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The Bee.

A HONEY bee slept in a tulip bell,
That swung in the breezes hold;
Soft, crimson-lipp'd petals sheltered her there
From the night wind and the cold.

She woke with the May dawn flushing bright;
When the petals soft unfurl'd,
She drank of the dew on the morning leaves
And sped through her blossom world.

E. B.

John Boyle O'Reilly.*

GEORGE J. MacNAMARA, '01.

(CONCLUSION.)

NEVER had a pang bit deeper into O'Reilly's heart than when punished for the heinous offense of being a few moments late. Long had he bled for news of that good sick mother at home; long had he expected news that prayers and a life's offering had sought to make joyful; but when England's choicest son allowed him to see but the black-bordered letter, there arose in his heart a sob of grief too great to be fed in the confines of a power so treacherously cruel. That night the stars alone saw him look eagerly to the West, to the land of liberty. Thence in his glowing imagination was pictured a little home in a sheltering land where neither stripes nor shackles nor human bloodhounds shadowed the hearth; and, come what may, everything was subservient to that one hope. In the wild bush his personality had won him friends, and there one dark night when the guard had passed and a lingering visitor retired, O'Reilly plunged, questing the prize he had always envied.

Stealthily on through the trackless bush,

barely preceding the echo of his muffled footfalls he crept with the confidence of a desperate player. Beneath a gnarled tree he paused to rearrange his course by the half-hidden stars and—his breath stopped, his heart-beats faltered and his eyes glared madly as each muscle strained to its uttermost tension—the echo of the footfalls still came distinctly from the dismal bush. Those black eyes flashed up with the flash that had often tokened to listening audiences the determination he felt in after life; and with everything at stake he prepared to hurl his worthless life against the enemy that pursued him. "God bless you, O'Reilly, I saw you and came to wish you God-speed; I'll put them on the wrong track to-morrow," was all he heard as two beacons of frenzied fire slumped back into the friendly bush.

The meeting of kindly strangers and the silent boating across to where the "whalers" passed, and, after the long-tossed and tired rowing, O'Reilly, his lungs one massive blister from heat and thirst, falling a helpless mass in the burning sands were things he craved in his romantic nature. But when the whaler passed the hailing men and they must return to an inhospitable land, romance ceded to dejection the sway over his destinies. The Australians could not but leave him; and when the last trace of their boat dropped below the horizon, O'Reilly found on the beach an old raft and again put to sea in search of a friendly flag, hoping against hope and grasping at a bubble that ever bursted when he reached it. Hot as was the sun of southern seas, he rowed on into the trackless waves, resolved to perish where he could hope at least an undeseccrated grave. And when the little ration of meat began to putrify he trolled it over-

board that the waters might save it till morn. Sharks reck not of a famishing man when they steal all that can keep him safe for a roving helping hand.

At length that starved, famished wreck ceased searching the horizon with eyes that twinned the mariners' evil-boding sunset. The echo of his daily hailing died away, and the fluttering of his oar-bound cloth was seen no more on the seas that washed English penal colonies—he was safe under the "Stars and Stripes" of an American whaler. Bad whales and angry seas quickened the return of his boyish fervor. Verses and humorous prose enlivened the voyage, and even the sailors drank deep of the flow of his genius.

At Rodrigue the English officials boarded the boat, and took from the marshalled seamen one whom they had rescued from English toils. He was an ungrateful informer. The forces returned and the brightness of O'Reilly's day again waned. When the last man of the searching party was on board, when the screams of excited sailors summoned all to the ripples that coiled around the spot where a heavy body had disappeared, on the swell floated the hat of Boyle O'Reilly. Many a time he had sworn to destroy his life rather than re-enter prison shadows, and for many days the crew turned towards the half-masted flag to shed silent tears for him who had exerted an influence over their lives for the better. When they sailed away from Rodrigue they swore that had they recovered that drowned body the whole British army could not have taken it from their boat. When the clouds of the horizon drank in the sight of British possessions, life again leaped forward on the Gazelle. Merriment once more stalked about, for O'Reilly had come forth from the wave. Many a night on the long voyage did he sit in the forwards while the stars danced on the waters bringing back thoughts of the far off-land and fairies that his heart-throbs yearned for. In an old weather-beaten "Log-book" he traced the opening verses of his narrative poems, "Uncle Ned's Tales." "Rules for a Fire at Night" shows the drift that was expelling the pathos and remembrance of suffering from his world. Here and there a stray rhythmical jingle

foretastes the beauty of thought and strength of expression that were to win him a place in the circle of America's literary men and a stronghold on the thought of the world. With the exception of a single transfer that brought him so close to Erin that he could see her there "under a cloud but still in the sunshine," the voyage was as he had often enjoyed in later years skirting the quiet bayous of Dismal Swamp.

Two years before he had sailed for England, glad of the exchange, and on the second anniversary of his deportation the Bombay steamed into Philadelphia with O'Reilly the happiest of the crew. As he looked out over the water on the flapping flags of the city where the tall church crosses flashed the setting sun, he felt the mingled strains of joy and lonesomeness of a fugitive in a strange land, friendless and alone.

With the dawn he went ashore, and, jingling the few coins that the captain had given him, silently looked back on the ship that had been a home to him, while a barely stifled throb of regret settled in his throat as he turned into the land that was soon to be proud of her adopted poet-editor.

Neither Philadelphia nor yet New York offered an opportunity for a penniless poet's sustenance of body and soul. Lectures and Fenian receptions shattered for a time the gloom; but he must strike out anew to rear himself on a pedestal of worth in the land of his adoption, and a lecturer's course could never satiate the cravings that genius like his created. Circumstances objected to every ray of sunshine that sought entry to his life. An honest livelihood obeyed England's voice rather than his own entreaty, and his first occupation, that of a clerk in a steamship office, must be vacated because English powers objected to a rebel's employment.

Boston received him, and soon knew him well enough to flock to his lectures. And Boston in her greed could not deny the neighboring cities the pleasure she had felt while listening to "England's Political Prisoner." Boston recognized in him more than the erratic genius of a nomadic adventurer, and barely any persuasion was needed to install him on the staff of her leading Irish-Catholic paper. At last he was safe

in the home of calling, and turned toward a successful life. By a queer coincidence, all that he had suffered for Ireland, all the love he bore to his country, sprang forth in his first editorial work. Factions were at work gnawing the bonds of Irish America. O'Reilly had suffered as much for his country as any nation's son had done; but when an Irishman sought to begrime the flag of Erin, his pen turned against his own that the Sunburst might be staid the shame of disjointed quarrelings.

