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## By the Wood-Fire.

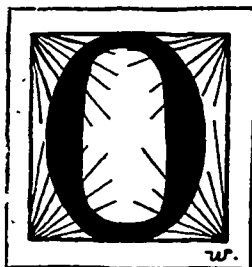
BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

I SEE her now though I, so old,  
Sit here to-night. 'Tis drear and cold,  
The firelight's softened glow instils  
A warmth. Ah! the sight, it thrills,  
And makes me young again and bold.  
  
The rushing snow beats 'gainst the sills,  
Yet I forget life's wintry ills—  
The silvery chimes the hour have tolled—  
I see her now.

In the bright glow of shining gold,  
I live the scene the day I told  
—'Twas by a brook of gentle rills—  
Of love. Long years for me the mills  
Of gods have ground,—I'm near the Fold—  
I see her now.

## Edgar Allan Poe.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.



OF late years much interest has been aroused regarding the moral character and the works of Edgar Allan Poe. He who was formerly known as a mere "jingle poet" is fast becoming recognized, not only as a great poet but as the American world-author. The fact may be received with praise or regret, willingly or grudgingly, but nevertheless it remains. As to his personal character, opinions differ according as Poe's critics were his friends or enemies, and it is for his readers to decide which have the better of the argument.

Edgar Allan Poe was, according to the

majority of his biographers, born in Baltimore on the nineteenth of February, 1809. There is, however, another statement which seems credible, namely, that he was born at some place where his mother was playing a theatrical engagement. Mrs. Poe was an actress of some repute, and his father, most likely, travelled with her and probably took an active part in the performances. In 1815 a pitiable calamity befell the young Edgar, for in that year both of his parents were laid low with consumption. He was then only six years of age and his godfather, Mr. Allan, a wealthy merchant and an intimate friend of the family, adopted the little orphan. The youngster soon fell into great favor with his compassionate adopter who though long married was childless, and in a short time Edgar was surnamed Allan. Even at this early age Poe was noted for his precocity as well as for his beauty, and Mr. Allan appears to have been proud of his youthful protégé and to have treated him in many respects as his own son. Edgar was a "handsome lad, with bright eyes, soft, clustering hair and a face alive with expressions, apt and clever, but of a wayward temper." Poe seems to have inherited some of his youthful qualities. He had a remarkable memory and a musical ear which enabled him to learn by rote and to declaim for the evening visitors assembled at Mr. Allan's house the finest passages of English poetry with great effect. The excitement caused by his godfather's vanity revealed for the first time Poe's inherited nervous organization. The recital of these poems and similar straining actions necessarily wrought disastrous effects upon the nervously constituted youth. In after days he even bewails the effects caused by his childhood's misdirected aims. "I am," he truthfully declared, "the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them

remarkable, and in my earliest infancy I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. My voice was household law, and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions."

In 1816, the Allans having to visit England on matters connected with the disposal of some property there brought their adopted son with them. They took him on a tour through England and Scotland and left him at the Manor-House school in Church Street, Stoke-Newington. Although friendless and orphaned, it was probably the happiest portion of Poe's life that he spent in that quaint old spot. He describes it as a "misty-looking village of England where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees and where all the houses were excessively ancient." Here in this dreary place, Edgar Poe passed five years of his existence, and notwithstanding the monotony of school-life, was always glad to recall the happy days spent in that old academy.

In 1821 the lad was called home and his adopted parents placed him in an academy at Richmond, Virginia. Though Mr. Allan was proud of his clever godson and was always willing to afford him a first-class education, there seems to have been lacking that parental love and deep sympathy for which the poor orphan yearned. Young Poe had all that one could desire materially, but there was something lacking. He even admits that he was forced to seek in the society of dumb creatures that love that he believed was denied him by human beings. Some of his stories, notably "The Black Cat," reveal his fondness for animals. It appears, however, that Poe once at least felt the kindness of a human being in the person of a Mrs. Whitman to whom he was afterwards engaged to be married. This lady was never forgotten by Poe, and he makes her the subject of several poems, especially "Lenore." At this period of his life, Poe seems to have been noted for his general cleverness, his feats of activity, his wayward temper, his extreme personal beauty and, even at this early age, as a great classical scholar.

"In 1822," says Dr. Griswold, "Poe entered the university at Charlottesville where he led a very dissipated life; the manners which then prevailed there were extremely dissolute and he was known as the boldest and most

reckless student of his class. . . . He would have graduated with the highest honors had not his gambling, intemperance and other vices induced his expulsion from the university." There is a contradiction in Griswold's dates here; for Poe would only have been at this time in his eleventh year, and this fact is sufficient to make one doubt as to the correctness of his accusation. There is, however, indisputable evidence as to the untruth of Griswold's remarks. In 1860, Dr. Stephen Maupin, President of the University of Virginia, through the secretary of the faculty, answered various inquiries that were made of him in regard to Edgar Poe's career at the university. In substance he said that the faculty had every reason to bear good will and feeling toward young Poe while the latter attended class at Charlottesville. He appears to have been a successful student while he remained there, and as there was no provision for conferring degrees of any kind, Poe remained but one session. "At no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty. He was not at that time addicted to drink, but had an ungovernable passion for card-playing." Very soon after Poe began to drink and to gamble. Mr. Allan kept him supplied with a liberal amount of money; but on one occasion when he was prevailed upon by Edgar to pay some debts the latter had contracted in a gambling house he refused, and Poe left his house in a rage.

At this time Poe was noted for his power of endurance, and it is related that on a hot day in June he swam from Richmond to Warwick, a distance of seven and a half miles, against a tide of from two to three miles an hour. Poe was so little fatigued that he walked back to Richmond and received the reward of his wager. So great was our poet's confidence in his swimming ability that he once asserted that he could, on a favorable day, swim the English channel from Dover to Calais.

Aroused by the efforts of the Greeks against their Turkish oppressors Poe started for Greece, against the wishes of his adopted parents to render aid as an insurgent. It is not known whether he ever reached his intended destination, but it is certain that he arrived at St. Petersburg and got into difficulties that required the aid of Mr. Henry Middleton of South Carolina, who was then minister from the United States to Russia, to extricate him from a probable sentence of

exile to Siberia. Edgar was sent home in 1829, and the kind-hearted Mr. Allan again received the young poet under his roof. Soon Poe expressed his desire to devote himself to the military life, and his adopted father procured for him a nomination to a scholarship at West Point. Meanwhile, Poe had published his first volume of poems, among which was the delicate little lyric "To Helen." At first Poe applied himself to his studies very earnestly, but he had been too long the master of his own actions, and so it was impossible for the young poet to submit to such restraints. The final result was that Poe was brought before a general court-martial on the 7th of January, 1831, and tried for "gross neglect of all duty and disobedience to orders." He plead guilty, and on the sixth of March, 1832, was dismissed the "service of the United States." Dr. Griswold places this event as occurring in 1829, but the record of the trial proves the date given above. Poe himself claims that he had resigned, but the fact is evident that he was expelled. When the young poet returned home he found that Mr. Allan had been remarried, and instead of the congenial Mrs. Allan there was a querulous old woman with whom Edgar found much difficulty. The result was that Poe did not remain long, for he got into a quarrel with her and left home again. In a short time Mr. Allan died and, in the words of Griswold, "not a mill" was bequeathed to Poe. Then it was that our poet turned to literature as a means of subsistence.

