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William Butler Yeats.

HAIL! minstrel from my fathers' land,
You caught the music of her streams
And wove in rainbow cloth your dreams
By storied plain and mountain grand.

As children round an Irish hearth
Gather to list some tale of old
Of Con or Cuchulain the bold
Or Finn that chased by hill and garth,

Meet we to hear of Erin's lore
That once illumed the Western skies;—
Tell us a brighter yet shall rise
To shine undimmed for evermore.

And say that throughout Innisfail
Works on each class and race and creed,
Striving in friendly word and deed
To win new glory for the Gael.

Come you amongst us as a friend,
We greet you as they do at home—
"Caed failthe"—and where'er you roam,
God guide your footsteps to the end.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

The Poet of the Gael.



FOR centuries preceding the nineteenth the Irish had other and graver cares than even the fostering of their literature. With few exceptions the members of the Catholic faith were too poor and too oppressed to trouble much with books, and those who did were generally obliged to go to continental schools for an education. As a result of this galling condition the literary field became fallow, the springs choked and the paths leading to them overgrown.

At last, in 1829, the shackles were removed by the passing of the Emancipation Act: an Irishman of the proscribed creed was permitted to hold land and office and might attend college at home without being adjudged a felon. But Irish literature suffered rather than gained by this change. Far from receiving recognition or encouragement the study of Irish language and history found no place in the new educational system. English was taught instead, and with the powerful efforts made to impose it, the ravages of famine and emigration, Gaelic and all that it stood for seemed doomed inevitably to destruction.

During this critical and cunning transition in which many failed to see a national disaster some were found trying to save a precious heirloom or two before all would be lost. They cried out a warning in a stranger tongue, but it was very evident that their hearts and thoughts were of the Gael. Some, overcome by the ruin they foresaw, swept their lyres in grief and despair or sounded the wild note of rebellion, while a few more hopeful, like Davis, inspired confidence and proclaimed surer means of preserving the national life.

As years went on and politics claimed the mind of the multitude Gaelic still continued to lose its hold, and the old traditions and folk-lore began to vanish quickly before the sarsar that blew from English coasts. Consciously or unconsciously leaders of public opinion in Ireland were being molded after the English fashion. So closely did they resemble the Briton in dress and speech and manner that when they professed their nationality to a stranger he scarcely knew whether to believe them or not. To combat these conditions an enthusiastic band of Irishmen, determined on making their country's present and future a rational continuation of her glorious past, organized the Gaelic League and turned from the rank luxuriance of English pastures to the healthier herbage of Irish fields. Through their own language they sought by *lis* and *rath* the lost paths that led to the enchanted springs whereof when they drunk they might preserve the old and establish the new. Led by Douglas Hyde they turned forever from the materialism of the Saxon to the spiritualism of the Gael. The poet and the standard-bearer of this little host that has worked so well for Ireland and recovered much that seemed irrevocably lost is William Butler Yeats who is now visiting the United States and whom we are soon to hear at Notre Dame.

The influences of parentage and early environment were well adapted to fit him for his life-work. The son of a successful Irish artist, he was born thirty-seven years ago in Dublin, but belonging to an old Sligo family like his friends, Douglas Hyde and the late Lionel Johnson, he spent much of his youth at the home of his grandparents in their native county. This had much to do in nurturing his inherent love of beauty and in the making of the future poet. The panorama of sky and sea and land that he looked out upon in Sligo is unsurpassed in scenic loveliness. He tells us himself that "the scenery is most wild and beautiful and the sky ever loaded and fantastic with flying clouds." Strewn over hill and plain are architectural monuments ranging from the round tower of doubtful purpose to the battered castle and ruined abbey of no uncertain story. There, too, are cromlechs, pagan and Christian battlefields and haunted raths. The town, a thriving little seaport of about eleven thousand, is strung like a bead near the mouth of a silvery thread of river that steals down from Lough Gill

to the Atlantic. A few miles to the north, running parallel to the shore and sheltering the valley of Drumcliff and the mainland of Rosses, near which the poet lived, towers Ben Bulben, "the mountain in whose side the great white door swings open at nightfall to loose the faery riders on the world." Across the bay to the south, like a mighty sentinel, stands Knocknarea, often scarfed by mist, and on its heath-clad summit the huge cairn that marks the last resting-place of Queen Maeve, the prototype of Shakspeare's Mab.

This picturesque region of myth and story is much nearer heaven than many places outside of Ireland, for in soft accents the peasants greet one another with blessings; their hearths are hospitable and their passions well controlled. A deeply religious and highly imaginative people, indeed, they are. "To the wise peasant," according to Mr. Yeats, "the green hills and woods round him are full of never-fading mystery. When the aged country-woman stands at her door in the evening and in her own words, 'looks at the mountains and thinks of the goodness of God,' He is all the nearer because the pagan powers are not far: because, from Ben Bulben at sundown rush forth the wild, unchristian riders upon the fields, while southward the White Lady still wanders under the broad cloud night-cap of Knocknarea." Fairies and ghosts and spirits of the wind and waters dwell in the imagination of this folk, and—perhaps outside of it too. A Gael himself and a child of the place Mr. Yeats entered into the traditions, yearnings and visions of the people until his poetic soul sees and feels more than do the inhabitants themselves. How true this is may be inferred from his racy poem,

THE HOSTING OF THE SIDHE.

The host is riding from Knocknarea
 And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
 Caolthe tossing his burning hair,
 And Niamh calling: *Away, come away:*
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
 The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
 And where is there hope or deed as fair?
 Caolthe tossing his burning hair,
 And Niamh calling: *Away, come away.*

A similar spirit breathes in "The Stolen Child," from which we quote the following:

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
 The dim gray sands with light,
 Far off by furthest Rosses
 We foot it all the night,
 Weaving olden dances,
 Mingling hands, and mingling glances,
 Till the moon has taken flight;
 To and fro we leap,
 And chase the frothy bubbles,
 While the world is full of troubles,
 And is anxious in its sleep.
 Come away! O human child!
 To the woods and waters wild,
 With a fairy hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping
 Than you can understand.

Listen to the profound, strangely beautiful appeal,

INTO THE TWILIGHT.

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
 Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
 Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight
 Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Erie is always young,
 Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
 Though hope fall from you and love decay
 Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
 For there the mystical brotherhood
 Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
 And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn
 And time and the world are ever in flight
 And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
 And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

Fortunately Mr. Yeats' muse has quite a wide range. Exquisite are some of his love poems, of which a good example is

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book
 And slowly read and dream of that soft look
 Your eyes had once and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

More delicate and perfect are the lines to the beloved:

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths
 Enwrought with golden and silver light,
 The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
 Of night and light and the half light,
 I would spread the cloths under your feet:

But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
 I have spread my dreams under your feet;
 Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The reproof to the curlew expresses an indescribable pathos and sorrow:

O curlew, cry no more in the air,
 Or only to the waters of the West;
 Because your crying brings to my mind
 Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
 That was shaken out over my breast:
 There is enough evil in the crying of the wind.

