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Friendship.

WHEN death has thrown the portals open wide
That lead from time into eternity;
When we have felt stern Justice' remedy
For having wantonly God's works applied
To lowly ends; and when that joy denied
To Mammon's servants, falls to you and me,
The unearned gift of boundless clemency
Which angels and mankind once lost through pride;
Shall memory then recall those friends of old
Who with us trod the pilgrimage of life,
And greater happiness our hearts enfold
To know that they have conquered in the strife
Whose presence during life's most cloudy days
Lit up the gloom with friendship's happiest rays?
M. S.

Charles Lamb.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.



IN the churchyard of quiet Edmon-
ton, distant but few miles from
London, stands a slab which
marks the grave of Charles
Lamb. There, just beyond the
throb and roar of the great city
he so loved, about him the fragrance of the
fields which almost unconsciously affected
his tender heart and appreciative soul, lies
he of whom Wordsworth wrote so justly:
"O he was good, if ever good man was,"—
Charles Lamb.

But it is hard to conceive him—Elia of
the "Essays,"—lying in a graveyard. His
sprightly spirit can more easily be conjured
up gazing upon the placid scene before us
at Edmonton, and with true Quaker instinct
deriving from the sombreness a happily-
pointed moral. "And so thou too, Elia, art
come to this!" We might believe him musing,
returned for the nonce from the land of

shades, through which his rich fancy wafts
us in the essay "To the Shade of Elliston."
Indeed it may not be amiss to suppose that
he, if permitted, frequents that "special
Limbo for the players" to which he con-
signed his friend; and there perhaps atones
for slight strayings from the stony path in
the matter of brandy-and-water. 'Tis like
he once more must needs occupy, for a space,
a desk in some Stygian counting-house;
but surely the "Directors" of the other
world will ere long, if they have not already
so done, pension him for eternity, leaving
him naught to do "all day long" but trav-
erse the streets of some Elysian London
observing the ghostly throng of passing
humanity—kings and emperors, shopmen
and smiths, clerks and pedlers, merchants
and sailors (and in whom earthly he most
delighted) tramps and -beggars. At any
rate, we may feel reasonably sure that he
has some place of comfort; if the "Essays
of Elia" counted in the balance.

The author of this delightful prose was
born in the Brown Row office in the Temple,
London, in 1775, the youngest of seven
children of whom but three survived early
childhood, Charles, Mary and John Lamb.
His father, a native of Lincolnshire, was
clerk and servant to Mr. Samuel Salt, a
bencher of the Inner Temple. His mother
was Elizabeth Field, daughter of "great-
grandmother Field" of the Essays. He
acquired his elementary education under
one Mr. Bird; and in his eighth year through
the generosity of Mr. Yeates, a governor of
Christ's College, entered that institution,
and there remained until his fifteenth year.
During these years he was the school-fellow
of Coleridge, and there the two formed that
friendship which was to last a lifetime.
He gives us a picture of his school-life in
"Recollections of Christ's Hospital" and

"Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago." He was, we are told, very proficient in Latin, and turned nursery-rimes into the colloquial form of that tongue with some facility.

The year 1789 saw his departure from Christ's College; and it was within the two years following that he secured a position in the South Sea House. His appearance at this time of life was described by Leigh Hunt, who, though he entered Christ's two years after Lamb's departure, saw the latter on several occasions that he returned to visit old school-fellows. He had, writes Hunt, "a pensive, brown, handsome and kindly face," walked with a "gait advancing with a motion from side to side between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease;" and even then dressed with the "Quaker-like plainness" he continued all his life.

There is not much information concerning his experiences in the South Sea House, though one of the Essays bears that title. Lamb did not remain there long, we know, for he soon received a position in the office of the East India company, in whose service he remained until his pensioning, an account of which he gives in the "Superannuated Man."

Although occupying what a writer calls "the grovelling position of a clerk," Lamb's literary merits early gave promise. He made his first appearance as an avowed author in Coleridge's first volume of poems. Of Lamb's productions, Coleridge wrote in the preface: "The effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. Charles Lamb of the India House. Independently of the signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." They consisted of four sonnets, one on Mrs. Siddons (the famous actress); one written at midnight by the seaside after a voyage; and two concerning Lamb's only love affair.

The lady in the case, referred to as Anna in the poems and Alice W—n in the "Essays of Elia," was, Lamb tells us, a fair-haired maid with pale-blue eyes. Nowhere has he given any full account of his romance; but it is known that it ended in 1796;—perhaps for a reason which may be deduced from a statement in the following letter to Coleridge: "My life has been somewhat diver-

sified, of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad-house at Hoxton. I am somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was! Coleridge, it may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness as much almost as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." The *other* person, says a biographer, was, in all probability, the fair-haired Alice. If disappointed love was the immediate cause of the malady, the discovery that Lamb was subject to such attacks undoubtedly severed entirely his relations with the lady. He had inherited the mania from his father, as had his brother John and sister Mary. It was in September of this same year (1796) that Mary Lamb, in a fit of insanity, stabbed her mother to death.*

It was then that Charles Lamb made the loving resolution to lay aside all other considerations and devote himself through life to the care of his sister. He was never again afflicted with the mania, but his sister was subject to it at intervals all through life. The attacks were usually preceded by forewarnings which enabled Charles to remove her to a mad-house until her reason was restored,—a duty which was to him a source of much sadness.

In 1797, through the kind offices of Coleridge, Lamb became acquainted with Robert Southey, the poet, and with Charles Lloyd, a banker's son with a melancholy temperament and poetic aspirations. To a second edition of Coleridge's poems, published that year, were added "Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd." The critics of the day designated these works as "plaintive;" and had but little more to say of them. In the next year, 1798, he published "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret." It is a "miniature romance" which contains many improbabilities and unrealities, but has nevertheless a charm for the reader. Rosamund Gray, the heroine,

* Poverty had compelled her to take in needlework, and this, with the strain of ministering to her invalid parents, unbalanced her reason. A young apprentice-girl, who was working with her, in some way aroused the latent disease; she seized a knife, pursued the girl around the room, and fatally stabbed her own mother who attempted to save the girl.

is believed to have been the Alice W——n of the Essays and the Anna of the sonnets,* Lamb's first and only love. The characters of Allan and Elinor Clare, which appear in the tale, are merely representations of Charles and Mary Lamb; and it is probably equally true that Allan's school-fellow is drawn to the likeness of Coleridge.

There seems to rest upon the story a shadow of some disaster; it is full of religious feeling. Perhaps to this, combined with the fact that it shadows forth some of Lamb's own sweetness of heart, is due its attractiveness. Shelley wrote of it, in a letter to Leigh Hunt in 1819: "What a lovely thing is his (Lamb's) Rosamund Gray! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature is in it. When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?"

