Thursday forenoon on Cartier Field, Sorin and Corby battled for an hour and a half for football honors. The game was fiercely contested on both sides, and as a result neither goal was crossed. Probably never before was an inter-hall contest waged with such determination and recklessness. Dillon and Kane suffered severe injuries, and may not be able to play again this season.

The playing on both sides was ragged, but Sorin was the most frequent offender. Time

and again did the Sorinites plow through Corby's centre and skirt the ends only to fumble when near the goal. Corby, although apparently much the weaker team, displayed a great deal of pluck at critical stages. Her players seldom gained through Sorin's stone-wall defense, but they were always in the game, tackling hard and sure to get the ball whenever Sorin fumbled.

For Corby, Draper's work was easily the best. He was the only player on his team that could gain when given the ball, and he tackled sure and hard. His powerful right leg, too, served him well, for he often punted the ball out of danger after Sorin had fumbled near Corby's goal. Captain Hogan's line bucking and brilliant defense, Dillon's long end runs and Barry's fierce charging, brought forth rounds of applause from the rooters.

It is to be regretted that some of the players resorted to rough tactics during the progress of the game. Slugging should not be tolerated in any football game, and above all in an inter-hall contest. The officials were cheered when they ruled these men off the field; but such punishment is not half severe enough for one who will take an unfair advantage of an opponent. These men lack one of the essential elements of a true sportsman.

It is to be hoped that these two teams will meet again in the near future to settle the much-disputed superiority.

The Line-Up.

Sorin		Corby
Quinlan	L E	Lally
Kasper	L T	Cullinan
Ruehlbach	L G	Tourney
Zolpher	C	Herman
Barry	R G	Fleming
Antoine	R T	Flaherty
O'Neill	R E	Kane
Dwan	Q	Patterson (C.)
Dillon	L H	Bracken
O'Connor	R H	Winter
Hogan (C.)	F B	Draper

Referee, Salmon; Umpire, Fansler. Substitutes for Sorin—Fahy and McCullough; for Corby, C. Winter, Guerra, Healy, Wagner.

The Corby and Sorin game resulted in a tie. This leaves the question of championship as unsettled as ever. Brownson plays Sorin November 14, and from present indications the game promises to be closer even than last Thursday's game.

The sad accident that befell the Purdue team and students last Saturday caused much

sorrow among the Varsity men and the entire student body. Mngr. Daly and Capt. Salmon sent telegrams of condolence as soon as the news of the dreadful disaster was received.

The Varsity has been in secret practice all week putting on the finishing touches for the Northwestern game.

Brownson's newly reorganized team defeated the Co. F. team of South Bend last Sunday on Cartier Field by a score of 27 to 0. The South Benders were clearly outclassed. Long end runs by Gray and Medley, and Niezer's line plunging were the features of the game.

The Beloit game scheduled for to-day was cancelled during the forepart of the week. No let up, however, has been made in the practice since the decision. In fact, Captain Salmon is plugging the men harder than ever before. Everything, however, has been done behind closed gates, so we are unable to give any information as to the progress made.

The Brownson second team defeated the Corby second team last Thursday by a score of 11 to 0. Two ninety-minute halves were played.

Notre Dame boasts the distinction of being the only one of the leading Western teams whose goal line remains uncrossed.

The heaviest game on our schedule takes place next Saturday with Northwestern at Chicago. What the outcome will be we do not venture to predict.

The purple this season has developed into one of the most promising aspirants for Western football honors, and under Coach McCormick's teaching are dangerous opponents for any team. To defeat them will be to achieve something no other team has been able to do this season, even Wizard Stagg's colts failed to turn the trick. One thing we are certain of, and that is, Northwestern will face as determined and plucky a band of moleskin heroes as ever stepped on the gridiron when they meet Captain Salmon and his men. Win or lose, Varsity men, the rooters are with you, for they know your fighting spirit and are sure you will do your utmost to keep the Gold and Blue at the top.