Of another variety, quaintly melancholy and very characteristic of the poet, is

THE LAMENTATION OF THE OLD PENSIONER.

I had a chair at every hearth,
 When no one turned to see,
 With 'Look at that old fellow there
 And who may he be?'
 And therefore do I wander now,
 And the fret lies on me.

The roadside trees keep murmuring—
 Ah! wherefore murmur ye,
 As in the old days long gone by,
 Green oak and poplar tree?
 The well-known faces are all gone.
 And the fret lies on me.

One more selection, perhaps the happiest:

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
 Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
 My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
 My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
 They read in their books of prayer;
 I read in my book of songs
 I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
 To Peter sitting in state,
 He will smile on the three old spirits,
 But call me first through the gate:

For the good are always the merry,
 Save by an evil chance,
 And the merry love the fiddle
 And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
 They will all come up to me,
 With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
 And dance like a wave of the sea.

Many of the most eminent English and American critics agree with the opinion of *The Bookman* that "Modern Ireland has produced nothing so exquisitely Celtic, intense and lovely as Mr. Yeats' poetry, or so intensely Irish.... He has brooded upon Ireland, her legends, her songs, her peasantry, her scenery, till, like the brooding Sibyl, he is

inspired, and the soul of his country sighs through his verse." It is a further tribute to his worth that his volume of lyrics, "The Wind Among The Reeds," was crowned by *The Academy* in its award for the year 1899 "as the best book of verse of the year for promise, sincerity and literary art."

The poems in this little book show the fire of genius and a strange originality. They make an impression as does no other work with which we are acquainted. One almost feels when reading them that some spirit is hovering near, or that an unseen hand lightly touches the shoulder every now and then. What glamor, witchery and haunting melody steal into some of the lines!

Shortly before Robert Louis Stevenson died in far-off Samoa he wrote Mr. Yeats: ". . . It may interest you to know that I have a third time fallen in slavery: this is to your poem called 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree.' It is so quaint and airy, simple, artful and eloquent to the heart—but I seek words in vain. Enough that 'always night and day I hear the lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore.'"

Mr. Yeats combines many accomplishments with the gift of poesy. Besides what he has done in verse and editing he has written nine or ten volumes of plays and essays. He has taken a prominent part in promoting Irish Literary Societies and is President of the Irish National Theatre which is one of the fruits of the Celtic Revival, that movement "which has caught in men and women of all classes and creeds and politics with the common motive of love for the country, pride in her past, hope in her future."

With all his devotion to literature Mr. Yeats is not indifferent to everyday Irish affairs. Often at home or in London or Paris—he was once a student in the Beau Quartier—he attends meetings that have for their object the welfare of his native land. In the organizing of the '98 centenary celebration he delivered numerous speeches and addresses and rendered notable service. His poetry, ardent patriotism and fruitful efforts in the cause of Irish nationality have endeared him in particular to the millions of his scattered kindred and will, we know, assure him a hearty welcome at Notre Dame.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

WHERE there is wonder, admiration and awe, knowledge and love will grow.—*Spalding*

The Skipper's Victory.

ERNEST. E. HAMMER, '04.

Young Charlie Dunbar had never known a care or a bit of hardship in his life, except whatever he caused himself when he wished to win some special race, for he was a yachtsman to the core. He was a member of the Rochester Yacht Club, and had successfully defended the American cup against the Canadians for two years.

The men from the North had again challenged, and the races were to be held in a few months. It was decided by the club that Dunbar's yacht *Ilene*, sailed by himself, should safeguard our cup. But just at that time old Dunbar suddenly and mysteriously died, the doctors being unable to determine the cause. After the funeral, when the lawyers came to examine his business affairs they found them so muddled up that his partner, whom he had never trusted very much and against whom he had often warned his son, was found to have absolute control of all his property; so Charlie was left penniless, without knowledge or experience in the art of making money.

It was true he would get a few thousands for the *Ilene*, but that would not enable him to marry Mabel Brenton, so he decided to go West and become a cowboy. He sold his yacht to George Ashley, the son of a wealthy salt refiner and later his rival for Mabel's hand, and started immediately on his journey.

Six years had passed when one day there walked into town a broad-shouldered, bronzed young man, having all the appearance of a war veteran, or a frontiersman, yet possessing that unmistakable something which marked him out as a gentleman. As he was walking along the main street a well-dressed young fellow ran up and threw his arms around him. At first Dunbar, returning from the West where he had made a fortune in mining, thought this was a bold attempt at robbery; but as he looked at the face of the boy, it flashed into his memory that this was Mabel's young brother, who had been his constant little companion and admirer in the almost forgotten past.

"How is your sister?" asked Charlie.

"Ah, she's going to marry that guy, Ashley, who loses all the races," was the disgusted reply.

Charlie's countenance fell; for although he

had often given her up—to himself—he still had hopes of one day returning home and claiming her as his wife. The boy saw the dejected look and continued encouragingly:

"But she likes you better'n him. I heard her say so; and one day I went up to her room and she didn't hear me coming in, for she was lying on the bed all the time crying and sobbing: 'O Charlie, why don't you come home?' and I came away and was going to write to you, but gee! I couldn't find out where you lived. Then papa saw her and told her she was foolish, and how much money Ashley had, and that you didn't have any. Then Mabel cried again, but after a while she said she'd marry him for the sake of peace."

After cautioning his young friend to keep silence about his presence, Charlie went to visit an old acquaintance of his, the President of the Rochester Boat Club. He was welcomed with warm enthusiasm.

"Charlie, old man," said the President, "you're just in time to save the day. We never held that cup since you left."

"Why, I don't know anything about racing boats. It's six years since I've been on one."

"Well, we're going to give you a trial anyway," said the President, and seeing Charlie was trying to make up some reasonable excuse, he continued: "There's no use of arguing, we want you to race our boat and you're going to do it."

Dunbar could resist no longer; but asked that the name of the new skipper be kept out of the papers.

By skilful jockeying the next two races were won by the Americans, and then somehow or other it leaked out that Charlie Dunbar was sailing our boat, and everyone knew that the cup would come back.

The third race was won and the victor taken ashore by a tender and landed on the pier. As he walked inland he suddenly came upon Mabel and George Ashley. He started toward them, but recovering his senses stopped and tried to slink away; but she, becoming aware, as if by intuition, of his presence, turned around, saw him and greeted him cordially.