Lamb's next literary work was a five-act drama in blank verse, entitled "Pride's Cure," and afterwards re-christened John Woodvil. Directly in opposition to the advice of Coleridge and Southey, Lamb had it published and submitted to John Kemble, then manager of the Drury Lane theatre, who, even after a personal interview with the author, decided that the play was not suitable for production. The play contains very little dramatic merit, but has in it much beautiful poetry. In 1806 was published Lamb's last dramatic effort, a farce entitled Mr. H. It was enacted in the Drury Lane, with Elliston, the best light comedian of his day (whom Lamb has immortalized in an essay), in the title-rôle. In spite of the excellent actor's work, the play failed miserably; the curtain fell amid jeers and hisses, in which Lamb, in the enlightened rôle of dramatic critic, took a chief part.

The "Tales from Shakspeare" were done in 1806. Of these, Charles wrote Macbeth, Othello, King Lear and Hamlet; his sister wrote The Tempest, Winter's Tale, Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merchant of Venice and Cymbeline. Of this labor, Mary Lamb writes:

"You would like to see us as we often sit

writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting) like Hermia and Helena in the Midsummer Night's Dream; or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan. I taking snuff and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then finds out he has made something of it."

It has been said of the Tales that their simple style reaches a child's understanding without any appearance of condescension; and indeed the publisher, in announcing a second edition, boasted that though the Tales were written for children, those of more advanced age read them with delight and profit. In the same strain as the Tales, Lamb wrote an abridgment of Chapman's Homer, entitled the Adventures of Ulysses. He tells of this work in a letter to his friend Manning, whom he called the most wonderful man he ever met; and, what is of more interest, announced the undertaking of his criticism, "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contempôrary with Shakspeare."

The plan he used was to take Shakspeare as the representative dramatist, and compare with him, Marlowe, Peele, Webster, Chapman, Ford and Marston, who at that time were practically unknown. He picked out scenes from each of these writers and compared them with similar ones in Shakspeare. "The kind of extracts," he says in the Preface to the volume, "which I have sought after have been not so much passages of wit and humor—though the old plays are rich in such—as scenes of passion. . . . The plays which I have made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners rather than masques and Arcadian pastorals. . . . My leading design has been to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors; to show in what manner they felt when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their joys and griefs were tempered; and their full-swoln joys abated; how much of Shakspeare shines in the great men his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manners he surpassed them and all mankind."

* In reality she bore neither of these names.

The comparisons are mainly in point of "profundity of single thoughts," "richness of imagery," and in "abundance of illustrations," in all which he produced scenes from the contemporaries that nearly rivalled the work of Shakspeare; but in point of characterization and construction he could adduce nothing approaching the work of the great dramatic genius. At times for this reason he seems to overestimate the lesser dramatists; nevertheless, his work as a critic is of almost inestimable value. He gave a powerful impetus to the revival of Elizabethan drama, and this, "three years before Coleridge began to lecture or Hazlitt to write."

It is, nevertheless, strange that in his essay on "Shakspeare's Tragedies," he should have declared, and in such unmeasured terms, that those tragedies lacked fitness for stage representation "more than almost any other dramatist." It is plain, however, that he meant merely to emphasize the idea that the plays contain many noble qualities which can not be brought out by the mere acting. This is evident from the following masterpiece of criticism on Lear which was called forth by certain absurd changes* made by Tate in a revised edition used by Garrick.†

"The Lear of Shakspeare can not be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case

* This edition made the play end happily; Lear survives, but surrenders his crown to Edgar who marries Cordelia.

† Lamb was so incensed at a line in Garrick's epitaph—"Shakspeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,"—that he made a bitter attack on the great actor (who had been his father's friend), and characterized the whole art of acting as "low tricks upon the eye and ear." However, to prove this utterance merely an outburst of anger and not at all Lamb's true opinion of the great art, it is necessary merely to read the essay on the acting of Munden, or the description of Mrs. Jordan's performance of Viola.

of flesh and blood seems too significant to be thought on: even as he himself neglects it. In the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear; but we *are* Lear; we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms. In the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purpose of life, but exerting its power—as the wind blows where it listeth—at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that they themselves are old? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter! she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan for Garrick and his followers—the showmen of the scene,—to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive,—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this putter and preparation; why torment us with this unnecessary sympathy?—as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station; as if at his years and with his experience anything was left but to die."

"Lamb," comments a writer, "takes Lear as it were out of the hands of literature, and regards him as a human being placed in the world where all men have to suffer and be tempted. We forget that he is a character in a play or even in history. Lamb's criticism is a commentary on life; and no truer homage could be paid to the dramatist than that he should be allowed, for the time, to pass out of our thoughts."

Lamb's art criticisms are the criticisms of a poet, not a painter. He complains in his essay on the "Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Production of Modern Art" that no artist except Hogarth—the especial object of his admiration—had within the last fifty years treated a subject imaginatively—"upon whom his subject had so acted that it seemed to *direct* him, not to be *arranged* by him." Naturally, therefore, his criticisms, although excellent on the single point of imaginative treatment, are not, on the whole, entirely just or accurate. Indeed if he had not erred in art criticism from that very fault he could not have criticised drama with the skill, fluency and truth that he displays, for the secret of his greatness as a critic lies in the fact that he was a poet; and in matters of the poet's art, right judgment was his.

But the best-known and best-loved works of Charles Lamb are the essays of Elia.*

It is difficult to give any adequate account of the immortal essays. They must be read to be appreciated; and each must read them and thumb them and laugh over them for himself—a cloudy day, a warm fire, a pipe, the room full of smoke, and the essays of Elia! I think that Lamb wrote them especially for users of the weed; for he himself says, a "smoky man must write smoky farces;" and how then could he keep the aromatic vapor out of the heart-to-heart style of the essays? Their style is surely "the man." It is the man about town, the theatre-goer, the frequent guest at wedding breakfasts and dinner parties, the rummager of old book-shops, the lover and delineator of odd characters, the silent helper of the needy; it is the sunny-tempered, self-sacrificing, sad and sympathetic gentleman, the loving brother, the dear friend. Their humor and their pathos! their quaintness and common sense! their rambling fantasies and their hard facts! their soft excuses for him who transgressed in weakness, their veiled but stinging rebukes to arrogance and pride! It is useless to attempt to do them justice. It might be

noted that the quotations used in them are always happily turned into some unexpected channel, giving them an increased measure of delight. A biographer has summed up:

"If he had by nature the delicate grace of Marvell and the quaint fancy of Quarles, he also shared the chivalry of Sydney, and could lay on himself 'the lowliest duties' in the spirit of his beloved of all, John Milton. It is the man, Charles Lamb, that constitutes the enduring charm of his written words."