Throughout the whole course of that office which led him step by step higher into the confidence of the reading people, the young editor of the *Pilot* and his power for the betterment of everything that came within his ken, were directed toward the uplifting of the little isle across the sea. His was ever the ideal to make the Irish a respected race. With this end in view his veins of comment have provoked criticism, his attacks may have bit; but no one can deny him the sincerity and earnestness with which he sought those things that better mankind as a whole.

His position can best be paraded in the sentiments expressed when he gave his "Exile of the Gael" to public approbation. "We can do more good for Ireland by our Americanism than we can by our Irishism." Such were the sentiments that were emblazoned on his pages, and easily told how well his heart had been linked to the land of his adoption. Never in all his mission was the color of himself needed to stamp his editorial work as coming from the hand of one reared in "Humanity's School." Whatever he did, whether it was sweeping away puritanical prejudices or welding his factioned countrymen, whether soothing the oppressed of all nationalities or lavishing his bounty even on those who had persecuted him, he ever sought to sink his own personality beneath the horizon of public gaze. He was an American in America, but ever did his large heart glow when those left behind him stood forth in the sheen of public worth, and his pen pricked his own heart when forced to correct their own weaknesses. His is not the nature of a controversialist; yet he did more than any layman of his time to run together the

placid stream of Catholicity and the turbulent waters of biassed sectarian opponents. He posed not as a reformer, yet he exerted an influence that made masters of the "Game of Kings" respect the political opinions of "England's Political Prisoner."

Editorial after editorial supplemented his poetical writings to wean him from that repulsion which poets and literary men feel toward one whose lane has been scattered with romantic streaks of sunshine and shadow. Boston's literary men loved him. Boston's clubdom relished the boyish geniality and sparkling life of him whose best oratorical bursts sprung from the offhanded demands at post-prandial merriments.

In a land where the influence of the press is so unlimited and a Catholic editor's voice hailed at so many firesides, they must needs be more than masters of thought and capability who would feed the greed of a nation's mind. Great papers rear their standards on their editorial strength and waste when the virus of manly power fails in their veins. The Boston *Pilot* flourished a factor in Catholicism and a power in politics when its pages advanced a strong character, stamped in lines both bold and energetic, while Patrick Donohue, its founder, directed the throbbings of the public pulse. When destiny washed to its door his successor, the *Pilot* leaped forth with a vigor and mellowness imparted by the spirit and capability of him whose life had been fed on the dregs that stifle more tutored minds.

Advance followed advance in literary development, and the fire of expression glowed brighter with each added effort. The warmth of O'Reilly's nature made the *Pilot* the vehicle of all the heated questions rife in the land. Regardless of class or creed the oppressed felt a balm from his hand. Ireland taught him the plane of the trodden and penal service the power of the weak. Both needed a heart wherein the oppressed of all nations vied with the Irish in provoking strains of sympathy. Though he advocated methods hardly practical for the negro, he labored that the sons of Cham be elevated to a nobler existence. As lavish as was his efforts to raise the whole of mankind through the vigor of his paper,

equally as free and generous were the unrecorded streams that flowed from his bounty. The poor were his especial charges, and time and again did the sheen of his forgiving disposition light a path to new manhood for those who had been his cruellest tormentors.

John Boyle O'Reilly was the one son of Ireland who coupled the qualities of the real Irish personality with all the attributes that American newspaper men love, philanthropists cherish and cheerful lovers of merry, honest, boyish temperaments seek in one whom they hold in the light of universal esteem.

All men rejoiced in his disposition; all opponents in things politic quivered in his open eye; and all students of nature wondered at the utter lack of anything that tends to bring the flush of shame in the works of one who had been blighted in dens where such phases of life were always waxing deeper and broader.

As Edmond Gosse would have it in his "Ethics of Biography:" "The aim of portraiture ought to be the emphasis of what makes man different from not like other men." O'Reilly lived the life of one set to uplift his fellows; he participated in the romping sports of youth with the same enthusiasm he infused into his literary works and lectures. He loved and was loved; he stood for all that leads the Church into repute with people of diverse temperaments and beliefs; he was athletic and industrious; and, in a word, he was an ideal man for any office his talents and position in life imposed on him. He was everything that manhood in its perfection desires, and was only what his own careful watching and training had made him. His were the qualities—composite of many characters—that glowed so brightly that one only feature stood in prominence. When we follow this life of O'Reilly, early primed in the rough composing room; graded through the carousing barracks room, and graduated from that most contaminating factor in human ken—the hell of society outcasts—the penal convict-yard, we realize that he had a mission in life that gleamed like the fire on Tara's hill, impelling him past the contaminations of even the dregs of society. For Ireland, the land of the

pure, his large heart glowed; and Ireland's guardians sheltered that heart from everything alien to pure, generous manhood.

Men less schooled may have risen higher in the field of letters; patriotism may have been cradled in as courageous a breast; the oppressed may in time find an advocate as sympathetic and unselfish; Ireland may claim a defender as great and America a son as loyal, but the world shall weary the ages seeking one as unguarded, as young and impetuous as Boyle O'Reilly, who shall pass, as he did, through the filth of life and bear no stains to the glare of decency's day. This was O'Reilly's individualizing trait, a trait that prevented the foul and indecent, the vulgar and rough, from being worms hidden beneath the petals in his garden of poesy, and the cutting or insulting from following the wake of his oratorical bursts.

During his six years' novitiate under a master's care he burrowed his way deeper and deeper into poetical recognition. Apparently thwarted in every motive, Boyle O'Reilly rose by the sheer force of his natal genius that broadened like a new rose. The vigor and cleanliness of his editorial utterances, the flight and warmth of his lectures and oratorical efforts were completely shadowed by the strains he scattered from a resonant quill. Though he sang not in the ways of the other sons of Gael, he overcame the lack of rippling, tinkling merry laughter by an ethical tendency which gave all his works that touch of universality necessary for the health and longevity of poetry.

Early in life he leaned toward the narrative. Gradually and gracefully later years turned him away toward the philosophical and loftier forms of expression. We might readily say that he stepped higher and higher on his recreative poems to reach the pinnacle in those called forth by occasions. There does he reap the sunbeams of a summer day.