In those few moments of reunion everything was forgotten, until Charlie looking up saw his rival; but George, gentleman that he was, stretched out his hand and said:

"Take her Charlie, and let us be friends."

The Grammar Schools in Shakspeare's Time.

JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04.

Books and pamphlets almost without number have been written of Shakspeare and his works, and yet there seems to be no abating of the interest taken in the subject. The people can not get too much of our great dramatist, and nothing concerning him could fail to be of interest to those who are acquainted with the productions of his masterful mind. To many it has been a source of much perplexity how a man with the apparently limited education of Shakspeare, could attain to such perfection in the most difficult of all the departments of literature, the writing of comedy and the drama. Thus through curiosity, if from no stronger motive, we are led to seek particulars concerning the poet's education, and we find one point agreed upon by all: that the only school learning he had he received in the grammar school at Stratford.

The grammar schools of England, which had given such an impetus to learning during the sixteenth century, were, according to Green in his History of the English people, the direct outcome of Colet's school founded at St. Paul's in 1510. This school was built and equipped out of Colet's private fortune, and the founder's aim was to exclude the scholastic logic and to combine religion with the "true Christian learning."

The building consisted of one large room divided by a movable curtain which separated the lower from the higher classes. The institution was placed under the immediate care of a high master whose duty it was to look after the education and welfare of the children. Erasmus, in a letter to Colet concerning the qualifications that a man should possess for this office, declared that the master should be skilled not only in the knowledge of Latin, Greek and all literature, but likewise he should know something of the general principles of mechanics, agriculture and the culinary art. The high master's salary was liberal; he received what in our day would be equivalent to £530. There was also a sur-master who was appointed to fill a vacancy in the position of high master if any should occur. The sur-master's salary was £350. William Lily, an Oxford student and the author of Lily's Latin Grammar, was appointed first high master.

The grammar school founded by Colet was a free day school, and about one hundred and fifty students were enrolled, chiefly from the laboring classes. Many odd regulations governed the school. The applicant for admission was required to be at least seven years old and to have had such a knowledge of Latin and English as to be able to perform his exercise. Inability to learn and continued absence for three days, except in cases of sickness, led to dismissal.

The grammar school in Shakspeare's time, though somewhat more improved, was almost an exact counterpart of Colet's school in the method of teaching and in the studies pursued. Latin, Greek, English, mathematics and penmanship were taught with a little geography. Towards the end of the twelfth century it very often happened that mathematics and penmanship were taught in a separate school.

Special attention was given to the learning of Latin which was due no doubt to the fact that Latin was much used in everyday life. Diplomatic documents were written in Latin; military art, navigation and astronomy had to be studied in Latin, and even an ordinary clerk kept his records in this language. A mere superficial knowledge of the language was not sufficient; it was necessary to be able to read and write it. Hence it was that so much attention was given to it in the grammar school.

The first year of Latin was devoted to the *accidence*; the second was given to the grammar and practice in Latin conversation. Lily's Grammar was used in all the schools and was learned by heart word for word. The study of grammar consisted in learning rules of orthography and the quantity of vowels and in the study of syntax. The book was written in Latin, which must have added much to the difficulties of a beginner. The Latin conversation at this stage consisted in memorizing answers to set questions, such as a novice in any language is apt to employ.

After the student had acquired a sufficient knowledge of grammar he began translating the different authors. He was also obliged to write Latin themes and verse and to carry on his ordinary conversation in Latin. Colet appears to have been afraid lest his students should be contaminated by the works of Juvenal and Persius which he called "blotterature rather than literature" and again "Latin adulterate." The authors taught were

Cicero, Sallust, Terence, Cæsar, Virgil, Matuanus, Horace and Ovid. Parsing was insisted upon in translating. After the first year Latin conversation was prescribed in the school. Not only during recitation were the students compelled to answer in the best Latin they could command, but even during recreation they were forbidden to speak English. Most of the boys did not take to this rule very kindly, and many expedients were resorted to to enforce the regulation. The greatest difficulty of all was found in writing the Latin themes, and woe betide the poor unfortunate who failed in this respect.

Boar asserts that Greek was not taught, but Lee and Mabie agree that it was, and in Colet's school Latin and Greek were both prescribed. Yet there was not that thoroughness in its study that characterized the course in Latin. The Greek grammar and the New Testament were studied first and after that parts of Socrates, Xenophon, Plato and Demosthenes. Little or no attention was paid to the study of Greek composition.

English was sorely neglected and was used but little except in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin *accidence*. Brinsby, writing in 1612, complains that he knows of no school whereof regard is had herein to any purpose. Mathematics appear to have shared a similar fate, for many students on entering the universities after completing their course in the grammar school were unable to make out the number of the chapter or the page they were reading.

The schools were not without their religious training, though the religious exercises were not burdensome. A chaplain was appointed to look after the spiritual welfare of the children. Catechism, the articles of faith and the ten commandments were learned thoroughly, and in addition the boys were obliged to report the substance of the Sunday sermon and to read the Bible. It appears that all the religious instructions were given in English, while the New Testament was studied from the Greek or Latin text.

The discipline of the school was very strict from the view-point of a twentieth-century student. Boys of seven or eight years of age were kept for long hours in the class-room and were seldom allowed to enjoy an extra holiday. A poor recitation or a slovenly performed exercise brought such a heavy punishment that but few boys had any ambition to be scholars. The words of the melancholy Jaques in "As You Like It," give a fair inkling of

the general antipathy that boys felt toward their school exercises:

The whining school-boy, with his satchel
And his shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

And if the schoolmaster were anything like the description of Holofernes in "Love's Labor Lost," we are not surprised that the boys "crept like snail unwillingly to school." A master that would make such a vain ostentation of learning would scarcely overlook a fault or fail to punish severely for a slight mistake.

Such was the grammar school in Shakspeare's time, but how far he advanced in his studies is hard to determine. That he knew his Lily's Grammar thoroughly is pretty certain. The scraps of Latin conversation that occur throughout his works are taken either from his grammar or the "Sententiæ Pueriles," a Latin text-book of questions and answers used in the schools.

What progress Shakspeare made in the Latin authors is a matter of endless dispute. It is certain that he was familiar with the text of Ovid, for a fairly good criticism is given of it in "Love's Labor Lost," and it is generally conceded that he had translated the works of Matuanus and Plautus. The similarity of some parts of his plays to the Greek tragedies is very striking, though it is hardly possible that he was sufficiently familiar with the language to be able to read the works in the original. Some writers consider the similarity as accidental and as only a proof that "Great minds run in the same channel;" others conclude that he had read the Latin translation of the original. Too many have judged Shakspeare by the letter or meaning of the words of Ben Jonson when he described him as a man who had "Small Latin and less Greek."