In conclusion a few words should be said of the character of the man himself. It is almost enough to know that he gave up his life to the care of his unfortunate sister. Indeed scarcely any recollections of his life and personal characteristics can be written in which Mary Lamb is not an almost equally prominent figure. Their love for each other reflects a light that is almost a halo on both their lives. The sorrow with which his sister's affliction affected Charles, doubtless influenced and purified his character. Perhaps to it is due the impression produced by his countenance on his friends: "A thing to remind you of that painful smile which bodily disease and agony will sometimes put on to conceal their sufferings from the observation of those they love." Many excellent descriptions have been left by his friends which agree on all main points and bear out Lamb's own description in the Preface to the second series of the Essays of Elia, purporting to come from the hand of the late Elia.

He gives us many hints in the other essays of his habits, his tastes and his friends. We know that he indulged in strong tobacco and overmuch in liquors which seemed to change the "stammerer into the statist." His "Confessions of a Drunkard" are, however, not to be taken literally as descriptive of his own condition. While he may set forth a picture of his own experiences, it is a heightened and exaggerated picture; in fact, Lamb was greatly incensed at some comments made upon them, which implied that his own condition was therein truthfully described. Nothing need be said concerning his tastes; any reader of the Essays of Elia, can not fail to understand them. In regard to his friends it might be noted that the inner circle numbered Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Talfourd,

* Elia was the name of an Italian who had been a clerk with Lamb thirty years before during the short space he had been employed in the South Sea House. Lamb used his name as a practical joke; then went one day to laugh over it with him (not having seen him in years), and found him dead.

Proctor and Hazlitt. He disliked intensely Thomas Carlyle and another person of the cloth he was wont to love, the tragedian, Macready. He could find something admirable in almost every man he met. He says "his intimados were in the world's eye a ragged regiment; he cared little for the so-called good people."

Moreover, he evidently did not relish the statement "that God made the country and man, the town." He makes this plain in his letter to Manning in 1799, in which he describes London: "By my new plan, I shall be as airy—up four pair of stairs—as in the country, and in a garden in the midst of enchanting (more than Mohammedan paradise) London, whose dirtiest Arab-frequented alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain. Oh! her lamps of a night, her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry cooks, St. Paul's churchyard, the Strand, Exeter 'Change, Charing Cross, with the man upon a black horse—these are thy gods, O London. All the streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you; at least I know an alchemy that turns her mud into that metal, a mind that loves to be at home in crowds."

But he always bore a love for rural spots, too; for in his old age, after he was pensioned, one of his chief pleasures was to visit out of London. He finally with his sister took lodging at Enfield, and in 1833 removed to Edmonton. The next year (1834) Coleridge, his friend of fifty years, died; and five weeks later Lamb followed him.

Wordsworth, the surviving member of that trinity of geniuses, wrote:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured
From sign to sign its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source.
The rapt one of the god-like form,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

"Gentle!"—the word which has come to stand for all the qualities summed up in "gentleman,"—*that* was Lamb's eulogy; and indeed it is a tribute fitting in its simplicity, that all his friends spoke of him as "gentle Charles Lamb."

Varsity Verse.

LONGING FOR REST.

(Horace, Odes II. 6.)

YOU who are ready to journey to Gades with me,
Septimius! to Cantabria's slave
Loathing our yoke, and to Syrte's thrice perilous quay
Washed by the wild Mauritanian wave:

Would that the Grecian inhabited Tibur receive
Me, old and gray, in life's peaceful decline;
Would that it limit my weary excursions, and leave
Undisturbed rest from land, warfare and brine!

Then, if the heartless Three Sisters forbid, I shall seek
The smooth Galésus inviting to slow,
Fleece-covered sheep, and dominions Phalantus, the weak
Spartan commander had ruled long ago.

More than all others that corner of earth wears a smile
In my eyes; for there the honey is pure,
As the Hymettian and the green olives excel
Those of Venafria, ripe and mature.

There does great Jupiter offer mild winters and long
Springs, and the Aulon—most proper for fine,
Fruit-bearing vineyards—ne'er envies Falernian, strong,
Health-giving goblets of nectarine wine.

Those favored heights and yon blessed place call for
both you,
Septimius, and for me! I desire
You to attend my poor glowing remains, and bedew
Them with your tears on my funeral pyre.

H. M. K.

THANKSGIVING REMINISCENCES.

I 'member one Thanksgivin' day,
When I wus young and small,
They took me to my grandmamma's,
All rolled up in a shawl.

When all us folks rode in a sled,
With robes up to my nose,
You know 'twas snowin' all the time,
I really might 'a froze.

I 'member grandmamma so well,
And things she uster cook.
She never uster scold at me
No matter what I took.

I uster eat so much that day,
My ma, she told me once
'At if I didn't quit it soon,
I might grow up a duncé.

O' course I don't do that no more
'Cause now I'm not so bold,
Why, then my age was only three,
But now I'm four years old.

T. A. L.

THE FROST.

With finger like a magic wand
He toucheth every nose,
And, lo! he maketh that bare shrub
"To blossom like the rose."

B. S.

Thanksgiving.

THIS day the Nation proves its faith
 In Him who keeps it year by year
 In holy peace and power secure;
 A happy land, whose people fear
 No foreign foe, no civil fray,
 Only the God they thank to-day.

W. A. B.

A Circumvented Mesalliance.

"A senorita," laughed Hodges. "Yes, a very wealthy one, and such eyes. I am not much for poetry, but I can understand how those fellows write stuff as crazy as some of them print after looking into those eyes. It was not often I had that pleasure, for I was only an orderly, you know. But the two days we spent at Malolos, I was on guard at her castle,—I was sergeant then, lost my stripes later doing hospital duty at Manila. I'll tell you how—"

"No, go on with your story about Captain Miller," I interrupted. We were aboard the Great Western flyer, which was carrying home from Frisco all whom fever, famine and Filipinos had left of a very famous regiment of volunteers. Hodges had been reduced on account of an over-fondness for the flowing bowl. Antonius-like, he was a stern warrior in the field, but the camp for him spelled revelry and with a large "R." He had already recounted the incident of losing his stripes for the sixth time, and with each repetition the injustice of the act became more heinous. But we were in the buffet-car, and had been separated three years,—a fact which, I confess, I appreciated as thoroughly as did Hodges. "But through the thick of it,"—he had concluded his last recital of wrongs—"Cap. Miller was all right, and stuck by me like brick to mortar, only"—and Hodges laughed pityingly, "he was a fool." Whereupon ensued my demand for an explanation, and Hodges' remarks reminiscent of the Spanish beauty. When his mind finally ceased to brood over the conspiracy of higher officers which caused him to be reduced through jealousy (lest he become commander-in-chief—that was his version when in a state to re-tell the story for the seventh time) he began again.