So well had he quickened his abilities that barely any celebration passed without coupling to the eloquence of the nation's best a poem from the pen of Boyle O'Reilly. "Liberty Lighting the World" and "The Press Evangel," well saturated with the author's love of freedom and liberty; "The

Exile of the Gael" and "Crispus Attucks," the stanch defense of the oppressed fugitive and the acclamation of classless heroism—all stepping-stones that led to Plymouth and the highest note in the Irish American's song, "The Pilgrim Fathers"—fuse harder and harder vigorous expression, depth of feeling and a flow as of mystical springs.

O'Reilly was not a master of metrical swing—if we take the fanciful English writers as criterions—his was rather the heroic, stately tread of the bards of old that crushes delicate flowers by the brooks and dells when wandering at random. He ever sang in strains that appealed to the tender heart feelings, and seldom broke forth into the merry jingle of dancing rhymes.

Without any etching of color or lines he spread Australian life for appreciative readers when he brought forth those best flashes of the natural chords, now sorrowful, now glad, now tragic, now weird, and enlivened them with a touch of his own personality that robbed the grewsome reality they extended so strongly. "The King of the Vasse" and its opposite, "The Dog Guard," stand leaders that beckon to those seeking virility of imagination and the deepest of human feelings.

The year 1876 saw the transferal of the *Pilot*, and the novitiate of O'Reilly ended in his assuming part ownership. Until his accidental death in 1890, he wrought hard that his pen should glisten before the world and his power in political circles be one of herculean strength. In that space he added the crowning points to his earlier poems.

The Veterans heard his "America" and admired it. The Papyrus Club grew silent when the president arose to read; for they had learned to whet an appetite for the sweets of life when he promised a poem. And when he died, Protestant and Catholic strove hard to outdo the world's diverse classes in paying tribute to his memory; for there was a leader gone from the journalists of Boston, a vacant seat in the foremost ranks of American poets.

Truly he had spent his years well, and in his own last poem too well described himself as one of "The Useless Ones" who are

Useless? Ay,—for measure;
Roses die
But their breath gives pleasure—
God knows why.

Varsity Verse.

AFTER SUNDOWN.

THE brow of heaven is ringed with tossing clouds,
The western sky has lost the lavish sun;
Over the surface of the leaden lake
The spirits of the dusk come one by one.

Thin lies the dark across the bare, brown fields
Where silence teems; and in the deeps afar,
A diamond set within the braids of night,
Glitters the glory of a single star.

C. L. O'D.

THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

Over the depths of darkness
The wind is calling to me,
"Wild heart, put foot in my stirrup
And away to the briny sea."

For though the gray hills surround me,
Of a wider birth am I;
Sea was my earliest cradle,
Roofed with the boundless sky.

Here off on isle of plenty,
At anchor I repose
But out to the far-off headlands
The heart of me ever goes.

For always the wind is calling,
Calling my heart away,
To the deep where my mates are sleeping,
Wrapped in the wave and the spray.

F. G. M.

CHLOE.

(Horace, Odes I., 23.)

Thou shunest me, Chloë, like a faun
That seeketh down the lonely path
Its timid mother in the dawn;
A fear of wind and wood it hath.

When spring has come, and far and wide
The tender leaves to motion wake,
And lizards through the bushes glide
Her heart and limbs with terror shake.

But I am not a tigress wild
Or Afric lion that follow thee,
And since thou art no more a child
Thy mother leave and come with me.

W. M.

TO VENUS.

(Horace, Odes I., 30.)

O Venus, of Paphos and Cnidus the queen
Abandon dear Cyprus awhile, and be seen
At Glycera's shrine, an altar most fair,
Where incense invokes thee to visit her there.

Let passionate Cupid attend at thy side,
The Nymphs and the Graces with girdles untied;
Let Hermes and Youth in thy retinue stay—
Their charms, with thee absent, are vanished
away.

W. F. C.

Life of the American Student in Paris.

LOUIS J. CAREY.

Any city of age possesses an atmosphere peculiar to itself. This atmosphere is a composite thing, made up of countless characteristics which in themselves are nothing.

Everyone is tired hearing of Paris. We can rarely glance through the columns of a daily newspaper or a magazine without meeting with an article dealing with one or other phases of its life. One of the most interesting phases is that of the American art student in Paris. America sends thousands to the French capital to perfect themselves in the several arts who seldom lose their national characteristics, or who are not too rigid to yield and adapt themselves to their new surroundings.

Almost every student of painting has had considerable training before leaving his country. Art studies are very much the same everywhere in fact. Faults in execution common to us are also common in France, and the same means, hard work, is necessary for their elimination.

Let us suppose that the student attends the Julian Academy, one of the most famous of all. He finds himself before his easel among students from all parts of the earth. At times he could imagine he was not in France. True, the French tongue predominates, but it is often twisted out of shape by a mouth born for other languages. He is a *nouveau* now, and the old members show their kindly appreciation by inviting him to buy drinks for the class at a little restaurant directly across the street. This done he can fairly behold in himself a full-fledged member of the school, and retaliate in like manner until the end of his days there on whomsoever takes the path he has trodden. The school-life continues day after day, week after week, without any perceptible variation in the routine, and little excitement, except for the *concours* which occur now and then when some poor fellow's soul and body are held together for a time longer by the remuneration that comes therefrom.

But though the school-life differs but little

from that in America, a radical change is effected in his living habits. On leaving the door of his school he can not direct his steps homeward. His relatives are over the sea, and besides the word home, as he understands it, has no translation into the language of the Gael. Home-life, as he has experienced it, exists not for him in the French capital. He goes to his studio, or a room or two dignified by the name apartment. The difference between the two abodes is that the one has an extra large window admitting more light (and incidentally more cold air during the winter) and the other is generally cramped and kept away from the light of the sun altogether.

This kind of a studio, let it be remembered, is the one in demand by students of more talent than money. The quality of studio, however, ranges from the kind just mentioned to veritable fairy-lands of rich tapestries, oriental rugs and costly curios. But the studio of the fellow of moderate means, no matter how dreary its aspect may seem to us, is a merry, inviting nook, and often proves so fascinating that it is left reluctantly after years of contentment. The first thing for the American to do, after he realizes he is finally in Paris, is to find another American to share his comforts of life. He usually "doubles up" with one of the American fellows at the school or the restaurant where he dines. If an American can not be found he often contents himself with a good fellow regardless of his nationality and well-nigh his color. Americans, English, Irish, Greeks, Turks and Germans almost lose their nationality in every-day life, but form by their union a Bohemia where convention can hardly be said to exist and laws are as vague as the trees of Hyde Park in a London fog.