In 1833, the proprietors of the *Saturday Visitor* offered prizes for the best story and the best poem. Poe won both, and, as is the opinion of Griswold, his beautiful handwriting did not primarily, at least, influence the judges in their decisions. The poet was at this time living from hand to mouth, and when notified of his success "he came just as he was, thin, pale, with the marks of sickness and destitution on his face. His seedy coat, buttoned up tight to his chin, concealed the absence of a shirt. Less successful were his boots, through whose crevices his lack of hose could be seen."

In the spring of 1834 a Mr. White started a *Southern Literary Messenger*, and Poe was invited to contribute to its pages. He became a monthly contributor, and before long was made editor. Early in 1836 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm.

Until January, 1837, Poe directed the

*Messenger* and then he removed to New York to write classical criticisms and to do editorial work for the *New York Quarterly Review*. Poe was not dismissed by Mr. White for drunkenness, although the latter advised the young poet to "separate himself from the bottle." Poe's pen did not earn what he hoped it would in New York, and so after a year, with a prospect of "more lucrative employment," he removed to Philadelphia in 1838, and for four years was the mainstay of *Graham's Magazine*. In 1839 he made a collection of his best stories among which were "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Ligeia." In the former story one of Poe's best poems, "The Haunted Palace," appears, and Griswold asserts that it was worked out of Longfellow's "Beleagured City." The fact is, however, that Poe's poem was published, not "a few weeks," but a long time before Longfellow's. In April, 1841, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" was published. This story was the first to introduce Poe's name to the French public, and may truly mark the beginning of the rivalry between the American and French story writers. Poe founded the short-story and the French copied. "The Mystery of Marie Roget" appeared in November, 1842, and about this time Poe resigned as editor of *Graham's Magazine*, but he was not discharged for drunkenness as Mr. Graham himself says in a later letter.

It was about this time that Poe had the misfortune to meet Rufus Griswold, the man who so maliciously attacks the character of our poet. A deadly enmity sprang up between the two for the reason mainly that Poe publicly exposed Griswold's literary inabilities.

After leaving *Graham's Magazine* Poe attempted to start one of his own to be entitled *The Stylus*; but it appears that he could not obtain a sufficient number of subscribers and so the idea was dropped. In the spring of 1843, Poe received the one hundred dollar prize offered by the *Dollar Magazine* for his story of "The Gold Bug." Toward the autumn of the year he became sub-editor on *The Mirror*, a daily paper belonging to Mr. N. P. Willis. Contrary to Griswold's statement that Poe was not attentive to his work, Mr. Willis says on the occasion of the Poet's leaving *The Mirror*: "We loved the man for the entireness of the fidelity with which he served us. When he left us we were very reluctant to part with him; but we could not

object—he was to take the lead in another periodical.”

During the six months that he worked for Mr. Willis he was “invariably punctual and industrious,” and was daily at his desk in the office from nine in the morning till the paper went to press.” It was while on the staff of *The Mirror* that Poe published some of the most remarkable productions of his genius including “The Raven.” For this masterpiece, which made its author famous wherever the English language is read, and which, according to Professor Charles F. Richardson (*Critic* August, 1902), has made possible “in some ways” the most original poem since written: Rosetti’s “The Blessed Damozel,”—for this great work Poe received the sum of ten dollars.

Poe has been cruelly accused of having neglected his wife, and by some it has been asserted that she died a victim to the neglect and unkindness of her husband who “deliberately sought her death that he might embalm her memory in immortal dirges.” One even asserts that he caused her death in order that he might have a fitting theme for “The Raven,” but the poem was published two years before her death.

It is a well-established fact that Edgar Poe’s wife died of lingering consumption which manifested itself before the poet married her. For her sake Poe even left New York and removed to a cottage in Fordham where he passed the three remaining years of his life. “Here,” exclaims Mrs. Whitman in her essay “Edgar Poe and His Critics,” “he watched her failing breath in loneliness and privation through many solitary moons until, on a desolate, dreary day of the ensuing winter (1847), he saw her remains borne from beneath its lowly roof.” For several weeks Poe was in a melancholy state, but he gradually resumed his work. During the whole of the year the poet lived a quiet life with his mother-in-law, thinking out the crowning work of his life—“Eureka.”

In December, 1848, Poe was to have married Mrs. Whitman, but for some unknown reason the engagement came to an end. Griswold’s story about Poe’s coming to his bride’s house in a violent state of intoxication has been disproved, even to the author of the tale himself. Had there been a spark of manhood in Griswold he would have retraced his steps in the matter which was clearly disproved by a friend of Poe’s, a Mr. Rabodie, who

was thoroughly acquainted with the poet.

In the last year of his life Poe delivered several lectures among which was the “Poetic Principle.” When in Richmond he made as his resort the office of the *Messenger*. Among the modern poets Tennyson was his favorite, and he delighted in reciting from “The Princess” the lines “Tears, Idle Tears.”

On the fourth of October, 1849, he left Richmond by train with the intention, it is supposed, of bringing Mrs. Clemm from Fordham. Before his departure he complained to a friend of indisposition, of chilliness and exhaustion, but notwithstanding undertook the journey. He left the train at Baltimore, and some hours after was found insensible in the street. How he had taken ill is a mystery. He was taken to the hospital where he died on Sunday, October 7, 1849, of inflammation of the brain at the age of forty years. He was buried close by the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe, and until recent years no stone marked the spot where he was laid.

It is impossible in relating the poet’s life to overlook entirely the fact of which his enemies have made so much, namely, that during the latter part of his life his sorrow and pecuniary embarrassment drove him to the use of strong stimulants. That Edgar Poe was a heavy drinker no one can deny; but was there no excuse for him? He himself says: “It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life and reputation and reason. It has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories—memories of wrong and injustice and imputed dishonors—from a sense of insupportable loneliness and a dread of some strange, impending doom.”

From the numerous and bitter criticisms of Edgar Poe that have been written in America, there seems to have arisen the idea that the poet was unappreciated only in his own country. This is a false idea; for of all the harsh criticisms, not excepting that of the envious Griswold, the one appearing in the *Edinburgh Review* (Apr. ’58) is indisputably the worst. It says of him: “Edgar Allan Poe was incontestably one of the most worthless persons of whom we have any record in the world of letters. Many authors may have been as idle, many as improvident, some as drunken and dissipated, and a few, perhaps, as treacherous and ungrateful, but he seems to have succeeded in attracting and continuing in his own person all the bloating vices which

genius had hitherto shown itself capable of grasping in its widest and most eccentric orbit. . . . The weakness of human nature has, we imagine, its limit; but the biography of Poe has satisfied us that the lowest abyss of moral imbecility and disrepute was never attained until he came and stood forth a warning for the times to come."

These sentences are beautiful, mellifluous and rhetorical in form, but no one who has followed our poet from his childhood, when he attended the common schools, up to the time when he left college to become a *littérateur*, can be persuaded by such "tinkling cymbals" that Edgar Allan Poe was anything but an honest upright and well-meaning man whose whole life was marred and made melancholic by the absence of a mother's tender and guiding hand in the days of his infancy.