"Yes, she owned the castle, jewels, horses and carriages and all the rest. They say she had equipped a regiment for the Spanish service at her own expense; and, by Hades, she would have led it too, if the general had permitted," Hodges swore admiringly. "Now if I had been captain"—a glass of lemon-selzer, hastily compounded, rescued the ex-sergeant from the abyss into which the recollection of his woes always plunged him, and he finally came back to his narrative. I was more than ordinarily interested, for Miller was a fellow I had known well at college, a grim, silent chap who had made a name as tackle on the varsity. He had once played the half out with a broken arm and staved off certain defeat, so his reputation for gameness was well established. It had been rumored at home that he was madly in love with some little girl named Mollie Williams, who was a waitress in a restaurant. Miller's family were heart-broken over the affair, and their only hope of restoring him to his senses, as they termed it, lay in allowing him to take a commission when the regiment was organized—a step which he took with alacrity. I began to believe from the shreds of Hodges' maudlin narrative that his folks had foreseen wisely. Here is a man who had encountered a wealthy Spanish lady with orbs divinely fair, who, as my companion's drunken fancy painted, was like to tempt a saint; and the man in question was not even a remote candidate for canonization, but a hot-blooded college youth just transplanted into the army—well, let some one skilled in mathematics calculate his chance to escape falling in love. I allowed Hodges to light a cigarette before I insisted that he continue. I wanted time to fill in what artists call "atmosphere" in my own mind.

"It all happened this way, sir," he went on at last with a military precision of address. "This castle was in the outskirts of the city, outside the walls and far from the business district, which of course was most carefully guarded after we had the first brush with the natives. You may imagine the surprise at headquarters when one fine morning in came Senorita Rosa y Alvarez (as she called herself) spurning the ground whereon we were quartered with a haughty grace which was most bewitching,

and occasionally throwing a glance of languid scorn about her, for she hated the invaders. You would think she was giving a command instead of asking a favor; but I have seldom seen the adjutant issue an order with such alacrity as he did this one, detailing a company to out-post duty in that part of the city, and, incidentally, to guard her mansion. Miller was assigned the task, and sure enough, he no sooner had his men posted than the Filipinos attacked, and we thought for a time that Aguinaldo's whole army was upon us. We speedily retreated into the castle, which was of stone luckily, but even then it looked bad for us. They surrounded the house, cut off our communications, and opened fire with cannon. The obsolete make of their artillery was our only salvation. We fought them all night, hourly expecting relief, not knowing that they had attacked the whole city the same way, and that every able-bodied American soldier was at his post. It was during that night that the lady showed her courage. There must be something in this talk of blue blood after all, Jim. I said to this girl once as she was serving wine and meat to our soldiers at the windows and port-holes (for this old pile of crumbling stone had been built to withstand a siege), I said, 'Miss, you'd better go inside where it is safer. The bullets here are no respecters of persons; you may get hit,' and just as I spoke, poor old Bill Hicks fell not ten feet away with the back blown out of his head. Well, Jim, what do you s'pose she did? You've seen a rattler just before it strikes. Well, the way she held herself reminded me somehow of just that, and she hissed out in rather broken English, but I didn't feel like laughing at it, 'I, señor, am of the house of Alvarez of Barcelona,' and she went on distributing the food. She looked once pityingly at Bill, and then said, 'Oh, he is dead,' and paid no more attention. Well, I don't know why we weren't all killed, or scared to death there, for the natives certainly made a nasty fight. Their blood was up, and they thought they'd win sure, so there was no discouraging them. That was always their way; they fought beautifully till they saw they were losing, then they ran. There were no masterly retreats for them.

"Well, the only thing that kept us up

was the bull-dog grit of old Bob Miller," and here Hodges insisted on drinking another toast to his captain, but with the secret aid of the bar-tender was prevented. "Miller," he continued after much remonstrance, "was a regular printed novel hero. He kept the fight going, and when our fellows' nerve was right down to the last notch, along toward the end of the second night, old Bob kept springing some foolish old vaudeville jokes, and braced everyone up again. Yes, and that girl never flinched either. Toward the end her face was pretty pale, but that only showed her eyes to better advantage. Well, we lasted some way; and next day when the enemy was retiring, beaten back all over the city, and a relief column was in sight, a bullet hit poor old Bob Miller in the lungs, and the fellows all just groaned,—they thought it was the end of Bob. I sat down and cried like a kid myself"—and Hodges' voice broke apologetically—"and I'm a pretty hard nut. The *senorita* just gave one dry hard sob, and threw herself down beside Bob and raised up his head. 'No, no, the surgeon quick,' she cried excitedly in her queer, vibrant accent, 'he is not dead.' I knew when she sobbed that way that it was a case of the genuine old-fashioned 'till death do us part' brand; if she hadn't thought so much of him she would have cried good salt tears, plenty of 'em, and relieved her feelings. But that sob! I heard it once after that. I won't forget it soon.... Well, it proved that Bob wasn't dead but badly hurt, and they left him there in the best bed the house afforded, and the *senorita* herself taking care of him. They said it was about an even chance for him, and while I am not ready to die, when I recollect those eyes I would willingly be lying where he was with the bullet in my lungs. He recovered fast enough as I saw, for they left me with a squad to guard the place and Bob, but he was safe enough as far as assaults from without went. But it was soon plain enough that he and the *Senorita Alvarez* had no eyes but for each other. 'Did he marry her?' you ask," for in my eagerness I had interrupted. Hodges laughed brutally and raised his hand with a gesture commanding silence. Then he laughed again, low and with a note of sadness.

"I'll tell you. There was a thick hedge enclosing the castle grounds, and around the outside of the hedge were placed some benches on which I and my men would loaf and smoke. We preferred being on the outside since we could see nothing through the hedge, and we wished to use some precaution, at least, although but little was needed. Well, it seems there was a rustic bench inside the hedge, and though impossible to see, yet voices could be heard distinctly on the outside. I came to know this as I sat smoking one evening, for I heard them, and I knew from the low, earnest, sometimes faltering tones that the climax was reached. I was glad for Miller's sake, for I knew about his foolish affair at home; and the Spanish girl, well, any man might be glad to have *her*, even if she were a beggar—and there she was with a fortune. What did they say? Well, just the usual things at first, and I think he kissed her, for she said "Oh!" in a rather frightened way, which must have been vastly charming. I thought it was all over but the exercises at the church. Then I heard his voice fierce and low, and I thought some intruder had come upon the scene and that perhaps there was going to be a fight, so I quickly climbed up a leafy tree in which I might have a view of the other side of the hedge and remain unseen myself. I saw Miller standing erect, his face pale and his hands clenched, and I looked to see who had made the trouble; but there was no one there,—that is, no one but the girl, and she sat in front of him holding a square of some sort of paper in her hand, just what it was I could not see plainly in the indistinct moonlight. She was looking up half bewildered, half frightened at Bob.