Brownson Hall met defeat last Thursday at Benton Harbor by a score of 5 to 0. The Benton Harbor team, champions of Michigan and one of the strongest minor teams in this section of the country, expected to run away with the Brownson team, but they met with a resistance that forced them to fight for every inch of ground. The Harborites have the Michigan "hurry-up" tactics, being coached by a former star of Michigan, Fertzel; but with their "hurry-up" tactics and heavy line smashes, they were unable to gain consistently. Brownson lost over sixty yards on penalties alone, and these too at critical stages of the game. The Brownsonites played a brilliant defensive and offensive game throughout. The contest was one of the hardest ever seen in Benton Harbor. J. J. MEYERS, '04.

George Munson, St. Louis; Alexander Krembs, Stevens Point; J. D. Nieskell, Miss Florence Knox, Goshen, Ind.; J. D. Meenach and Mrs. Meenach, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hill, Mrs. A. and Miss B. J. Corcoran, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Schermerhorn, Sturgis, Mich.; Mrs. J. Borough, Mishawaka; C. Leonard Ireland and Mrs. Leonard Ireland, Moro, Ore.; Mrs. O. E. Lang and Miss M. F. Booth, Mishawaka; Mrs. F. Conger, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mrs. O'Brien, South Bend; Warner P. Simpson, Columbus, O.; A. H. Morcher, Plymouth, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lamb, Buchanan, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kreer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Tong, South Bend, Indiana; and Mr. and Mrs. Leo A. Peil, Racine, Wis.

Local Items.

Personals.

—Lorenzo Hubbell, Com'l, '00, is doing well in business at Kearns' Canyon, Arizona. Lorenzo was an industrious young man while at the College, and we are not surprised to hear of his success.

—The list of successful Notre Dame graduates in the Philippines is rapidly increasing. Edward S. Ewing, '88, who accepted a position as teacher in the Philippine service last June was appointed recently principal of a school in Gumaka, a city in the island of Luzon. We wish him continued success.

—One of the most distinguished clerical visitors whom Notre Dame had the pleasure of receiving during the week was Father C. A. Barolet, C. SS. R., of St. Anne's, Montreal. Father Barolet, who is an eloquent and zealous member of the Redemptorist congregation, is at present preaching a mission to the French parishioners of Brighton, Ill.

—The genial pastor of Niles, Mich., Rev. E. Cullinan, accompanied by two Dominican priests, Fathers Kernan and Brockbank, paid Notre Dame a visit recently. Another welcome visitor was Father Lamontagne of the Church of the Sacred Heart, AuSable, Mich. We hope the visit of all four proved as pleasant as Notre Dame would wish.

—Marriage notices of former Notre Dame students: C. C. Fitzgerald, '94, to Miss Eugenia O'Day of Lexington, Ky.; J. B. Murphy, '97, to Miss Virginia Rodgers of San Francisco; Vitus G. Jones, '03, to Miss Mary Morley of South Bend; Earl B. Warder to Miss Florence Adelyne Gray of Chicago; Neal H. Ewing, '87, to Miss Josephine Hoch, Lancaster, Ohio. We wish these happy people a realization of their brightest hopes.

—Visitors' Registry for the week:—Mrs.

—Thomas Donnelly, '04, has been called home owing to the illness of his father. We hope he will be able to return soon.

—Unless the Sergeant-at-Arms in the Parliamentary Law class attends more faithfully to his duties he will be deprived of his office.

—Again the contributors are requested to write legibly. We are not interested in exhibitions wherein the hand can not decently control the pen.

—Uncle Sam is now distributing the mail in an ice-cream wagon. No wonder so many frosty looks appear on certain forlorn students' faces every time the mail is read.

—Since the piano was taken away life in Sorin has been quite dull. It is hoped that the gentlemen in charge will get together in the near future and make arrangements for another piano. Delay will cause investigation.

—Jay Hamilton, one of the Purdue victims of the train wreck, was buried from his home in South Bend during the week. The funeral was attended by representatives of the Notre Dame football team who sympathize with the relatives of the deceased.