The excellence of Edgar Poe's genius needs scarcely to be commented upon; but since there have been some misconceptions in the matter, founded mainly upon the authority of the poet's enemies, let us consider briefly his true worth. "Probably," says Griswold, "there is not another instance in the literature of our language in which so much has been accomplished without a recognition of the manifestation of conscience." Consider the audacity of this remark. In what works of fiction are more fully recognized and more vividly portrayed the horrible tortures and the terrible punishments of conscience than in such stories as "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "William Wilson?" In regard to the bold charge that Poe was not original, we have seen, at least in the case of "The Haunted Palace," that his enemies were sorely mistaken or willfully ignorant. Tennyson said: "I know several striking poems by American poets, but I think that Edgar Poe is (taking his poetry and prose together) the most original American genius." A false theory has been advanced that Poe's ingenuity in solving a mystery is only ingenious in appearance, as he himself had invented the riddles which he so skilfully gets rid of. This is false, for in "The Gold-Bug" did Poe invent the ratio in which certain letters invariably recur in any manuscript? Did he invent the mysteries which occur in that story of real life called "The Mystery of Marie Roget?" He did not; but he was probably the first to describe the intricacies of the human mind. Poe brings to light secrets of the human mind and he is not an art-riddler.

Poe's themes were certainly not piety, patriotism or friendship; but should he be discredited for this? It is true that these play a larger part in most lives than do the more straining moods—wonder, horror and surprise, but the latter are pleasing, and besides have their place in art. Although Poe does not delve into the minute problems of the soul, his themes have an immediate effect that is even more intense than that aroused by themes of a higher or deeper character.

The best tales of Poe may be placed in separate divisions. Of those which deal with the battle between life and death, the best are "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher"; those involving fine reasoning are "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget" and "The Purloined Letter"; those dealing with morals are "The Black Cat," "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "William Wilson"; the one dealing with horror is "The Pit and the Pendulum," and his best humorous tales are "The System of Professor Tarr and Doctor Fether" and "The Man that was Used Up." These are all masterpieces of Poe's subtlety of thought, acute reasoning faculty and remarkable power of construction and analysis.

Of all Poe's poems "The Raven" is by far the first. It bears a similar resemblance to the rest of his works in that it is of a gloomy character. "The Raven" belongs to that rare and remarkable class of productions which alone is sufficient for a reputation. "It is the most popular lyrical poem in the world. It has been translated and commented upon by the leading literati of two continents, and an entire literature has been founded upon it." Next in order come "Lenore" and "Annabel Lee;" and what reader has not been charmed by the beautiful melody of "The Bells?" Few can grasp the mysteries of "The City in the Sea," "The Sleeper," "The Valley of Unrest," "The Haunted Palace" and "Dreamland." Poe's ideas are not nearly so beautiful as the lines which express them.

It is true that Poe's poetical themes dealt nearly altogether with beauty, but what greater inspiration could a poet sing? He stands at the very top of our morally pure literature in the absolute chastity of his every word. Other poets whose lives, perhaps, were not half so reckless have failed in this point, but our poet is at all times free from such a stigma.

Edgar Poe's views of the duties of a critic

were stern, and he felt that in praising an unworthy writer he should be guilty of dishonor. He separated and studied each part, and no part, no matter how seemingly unimportant it might be, escaped his rigid judgment. Although he was a harsh critic, no one was more willing to soften a harsh expression at the request of a friend. Had Poe wished to sacrifice duty for fame he would probably be honored and appreciated more than he is to-day; but he chose rather to scathe even Dr. Griswold and to receive in return the contempt of his contemporaries and successors than to praise unworthily.

In conclusion, let us say that the one terrible trait in the character of Edgar Poe—that weakness of his “lonesome latter years”—was his love for drink. But do his works betray the fault?—he injured no one but himself. Burns and Byron and other men of genius have injured their readers by their characters, but they seem to have been forgiven because the world accepted the product of their minds as a compensation. Poor Poe, whose character has been greatly misunderstood, has received no mercy from the world. Henceforth let his few errors be forgotten and let the name of Edgar Allan Poe,—that

... unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one  
burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden  
bore  
Of never—nevermore—

be assigned that place which is due it on  
the immortal roll of fame.

### How the Game was Won.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

All day long on the day before Thanksgiving the crowds had been gathering in the little college town to witness the championship game of the season. By night every hotel had out its sign “standing room only,” and all the “frat” houses were crowded to their limit. The old grads were there by the hundred. It was a great gathering, and half the night was spent in conviviality, in recounting the deeds of former heroes of the gridiron and telling the story of former battles.

When the people arose on the morning of the eventful day a dense fog wrapped them in; but the chill wind from the west soon

dispelled the envelope and brought on a drizzling rain. By nine o'clock crowds of boisterous collegians were parading the streets with flying colors and gaudy penants, and incessantly ripping out their football yells and with croaking voices singing football parodies. By ten the tide had turned toward Howard Field, and there in the sheltered stands was such an animated assemblage of youth and beauty as is rare to view.

The yell captains had massed their respective rooters on opposite sides of the field; their huge megaphones could be heard leading yell upon yell with ever-swelling volume as the crowd increased, the excitement rising in proportion. When the little band of warriors wearing the red and white trotted out between the stands, a mighty cheer went up, and as its echoes still lingered another mightier than before came crashing a response, for the brown and white had appeared. Five minutes later the whistle blew and the game was on.

In the bunch of red and white that squatted on the side lines, there was a boy bundled up in three or four borrowed jerseys: he was small, but well built; nervous, very pale and seemed in a perfect fever of excitement. This was Brown, the sub-quarter. He watched every play with an all-absorbing attention; he never saw the stands nor heard the crowd cheering; but only kept his eye on the ball, and thought;—yes, his mind was very active, or, had we better say, his imagination, for he was picturing to himself just what he would do on every signal. He was watching Davis, the Varsity quarter, as a cat would watch a mouse. He saw every move of the little athlete. Every time Davis made a clean pass or a clever tackle his color seemed to deepen, for it was the green-eyed serpent jealousy that made his eye glow with so bright a lustre. He and that football idol had been raised together, and now how he wished that he had come to college two years ago as Davis had done, and during that time had been earning the right to wear the “R” as no quarter had ever worn it before.

All through the fall, Brown had worked like a Trojan, and trained more faithfully than any other man on the team, and what was the result? “Punk” Davis with the competition offered was in better form than ever. The rooters were simply wild over his accuracy and speed. The new rules had given him an opportunity to make the winning touchdown the Saturday before; and with such a state



of affairs poor Brown hadn't a ghost of a show at being tried—unless Davis was knocked out.