"After all, it is nothing. I care not. Only a picture," and she laughed. But Bob only gave a groan and then he cried bitterly, 'I've been a coward and a hound to say what I did to you. I am engaged to be married to this girl far across the ocean there,' and he waved his hand toward the Pacific, 'and I've got to keep my word.'

"I do not just—how say you—just understand,' she faltered in her broken English.

"It means,' said Bob—and it was heart-breaking to hear—'it means that I must leave you,—now!'

"Well, sir, that girl didn't say a word;

she just gasped out that little dry sob and fainted dead away. I tell you, Jim, I can stand dying men's groans, and women's tears do not move me; but never let me hear that sob again!" and the tough soldier's voice rose to a cry of fright, and he put his hands to his ears with an expression of horror that was awe-striking.

"Well," he continued more slowly after a time, "I picked up the photograph after we carried the lady into the house, and, of course, it was Mollie Williams, the waitress at the Star. Now, Jim, what do you say of fidelity in men?"

I laughed and said that Miller always was a queer devil; but my heart ached for him, for I knew what he had to face. At length the train drew into the station. There was a sight to gladden any honest heart. Fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts,—a vast concourse, jammed the street for a block in front of the station. Everywhere was bunting and inscriptions of welcome, and here and there in the crowd you could see a big bunch of flowers for a soldier. The people were welcoming home their soldier-boys. The band played "When Johnnie Comes Home Again" and then "The Girl I Left behind Me." Some of the fellows almost cried at that, so you can imagine that some eyes in the crowd were wet. Some reveller broke out with, "We'll all get blind drunk, when Johnny comes marching home," and the people laughed as though it were the hit of the season. I looked at Miller. A subdued smile was on his face, a far-off look was in his eyes, as if he beheld some vision of sweet content. Suddenly he sprang forward with a bold laugh, caught a girl's hand and cried out, "Mollie," in a glad voice. Then a man I knew spoke something quickly in Miller's ear, and he drew back as if he had been struck. I knew the man—Mike Brady, the gambler, and—Molly's husband.

I met Hodges the next day. When he ordered selzer, I could scarcely believe my eyes. He saw the need for explanation, and said: "Well, we gave Bob Miller a send off last night, mostly this morning, to be accurate. He's re-enlisted in the regulars Stationed in the Philippines," and Hodges waved his hand majestically to the westward with a gesture that told volumes.

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—Purdue has won and we salute her. Her victory was hard earned, and we give her all joy of it. For four years our gallant lads have stood against the onslaughts of all the other Indiana college representatives on the gridiron and have not known defeat. This year we began the season with fewer men than usual and those few not up to the weight of former years. The game at Milwaukee with Wisconsin crippled our team for almost the whole season, and the hard game with De Pauw last Saturday weakened us afresh. However, we have no excuses to offer, nor is there need of any. Our team fought as it has always fought—and as we hope it will always fight—to the very last ditch. Every inch of ground was gamely disputed, and the spirit of our men was as courageous in the last minute of play with the score 36 to 0 as it was when the whistle blew for the game to begin. We are proud of the team, they did their best; never for a moment did one of them “quit,” and that at least was a moral victory. However, the championship goes to Purdue, and we congratulate her team. We give warning, however, that a year hence we will demand an account of the stewardship.

—The recent unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington has brought forth some criticism. Frederick,

though a great warrior, comments a journal, is the last man in history to excite the admiration of a people whose ideals are intensely democratic. He was an autocrat who believed as firmly in the “divine right” of kings as did Charles I. And while his military genius stands unquestioned, he was scarcely a character to appeal to the American mind. It is said that he sent Washington a sword as a personal testimonial of his friendship; however, it may have been more a testimonial of his dislike for the British, who, it seems, had dealt rather hardly with the great warrior some time before. However, it is beside the question to discuss the great king's character or record: the point is that Americans do not admire any man, however great, whose ideals were not in sympathy with the good of the common people, and that is surely a sign that is a cause for congratulation.

—The report of the untimely death of ex-Judge Moran of Chicago is a cause of deep sorrow, felt not only by his multitude of friends and acquaintances, but by the vast number that had known him as an eminent Chicago jurist and lawyer. For acting in that capacity he has won for himself an enviable reputation. His opinions, ever logical and to the point, were based purely upon sound and equitable principles.

The late Judge was also a celebrated orator whose convincing and persuasive manner won for him a place among the foremost orators of Illinois; and had it been the will of the Most High that his career be prolonged, he would in all probability have arisen to a place among our prominent statesmen. At the Fifty-Second Annual Commencement, the students of Notre Dame had the pleasure of listening to his very entertaining and instructive oration on the question, “What is the Contribution of a University like this to the Nation?” It was also on this occasion that he received the degree of LL. D. from the University.

The United States and the Church have need of steadfast men whose strong characters may be held forth to the public as examples worthy to be imitated and followed by our young men; and when one of these leaders

is called to his final resting-place by a premature death, we can not help feeling that a dear and useful friend has left our ranks, that a strong man has left vacant a place which can not readily be filled.

—Modern inventions and scientific discoveries almost make us believe that the age of miracles is again with us. Marconi's wireless telegraphy, radium, the X-ray, and countless other marvels, bade fair to revolutionize our mode of living, and have, in fact, greatly altered it. There can be no question that the average man of to-day enjoys innumerable comforts for which, less than a century ago, "keysars and kings" would have given the half of their dominions. But a recent invention makes these supposed marvels pale into harmless insignificance. Some one has recently patented an electrical device for shaking hands. The "shaker" merely presses a button, and the hand-shake, hearty and magnetic, is performed with absolutely no physical inconvenience. Thus equipped a popular man may shake the hands of his admiring compatriots to an indefinite number without experiencing the slightest physical fatigue. Hereafter the rulers of the state, and likewise those who aspire to the duty of guarding the common weal, will hail the advent of the campaign undismayed. The intelligent voter can receive the surest proof of their affection for him by the mere mechanical process of pressing a button. Politics will no longer be a field shunned by those who regard themselves as the better element. One vital problem is solved.