But we are diverging. The studio needs a bed, a chair, a lamp and very little else. The bed serves as a divan during the day, and the table is put to every use imaginable. The walls for the present take care of themselves, but soon a sketch goes here, a poster there, a second-hand rug covers a stain on the floor, and in an amazingly short time bric-a-brac of all kinds, such as Paris is full of impart an individuality and positive charm to the little abode. These studios are not isolated in different parts of the city,

but cluster in different quarters surrounding the schools where the atmosphere is decidedly Bohemian.

As we now have our American installed, what are his daily habits, and how do they differ from those of his former years? He does not rise quite as early in the morning as he did at home, for it is in the air to sleep a little later, and if he should stir early a feeling of loneliness would surely take possession of him. He partakes of a light breakfast, invariably of coffee and rolls, then goes to his school; at noon he indulges in a more substantial meal. Now if he be particularly industrious he continues his work for the greater part of the afternoon; but this part of the day generally takes care of itself. He may put a sketch-book into his pocket and haunt the bridges and quays of the Seine where he finds an abundance of material for his pen.

A crooked, mysterious street of Old Paris may attract his eye leading him past rickety old gabled houses frowning down at the pedestrians; houses that surely must have histories behind them; for have not Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, and countless others told hair-raising stories of these parts? Or why not walk in the Luxembourg Gardens? Surely such a stroll is not a waste of time; for a study of a multitude of characters is possible if he but glance about. First of all, convention of dress is flung to the winds, except for soldiers and officials who are present at all times and occasions and resemble each other closely enough to be taken for brothers of one family. But the civilians—how varied are their types! Here saunters the poet, his eyes looking afar off apparently beholding nothing about him. He is a dreamer, perhaps the poorest sort of a rhymester. Yet his verses injure no one—for they are not read—and he simply dreams and dreams and dreams. He would be booted off Broadway, but the great ocean saves him, and he feels secure. Look at the two artists engaged in painting positively wretched pictures of their beautiful surroundings. But, again, no one is harmed; no one cares.

Medical students just free from their classes (for the Luxembourg is but a step from the school) enter the garden and stroll in careless, laughing groups up and down the

paths to the strains of a military band. Their broad-rimmed hats and generous trousers excite no word of comment. Nurses, with little children playing about the fountains, business men, artists in every branch, happy men, sad men—all kinds of interesting men—enhance the view for one another. Truly all the world's a stage; but Paris with its traditions presents scenes which are incomparable in settings and actors.

If the activity of this scene tire the beholder let him enter the gallery a few paces off. Here are many of the best works of great living sculptors. On the walls likewise hang the pick of latter-day French artists such as Lauréns, Constant, Bouguèreau, Sargent, Whistler and innumerable others.

But why spend so much time here when the Louvre is ever silently waiting for some one to gaze upon its multitude of treasures. Marbles from the ancient isles of Greece, from out-of-the-way nooks of the Middle Ages, paintings of every age and of every country, the results of the talent and labor of geniuses long since departed, speak a silent language understood by all.

The Ending of the Great Western Schism.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY.

What is known in history as the Great Western Schism began in the year 1378 A. D. soon after the return of the popes from Avignon to Rome. It was caused by the cardinals who after they had elected Urban VI. and announced his election to the whole Christian world became dissatisfied with his severity and elected an anti-pope, Clement VII. They gave as their reason for this action the fact that at the time of Urban VI's election the Roman people had surrounded the place where they were gathered and demanded a Roman as pontiff; on this account they held the election had not been free. Its legality has since been proved to the satisfaction of everyone;* there is, therefore, no need of proving it again here.

But however clear those proofs are for

* The theologians of Oxford University brought forward four or five conclusive arguments that may be found in almost any history of the period.

us, it was practically impossible for the people of those days to know who was the lawful Pope. The same cardinals who three months before announced the election of Urban VI. claimed they had been forced into that election, and proclaimed Clement VII. the only lawful Pope. It was this difficulty of knowing for certain who was the real Pope that gave rise to the whole schism. That it was almost unsolvable we learn from the fact that eminent theologians and saints since canonized were to be found on either side.*

It may be well to say here that what is called the Great Western Schism is denied by some of the best historians to have been a schism at all, for this reason: the split among the people was not concerning any point of faith or doctrine, but was caused simply by their inability to tell which of the two men who claimed the pontificate was lawful Pope. Both parties believed there could be but one, and that there was but one; but they knew not whether he was Urban VI. or Clement VII.

This period of confusion and doubt lasted about thirty-seven years. Urban VI. died and was succeeded by Boniface IX., Innocent VII. and Gregory XII.; Clement VII. also died, and Benedict XIII. succeeded him. It was one of the severest, if not the severest, storm the Papacy ever encountered in regard to the supremacy of the Popes as well as to their legal succession. But in proportion as this storm was severe the providence of God is manifested the more clearly in the way in which it was weathered.

The suspense began to grow oppressive. The faith of the people was tried to the utmost by seeing those to whom they looked for light contending with one another and seemingly as bewildered as themselves; heresies, also, and heretics had begun to appear. The cardinals and theologians thought it was their duty to end the schism since both Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII. had shown they were not in earnest about doing so. After much theological and canonical discussion it was affirmed that although under ordinary circumstances an ecumenical council was inferior in authority to the Pope and could not be summoned without his sanction, the present circum-

stances demanded a temporary dispensation from this law. Acting on this principle, a so-named Ecumenical Council was convened at Pisa in 1409 which deposed both Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII. and elected a new Pope, Alexander V.

If this council were admitted to be lawful, as some church historians admit, it was then the schism ended at the Council of Pisa in 1409. But there is no need of admitting this; we can show a much more satisfactory ending later on, and we think we have sufficient reasons for rejecting the Council of Pisa.

The Pope is the supreme head of the Church, made so by Christ Himself, and as long as he has been lawfully elected he is superior to any council; and, what is more, no ecumenical council can be held without his sanction. That Gregory XII., the rightful successor of Urban VI., Innocent VII. and Boniface IX., was not subject to the decision of any council under ordinary circumstances is admitted by all, and it is our opinion, supported by the authority of some of the best historians, under extraordinary circumstances either. Besides, as far as the council affected the actual condition of things, it only tended to complicate them; for after the council the people were divided into three parties, while before it there had been but two. But still more, if this council were admitted to be lawful there would be forever a stain on the papal supremacy which Christ instituted.