From Jonson's standard this may be true, but when we consider the scholarly attainments of Jonson we need not be surprised that he belittled Shakspeare's classical education. The case would be much the same if one of the noted linguists of our universities would describe a college graduate as having small Latin and less Greek. A man of his great genius must have had an intellect that of its own natural bent would seek to satisfy its thirst after knowledge. Shakspeare had fair educational opportunities, better perhaps than those of many noted men; whether he profited by them must remain a matter of doubt.

A Friend.

Friend of a decade of years,
Friend that was ever true,
My heart is filled with sorrow
When forced to part from you.

You've grown somewhat old now,
But age does you little harm;
Rather it seems to strengthen you
And give you an added charm.

When summer days are coming
And the Cuban weed is ripe
I'll go back again to my faithful friend,
The old forsaken pipe.

T. P. I.

The Evolution in Shipbuilding.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.

The strides that have been made in shipbuilding and navigation are among the most wonderful of human achievements. A review of the subject brings us back to those dark ages which antedate the Christian era. Who has not heard of Noah's Ark, the wandering voyages of Ulysses, the ships described by the ancient Egyptians and the Roman galleys? Even in those early days shipbuilding was an important art; but only toward the close of the Middle Ages did any striking changes mark its development.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the nations of Asia Minor and those inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean and Red seas became noted for the skill they attained in the construction of small vessels made of wicker-work and hides. The bottoms of these vessels were bound about on the outside with broad and thick ropes. Besides being equipped with one mast and a large, square sail, they were also furnished with oars, upon which they were dependent for motive power when the wind was unfavorable or the sea very rough.

Navigation up to this time was confined, for the most part, to the Mediterranean, European and African coasts. Sailors were afraid to trust themselves on the "Great Unknown," as the ocean was called, because many brave and daring mariners had sailed out and never returned. Many of them believed the world to be flat, and that after sailing a certain distance one would ultimately tumble off into chaos. However, the invention of the compass

wrought a great change, and sailors now more reliant sailed bravely out over unknown seas in search of new lands. The discovery of America and the passage around Good Hope were early fruits of this invention. To whom the honor is due for the compass is uncertain, but it is generally conceded to be Flavio Gioja, an Italian. The date assigned to the invention is placed about the beginning of the fifteenth century, although some writers claim that it was known in China previous to its introduction into Europe.

In the latter part of this century the best ships were of Norman construction, and in these the daring Northmen made their perilous voyages. The credit of first designing ships to be propelled by sails alone was achieved by the English and Genoese. The Spaniards and Portuguese also cultivated the art of marine architecture in which at one time they became the superiors of all other nations. In the sixteenth century the necessity of having ships large enough to cross and weather the Atlantic to trade with the colonies, caused the British to construct shipyards on a larger scale along the banks of the Clyde and Thames. Many comparatively large vessels were built at this time.

Closely following the mother country, the Americans, not long after the Declaration of Independence, took to shipbuilding, and, discarding the adopted models of European shipbuilders, such as the high poop, soon had the finest packet ships afloat plying between Liverpool and American ports. Their fore and aft rigged vessels, although not quite as well known or appreciated abroad as the staunch and fleet packet ships, were, nevertheless, more marked for the originality with which they were designed. While the coasting schooners, frigates and river sloops were peculiarly American, the vessels of the Chesapeake were especially famous and gained a worldwide reputation under the name of Baltimore clippers.

After the commerce between the Old World and the New had been firmly established and communication by sea opened with the Orient and eastern archipelagoes, it was found in 1829 that iron could be used to advantage in the construction of ships, as vessels made wholly of that substance were more capable to weather the rough seas and gales and were also lighter than those of the same tonnage made of wood. In that year the substitution of iron for wood in a great many

instances came into practical use. Many large lighters and clipper ships were built at Birkenhead where the building of iron ships has been to this day uninterruptedly continued.

The most important stage in the evolution of navigation was marked by the endeavor to seek some other motive power than sail. Ships becalmed at sea drifted into the ocean currents and were carried miles out of their course delaying them many months. Then again very few ships ever came through a gale without losing either mast or sails, or perhaps both. Thus large crews as well as valuable cargoes were often lost. Can we not do something to alleviate this evil, thought the shipbuilders? The origin of the paddle wheel was nothing new to them; but how could they obtain the needed power to revolve it? If steam has been used with such success in revolving the wheels of the engine, why could it not be adapted to propelling ships? Many men devoted their whole lives in trying to solve this problem, some with marked and others with no success at all.

Blasco de Geran made the earliest attempt in 1543. This was followed in rapid succession by many others, most notable among which were those of William Henry of Chester, Pa., who tried a model steamboat in 1763 with encouraging result. James Ramsey, an American, as early as 1784, propelled a boat on the Potomac by means of a water jet forced out at the stern. Taylor and Lymington in 1802 propelled two vessels by steam, one by means of two connected hulls driven by a paddle placed between them, and the other by a stern wheel. The most successful results were attained almost simultaneously by Robert Fulton and Chancellor Stevens, two American engineers. Fulton in 1803, operated a small steamboat by means of a paddle on the Seine, and Stevens in 1804 propelled a small stern wheel steam vessel in this country. Fulton, having made a careful study of steam power abroad, returned home in 1804, and with the assistance of William Henry built the Clermont, which made a trip from New York to Albany at the rate of five miles an hour. This was the first steam vessel ever made commercially successful.

Stevens again followed at a close pace, bringing out the Phoenix. He was, however, unable to use his boat to advantage on the Hudson on account of Fulton having a com-

plete monopoly of the river trade. So he took her down the bay, through the Narrows and along the coast to the Delaware, making the first sea and coasting voyage on record in a steam vessel. From this on steamboats were rapidly introduced on all navigable waters, and the sight of the little steamer plowing its way through the watery billows, the puffing of its stack, or the tooting of its whistle soon became such a regular occurrence that it lost all its novelty, and people no longer hurried to the water's edge to view it as it passed.

Though steamboats could be used to great advantage on the rivers and neighboring waters, nevertheless, the one great obstacle which confronted Fulton and Stevens was how to build an ocean steamer with a coal capacity large enough to enable it to cross to the other side. Stevens first solved the problem in 1819, and ocean navigation by steamships was made an assured success by the voyage of the *Savannah* from Savannah to St. Petersburg. This vessel was an auxiliary steamer, having both steam and sail power, and she returned direct to New York in twenty-six days.