—A magazine writer recently condemns the popular opinion that there are certain books which every well-informed person should have read. Doubtless such a contention can be supported; but there are many who will be inclined to remain orthodox on such a subject, as a matter of sentiment if nothing more. An acquaintance with the authors in English who have come to be regarded generally as classic will probably continue to be deemed an essential of a rounded-out education. It is very much as if the matter of an individual's social standing were to be called into question,

and he should prove his right to pass the inner threshold by his connection with the families generally recognized as "first." Perhaps the illustration is inept, inasmuch as "first families" are come into much ridicule in a democratic nation, whose citizens, naturally possessing greater average intelligence than subjects or serfs, appreciate the true worth and dignity of great authors. However, it is a fact generally recognized that in almost any phase of life a standard of values is a practical need, and this law applies as well in the realm of letters as in the world of commerce. Reading unquestionably has a great influence on character, hence the nature and quality of the books we read are subjects demanding grave consideration. Those books which the consensus of enlightened opinion approves and an intimacy with which seems an obligation almost innate to the cultured, are surely the books to read. Argument to the contrary appears whimsical and quixotic.

Athletic Notes.

The rooters who have been clamoring for a close, exciting game had their wants fulfilled with a vengeance when Notre Dame and De Pauw clashed in the last game of the season on Cartier Field. The end runs, fierce line bucking and long punting, which go to make up an ideal football game, were all present, but were not all on one side as has so often been the case. The De Pauw boys confident of victory, fought hard from the call of time, and at first, before the Varsity linemen got down to work, it looked as though they might score. Even later in the game when the work of Funk, Beacom and the backs pushed them down the field they only came back stronger than before. The work of Notre Dame went from one extreme to the other. At first they could not stop a single play, but later they worked together like clock work, and the victory was the result. Pat Beacom was a star of the first magnitude. Opposed by the heavy Cobal, Beacom tore through the De Pauw line, and broke up plays time after time. On the offensive he was a tower of strength. With the ball under his arm, running closer to the ground than most backs,

Pat tore off gain after gain, with from two to four husky Methodists doing their best to stop him. Guthrie gave the students their first opportunity to judge his worth, and his line plunging and defensive work won him a warm place in their hearts. Funk and Ames played hard games and deserve their share of credit for the victory. McNerney celebrated his return to the game by a brilliant dash of 75 yards for our last score. The other men had less chance to distinguish themselves but played hard. The work of De Pauw was fast and clean-cut; Dewey, Douglass and Hamacher being particularly prominent. The advance reports of the tactics used by the De Pauw boys proved entirely without foundation as they played the cleanest and most sportsmanlike game seen at Notre Dame in some time.

FIRST HALF.

Dewey won the toss and Draper set the ball 35 yards toward the south goal where Hall got it and came back 5. A couple of line plays netted De Pauw 8 yards, and then they plugged at our left side for substantial gains until the ball was on our 40-yard line where our line held and Ames stopped Hall on the third down, giving us our first chance. Our offense responded nobly to Silver's call. Church ripped off 10 on the first trial and Guthrie had added 15 more on attempts before the De Pauw men knew what was up. With the ball in the centre of the field, Silver fumbled but regained the ball, and Funk hit the line for 13. On our own 40-yard line De Pauw held and secured the ball. Two offside plays gained the ground which the backs found hard to make, so Holmes punted 28 yards to Draper who brought it back to our 45-yard line. Here "Pat" was called on, and 18 yards was his first offering; 6 more was his next, but Silver changed the style of attack, and De Pauw got the ball only to give it back on downs. Church hit tackle for 4; Draper and Guthrie got 8 between them; Funk got a first down, and Fansler brought it to the 30-yard line. "Pat" was called on and made 10. Ames got 2, and "Pat" put the oval on the 8-yard line. With a score in sight, the De Pauw line braced, stopped "Pat" and got Church behind the line. On getting the ball they

began plugging our right side for small gains till the centre of the field was reached. There Beacom and Healy got busy and threw Douglass back twice, and Holmes punted. Beacom had time to make 20 yards before time was called for the first half with the Score—Notre Dame, 0; De Pauw, 0.

SECOND HALF.

An unlucky fumble gave De Pauw the ball on our thirty-five-yard line soon after the kick-off in the second half; but Bracken and Healy stopped the attempts to gain, and Holmes punted to our ten-yard line. Draper then punted seventy-five yards over Tucker's head. De Pauw found our line much different from that of the first half and punted. Draper got the ball and put it on our fifty-yard line. Then the march started. Into the line Draper, Guthrie and Beacom plunged; Church helped out with occasional gains, while Funk slid past Dewey for his five yards whenever it was needed. Down to the five-yard line the Varsity ploughed in short spurts, De Pauw fighting hard to stave off the defeat that they now knew was certain. Finally after twelve minutes of play, Draper went over the line, but was hurt and forced to give way to McNerney.

* *

Funk kicked off, and after two trials Holmes punted fifty yards to McNerney who electrified the crowd by dashing through a crowded field for 75 yards and a score. It was the best piece of open field dodging seen on Cartier Field this year, and was a pleasant reminder of the days when the rooters sang of the "Tiger Lily," or when "Happy" Lonergan and "Shag" were the terror of the opposing ends. Waldorf replaced Fansler late in the game and hit the line well. Although the game was free from rough work, our hoodoo was with us as usual; Draper, whose punting was wonderful, sustaining a fractured collar bone, and Ames and Silver were badly bruised. That these injuries handicapped our boys at Purdue there can be no question. Line up:

NOTRE DAME (10)		DE PAUW (0)
Bracken	L. E.	Holmes
Ames	L. T.	Dewey (C)
Beacom	L. G.	Anceley
Healy	C.	Simpkins
Donovan	R. G.	Coble

Funk	R. T.	Schultz
Fansler-McNerney	R. E.	Jute
Silver (C)	Q. B.	Tucker
Church	R. H.	Hall
Guthrie	L. H.	Donglass
Draper-Fansler-Waldorf	F. B.	Hamacher

Touchdowns—Draper and McNerney. Umpire—Studebaker (De Pauw). Referee—Henry (Chicago). Head Linesman—Hering (Notre Dame). Timekeepers—O'Connor (Notre Dame) and Brown (De Pauw).

* * *

Coach McFadden of De Pauw was delighted with the treatment accorded his men at Notre Dame. He said: "We have received the best treatment of the year here. Your students are a fine crowd of men—but poor rooters." The SCHOLASTIC has said this many times before without effect. So it will make no further comment.

* * *

A team selected by Bro. Vital from the smaller boys of Carroll Hall had a desperate battle with the eleven representing St. Columbkille's School of Chicago on the St. Ignatius College campus in Chicago last week. The heavier Chicago boys prevented the Juniors from scoring in the first half, but the magnificent work of Symonds-Clarke, Berteling and Tillet was rewarded by ten points in the last period, leaving the final score 10 to 0. Through the kindness of Bro. Vital, the Carrollites remained in Chicago that evening and went in a body to the Grand Opera House where they saw Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles."