—If you should happen to pass Sorin Hall just after dinner some day and hear several students holding a heated discussion in some barbarian tongue, don't come to any hasty conclusion as to their ancestry. They are only seniors trying to show the under-class men that they are acquiring a practical knowledge of Latin.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The recitations by Ohmer, Selden, Wallerstein, Rousseau, Berteling and Carraher, and the piano solos by Gallart were very well rendered. The debate: "Resolved, That baseball is more scientific than football," was decided in favor of the affirmative, Jay and Roach. An inter-

esting programme has been arranged for the next meeting.

—The debates have been postponed for one week to allow the looking up and securing of more material. The matter in the library that treats of municipal ownership of public utilities has been placed on a table at the right of the entrance. The South Bend Public Library, by the courtesy of the librarian, was thoroughly searched for any additional material and some references were obtained. The books and pamphlets which these references mention will be purchased immediately and placed on file. The debates will begin Monday evening, November 23.

—The Senior Law class perfected their organization for the present scholastic year last Tuesday. The election of officers resulted as follows: Francis Lonergan, President; Francis J. Conboy, Vice-President; Nicholas R. Furlong and Harry G. Hogan, Secretaries; John I. O'Phelan, Class Orator; Robert E. Proctor, Class Poet; Thomas A. Toner, Class Historian; Eugene J. O'Connor, Sergeant-at-Arms. In accordance with established custom royal purple was selected as the class color. The class will make its initial appearance in cap and gown on President's Day.

—Last Wednesday St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held one of its regular meetings. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That labor unions are detrimental both to the capitalist and laborer." Messrs. Collier and Perce upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Jones and McDonald supported the negative. The judges, Messrs. Malloy, McGillis and Donahoe decided in favor of the negative. Speeches and recitations were given by Messrs. Cunningham and O'Connell. McGillis contributed a few witticisms. The society passed the rest of the evening in discussing the advantages to be gained by reading Shakspeare.

—The New York State Club met Sunday night in the Columbian room for the purpose of electing a board of officers for the ensuing year. After the President had called the meeting to order he said it afforded all present much pleasure to welcome back to their ranks Mr. Kanaley after his long and dangerous illness. Much to the regret of the members, the President then tendered his resignation, giving as a reason his desire to see some other member enjoy the distinction of filling the office this year. In the election of officers that took place the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen: Louis Salmon, '05, President; William K. Gardiner, '04, Secretary; Ernest E. L. Hammer, '04, Treasurer. The President was instructed to appoint an executive committee to make arrangements for the annual banquet. Though a matter of regret that some of last year's

members who graduated have not returned to the University, the society is still in a very satisfactory condition. New members have joined, and all seem to have the welfare of the Empire State Club at heart. Taking into account the success attained last year, the genial disposition of the members and the efficient board of officers, the prospects of the New York State Club are exceedingly bright. The first state organization at the University, it will, we hope, be successful in becoming a model for all others.

—The Moot-Court has been organized recently and the year's work is about to begin. Dean Hoynes has carefully selected the cases, each one of which bears on some important point of law. The attorney entrusted with these cases will be chosen from the senior and junior law classes, but the jurors are not selected from any particular department of the University. Both they and the witnesses are usually appointed from those who happen to be present during the session of the court.

These trials afford the collegiate students an excellent opportunity to learn something about the manner in which the law courts of the country are conducted, for it is after such models the Moot-Courts are founded. Colonel Hoynes and every member of the law classes will be glad to see the courtroom packed with interested auditors and spectators. The freshmen law students are urged particularly to attend. Heretofore the members of this class seemed to be under the impression that their attendance at these exercises was optional. This is a mistake which they are expected to correct without delay. It is their duty to attend regularly and serve as jurors. By doing so they will get a good notion of the practical application of the law and also make the work of their junior and senior years easier and more interesting.

Dean Hoynes has announced that there will be a meeting in the law room this evening of all the members of this department for the purpose of organizing the law debating society. The objects of this society have served a very useful end in past years, and this year, it is hoped, results will be no less favorable. In all likelihood a team representing the department will be selected to debate with some reputable law school, and for this reason alone every member of the class should contribute to the efficiency of those who may be successful. Moreover, the opportunities for practice in public speaking will be such as no member who is anxious for self-advancement can conscientiously forego. The Dean and other instructors in this department are doing all in their power to promote the best interest of the law classes. Let the students do their share in bringing about the desired results.