Ocean navigation was entered into with enthusiasm after the trip of the *Savannah*, and in 1836 it was proposed to establish several lines of steam vessels between Liverpool and New York. Soon several large steamers were on the stocks and being built, notable among which were the *Sirius*, a ship of seven hundred tons burden, and the *Great Eastern*, a powerful and massive ship of thirteen hundred and forty tons burden. Both these vessels were side wheelers, stern propellers not having come into use till 1847 when the modern ocean greyhounds appeared. At first several comparatively large, single screw steamers were built, conspicuous among which was the *Massachusetts*; but as time went on, and as it was the case of the fastest vessels obtaining the mail and other contracts, along toward 1854 the marine architects saw that by making vessels twin instead of single screw a much higher rate of speed could be developed.

The vessels of the *White Star*, *Cunard*, *North German Lloyd*, *French* and *Pacific* mail steamship lines, besides the great speed which they attain, are virtually floating palaces. No convenience that could possibly add to the comfort of the tourist or traveller has been neglected. Their saloon fittings are

exquisite. They also have a well-equipped gymnasium, smoking and buffet rooms; while the dining-room or mess, as the nautical term goes, is supplied with the best the market affords, deliciously cooked and served.

One of the most useful inventions is the *Marconi* wireless telegraph system with which almost every first-class steamer is now equipped. Where as formerly, vessels were unheard of sometimes for long intervals, now it is possible to keep in almost constant touch with their skippers. Again how often through the late arrival of a ship have firms become ruined by their inability to correspond with their agents? Now not only may this evil or inconvenience be avoided, but a passenger may hear all the latest news aboard ship almost as soon as the people at home. Large bulletins at stated intervals are posted on the deck which are daily supplied by the press through the wireless system. Not long ago a certain young nobleman becoming bankrupt in a poker game on one of the large steamers telegraphed to his mother at home for funds, and before many hours had elapsed he received a favorable answer which informed him that the desired money would be awaiting him at his landing.

The inconveniences which hitherto made a voyage so burdensome is now so far removed that many people journey across the ocean for pleasure. But the wonderful perfection we have attained in marine architecture, as we can see, has not been the growth of a single year or generation. The gradual evolution has taken place year in and year out, down through the centuries, especially during the last one.

Have we reached the acme of perfection in shipbuilding? Opinions differ. Nearly fifty years ago, when the *Persia* made her memorable run from *Queenstown* to *New York* in about nine days, everyone thought it would be impossible to lower that record, but yet in 1894 the *Lucania* covered the same distance in five days and seven hours. A man who a century ago would say that steamships—magnificent floating palaces, with telegraph connections—would connect the "four corners" of the globe would in all probability be put down for a lunatic and unnoticed by the wise men of the times. Yet steamers do connect every navigable port in the world, and the ocean is a complete network of steamship routes. Who knows what further improvements we may witness?

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—But for memory and certain sentimental reasons, it can matter little now whether the student spent his holidays among familiar and home scenes or not; for the most of the students are now back at their various and respective duties. The classes are running regularly and the snowy paths well broken by the different hallmen. It requires no effort for the imagination to picture this to be December with the play spell just a few weeks ahead; however, the realities of the present would make circumstances more productive of benefit to picture it January with vacation just a few weeks past. These are glorious days to accomplish much in book work. The SCHOLASTIC would not offend or attempt unduly to exhort, but it has lived through many such Januarys when its supporters were likewise snow bound, and so in all sincerity it recommends this season for conscientious work.

—Notre Dame realized the awfulness of the Iroquois disaster in a very telling manner. It was sad news indeed to the Faculty and to all the students to learn that Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon of Chicago, one of our most promising young men, and his beloved sister, Anna, were among the victims. A bright, conscientious worker, he was noted for his excellent conduct and his unfeigned devotion.

An institution like Notre Dame loves to boast only of men of his stamp. In the few touching remarks of the Rev. Father Fitte at the Requiem Mass last Thursday, which all the students attended, one felt that the reverend preacher had appreciated the young man's nobleness of character, and in the hearts of all his listeners his words found more than an echoing response. Friday morning the Holy Sacrifice was again offered for the repose of his soul, and his fellow-students of Sorin Hall showed their genuine sympathy by their presence in a body in their beautiful little chapel. His bereaved family, along with the assurance that they have here many friends who grieve with them in their great sorrow, have the comforting consolation that



he was well prepared to meet his summons. His home life, his college life, all his days, seemed to be a fitting preparation for his happy end.

—The opinion that American educational institutions are not the equal of those of Europe is beginning to lose sway. The old idea that on this side of the Atlantic all we can do is to rush on in order to acquire wealth, is somewhat warped. That we are a great commercial people and that, in general,



money is the object for which we strive most eagerly, can not be denied. But must we conclude from this that Americans are incapable of anything else? No; but it shows that what we undertake we accomplish. The nation to-day seems to be turning to education, and if once its attention can be centred upon this object, we think that its success in this line will be assured. Englishmen are surprised at our achievements, and as a result, the eminent English educators composing the Mosley Commission came to this country to investigate our methods, and they attribute our success to our system of education. Americans have a right to be proud of this, for it is another illustration of the fact that we excel in whatever field we enter.

—The above is a picture of one of the earliest boards of editors of the SCHOLASTIC, a paper now in its thirty-sixth year of publication. It was forwarded to us by the Very Rev. Denis A. Clarke, '70, pastor of the Holy Family Church, Columbus, Ohio, and a most devoted member of the Notre Dame Alumni.

Beginning at the reader's left the names of those standing are:—J. P. White; Rev. J. C. Keveney, S. J.; John Gibbons; William R. Spalding; Hiram B. Keeler; Nat. S. Wood; Anthony J. O'Reilly; Very Rev. Denis A. Clarke; James F. Edwards; Thomas Ewing. Reading in the same order the seated are: J. P.

Rogers; Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C.; Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C.; Rev. A. Lemonnier, C. S. C.; James E. McBride.

Father Clarke mentions that, so far as he knows, all are still living except Fathers Corby, Lemonnier and Gillespie.