A much more satisfactory ending of this schism we find at the Council of Constance in 1415. This council, like that of Pisa, aimed at settling the doubts of the people in regard to the popes. The man whom they had elected had not been received by a large part of the Christian world. Since we have rejected the Council of Pisa as unlawful, we must hold the same attitude toward the Council of Constance, in so far as its beginning and first sessions are concerned. The same mistake was made again in summoning this council without the sanction of Gregory XII. as had been made at Pisa, but this time no one can fail to recognize that though it was a mistake it was a providential one; for Gregory XII. had not a following large enough to enable him to gather together the cardinals and

* St. Catherine of Sienna; St. Vincent Ferrer.

other prelates necessary for an ecumenical council. The sanction which it lacked was to come in a beautiful and decisive manner, and there seemed to be a burden lifted off the hearts of everybody when it did come.

Gregory XII., knowing that the dignitaries of the Church were gathered at Constance, saw a perfect chance of ending the schism at the cost of his own position. His character may not have been very resolute, but he was always emphatically clear-headed and upright. He knew he was the only lawful Pope; he knew the councils of Pisa and Constance were in the wrong; but sacrificing his personal interests to the good of the Church he decided to abdicate. This is how he did it: he drew up two papal bulls; the first contained his sanction to the Council of Constance; the second his abdication. These he sent to the prelates assembled at Constance, the first of which made the council truly ecumenical, the second left them at liberty legally to elect his successor.

This seems to me the true ending of the Great Western Schism; an ending worthy because of its clear-cut decisiveness for one of the worst trials the papacy ever had to undergo. The action of Gregory XII. in sending the two bulls is passed over by some historians with little notice and some contempt; but it seems to me it was the action that ended the schism practically and legally.

Professionalism.

A short time ago an article on athletics, written by a leading college president, appeared in an Eastern magazine. The gist of his argument was to the effect that since it was now generally understood that colleges paid their athletes, it would be far better to come out in the open and hire our athletes rather than retain this quasi-secrecy.

What does this mean? It means simply that colleges do hire their athletes. This fact can hardly be questioned. One need not take the word of this learned college president who is in a position to know whereof he speaks. The self-same fact may be gleaned by the casual observer from the remarks dropped by our young college men. Stand

around the campus of any of our universities and listen to the conversations of the students and be convinced. This guarded statement by a college president, who certainly must have some proof of what he asserts, and the gossip of the whole college world force us to conclude the truth of the assumption that college athletes are paid.

But what about the statement, "It is better to come out in the open?" Undoubtedly it is. If we must pay our athletes, if we must accept the conditions that supposedly obtain at present in athletics, why not be consistent and go the whole length by having the men in the open? It would be far better to admit that athletes are hired, far better to be honest about it, than to practise this doubling-dealing quasi-secrecy.

If colleges go the length of admitting publicly that athletes must be bought, where will it lead us? It will give athletics an undue prominence in college life. Education, which should be the chief aim of every college, will be subordinated to that which is secondary and incidental,—athletics. One can hardly estimate the bad effects of college openly out-bidding college to secure athletes. It would kill the sport. Athletics, then, instead of benefiting the many, would only benefit the few. None but the trained muscular man would ever attempt to indulge in athletics; because in the first place the colleges would hire none but strong men, and in the second place any other man would find himself entirely out of his class among the hired college giants. Thus the many who needed the exercise would stand by watching the few exercising who needed it least. Although this professionalism might not completely kill amateur athletics, yet it would tend to deaden them by throwing them into disrepute.

It would be well for the colleges to get together and take some concerted action on the matter, and not let themselves be held up by athletes. What is needed is pure athletics, and the only way this can be gained is by the earnest and united effort of the colleges against professionalism. If we must have professional athletics, let it develop along lines akin to our National, American, and other baseball leagues, and not in the colleges.

W. D. JAMESON.

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—The debate with Oberlin University, which has been set for an early date next term, will probably be on the question: "Resolved, That Labor and Capital should be compelled to settle their disputes through legally established boards of arbitration."

The preliminaries will soon be under way, and every student who has any aptitude for this line of work should come out for the team. From a strictly personal standpoint, the final selection should make very little difference to anyone. The main consideration should be to make the men who finally compose the team attain so high a standard that victory will again perch on our banners. The man who sets a fast pace for his competitors will be entitled to a share in the glory, just as truly as the man who participates in the intercollegiate debate. An additional incentive arises from the fact that very few of last year's debaters are at the University. If every man does his best we can be assured that the University will be worthily represented at Oberlin, and that of course, in campaign parlance, is the overshadowing issue. A line of unbroken victories in the past makes the feat of sustaining our record especially hard but equally glorious. The one thing which will achieve that result is hard work by every man who has any ability.

—Thanksgiving Day is again upon us,—a fact which probably will not cause any undue alarm. Were it to be celebrated with fasting instead of feasting, as was the custom in the good days when burning witches was quite the vogue, its advent might not be hailed with so much acclaim. In our day the forecasts of the annual game and the massacre of unnumbered turkeys are its glittering heralds, and the tidings they proclaim fill no one with foreboding, except perhaps the coaches and an occasional parent whose family has a representative on the gridiron.

There are those, however, who hold that the true spirit of the day, that of *real thanksgiving* to God for the blessings of the year, is not at all manifest in the merry-making for which the day has come to stand. They contend that there is neither time nor disposition for the spiritual act of thanks amid so much material plenty. Nor is this view confined solely to those who from biliousness or narrow-mindedness habitually "set their thin faces against jollity and feasting." Charles Lamb, who was in nowise a lean ascetic, expresses something of this idea in his incomparable essay on "Grace before Meat," when he says that "A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of grace, at the presence of venison or turtle." To such minds the fare of the elder who before sitting down to a piece of dry bread and an oyster in famine time thanked the Giver for providing "the tender fruits of the earth and the succulent nutriments of the sea," would be more in keeping with the true spirit of the occasion.

However, the unusual character of the good things of Thanksgiving Day very probably inspires a feeling of gratitude for them at least, and may inspire thankfulness for all the favors of the year. Anyway, every day ought to be one of thanksgiving; and the setting apart of one day for that purpose ought merely to remind us of our duty to be grateful likewise on all others. With this thought in mind it seems reasonable to approach the festive board with no misgivings other than those which naturally arise concerning the quality of the fowl.

Missionaries in India.