The day before the big game Brown had received a letter from a common friend at home, a most fascinating, entertaining girl whose only fault in Brown's mind was that she saw something in "Punk." Bess had written: "I read of the splendid playing by Harry in your game Saturday; don't you feel proud that it was one of your friends who won the game?" Yes, of course he felt proud; he was so sore-headed over the trick that when he lined up with the scrubs on Monday he made three bad fumbles, and was called down by all the coaches in succession. Nevertheless, this "billet" from Bess, it is needless to say did not increase his pride in "Punk's" friendship; and as he squatted shivering on the side-lines he almost hoped against hope that something would happen. For a moment he caught himself wool-gathering, and then—he could hardly believe his eyes—he had seen the ball snapped and the new formation; he had followed the ball as "Punk" caught it and then stood still. "He's daft," he whispered to himself, as the powerful full-back plunged into the line without the ball, the halves bucked with him; but where was the ball? He almost laughed—"a fumble." The defensive players rushed to check the onslaught of the backs and the struggling mass concentrated on guard, and then, like a flash, a streak of red and white shot round the end. The crowd recognized "Punk" without a sign of interference, but with the ball safely under his arm as he bolted down the field. Only one man was between "R" and victory, but that one man had never missed a tackle, and when he had won his "C" in the hundred yards he had established a new record for his college. "Punk" knew this, but he was nervy to the marrow, and with all his speed he hurdled his weight on the opposing quarter with a straight arm. The cautious player ducked, dove to tackle, and caught "Punk" on the wind with the point of the shoulder. They went down like a boulder together, and "Punk" was down and out. He tried to rise, but he could not get to his feet, he could not catch his breath; and when time was up he was led gasping and crying like a baby to the side-lines.

Brown had seen all this. When the daring quarter circled the end, he turned a shade paler with joy and—anger; when "Punk" was tackled he almost hooted, but when he saw

his old-time friend and schoolboy chum led crying off the field, he was sorry he had ever wished such a chance would be given him.

The score was still 0 to 0 and three minutes left to play when he entered the game. He was numb with cold and shivered like a leaf. As he called the first signal he heard one of the backs swearing and saying something about a cowardly kid; he was startled, the ball was passed, he caught it and mechanically turned to the right; by instinct the swearing back grabbed it and plunged into the line; three yards were gained for Brown had held the half on his feet. As they lined up again the Captain whispered: "Steady Brownie left end." Again the signals; this time he was conscious of passing the ball; a tackle broke through and around the runner for a loss.

"Third down and four to gain," Brown frantically shouted the signal for the quarter run; the ball shot back to him and swinging like a pivot he darted far out to the left; but the half had stopped the end; his end the half: and down the field he sprinted alone, with only the same dangerous quarter between him and the goal. Twenty yards in front were those posts and victory; but down on him came that "sure" tackler and defeat. He had guessed his opponent's move, he almost saw in advance that duck and diving tackle; so running low and raising his knees high with every step he met his man. Again that headlong tackle; he saw it and jumping with all his might he jerked up his knees catching the tackler in the face; he dodged to the side, but felt the grasp of the quarter's arm around his leg, stumbled and sprawled full length on the ground, the ball bounded from his hands, and again he seemed to have lost the game with victory within his reach.

Every man in the stands was on his feet, every eye was on the fumbled ball and the falling figure; for a moment not a word escaped the lips of a spectator, and then,—a deafening cheer, a gigantic, frenzied roar, for the scrub quarter had regained his feet, caught up the ball as he stumbled towards the goal, and when tackled again had fallen with the ball just over the line.

He'll own the town

This same young Brown

re-echoed through the streets that night, and Bess wrote that "she was very proud of her friend who had won the game." Later Brown went over to sympathize with "Punk."

## Simple Tastes.

A. J. D.

(Horace, Odes I, 38.)

THE Persian pomp I hate, O boy;  
 Displease me also linden wreathes.  
 Forego the search in places where  
 The late rose dying faintly breathes.

The simple myrtle you adorn  
 Yet little do I care. 'Tis fit  
 To crown you, as on me you wait,  
 And me while drinking under it.

## A Rebel Heart.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

The colored servitor had told me that I would find Dorothy in the garden, so I quickly made my way thither. A maid clad in white was standing in the midst of a bed of roses, plucking flowers and singing as if she had not a care in the world. 'Twas she whom I sought, and softly making my way towards her she suddenly felt my presence, and turning with a little cry of fright exclaimed:

"Oh! how you startled me, Richard!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lee," I said, bowing. "I would have made known my presence sooner had not your beauty entranced me."

"Flatterer! Richard Winfield, your constant association with the young British officers in Williamsburg, has caused you to imitate some of their manners," and she laughed merrily, at the same time extending to me her hand, over which I bent low, murmuring a few words of greeting.

Then a silence fell over us, and although there were many things I wished to say the words would not come. Dorothy busied herself trimming a rosebush, and I stood watching her, drinking in the beauty of her face, form and figure. Suddenly, she gave a little cry of pain, and rose to her feet with blood dripping from the thumb of her right hand.

It needed no words to tell me that a thorn had pierced her thumb, and I was at her side in an instant. "Oh, the poor little hand!" I

said, and bending low, I kissed the wound.

Dorothy snatched her hand away with an angry exclamation.

"You are too generous with your kisses, sir," she cried angrily.

And then she busied herself binding up the slight wound with her kerchief.

"May I help you?" I asked.

"No—well,—yes."

She allowed me to bind the hurt with a small strip of linen, torn from my handkerchief, and thanked me prettily when I had performed the pleasant task.

"Dorothy," said I, when this was done, "I have come to say farewell; I leave to-morrow for Boston."

"Indeed! Perchance, you might bring me some trinket when you return," she said insinuatingly.

"I will not return for some time—perhaps never," I said.

She turned to me with an alarmed look on her face, and her dark eyes asked the question her lips feared to ask.

"You—what do you mean?" she almost whispered.

"Can you not guess?"

An inkling of the truth dawned upon her, for face paled, and she said:

"You are going to Boston to join the army—to fight against your—"

"Your king," I completed the sentence.

"You are a rebel, Richard!" she exclaimed, her beautiful face showing all the horror that she felt.

"I must confess it, Dorothy. Aye, a rebel, though my countrymen will call me a patriot."

Dorothy Lee did not speak for a few moments, but stood looking at me with eyes from which all the light had fled.

"You may never return," she breathed.

"Would you care?"

"But your father and mother, Richard,—think of them."

"I have thought of them," I replied. "What I do is with their consent."

"Can nothing alter your determination of joining the rebel ranks?"

"Nothing."

"But these rebels can not win. The armies of England will soon crush this rebellion; and then—what will be your fate?"

"If we were to lose, I would pray God to allow me to be killed battling for my country's freedom."



"Do not speak of death," she pleaded. "It frightens me."

Stepping quickly to her side, and taking her unresisting hands in mine, I said softly:

"Dorothy dear, do not turn from me. Have you not one word of farewell for me? Will you allow this grim spectre, war, to rise up between your love and mine?—for you do love me Dorothy, your heart tells you that you do."

Her face, which had been pale before, was now red and white by turns. She tried to disengage her hands from mine, but I held them firmly. At last she spoke.

"I might have come in time to love Richard Winfield, a true subject of the king," she said, "but I can never love a rebel."

"You are jesting, Dorothy; you can not mean what you say," I cried.

"I am in earnest, Richard," she said firmly. "Give up this folly of yours; renounce the rebel cause, and my love is yours."

"Nay, Dorothy, I can not," I replied, brokenly. "You know not what you ask."