—On the east side of the lake, by the wide path that parallels the railroad and near where the little outlet flows, there is an old rustic bench. This relic of the summer gone stands on its shaky, crumbling legs beneath a tree whose leaves have fallen months ago. It stands there partly buried in snow, facing the frozen lake and the bared woods beyond. This scene—the lakes, woods, flower-jars now filled with snow and broken twigs—is striking in its simplicity, and in a way it typifies our own lives. For there is something akin to sadness in seeing an old rustic bench in dead of winter by a frozen lake, where but a few months since the trees were leaved, the birds sang and flowers bloomed on the banks where ripples gently broke. It arouses memories as when one is sitting in gown and slippers before a fireplace over which hangs a picture of some friend of the long ago. Such a scene brings up the words of Moore:

I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

All that age has left is Memory; it has no present, no future in life. And in memory there is always an element of sadness. Miserable indeed is he when the years have gone whose sadness is tinged with remorse—the remorse of what might have been. It has been said that memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tombs of our buried hopes. Now is the time, when in college, we are building to realize our hopes. Now is the time we are preparing to do the things from which will come our memories. And if the ground-work is well-laid and if the coming struggle is fought thoroughly and righteously—then, in the winter of life the chill of years will now and again vanish before the recollections of realized hopes, and we may look back and say, the summer is a pleasant memory.

The Lyceum Operatic Company.

The first concert this session of the University Concert and Lecture Course took place at Washington Hall on Thursday afternoon. The Lyceum Operatic Company furnished nearly two hours of enjoyment. The selections from Act II. of the Opera, "Martha," were given in costume by the quartette with violin and flute accompaniment. This part of the concert was given good attention and apparently pleased the audience. The quartette work was carefully done.

Of the soloists, Miss Susan H. Tompkins doubtless deserves the most favorable criticism. Though the *Faust* selection is not uncommonly played in public, she gave it excellent treatment and really played with strength and a studied technique. The harmonics and general tone-color of her playing, coupled with commendable expression, form the beauty of Miss Tompkins' playing.

Miss Agnes Udall sang in best voice in the *encore* piece, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, or the Maid of Dundee." The individual acting of Miss Emeline Wintermute and that of Mr. James G. Potter considerably aided the second part of the programme. Mr. Charles W. Pickette sang an *encore* after a well-selected solo. His voice showed training and his manner was pleasing.

The efforts, individual and collective, gave pleasure to a rather appreciative audience, and therefore the Concert given by the Lyceum Operatic Company was satisfactory.

Book Notices.

CARROLL DARE. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Brothers.

Another interesting story has been offered the public by Mary T. Waggaman. Its suggestive title is "Carroll Dare." The main plot—the recovery from villainous hands of a distressed sister—is considerably enhanced by a love affair which is brought to a close with the former. There are two or three thrilling events, especially the one where Carroll strikes down his would-be murderers with two cobble-stones; but the heroic efforts of the lad to find his beloved sister serve to redeem such defects. Taking it all in all, the style is brilliantly descriptive and the story is well depicted.

MEMORIES OF A RED-LETTER SUMMER. By Eleanor Childs Meehan. The Robert Clarke Company.

In this book the writer gives an interesting account of a trip through some European countries. There is here a combination of description and history that is helpful to the untravelled, and decidedly pleasant. The places visited are described in a bright and entertaining way and the events with which they are historically associated are recalled. This stimulates the mind to further inquiry and it refreshes the memory on things already known. The work must also be commended for the fervent and unaffected religious sentiment that runs through it all.

WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. By Rev. Edwin Drury. Benziger Brothers.

This excellent little book is intended chiefly for non-Catholics who wish to know what the exact doctrine of the Church is. The explanations are plain and exact, the language simple and the arguments substantiated by an abundance of scriptural quotations. It is an excellent source of information, and recommends itself to the earnest inquirer for whom it was prepared.

Athletic Notes.

In a few days Coach Holland will issue his first call for candidates for the track team, and we hope to see a goodly squad answer the summons. For the benefit of the new-comers and those who are a little timid about going out we must announce that not a single place

has yet been filled on the team and, moreover, will not be filled until those most deserving of the places are found. Every man has an equal chance at present, so those who have any ability at all in this branch of athletics had better get out at once and place themselves in the hands of the coach.

The prospects at present writing are better than at any time since the famous team of two years ago. The old-time enthusiasm has been aroused, and with a good coach and a fairly large number of candidates, there is no reason why Notre Dame should not regain her old-time position in the field of track athletics. Of last year's team there are but few missing. Those who are still with us are Captain Draper, all-round man; Walter M. Daly, half miler, Carey, sprints; McCullough and Meyers, weights. Captain Draper is the most promising athlete we have had since the days of the redoubtable Fred J. Powers. He is equally at home in field work or on the track, and has done splendidly in both branches. His strong points seem to be the hurdles and the shot-put. Walter M. Daly is also looked upon as a coming star. His specialty is the half mile in which he has done creditable work. Coach Holland expects great things of these two, and around them as a nucleus the team of '04 will be developed. The other three, Carey, McCullough, and Meyers, are also men of promise,

Of the ability of the new men, but little is known. Silver has often been seen performing in Inter-Hall meets and is known to be speedy. At the fall meet, Scales, Welch, Keefe, Medley and O'Connor showed up the strongest, but from this single performance nothing can be judged of their real abilities. Amongst those of the new ones who have signified their intentions of going out, we notice several wiry, long-limbed, capable-looking chaps. Perhaps the Coach will discover a few Corcorans and Uffendells in the bunch. We hope so.

The coach himself is working these days with the same tireless energy that characterized his work last season. He is more jubilant at present over the outlook than at any time during the past year. Manager Daly has not yet completed his schedule for the season, but announces a dual meet with Indiana in our gymnasium on March 8.

Brownson, Corby and Sorin have as yet taken

no steps to have those regular "rec" evening basket-ball contests which aroused so much enthusiasm in past years. A series of these games during the winter months of January and February would help to while away some of those long dreary evenings, and serve also to make the students of the different halls better acquainted.

The Brownson skating rink is still there minus the ice. The icemen on St. Mary's Lake seem to have exerted some magnetic influence over this spot, and although it has been flooded a couple of times no ice has appeared; or, in the words of Senor Lomba, who recently made a scientific diagnosis of the case, "Ice won't grow there," so that settles it. Dashback refuses to be comforted, however, and is on a still hunt for the man who punctured the skating rink. We hope he gets a clew.

The baseball men will not, in all probability, begin to do any practising for two or three weeks yet. Few of last year's team are missing, and we learn that several of the old players will have a hard fight to retain their positions.

Mr. George H. Crellin formerly with the Y. M. C. A. at Cincinnati, Ohio, has been engaged as gymnastic instructor and will conduct classes during the following hours:

Monday—St. Edward's—2 to 3 p. m. and 3:30 to 4:30 p. m.

Tuesday—Carroll Hall—9:30 to 12 a. m.

Wednesday—Sorin, Brownson, Corby—9:30 a. m. to 12 m.

Thursday—Sorin, Brownson, Corby—9:30 to 11 30 a. m.

Thursday—Carroll Hall—3:30 to 5 p. m.

Friday—Carroll Hall—9:30 a. m. to 12 m.