In this issue of the SCHOLASTIC appears a photograph which may call home to us the trials and hardships of those devoted priests who have given their lives to missionary work. Many are unaware that the Order of the Holy Cross has in its ranks some members who have heroically sacrificed home and friends to carry God's word among the rude inhabitants of far-off India. The photograph represents the students of a native girls' school and their teacher, the

attack of fever joined with its concomitant ills and aches. Father Fallize had come here about that time and it was he who made me actually get out of bed and try my best to put on a festal smile. What success I had I leave to you to judge."

It is inspiring and at the same time half-pathetic to read the letters of these faithful missionaries and to note the confidence and courageous spirit which animates them in the performance of their arduous duties. Among those who have lately entered the missionary ranks is Father Matthias Oswald, A. B. '99, C. S. C., who, Father Kieffer says in his



Rev. P. J. Kieffer, C. S. C., who is a graduate of St. Edward's College, Texas. Father Kieffer arrived in Bandhura September, 1903, and his labors have brought about surprising results. In his very interesting letter, which accompanied the photograph, he says: "It was a native who took the picture, but his development was so bad that I bought the negative, and on my next visit to Dacca I had a better man try his chances. He surely has improved remarkably on the Baboo's work. At the time this photo was taken I had just recovered from a rather serious

letter, is daily expected at Bandhura. Father Oswald, a brother of Rev. Michael Oswald, Professor of Greek at the University, recently celebrated his first Mass at his home in Germany. His friends accorded him a hearty reception, and he was allowed the unprecedented privilege by the Holy Father of giving the Pontifical blessing. Surely these men should command our highest admiration for the extreme self-denial they practise and the Spartan fortitude which inspires them in the pursuit of their holy vocation.

Death of Father Carrier, C. S. C.

There died on November 13 at St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada, Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C. S. C., a member of Notre Dame Grand Army Post. Father Carrier was born August 11, 1834; ordained at Notre Dame, Indiana, August, 1861. About the beginning of the year 1863, Father Carrier was pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, and seemed to have no thought of entering the army until he received, through the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, then Provincial-General of the Order of the Holy Cross, a letter from Mrs. W. T. Sherman, asking him to go to Vicksburg. A short time before, Reverend John Ireland, now Archbishop of St. Paul, on account of illness resigned his position, leaving the whole army of the Mississippi without a Catholic chaplain. Mrs. Sherman wished Father Carrier to make merely a ministerial visit to her husband, General Sherman, and her three brothers, the Generals Ewing. He obtained a month's leave of absence from the Provincial, and set out for the seat of war. On his way he visited the Marine Hospital at Mound City, Ill., where there were twenty Sisters of the Holy Cross, ministering to the wounded and dying. By a special arrangement of General Buford a boat was ready to take him down the river. On land an army wagon was provided for his trip to the rear of Vicksburg; so he made his journey. Father Carrier seeing the need of a chaplain in an army of so great a size, took up that official position with the Sixth Regiment of Missouri Volunteers. He was the only Catholic chaplain in Grant's army. He entered Vicksburg on the day of its fall, July 4, 1863. From Vicksburg he went with the army of General Sherman to Jackson, Miss., and afterward camped upon the Big Black river where he was taken ill. He was obliged to withdraw on this account; but General Grant allowed him the favor of unlimited leave of absence. His

name remained on the roll of chaplains until 1883, when he formally resigned.

The Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C. S. C., will be remembered among old students and alumni as a scientist of remarkable ability, whose students are now among the foremost in the country. He was also a college president, a writer and a philosopher. In 1874 Father Carrier was appointed President of St. Mary's College, Galveston, Texas, where he remained for two years, when, owing to his declining health, he was removed to St.



Laurent College, Montreal, where he pursued his vocation of teaching until shortly before his death. At that college he organized the scientific department, taught the physical sciences and higher mathematics. He was also the founder of one of the greatest museums and libraries to be found in the Dominion of Canada. It may be of interest to many to know that in 1866, when he visited France, he was given a private audience by the Emperor Napoleon III., by whom he was graciously received. When

parting, the emperor presented him with many valuable gifts for the University, chief among which were a magnificent telescope and a colossal ostensorium. While the Empress Eugenie favored him and the University by presenting a beautiful gold chalice and a crown studded with precious stones. The last-mentioned gift at present adorns the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which may be seen at the north end of the church.

It was with deep regret we heard of the death of this professor and scholar; for vacancies made by the departure from life of such men are not easily filled.

Book Review.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEWOMAN AND THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE. Katherine E. Conway. Thomas J. Flynn and Co. Boston. 1904. 98 pages.

This dainty little book is destined to arouse and stimulate thought in the minds of men and women. It is verily a social examination of conscience for the fair sex. Some of the author's strictures may not fall lightly or pleasantly on sensitive ears, and still the truths contained in these implicit and explicit reprimands forbid our asking for a less severe exposition of the facts. We feel deeply with the poet: "'Tis true, 'tis pity: and pity 'tis 'tis true.'" Parents who can afford to give their children a college or convent education will find many valuable suggestions in "The Christian Gentlewoman." Miss Conway's view of the ideal Christian gentlewoman is briefly: "What is the good—the highest good—for woman? Simply the perfection of her womanhood. It is an infinitely better thing to be a sweet and gracious and virtuous woman than to be the foremost of women novelists, or poets, or musical composers." The mere mention of "Mary"—the first gentlewoman of the Christian dispensation—at this point lends unexpected effectiveness to the author's statement. We are pleased with Miss Conway's definition of the broad-minded woman: one who is "reasonable, humble and loving." It is only just to emphasize the fact that this admirable booklet is rather a plea for the realization of the ideal Christian gentlewoman than a harsh commentary on any existing evils.

Opening Concert.

Last Saturday the Royal Italian Concert Band, conducted by Signor Alberto Rosati, entertained the students for two brief hours. The great appreciation manifested by the applause which followed every number and the many remarks of approval from the audience indicate the excellent performance of this noted musical organization. The opening number, the well-known March from Tannhauser, was finely rendered and gave the audience a glad assurance of the musical treat in store for them. The solo playing of Conductor Rosati, who is a finished artist on the cornet, gained well-merited approbation. The soprano singing of Miss Turnwell was also very enjoyable. The popular airs, most of them played as encores, were perhaps the most pleasing numbers, though the finished technique displayed throughout the whole program stamps the band as one of the very best musical organizations ever heard at the University.

Athletic Notes.

CORBY WINS FROM SORIN.