* * *

PURDUE WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

After seventy minutes of desperate fighting, the like of which Stuart Field has never seen before, Notre Dame was compelled to relinquish her claim on the title of State Champions. Out-weighted and opposed by men in the pink of physical condition, Notre Dame fought with a fierceness that merited the cheers of the Purdue bleachers. Purdue's offense was built around their sturdy full back, Thomas. It battered our linemen until they could barely stand; but even after Purdue had scored, a rally came, and the Gold and Blue pushed the "Boilermakers" down the field for fifty-five yards, only to have time called with the ball twenty yards from a score. Again in the second half Notre Dame completely out-

played Purdue, and pushed the ball from their own twenty-yard line to Purdue's fifteen-yard line, where hard luck and Purdue's line, in equal quantities, stopped our march. After that it was simply a case of fighting against the inevitable and keeping the line bucks of Thomas and Mowrey to as small amount of ground as possible. Umpire Hadden said after the game: "Condition defeated Notre Dame. Their offense was smarter than that of Purdue, and had the linemen been in condition the score would not have been thirty-six by any means."

Captain Shaughnessy played his last game of college football and was the hero of the day. Bruised and battered until he could barely talk, he fought, bucked and squirmed past the Purdue men for gains time and again. When he finally was forced to retire, the Purdue bleachers acknowledged his spirit and worth by nine hearty cheers, which were only rivalled in heartiness by those given their own idol, "Sandy" Thomas. Little Nate Silver was the superior of Shakelton in generalship and defensive work. On defensive work he saved a number of scores by diving into the Purdue interference and downing his man when the feat looked impossible. Our backs, Guthrie, Fansler and Church, and later Waldorf and Bracken, tore great holes in the line; Fansler in particular hitting the line hard and well. McNerney also played a great game even after he was badly injured. His punts were all good, and our ends downed the Purdue men in their tracks every time. No criticism can be made of the work of any player; it was simply a case of being unable to stop Purdue's compact interferences, and not lack of game-ness or endeavor. Stuart Field was packed; over four thousand people being present. The University band vied with the rooters in cheering on their favorites, and with the ribbons and flags fluttering in the air, it was the prettiest sight possible to imagine. Allen won the toss, and McNerney started

THE GAME

by kicking 30 yards to Thomas who fumbled and was downed by Beacom for no gain. On the first play Krull took advantage of a strong wind and kicked to Silver. Over-eagerness gave Notre Dame 15 yards, and then Fansler hit the line for 20 yards, a play

Referee Sheehan did not allow, as he had not put the ball in play. Beacom, however, started his grand work of the day by making 5; but after two more first downs Purdue got the ball on downs. Immediately their shift formation was started to work, and the mass of interference slowly pushed our men back. Finally after 6 minutes of play Thomas scored, and the field was a mass of yellow and black streamers. Krull kicked goal. Score: Purdue, 6; Notre Dame, 0.

Notre Dame punted after the kickoff and secured the ball on downs on the 40-yard line, but punted again to the 30-yard line, where Silver got Shakelton. Then the game of seesaw began. The line had partly solved the Purdue play, but the heavier men could gain their 5 yards,—by inches sometimes—in their three tries. Thomas, Emies and Allen carried to the 30-yard line, then the 20 and finally over for the second score after 15 minutes of play. Purdue's gains were never large, but the necessary 5 was usually made on their third attempt. Purdue's next score was made in much the same fashion but then Notre Dame showed their true form, securing the ball on the 30-yard line. Capt. "Shag" startled the "rooters" by circling Thomas for 30 yards, and followed this by a brilliant run of 25 more. Guthrie made 2, and when Beacom made 8 in two tries the Purdue stands were silent. Church, Fansler and Funk slowly worked the ball to the 30-yard line, where Fansler tripped on a third down and Purdue punted out of danger. Time was then called with the Score—Notre Dame, 0; Purdue, 18.

During the intermission Capt. Shaughnessy and Sheehan were cheered to the echo for their grand work. The Notre Dame offense surprised the Purdue men, but the best was yet to come. Imbued by the spirit of their Captain our boys started after Purdue on the kickoff. "Shag" started the fun with four yards, and in quick succession, Funk, Fansler and Guthrie hit the line for gains. Guthrie hit the line like an engine, shook off the tacklers and made eight, "Shag," eight, Fansler, three. "Peggy" Bracken, replacing Guthrie, who was played out by his brilliant line plunges, made four. Funk and McNerney got a first down between them, and the ball was on the twenty yard line. Beacom and Healy opened up a hole through which

Fansler made five and placed the ball on the fifteen-yard line. The Notre Dame offense had carried the ball eighty-five yards without a loss of the ball, but here with a score in sight the Purdue line stiffened. Our gainers, "Shag," Fansler and McNerney, were too weak to take the ball, and a desperate effort was made to score; on the third down Notre Dame was one foot shy of the 5-yard mark. This brilliant rally was too much for our already weakened men, and our substitutes were forced to go in. Though they fought hard, as in the first half, they were forced down the field again, while Purdue yelled themselves hoarse. Pat Beacom, Donovan and Funk, were our star linemen as usual, and Healy gave Allen the hardest argument the Purdue captain has had this year, until he was forced to retire in favor of Murphy. Sheehan outplayed the big Wellinghoff from start to finish, and started our first rally by securing a fumble on our own 20-yard line.

Purdue (36)		Notre Dame (0)
Krull	L E	Keefe-McNerney
Emies	L T	Murphy-Healy
I, Long	L G	Beacom
Wellinghoff	C	Sheehan
King	R G	Donovan
Allen (C.)	R T	Funk
McCormick	R E	Sudheimer-Shaugh'y (C.)
Shakelton	Q B	Silver
Johnson-Mourey	L H	Wald'f-Bracken-Guthrie
Warsham-Frushour	R H	Church
Thomas	H B	Fansler
Umpire—Hadden (Mich).	Referee—Sheehan (Brown).	
Head linesman—	Timekeepers—	
Touchdowns—Allen, Thomas (3), Emies, Mourey.		
Goals—Krull, 6.		

* *

The treatment accorded the Varsity by the Bleachers was a true indication of the friendly spirit existing between the two schools. Silver, "Shag," Healy and Beacom were given cheers time after time for some of their plays.

* *

Sudheimer and Keefe did not have many chances as the Purdue formation were all line plays. Sudheimer managed to get Mowrey for a loss soon after going in the game.

* *

A number of old Notre Dame students were at the game, a list of whom will appear next week.