Saturday—Sorin, Brownson, Corby—9:30 a. m. to 12 m.

Sunday—Sorin, Brownson, Corby—2:45 to 3:45 p. m.

Sunday—Carroll Hall—4 to 5 p. m.

Carroll Hallers enjoy themselves immensely these evenings playing basket-ball while their less energetic brethren of the other Halls lounge idly about and dream of the days gone by.

Hand-ball has become a veritable craze amongst Brownsonites, almost every corner and side wall in the old gym being utilized as alleys. Visitors to B. Leopold's will be compelled to make use of head gears, nose guards, and other football protectors if the craze continues. Captain Hunky is very enthusiastic over the spirit manifested, as it was mainly through his efforts that the game was

revived. Haney, the hero of Bertrand, plays it to keep warm; R. Conron is playing it to take on flesh, and Streckfust to reduce his weight; Koontz plays it to keep out of an argument; Pryor to keep out of trouble, and Addix to keep the score and, incidentally, the ball. Captain Hunky plays it to show how it ought not to be played, and so on down the list. It is recommended as an almost infallible cure for everything under age except—corns.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Cards of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to call to her eternal reward the beloved sister of our friend and classmate, Joseph J. Meyers of Sorin Hall, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the senior Law class, tender our heartfelt sympathy to him in this sad affliction.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the SCHOLASTIC for publication.

F. F. Dukette

N. R. Furlong

R. E. Proctor—*Committee.*

As it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom and goodness to call to his reward the father of A. J. Lang of Corby Hall and a member of the Pennsylvania Club, we his classmates and fellow-members of the club deeply condole with him and tender him and his afflicted family our profound sympathy; be it therefore resolved that these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC and that a copy be sent to his sorrow-stricken family.

C. Sharkey

H. Diebold

K. O'Brien

J. C. Quinn—*Committee.*

On behalf of the students of Corby Hall, we extend to our hall-mate, Mr. Adolf Lang, our sincere sympathy in his great sorrow, and desire that this expression of our condolence be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

W. Winter

C. Kane

T. Healy

P. Sharkey

L. Wagner—*Committee.*

The death occurred during the holidays of

the father of Mr. Thomas K. Donnelly, a member of this year's graduating class. On behalf of our classmate's many friends at Notre Dame we tender him and all the members of his bereaved family this expression of our sincere sympathy.

Harry P. Zolper

Anton C. Stephan

John D. Quinn.—*Committee.*

Personals.

—A very welcome visitor is the Rev. Luke J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City.

—Among the Christmas visitors were Mr. P. Dooley, Chicago, Ill; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Harvey, Oak Lake, Manitoba, and Mrs. D. Crowley, Elkhart, Ind.

—Dr. Cornelius C. O'Leary, professor of English Literature in Manhattan College, died suddenly in New York last month. Dr. O'Leary was widely known through his work in the magazines, and was also a linguist of note. Best of all he was a model Catholic layman, an alumnus of whom our *Alma Mater* has good reason to be proud. He was graduated from Notre Dame in the early sixties.

—Four well-remembered alumni of the University were ordained to the holy priesthood during the December Ember days in Baltimore. They are Matthew J. Schumacher, Julius A. Nieuwland and James J. Trahey, '99 and Hugh Gallagher '00,—all of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the young priests and wishes them many years of successful labor in the priesthood.

—Visitors' registry:—Miss Alice Huntington Day, Milwaukee; Mrs. W. Hahn, Maud Hahn, Elsa Fikentacher, Minnie Bender, South Bend; Miss Della Brown and Miss Pearl Longcon, Goshen, Ind.; Miss Frances Dearing, W. H. Welch, W. C. Schnick, J. D. Philips and wife, Chicago; J. R. Renahan, Manitou, Colorado; Ursula McGarvey, Streator, Ill.; Katharine Van Evera, Niles, Mich.; Frank M. Fisher, Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. Llewelyn Lawson, Deadwood, South Dakota; Frank Conlon, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. F. McFarland, Indianapolis; Frank S. Lamb, Buchanan; A. E. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan; Mrs. George Munson, St. Louis; Hon. F. Maher, New York City.

Local Items.

—Some of this week's locals and personals were excluded from our last issue for want of space.

—Probably one of the most appreciated parts of the program for the celebration of President's Day was the distribution of souvenir photographs of Father Morrissey mounted on an aluminum card. These will serve as a constant reminder of the good days spent at Notre Dame.

—The following comrades were elected officers of Notre Dame Grand Army Post, No. 569, for the ensuing year: Bro. Leander, Commander; Rev. James Boyle, Sr., Vice-Commander; Bro. John Chrysostom, Jr., Vice-Commander; Bro. Cosmas, Adjutant; Bro. Benedict, Quartermaster; Rev. P. P. Cooney, Chaplain; Bro. Raphael, Officer of the Day; Bro. Ignatius, Officer of the Guard; Bro. Eustachius, Sergeant Major; Rev. Joseph Carrier, Quartermaster Sergeant.

—The Junior Parliamentary Law Class held its second literary program Wednesday. Much interest has been shown in these meetings and the society promises to be a success under the new arrangement. S. F. Riordan opened the program with a select reading. Then followed an oration by G. McNamara, recitation by J. J. Myers, reading by J. J. O'Connor, essay by H. M. Kemper, and impromptu speech by J. I. O'Phelan. The remainder of the time was spent in open discussion.

—The moot-court held its first session immediately before the holidays; and from the large number of law students present and the intense enthusiasm manifested, it is evident that Dean Hoynes, judge of the court, need have no fear that this work will not be entered into with the spirit that has always been a feature of this department. The first case of the December term, Price and Goodenow, was tried, and was skilfully and ably argued by F. F. Dukette and E. O'Connor for the prosecution, and Messrs. McKeever and Conboy for the defense.

—A few days ago we picked up a copy of "Rough and Ready," the class magazine of the men of 1901. Therein we find a story in three pictures which explains why a former centre-rush of the football team has chosen to remain single. In the first picture the smiling hero is leaving the post-office carrying a letter in his hand. A large goat stands in the background. In the second a hero is walking down the sidewalk, the goat is browsing on a portion of the letter which had dropped unnoticed to the ground. In the third the dejected hero sits like the melancholy Jacques under a shady tree with his

head buried in his hands wondering how it happened. The goat stands by ready to give testimony of hidden facts.

—This year's Annual Inter-Hall Track Meet, scheduled for mid-winter, will, no doubt, be one of the most exciting events ever witnessed at Notre Dame. The different managers are beginning even at this early date to cast about for suitable material, plenty of which is to be had, and in one Hall training has already begun. Corby has taken the initiative and promises to turn out a record-breaking team. Monday night Mr. Kiely of St. Louis was almost unanimously chosen captain, and if the members of the team show as much ability as their redoubtable leader, Corby's reputation on the track will equal her fame on the gridiron.