In a typical Inter-Hall contest, replete with sensational plays, plenty of punting and good hearty rooting, Corby secured the title of Inter-Hall Champions by defeating Sorin by a score of 6 to 4. Sorin rooters console themselves by saying it was but an example of "Corby luck," as George Hermann made Corby's score by securing the ball on a fumble from the first kick off and running unmolested to the goal. But Corby's line outplayed Sorin's all during the game and kept them from making consistent gains. Sorin worked the ball near enough to make a place kick in the first half and again in the second, but the last attempt was blocked by the Corby forwards. Captains O'Connor and Wagner had a punting duel during the first part of the game, and "Eckie" gained a lot for his team, as the poor work of the Sorin centre greatly handicapped O'Connor. Dan O'Connor was the star of the day; his defensive and offensive work being of a very high order. Opfergelt and Callicrate were close

behind their captain in effectiveness, both doing exceptionally well on defense. Captain Wagner ran his team with good judgment, got his punts away like a veteran and played a fine game. George Hermann was the star lineman of the day—outplaying his heavier opponent with ease, and making Corby's only score. Lantry, Sheehan and Perce played well, and the entire Corby line deserve praise for their work. A pleasant feature of the game was the clean work of the players on both teams, the usual rough work so common in Inter-Hall games being entirely absent. The captains and the players deserve to be congratulated.

SORIN (4)

Callicrate L. E.
O'Shea L. T.
Bach L. G.
Lally C.
Tobin R. G.
Fansler R. T.
Diebold R. E.
Geoghegan Q.
O'Neill R. H.
O'Connor (C.), Fahey L. H.
Opfergelt F. B.

CORBY (6)

Wagner (C.)
Vogel
Du Brul
Hermann
C. Winters
Grey-Flaherty
W. Winters-Prior-Brennan
Sheehan
Perce
Holliday
Lantry

Touchdown—Hermann. Goal—Wagner. Field-Goal—O'Connor. Umpire—Salmon, Notre Dame. Referee—Shaughnessy, Notre Dame. Head-linesman—Guthrie. Timekeepers—Tom Holland (V. C.) and Quinn (B. H.). Cheermasters—Madden and Keefe (Sorin). Daschbach and Pullman (Corby).

* *

To defeat both De Pauw and Purdue in less than a week's time is certainly a hard task for any Indiana team, but that is the program marked out by Coach Salmon; and the gentlemen of the Varsity are now on Cartier Field doing their best to perform at least the first part of the task. De Pauw has had an easy schedule this season, and all her energies have been directed towards to-day's game. They will come to Cartier Field, fast, heavy and supremely confident of putting us out of the running for the State Championship. Down at Lafayette Coach Cutts and his men are still celebrating the defeat which they administered to Indiana last Saturday, and incidentally laying plans for a repetition of that game when Notre Dame meets them on Thanksgiving Day. To beat these two teams and win the championship, Coach Salmon and his men have been working hard all week. The injuries which we suffered early in the season will be apparent when Captain Shaughnessy and McNerney are seen on the side-lines. But the men in the squad realize

the job in front of them and are prepared for it. Sheehan, Donovan and Beacom will be our central trio this afternoon and at Purdue. Sheehan and Donovan are playing hard, steady football and can be depended upon, and there is no need of praising Beacom. To tell a lineman that he is as good as "Pat" is glory enough for any man.

Tackle positions are a matter of condition. Healy will hold one down if his leg will permit, while Funk and Murphy will be ready to play the other. In case Healy is hurt, Ames, a freshman, who has been on the scrubs, may be called upon. He has no Varsity experience, but is expected to fill the place creditably if given a chance. The ends are also causing trouble, as our regular men, Shaughnessy and McNerney, are out of the game. Bracken, Waldorf, Fansler and Sudheimer are the men who will be chosen from for the place. Behind the line, "Bill" Draper will hold Salmon's old place, and his kicking and line plunging will be depended upon greatly. Guthrie will be at left half-back with Church or Fansler as his partner. These men are much lighter than the Purdue or De Pauw backs, but with Silver at quarter-back will make up a back field that will give the Purdue line plenty of work to stop it.

* *

Coach Salmon was a spectator at the Purdue-Indiana game in Indianapolis, and upon his return started his men at work breaking up Purdue formations. The Coach says that Purdue has the best team they have had in his time, and that Notre Dame will have to fight hard to win. Purdue's advantage in weight will be hard to offset, especially if the field be muddy, but the Varsity men have determined that the proper place for the State Championship is at Notre Dame and they intend to retain it this year.

* *

The work of Grey and W. Winters of Corby before they were injured was of a high order.

* *

Sheehan's injury in last night's scrimmage will, in all probability, keep him out of the game with De Pauw to-day. His position will probably be filled by Murphy who in emergencies has replaced "Bud" in the past.

One of the fastest little teams that has been at Notre Dame since the days of the famous "Prep" teams is the ex-Minim team which assistant coach McGlew is coaching. Last week they defeated a picked team from Carroll Hall by a score of 38 to 0. Despite the presence of Beers, Hilton and other heavy men in the "pick-up" team, Connolly, O'Connor, Symonds and their team-mates scored at will.

* *

The officials for the Purdue game will be Sheehan of Brown and Hadden of Michigan, the same gentlemen who officiated at the Northwestern game last year.

* *

Although we congratulate Purdue upon her victory over Indiana we warn them that they will have a hard road to travel when they attempt to duplicate their victory with Notre Dame.

* *

The Minims opened up the series for the hall monograms last Tuesday when Brennan's team defeated the boys captained by Krantz—11 to 2. The series will consist of five games, and a committee will make the awards after the final game.

* *

The financial returns of the Purdue-Indiana game at Indianapolis were far from satisfactory to Manager Leslie of Purdue or Coach Horn of Indiana, and it is probable that the old system of alternating games in Lafayette and Bloomington will be adopted again.

* *

Bill Draper has been booting the ball consistently over fifty-five yards in practice during the past week. His kicks are high and long, and Notre Dame should gain a great deal of ground through Bill's efforts this afternoon and next Thursday.

* *

The Carroll Hall eleven sprang an unpleasant surprise upon the hitherto victorious ex-Junior eleven by playing them a tie game last Thursday. One of Carroll's scores came as the result of several lucky incidents, but the general playing of the Carrollites was past the expectations of their adherents, and the score of 11 to 11 was a fair reward for their efforts.

- R. R. C.

Personals.

—Mr. John F. Daly (student, '95-'98) has recently accepted the position of Real Estate manager for the Portland Loan and Trust Co. of Portland, Oregon. His many friends at Notre Dame are pleased to hear of his advancement.