"You value my love highly, Richard, when you will spurn it and cast it aside, because of a paltry tax on tea."

"Dorothy, Dorothy, you are torturing me," I almost sobbed, torn as I was with conflicting emotions of love and duty.

"And you are breaking my heart," she faltered, slipping her hands from mine.

She turned as if to leave me. I made one step toward her, my whole longing in my voice:

"Stay, Dorothy," I entreated. "Do not leave me without one word of hope."

She turned her sweet face toward me, and looked at me with eyes brimming with tears.

"I have said all, Richard," she replied in a quavering voice. "You do not love me or you would—"

"I do love you, Dorothy, with a love which almost turns me from my duty. But greater than the love I bear for you, dear, greater than the love for parent and kindred, next to the love of God, is love of country, and though I lose you I must be true to her."

If I had thought to move her I was mistaken, for though her face paled she remained unmoved.

"Do your duty then, Richard," she said quietly. "But remember you lose my love."

I turned to leave that garden into which I had entered not long before a lover full of hope and happiness. How bitter the contrast between then and now!

I had reached the entrance to the garden when I felt a light touch upon my arm, and turning, I looked into her face; her eyes now shining through tears with an indescribable something. Emboldened by that look in her dark eyes I caught her to my breast, and as her head rested there a blissful moment, I heard her say softly, sweetly, "I fear, Richard, that my heart has also become a rebel."

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### Grandpa's Reason.

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ERNEST L. HAMMER, '04.

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"Tell you why I love you so much?" said grandpa to the questioning little goddess on his knee.—"Please do," was the answer.

"Why, it is not a very long story. When I was a little fellow, not much older than yourself, one day I happened to drive my mother into the village of the seaside summer resort where we had a cottage. We had stopped at a butcher shop, and I stayed in the carriage to mind the horse. Soon a grand coach and pair pulled up at the curb opposite and a maid alighted leaving on the seat behind her—how my heart started when I looked—the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She seemed to me, as the sun and wind made merry with her golden curls, to be some angel or good spirit come to make us a short visit and then go back to the happiness of fairyland.

"As my eager gaze followed her every action, the little dog on her lap arose to stretch himself and she—how disappointed and hurt I was—she slapped him and held him down. Yet she was ashamed of her act and hurriedly turning up her eyes—her beautiful eyes of blue—and seeing me stare, she gave me such a look of hauteur—which means that she didn't care for me—that I felt more humbled than the poor abused cur in her lap. After that I was the worst kind of woman hater until, until—little one, I love you so much because you are the image of your grandma."

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### A Sinner.

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He lied to his Father while lying in bed;  
He lied every moment or else was unwell;  
One day a young fellow cracked him on the head  
And now—well, I guess he's not lying in Heaven.

H. J. D.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

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—The terrible Iroquois fire, which occurred almost at our very doors, made us overlook for the moment disasters farther from home. One of these latter, which also took place within the Christmas holidays, resulted in the destruction of the Dominican Academy of St. Catherine of Sienna, near Springfield, Ky. This worthy institution, the mother school of the Dominican order in this country, was founded in 1822 and was one of the largest and best-equipped girls' colleges in the United States. At midnight, Jan. 3, a fire was discovered which made such rapid headway that the sleeping inmates scarcely escaped death by rushing from their beds into the blinding snow storm. Providentially no lives were lost, but buildings valued at \$300,000 and representing generations of heroic sacrifice crumbled into ashes. We sympathize with the sufferers whose fortitude and perseverance will, we know, be manifested in renewed efforts and grander and more enduring results.

—In the world's make-up one of the potent factors is the press. Especially in this country where its freedom is so great, its power is more widespread and its influence is more marked than in foreign countries. Since then the press has so much to do in the formation of the ideas and sentiments of the nation, it is deplorable to find that at times its columns are filled with a jumble of cheap information with enough truth to save it from being condemned as entirely absurd.

In the field of journalism there is ample room for the college man, and he is the one that should take up this work. He is generally better trained than his less fortunate neighbor who has not received a college education. Other things being equal, his insight into the problems of the day is keener, his interpretation of the world's political, social and religious changes is more accurate and his information more extensive. He need not be hoisted on the stilts of pretense and bombast in order that the world may see him. His ability and devotion to truth should ensure his success and at the same time elevate the standard of journalism.

—Mr. E. Clinton Adams, the well-known prestidigitator gave last Thursday before the students a very interesting exhibition of the art of legerdemain. The audience sat for an hour and a half, deeply interested in his tricks, and after trying in vain to see "how it was done" left the hall more pleased than if they had discovered. Mr. Adams is not only a clever mystifier but also a pleasing entertainer. His manner of presentation is somewhat novel, and he has an especially happy way of showing his ability. His explanations and running comment of sundry bewildering changes of handkerchiefs, cigars, and liquids were at once mystifying and instructive. He uses no paraphernalia or other apparatus so common on the stage, and this increases the admiration of his manual dexterity, as he relies almost entirely on his wonderful control of the muscles of the hands to do all the various tricks.

After performing some difficult feat he elicited frequent applause by giving an explanation of how the whole thing was done, and then effecting the climax by causing the article to disappear in a manner before unseen, or bring it up again with some startling evolution. Many of Mr. Adams' tricks are his own, and are very difficult, especially the card trick in which numerous cards are suspended in mid-air without a visible support. His filling a hat with coins from his apparently empty hands caused much wonderment and still greater amusement when the hat when filled was seen to be empty. Keller and Herman have set high standards in the art of legerdemain, but the work of Mr. Adams was a revelation to many present. He has increased the number of his admirers at the University.

## Death of a Noted Priest.

Notre Dame learns with sorrow of the death of her oldest graduate, the Very Reverend Dean Kilroy, D. D., who passed away last week among his beloved parishioners in Stratford, Ontario. The career of this zealous priest, though replete with hardship and toil, is interesting, and evidences the kindness of heart, bravery of spirit and tireless perseverance that were the distinguishing qualities of his character.

Born November 24, 1830, in Clonmacnois, King's Co., Ireland, he came to this country six years later with his parents who settled a short distance from Windsor, Essex Co., Canada. In 1839 the family crossed the New York line and went as far as Lockport where the young Edmond began his studies, received his First Communion and was confirmed by the late Archbishop Hughes, then the only Catholic bishop in the State of New York. He was a bright and industrious student, and in 1845, when fifteen years of age, entered Notre Dame (only three years after its founding) in order to pursue his theological studies. His earliest ambition was to be a priest, and on November 26, 1854, he saw the culmination of his hopes when he was ordained, after having first been graduated with high honors and received the degree of A. M.

For the next two years the young priest labored zealously and with wonderful results among the pioneer Catholics of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, until his appointment in 1856 to the presidency of the College of St. Mary's of the Lake in Chicago. But though his influence for good in this capacity was large, Father Kilroy's

heart turned toward missionary work, and the next few years were spent preaching the word of God to the scattered Catholics around Laporte, Ind. His postorate covered an area now containing twenty priests, but distance or hardship of travel never prevented him from soothing a dying soul.

When the civil war broke out Father Kilroy was appointed by Governor Norton to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholic soldiers of the army of the Potomac, and through his earnest endeavors hundreds of dying heroes were comforted who otherwise would have died without the rites of their religion.