—Not often are the lakes here frozen in such a manner as to be in the best possible condition for skating. Usually at the first freezing we see boys throwing stones and sticks upon the ice and performing similar outlandish tricks which later do much toward contributing to the inconvenience of the skaters. A stone frozen in the ice or a stick to trip over has often brought the unlucky skater a painful fall. It is characteristic of the small boy to destroy his play-toys after he has had them a week, but we might hope for superior judgment on the part of some grown students who should realize the fact that it is outrageous to indulge in a foolish pastime that is likely to prove a source of discomfort and damage to their fellows.

—The improvements which are going on in the gymnasium during the last two weeks bid fair to make our indoor track one of the best in the West. Six inches of fine black soil when packed down and rolled will make the track faster and the ground far more suitable for baseball practice. This labor has been undertaken for the purpose of getting the track into proper condition for the indoor meets which will take place this winter, and it is hoped that we may be able to bring some of the best track teams to compete here. To secure dates with prominent colleges we must have a good team, and this we can not have without the aid of all the students. All are not athletes, but there are many who do not know their real ability, and it is to these that we appeal to report to Trainer Holland for practice.

—The Ancient and Illustrious Order of Hunky Dorys gave a very elaborate banquet the other evening in the Brownson gym Annex. The affair was in honor of the return from abroad of the Hon. Henry J. McGlew. The banquet hall wore its usual colors of black and white which corresponding with those of the club saved much needless expense.

In the centre hung suspended a Christmas

tree, beautifully decorated with orange peels and hickory nuts. Directly beneath this on a platform erected for the occasion, was seated the Hunky Dory Orchestra, two strong, Ed. McDermott and his new flute, which discoursed sweet music during the feast. Among the difficult selections played with great credit might be mentioned—"Open the Door and Shut the Gates," by Bathoven, and Graeneckie's masterpiece—"The Wandering Hero."

President Hunky gave the address of welcome in a loud voice and looked real cute in a new shave and a bouquet of icicles. The Hon. Henry responded in the key of C mellow and after warning the members against the wickedness of wicked cities, went on to relate how he buncoed the street car conductor out of three cents. After these remarks "Dolly" Gray sang one verse of a new song. Addix gave the yell, and, the entertainment proper broke up with Opfergelt standing with open mouth over in a corner.

There is a rumor afloat that as soon as the snow disappears and coming-out parties are plentiful. Hon. Mr. McGlew will be presented with a loving cup—a butter-cup. Mr. Relay will make the address and a certain lawyer and Sergeant-at-Arms from Sorin Hall has promised to suppress any undesirable enthusiasm.

—One of the most entertaining social events of the past session was the Philopatians' reception to the Faculty when the following program was very creditably rendered in the University parlor:

PROGRAMME.

- Selection—"Dixie Girl".....Philopatrian Orchestra
J. Gallart, R. Goeke, C. Baillargeon, W. McKearney
M. Clark, J. Morrison, C. Daly, A. O'Donnell
F. Sabin, G. C. Ziebold.
- Recitation—"How We Licked the Teacher"—McDermott
Flute Solo—"Alice, Where Art Thou".....Asher
Franklin Sabin.
- Recitation—"Trouble in the Choir".....J. B. Morrison
"Tell Me the Way to Go".....Chottaway
Philopatrian Orchestra.
- Mandolin Solo—"On Duty".....Rosey
George Knox.
- Recitation—"The Modern Cain".....J. Fanger
Vocal Selection—"Asleep in the Deep".....Lamb
M. Wallerstein.
- Recitation—"The Enchanted Shirt".....L. Symonds
Medley of Southern Airs.....Boellger
Philopatrian Orchestra.
- Recitation—"Ride of Paul Venaraz".....D. Knox
- Piano Solo { Sonata opus. 2. No. 3.
(a) Allegro vivace
(b) Largo appassionato.....Beethoven
(c) Sharzo
(d) Rondo
J. Gallart.
- Violin Duet....."Old Kentucky Home"
C. Baillargeon, W. McKearney.
- Closing Remarks Refreshments.

—On the eve of vacation the students of Corby Hall gave a smoker and musicale in honor of the Faculty. The large reading-room was *en fête* for the occasion and reminded one

of some grand ball-room as the "starry lamps" of the new artistic chandeliers shed their soft brilliancy over the cheery countenances of the throng beneath.

Reverend Father Corbett with his aids, Messrs. Lonergan and Wagner, received the members of the Faculty and escorted them to reserved seats. Frank Lonergan, in behalf of Father Corbett and the students, made an address of welcome at the conclusion of which he introduced as first on the musical program that promising young musician, José Gallart. The latter's opening selection was, most appropriately, the national anthem, the singing of which brought to the surface a pretty bit of patriotism. He rendered several classic selections, and in response to the many encores was compelled to give some ever-popular "rag-time." Cigars were then distributed, and judging by the beaming faces behind them and by the delicate odors, it is safe to say that they were of the right kind.

Mr. Geoke of Brownson Hall admirably acquitted himself on the piano. Frank Kasper in a humorous sketch of dialect described impressions that the Goddess of Liberty makes on in-coming foreigners. Mr. Del Rio played several pieces on the violin, one of them being a characteristic Mexican love song of his own composition.

In lieu of their nightly devocalization the singers(?) of Corby volunteered "My Old Kentucky Home." Three sons of the "Blue Grass" state were seen hurriedly to leave the room, whereat somebody remarked, "How touching!" A few minutes later it required the combined efforts of Brothers Leander and Augustine to persuade them to pocket their "guns." Louis Wagner rendered the "Polish Boy" very effectively. Mr. John O'Brien played two cornet solos; for one or them, "Alabama, my Old Home," he received loud applause.

Aside from the program it was interesting to hear the discussion on electricity between Joseph Carrigan and John McCaffrey, S. S. "Mac" is a veritable "Edison" on light. In two hours he adjusted every incandescent globe in Corby—smoking room.

Speaker Lonergan called upon the genial Col. Hoynes for a speech. The Colonel, needless to say, made the hit of the evening. He kept those present in a very happy mood with his witty and humorous anecdotes. It was the first opportunity that the Corby students, collectively, had of hearing him, and they have unanimously decided that his presence will be necessary for the success of their social events.

The Faculty departed at 10:30, and the students then held an impromptu dance. At eleven the strains of the home waltz were heard and Corby's "Faculty Smoker" was history.