—Rev. Joseph Dreyer, S. M., formerly the spiritual director of All-Hallow's College, Salt Lake City, Utah, was the most welcome visitor of the University during the week. Father Dreyer is on his way to Wheeling, W. Va., where he will assume the duties of pastor of the Marist church.

—Mr. Thomas J. Swantz, Biology, '04, is at present attending Northwestern University. "Tom" succeeded in getting sophomore standing in the medical department, and reports himself well satisfied with conditions in general. His many friends at the University will take pleasure in this news.

—The many friends of James Sherry, a member of last year's Junior class, will be pleased to learn that he has entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. We trust that he may keep up the splendid record he made here and that he may meet with the greatest success in his divine calling.

—Few boys have been so successful at the outset as has been John Quinn, C. E. '04, who holds the position of draftsman in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Lackawana RR. in Hoboken, N. J. We feel though that his success is only the outgrowth of his excellent work as a student at the University and we are confident of hearing even brighter reports from him in the future.

—The visitors' registry for the past week:—Mrs. James Murphy, Mrs. T. Saunder, Mrs. T. Cosgrove, Odell, Ill.; Mrs. A. Johles, Miss B. F. Douglass, Mrs. Frank Upman, Mrs. J. J. Lynch, Chicago; Miss Maude Garvey, Streaton, Ill.; Mrs. F. A. Miller, Manitowoc, Wis.; Miss Ina E. Grabill, Angola, Ind.; Miss Jessie Whiteman, South Bend, Ind.; Rev. A. D. Granger Kankakee, Ill.; C. E. Marlott, Richmond, Ind.; Mr. Laurence Cox, Hammond, Ind.; Mr. Clay Collins, Whiting, Ind.; Mrs. John Ecker, Mrs. John Hunter, and Mrs. A. W. Stevens, Logansport, Ind.

—Wednesday afternoon the officers of the Municipal League of the principle cities, fifty in number, of Indiana accompanied by Mayor Fogarty of South Bend, drove out to the University from the city. They made a complete tour of the grounds, and were greatly pleased by the natural beauty of the place; but what seemed to be the most striking feature of all was the size of the University, as none thought that Notre Dame was so great an institution.

Local Items.

—The sanguinary conflicts of the Russo-Japanese war dwindle into mere insignificance when compared with the slaughters frequently effected by Bro. John. Armed with only a sharp knife he recently rendered thirteen hundred lusty fowls *hors de combat*, giving quarter to none. We all agree with Bro. John that this was a tough proposition.

—Humpty Murray wore a straw hat.
Keefe dumped Humpty Murray flat.
Could all the king's horses
And Kreuzeberger's men
Put Humpty's straw hat together again?

—The ex-Minim team has gained the reputation of being the fastest eleven in Carroll Hall. Their recent game with Capt. Hilton's team was the best exhibition of football seen on the Junior campus this year. The ex-Minims outplayed their opponents at every point, and when Connolly made the last touchdown the score stood 28-0 in their favor. The work of Frossard at centre and of Roberts, Yrisarri and Connolly in the back field was especially fine.

—The second meeting of the State Oratorical Association was held at Indianapolis Nov. 11. Every college in the Association was represented, and plans were made for the coming contest in February. Several committees were appointed and active work began. As three of the colleges failed to send delegates to the first meeting, which was held about a month ago, the Executive Committee was necessarily delayed in its routine. Judges on composition and thought are now being selected.

—The Junior English students have formed a Browning Club for the purpose of reading and analyzing Browning's poems. A meeting was held in room 47, Sorin Hall, last Wednesday evening at which a program was outlined and officers elected. Before the meeting adjourned Mr. Robinson read an original essay on "The Philosophy of Browning." The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Robinson; Secretary, Mr. Thomas Hammer; Literary Critic, Mr. T. A. Lally; Trustee, Mr. J. F. Shea.

—The Moot-Court case which was tried last Saturday in the University courtroom attracted much attention among the students of the other courses, and a crowded court-room was the result. The case was *People vs. Barrett*—a criminal action on the grounds of cheat; it being claimed that Barrett sold barrels, supposed to contain fifty gallons of vinegar while in fact but thirty-nine gallons were in them, a false bottom aiding in the deception. Mr.

Lyons and Mr. McInerney prosecuted the case and secured a verdict of guilty despite the good defense put up by Mr. Welch and Mr. Perce. There are several interesting cases ready for trial, and every Saturday evening until the Christmas vacation will bring out the powers of some of our future Blackstones.

—The reception tendered to Mr. S. O'Gorman by the Sorinites last Thursday evening was a brilliant affair. It was meant as a welcome to Samuel who has signified his intention of making the hall his abode hereafter. Mr. O'Gorman was escorted to the hall by a platoon of police, but he managed to escape them, and promptly at 8.15 p. m. a blare of trumpets announced that he was in the outer corridor. Here the distinguished gentleman was met by the Bay State Club and escorted to the grand salon which was gracefully hung with festoons of black hunting. A chance was given all to meet Mr. O'Gorman, after which he was presented with a repeating air rifle by his fellow-members of the Gun Club. Sam tried the gun and pronounced it a dandy, after which light refreshments were served by Jami and Son, the well-known caterers. During the course of the evening the following musical programme was rendered:

March—Boom, Boom, Boom.....Tobassi
Overture—Roughhauser.....Lizst
Selection—Under the Budweiser Buesch.....L. Nichalli
Soprano Solo—Selected.....Mr. P. Beacom
Serenade—Izzy Bizzi.....Emerson
Oration—"God Save the King."

—The following Pindaric effusion was incited by the unexpected return of Automobile Joe, to whom the author affectionately inscribes it:

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

(With apologies to Eugene Field.)

The little red auto is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch it stands;
And the brake on the auto is covered with rust,
And squeaks in the driver's hands.
Time was when the little red auto was new,
And the bearings were bright and trim;
But that was the time when our little Boy Blue
Had the auto donated to him.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
But it didn't go then, half the time;
So toddling off to his trundle bed,
He snored with a nerve sublime;
And as he was snoring a copper strong
Arrested our little Boy Blue,
For as he was riding the road along
He knocked down a neighbor or two.

But, faithful to little Boy Blue it stands—
And all the neighbors rejoice—
Awaiting the touch of his busy hands,
The sound of his lusty voice.
And it wonders as waiting the long days through,
In the back of the little shed,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he mangled his neighbor's head.