During the last thirty-five years of his life the venerable priest devoted his best energies to the spiritual welfare of the people of the London diocese in Ontario. Stratford, which has been the scene of his labors for thirty years, seemed to be especially dear to him, for though offered other places where his work would not have been so arduous he preferred to remain among its inhabitants, saying that they best knew him and among them he could obtain the best results. A beautiful church free from debt, a new convent and commodious school are lasting

monuments to the zeal of the good man who has gone to his reward.

Of a genial, warm-hearted disposition, generous at times even to a fault, he was esteemed by non-Catholics as well as by Catholics. "Fear God and love one another," was the sermon of his life. He ever remained loyal to his *Alma Mater*, and every success achieved by her afforded him pleasure and pride. May Notre Dame's sons of to-day be as true to principle, as faithful to their mission in life, as this noble graduate of her infant days—the much-loved "Dean of Stratford."

G. A. F.



THE REV. EDMOND KILROY, D. D.

## Ireland's Poet and Dramatist Visits

## Notre Dame.

Mr. William Butler Yeats has come and gone. In the three days he spent with us which were all too short he lectured at Notre Dame and at St. Mary's and told us much about the literary revival in Ireland and the work that is being done to reform the stage. Mr. Yeats looks every inch the poet that he is. He is tall, well-knit though slender, clean-shaven, has a somewhat pallid complexion and his long dark hair parted from right to left is lightly sprinkled with gray. His deep-set kindly brown eyes look at you through glasses and his nose and mouth show that delicacy and refinement which one soon discovers in his writing. He is modest, unobtrusive and has a very pleasing and striking personality. Altogether he is a man one can scarcely fail to admire, especially if one knows him a little and he reveals himself in conversation.

Mr. Yeats delivered his first address on Friday afternoon in Washington Hall. He was accompanied to the stage by the Very Rev. President Morrissey who introduced him happily. The lecturer began by saying that he had come to the United States at the request of the Irish Literary Society of New York in order to convey a better impression of the intellectual work which was going on in Ireland, a country bound to this by inseparable ties of blood and friendship. He then went into the subject of Irish literature and folklore as well as literature in general, and told how in earlier centuries the rich and poor, noble and humble, shared a culture not born of books but of stories and traditions. In those days culture was the priceless treasure of the many. It was like a pyramid, having its foundations in the minds of the people. Now all this was changed; the pyramid was turned upside down and from the cultured few the classes copied until to-day we have copies of copies of copies. Formerly there was a serfdom of the body; to-day there is a serfdom of the mind, a vulgarity that degrades men's souls. In Ireland where they had kept far from the madding crowd there was little of this. Along the western coast where the art of story-telling had survived the poor fishermen showed that refinement of spirit that marked the true

gentleman. Their songs, old as the days of Homer, reflected the beauty and purity found in their lives and had also in them that mysterious element which artists call *style*. To preserve and perpetuate this old life of culture and poetry and the fine ideals that accompany it is the aim of the Gaelic movement.

Saturday afternoon the students of the higher English classes assembled in the St. Cecilia room to listen to Mr. Yeats' talk on poetry. This was perhaps his most enjoyable and interesting address. He told about the scenes of his boyhood in Sligo, the people among whom he lived, and some of his early dreams and aspirations. At one time he was so much in sympathy with Thoreau's writings that he seriously entertained the notion of building himself a thatched home on the lone isle of Innisfree, a little island in Lough Gill. Taking up the subject of poetry, he said it was the rhythmical expression of one's moods. When a man looked at the rising sun or on the face of the woman he loved and mingled with his emotion an element of the eternal and expressed it in verse, the result was poetry. He advised those who wish to write poetry to confine themselves to the subjects and scenes they know best, their own selves, their own country, and as far as possible to give their words the sequence used in conversation. As the making of poems was the work on which he had spent most time and by which he was best known he would read some selections. This he did in a very charming way. His voice, though not powerful, is clear and resonant and well adapted to chanting, for in a chant he recites his poems. This method, novel in our generation, has much to commend it. One hears every word musically and distinctly, and in the readings which Mr. Yeats gave of some of his own inimitable verse the interpretation was perfect.

"The Modern Stage" was the subject of Mr. Yeats' third address which he delivered Saturday evening in Washington Hall before a large audience of students and visitors. In the course of his remarks he said that the theatre of to-day had deteriorated; it had tied itself to the mob. The majority of the audience did not go to seek any high intellectual pleasure, but went to feast their eyes on gaudy display or to digest their dinners. Characterization was almost entirely lacking. It was different in the time of the Greek dramatists and of Shakspeare. In those days

culture came to a man without effort. It came to the peasant bending over the scythe or to the wife rocking the cradle. With the passing away of the old culture begotten of generations of folklore from father to son, the old theatre disappeared. In its place came the meretricious modern stage and an audience, for the most part vulgar. A reform could be effected only by having the theatre select the small cultured audience from people who have some remnant of the old folklore, or from the few thousands who have got culture from books. In Ireland they were doing this and meeting with great success.

After advocating more simple and inexpensive stage scenery, he said that speech is more important than acting; that acting is useful in every place in life except on the stage,—the stage is the place for oratory. Every word spoken or sung on the stage should be heard and understood distinctly by everyone in the audience. He spoke in glowing terms of the results achieved by the Irish National Theatre in Dublin, and of the literary awakening that had taken place all over Ireland. As an instance of this he cited the case of Father O'Leary of Cork who at the age of seventy began to write plays and good ones, too. He referred to the work done by the Gaelic League, and read extracts from the writings of Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory. His reading of one of the latter's excellent translations, together with a patriotic and impressively beautiful poem of his own, ended the last lecture of a very interesting series.

During Mr. Yeats' short visit to this country he has had and, no doubt, will have, large and attentive audiences, yet probably many will think his theories too impracticable. This is only natural in any land where people are accustomed to measure happiness in terms of money. But to his own countrymen it is altogether different. He well expresses much that they have been thinking about and dreaming for years. And because of this will they like and love him. Moreover, he has sublime confidence in his people and he loves his country with a passionate devotion. If home is where the heart is, there is no mistaking that Yeats' home is, to use one of his own fine phrases, "where hill is heaped upon hill," in Ireland. The hurrying crowd is rushing on with eyes intent on earth seeking something material. Is it not refreshing now and again to meet one with his face turned toward the stars? P. J. MACDONOUGH.

### Book Notices.

—"St. Cuthbert's," by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., is a tale which concerns itself with boarding-school boys at Saint Cuthbert's Academy. The story is written for a juvenile audience, and this fact is much too apparent in the evident condescension of the work. The author seems to have had a somewhat limited insight into the character of boys of eighteen and thereabouts (whose school-life and adventures are his subject-matter), for he depicts them in a manner not at all true to life. The kind of boy which predominates in "St. Cuthbert's" vanished from the earth in the prehistoric ages,—or at any rate, in our time, he dies before attaining the age of reason. Two American boys of real-life might be conceived to overtake a frightened team of horses to save a pretty girl, but they would never have displayed the charming bashfulness ascribed to them in the book. Nevertheless, the style is clear enough, and the book, mediocre as it is, will probably prove interesting to youthful readers, and thereby of course fulfil its purpose.

THE *RUDIMENTS OF LATIN*. By Prof A. B. Reynolds, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Scores of new text-books have appeared in recent years on almost every subject of study. These result from an honest endeavor to apply to the methods of training the youth our ever-increasing knowledge of the development of the young mind. These books have in some instances failed to justify the purpose for which they were written.

It must be borne in mind in the creation of text-books that only in the practical application of their principles can the young mind get a lasting hold on them, and that the one way to test the practicability of any method is to observe its workings in the class-room.

The "Rudiments of Latin," a first-year book, was published at Notre Dame in February, 1902. This book was written especially for the preparatory department of the University. Its success has already made a second edition necessary. The reception given this work is largely due to the incident attending its creation. While writing this book its author was teaching three beginning classes, one studying the first part, another reviewing and a third finishing their respective text-books, each written by a different author and on a

different plan. Consequently, he was afforded a rare opportunity "to appreciate the perplexity of the beginner and understand exactly what was his difficulty." As the work in these classes proceeded, the difficulties as well as the advantages of the several methods were observed; so that in writing the "Rudiments of Latin," the author devised a new plan which avoids confusion for the student and embodies exercises which, previously tested (by the side of others) in actual class-work, have brought the pupil to master the difficulties of the subject with far less trouble and no discouragement.

On examination of this work it is at once noted that the Latin words are not abbreviated in the vocabularies and that the declensions are not contracted into the smallest possible space, but that they stand out full and plain so as to economize the pupil's time and his mental power. Abundant practical exercises firmly fix in the mind of the learner one topic at a time. The teacher's hardest task—that of compelling sufficient attention to be put on each form to insure its mastery—is entirely removed by the short exercises which follow each new paradigm. All the exercises are of such a character that they draw out the pupil's ability and keep him constantly encouraged. No similar work treats the pronouns so thoroughly. A unique method in the treatment of the verb enables the student not only to learn the entire verb in much less time, but immediately to distinguish all confusing forms and feel confident of them in his advanced work. The one aim of this book is to economize the pupil's time and to direct his mental energy to the best advantage. Two years of use at Notre Dame and other institutions have proved that it accomplishes its purpose.

The "Rudiments of Latin" leads those using it unconsciously to meet and master difficulties which in other books bring discouragement and failure. The experience of those who have studied this book has been that they have advanced more rapidly and retain their knowledge longer, and teachers have observed that of the pupils using this book, a number one-third larger than is ordinarily the case, really like Latin as a study. As a logical result the students who have used the "Rudiments of Latin" as a preparation far outstrip other students both in progress and in appreciation of Cæsar, Sallust and Cicero.

### Athletic Notes.

Seventeen candidates answered Trainer Holland's call last Monday. Among those who reported were Captain Draper, Daly, Carey, McCullough, of last year's team. Silver, Dwan, Toner, Geoghegan, Welch, Scales, Keefe, Wagner, Koehler, O'Connor, Medley, Pryor, and Brennan, are the new men. The small number of men who seemed inclined to try, after such great efforts have been made to help them along, is discouraging. We hope to see this squad increased to thirty or forty before the middle of next week. The more candidates there are, the better the men will have to work and the better the coach will like it. The more the merrier, he says.

The present squad is a fairly good one as far as material goes, although the most of it is still undeveloped. O'Connor, Medley, and Scales are doing well in the high jump, Toner in the broad jump, and Koehler, Silver, Welch and Keefe, in the runs, but for the sprints, quarter-mile, mile, and most of the field events, nothing promising has as yet been seen. There are plenty of tall, lively fellows lounging around who have the ability if they would only get out and try. There are several meets to be held this year in which Notre Dame has opportunities galore to regain her laurels. To do this, however, it is necessary to have the support of every student at the University. If you can't come out yourself, get your friends to come out.

\* \*

Manager Daley has been busy endeavoring to arrange meets and has succeeded in securing three, with one more still hanging fire. The dates are:—Indiana University at Notre Dame, March 4; Wisconsin at Notre Dame, March 19 (uncertain); Notre Dame at Indiana, April 30; and State Meet at Notre Dame.

### Personals.

—Mrs. H. W. Quackenbush of Covington, Ky., entered her son Hiram at the University during the week. She is much interested in Notre Dame, and her numerous friends here were glad to see her.

—Another announcement that gave us much pleasure had to do with the marriage of Mr. Frederick William Meyer, '02, to Miss Daisy



Lynn Greene, both of Petersburg, Ill. "Count," as he was popularly known at college, is a talented and promising young lawyer and is still well remembered at Notre Dame where he has many friends who congratulate him on his latest promotion. We wish himself and his accomplished wife a long span of wedded bliss.

—Mr. Martin Bertran Herbert, Jr., Chicago, for many years a student at Notre Dame where he captained the track team and won honors as an athlete, was married last New Year's Eve to Miss Bertha Cecelia Falz. The bride being a Catholic, Father Regan, a particular friend of Mr. Herbert and family, received a special invitation to officiate at the marriage. We extend to the happy pair our best wishes for a long, happy life. Mr. Herbert conducts a successful mercantile business in Chicago.

—We are glad to observe the rapid promotion of F. L. Petritz, one of last year's graduates in the Electrical Engineering Course. After working some time in Chicago, both he and Fred Baer, E. E. '03, were transferred to Dayton, Ohio, where they superintended the installation of the automatic telephone system. At the recent installation of the automatic telephone in Grand Rapids, "the greatest telephone undertaking ever successfully carried out," F. L. Petritz of the Dayton exchange acted as chief inspector and worked with a force of experts to correct the trouble. The nature of the operation may be inferred from the fact that the manual system with 5000 subscribers was changed to the automatic and that the transformation was successfully effected in seven minutes.

—Visitors' registry:—T. Bromberg, Chicago; Mrs. C. H. Matthews, D. Bethune, D. Blain, Detroit; Miss Reba A. Ireland, South Bend; F. H. Woodward, Pitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. L. H. Van Der Carr, L. H. Van Der Carr, London; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Schmid, St. Louis; John L. Corcoran, Joseph B. Corcoran, Chicago; James B. Hunt, Muncie, Ill.; W. L. Woodruff, Wheeling, Va.; E. L. Schoendorff, South Bend; Daniel W. Coffee, M. D., Spencer, Mass.; J. L. Toohey, Chicago; J. W. and Jos. P. Dawson, Charleston, W. Va.; Wallace Staen and wife, Louisville, Ky.; George L. Forrester, George A. White and Miss White, South Bend; Mrs. F. G. Jruuehlut, Chicago; O. H. Emerson, San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Hoffman, Okaloosa, Iowa; Frank J. Ashton, Rockford, Ill.; A. B. Tholander, A. Gustafson, South Bend; D. Anderson, Chicago; Mrs. George Munson, Stephen Von Phul, P. Kiely, St. Louis; Mrs. William Seidel, Elkhart; William Callaghan, Philadelphia; M. J. Newgoss and the Misses Newgoss, Chicago; Mrs. J. M. Miller, Benton Harbor; Gaines Green, Petersburg, Ill.; Mrs. John Mackle, Cincinnati.

### Local Items.

—To the already onerous duties of the senior classical students has been added the requirement of reading Plato's Symposium outside of class. The more deep-thinking members of the class may not perhaps look forward to this work with much anxiety, but the majority of the class in reading Plato's intricate and logical sentences will experience much the same feeling as a freshman who, unable to swim, was thrown by a crowd of sophomores into deep water. The seniors, however, are a very resourceful class, and there is little fear that any one of them will succumb in complying with this new requirement.

—A letter recently received by a member of the Staff from a student in one of the large universities of the far West contained a very gratifying commendation of the literary excellence of the SCHOLASTIC. The writer, who is a member of the Board of Editors of his own college magazine, says that in his university the THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is freely mentioned as one of the leaders among college publications of the country, that it is especially noted for the ability displayed in getting out a number *weekly* of such general excellence both in prose and verse. Surely it should be an incentive for us to merit such an opinion, coming as it does from a leading university.

—Jan. 14, the Latin-American students of Notre Dame met to form a club. The following were the officers elected: B. Enriquez, President; S. Villanueva, Vice-President; E. Battle, Secretary; R. A. Trevino, Treasurer; Srs. L. Lomelin, A. Duque, S. Guerra and E. O. Canedo, committee. By a unanimous vote Father Morrissey was named Protector, Father O'Reilly, Honorary President, and Father Fitte, Honorary Member.

The objects which the promoters have in view are most praiseworthy and will, we hope, be realized. These are chiefly to unite the Latin-Americans and to foster their patriotism and religious devotion. Organized under favorable auspices and with the spirit that animates the officers and members, we predict a most successful society and one that will result in much good to the Latin colony at Notre Dame.

—Colonel William Hoynes, dean of the law department of Notre Dame University, has of late been called into several important legal cases in Chicago and elsewhere. Naturally this adds greatly to his labors and makes heavy inroads on his time. It being his settled policy and inviolate rule to perform well and thoroughly whatever he agrees or undertakes to do, the inference can readily be drawn that he has but few leisure moments. As a matter of fact, the genial colonel, like other severely taxed individuals, has too few of them. And yet no one ever hears a word of complaint from Colonel Hoynes on this score. Accus-

tomed from early youth to work, earnest application to what he conceived to be duty has to him become a second nature. Slipshod methods he regards as an utter abomination. Thoroughness in all undertakings is his undeviating rule. Were this rule adopted by mankind generally what a change for the better there would be all around!—*South Bend Times* (January 15).

We take pleasure in reprinting the preceding comment on an esteemed and learned member of Notre Dame's faculty. It well expresses a phase of his character, as those acquainted with him will at once realize. Industry, thoroughness and honesty, he holds, are the prime essentials of success, and he never fails by word and example to instil this doctrine into the minds of his students. We are glad that the genial Colonel's legal attainments are becoming more and more appreciated in Chicago where he has for many years a select clientele.

—During the Christmas holidays the Mexican and other Latin-American students celebrated the feast of their holy patron, Nuestra Sra. de Guadalupe, which is publicly observed in their native country. Under Father O'Reilly's direction a literary and musical programme was arranged for the occasion. The reception and exercises were held in the University parlor and were most successfully conducted. Among the guests were Very Reverend President Morrissey, Fathers French and O'Reilly. In an appropriate speech Sr. Trevino explained the purpose of the celebration and extended a welcome to the guests. Following this came the various items on the programme which were very ably rendered. The closing remarks were made by Father Morrissey who expressed his sympathy with the Latin-Americans and congratulated them on the evening's entertainment. Later, refreshments were served to the entire audience in the Corby Hall refectory. The following is the

#### PROGRAMA:

Piano—Prologo de "Il Pagliaci".....*Leoncavallo*  
Ignacio F. Lomelin.  
Alocucion.....Ricardo A. Trevino  
Violin y Piano—"Toujours ou Jamais,".....*Waldtenfel*  
Sres. I. del Rio e I. F. Lomelin.  
"La Maternidad".....*Severo Catalino*  
Santiago Villanueva.  
Piano Solo.....José P. Gallart  
Mandolina y Guitarra—"Moraima".....*Espinosa de los*  
.....*Monteros*  
Sres. R. A. Trevino e I. Canedo.  
"La Mulata".....Juan Gallart  
Piano Solo.....José P. Gallart  
"Recuerdo de Nuestra Ninez".....Enrique O. Canedoe  
Violin y Piano—"Zapateado".....*Sarasat*  
Sres. I. del Rioe I. F. Lomelin.  
Alocucion.....Rev. P. O'Reilly, C. S. C  
Piano—"Allegro de Bravoure".....*Dubois*  
Ignacio F. Lomelin.  
Piano, Violin, Mandolina y Guitarra—"Tarde Nubiada"  
.....*Del Rio*  
Sres. I. F. Lomelin, I. del Rio, R. A. Trevino e I. Canedo  
Refreshments.

—The basket-ball season was opened up in a very auspicious manner in the Brownson gymnasium last Wednesday evening. President Hunky began the exercises with a

synopsis of the history of his life which was received with silence. Shorty Ill then blew up the new ball and threw the first goal of the season, and the crowd whistled. After several severe arguments and a great deal of criticism from the side-lines the game between the "Shorts" and the "Longs" was officially announced. This game had been arranged in order to settle an argument between Joyce and Senor Lomba. Senor Lomba declared that short, active men like himself could play better basket-ball than tall men could. Joyce did not agree with him, and so the game was arranged to settle the question.

#### The Line-Up:

Shorts:		Longs:
Johnson	F's	Kenefick
Streckfust		Joyce
Lomba	C	Scales
Wagner	G's	Jennings
Conron		Barrett

Subs—Conway, Sheehan, Rubio and Hughes.

At 7:10 the game began. Senor Lomba punched it to the wall and it bounded back into Streckfust's arms. Fat ran around Scales three times, and then threw the ball up in the rafters, Kenefick securing it. Connor took it away from him and threw it at the Referee. Barrett, fainted and was relieved of his valuables. Jennings made a grab at the ball but got Wagner instead and came near throwing him through the basket. Streckfust fell on the ball; Conron fell on Streckfust, and after a few minutes the ball was taken outside and repaired. Streckfust also retired in favor of Rubio, and now the play began fast and furious. The first half ended with the ball in mid-air.

At the close of the half Proyor stepped before the awe-stricken multitude, and amidst thunderous applause challenged the world to a game of hand-ball for four. After the clamor produced by this sensational announcement had died down, Senor Koontz arose and calmly accepted on behalf of the world and announced that the contest would take place in a near-by alley on some dark night.

The second half began with a scrimmage. During this mix-up Senor Lomba and Joyce held a heated argument in the corner. Lomba gave his arguments in Spanish, while Joyce declared himself in a mixed style which was very telling on his opponent. After the mix-up had been settled, Joyce secured the ball and came within twenty-three feet of making a goal. It was a wonderful effort and the crowd appreciated it. The half ended with the ball in Addix's possession and Jennings standing on his left foot. After the game, President Hunky complimented the contestants on the evenness of the contest. The players then retired to the gymnasium and were treated to an informal rub down.