* *

Our ends were greatly superior to Purdue's, not a yard being made by Purdue in McNerney's kicks.

R. R. C.

Personals.

—Mr. S. A. Shenk of Delphos, Ohio, paid a Thanksgiving visit to his brother in Carroll Hall.

—Dr. T. E. O'Hagan, the eminent lecturer of Toronto, Canada, paid a short visit to the University during the week.

—Mr. T. B. Roberts of Armour, South Dakota, was the mid-week visitor of his sons in Carroll and St. Edward's Halls.

—Rev. Francis S. Schaefer, Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation at Ottawa, Canada, spent several days at the University as the guest of the Faculty.

—Among the many present-day politicians who were students of the University is Mr. Miguel O'Tero, '73-'76. He is now Governor of New Mexico. Mr. O'Tero made a very thrilling speech at the recent New Mexico Day celebration over which he presided at the World's Fair.

—Word reaches us from St. Louis of the great success of Mr. Daniel Taylor, '79-'83. He has been appointed Judge of the Circuit Court, a very important office. The members of the Faculty and students will take great pleasure in hearing of the marked prominence of an old student. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him continued success.

—Mr. Frank P. Barry, A. B. '03, who made many friends at the University last year in the capacity of instructor, has an excellent position as manager of the credit department of the John M. Smyth Furniture Company, Chicago. Frank, it will be remembered, was valedictorian of his class, and is certainly keeping up the high standard he established as a student. We wish him all success.

—Mr. Chauncey L. Yockey, Law '01, has a very flourishing law practice in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Yockey has also engaged actively in politics, having declined the nomination for prosecuting attorney in his home county, Escanaba, and subsequently making a vigorous campaign for alderman on the Republican city ticket of Milwaukee. His many friends at Notre Dome rejoice in his success.

—Visitors' registry for the week:—The Misses M. and A. Gering, Mrs. C. Merriman, Mrs. Anna and the Misses Ella and Anna Strauss, Mrs. J. B. Eberhart, Chicago, Ill.; the Misses Magdalen and Helen Whitston, Miss Olivette Walker, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. A. Throme, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. J. Ruckelshaus, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cauly, St. Paul, Minn.; the Misses Mabel and Tesse Meyers, Mr. A. A. Schaab, Paulding, O.

Local Items.

—At the meeting of the Penn. State Club last Wednesday evening arrangements were perfected for a dance to be held at Pittsburg on January 4.

—A large and substantial brick building is nearing completion west of the workshops. This building will be occupied by the farmhands and laborers employed around the University.

—Members of the Senior Law, Pharmacy and Collegiate classes went to the Bend last Tuesday evening to see Frank Daniels in the "Office Boy." All who attended reported having spent an enjoyable evening.

—Many of the students have taken advantage of the offer made by the Bobbs Merrill Publishing Co. for a year's subscription to their new magazine. They offer as a premium a handsome set of Riley's poems in three volumes.

—The illumination in the library is very poor after 4 p. m. and it is next to impossible to make use of the reference books on the back shelves. A few electric bulbs judiciously placed would dispel much of the gloom and render practical work possible.

—The Mississippi Bubble has again exploded. His latest panegyric was inspired by the sight of a pale-green crocodile which he mistook for a wasp. As usual he was the hero of the tale, and the joke was on the other fellows. Oh, Willie, please desist.

—Mr. Lally, ambassador from Iowa to Sorin Hall, recently received the gratifying news that for the year 1903 the births in his native town of Dennison exceeded the deaths. If this record is kept up the hamlet will soon enjoy the reputation of a health resort.

—On Thursday afternoon the ex-Juniors' football team met the representatives of the Nappanee High School on Cartier Field. Only one-fifteen minute half was played, but in that time the ex-Juniors succeeded in running up a score of 62 on their bewildered opponents.

—At the Wednesday session of the Parliamentary Law class a debate was held on the question: "Resolved, That Senators should be elected by popular vote." By vote of the class the debate was decided in favor of the negative. Next week's session will be devoted to parliamentary drill.

—One of the improvements recently effected around the college was the construction of a tunnel connecting the power-house with the lake. This will obviate the necessity of excavating whenever it is desirable to

repair the water mains as the tunnel will give access to them at all times.

—The unfortunate Sorinites in the north wing of the third flat recently held an indignation meeting to protest against the warblings of the "Spanish Nightingale." Many wild schemes were proposed, one of them being confinement at St. Helena, but in the end wiser counsel prevailed, and it was decided that the singer be asked to stop.

—Automobile Joe, or, if you prefer it so, Mr. Joseph Carrigan, has recently been capitalized under the laws of New Jersey. Joe did not wish to shoulder the entire responsibility of his cultivated accent, and as a result his shares are on the market. So far no one has cared to accept the responsibility of taking stock in such an unstable concern.

—Leo Coontz recently upset the financial world by walking at a smart gait towards the Main Building. Attempts to remonstrate with Leo on his scandalous conduct were unavailing, as he insisted that the rights of a United States citizen to take his yearly exercise in any way that he may deem advisable, were guaranteed him by the 15th Amendment.

—A small scouting party recently penetrated as far as the east bank of the St. Joe river. Scientific observations were made which proved that the stream was still flowing in a northly direction. On account of the failure of provisions it was deemed imprudent to penetrate further north, so the party returned by forced marches to the college, which was reached at 11.55.

—A meeting of the Philopatrians was held in the St. Cecilian room last Wednesday evening. Owing to the absence of some of the members, the regular debate was omitted and a varied program given in its place. The program consisted of piano selections by Messrs. Del Valle and McDermott, violin solo by John Gallart, and recitation by Messrs. Symonds, Kasper, Clear, and Shenk. Two new members were admitted to the association, and plans were formulated for a reception to be tendered the Faculty on Dec. 15. On Thanksgiving afternoon the members went to Hotel Haney where a spread was furnished by the famous hostess.

—The epidemic of brain-fog has spread to dangerous proportions in Sorin. The disease is very peculiar, and no satisfactory means of arresting its progress have so far been discovered. The alarming feature of brain-fog lies in the fact that the first attack is followed by intermittent ones which continue until the patient has outgrown them. The infection was first noticed among the logic students, several of whom have developed complicated cases. The first symptoms of the disease is a strong aversion to the sight of open text-books, and the crisis is reached

when the victim refuses to leave his room. Here he obstinately remains until the pangs of hunger effect a gradual cure.

—The past football season has been one of the most successful in the annals of St. Edward's Hall. Never before were the teams so evenly matched, and never has harder and cleaner football been played. No team had a walk-over, and the winners in each class were always hard pressed by their opponents. Throughout the entire season the teams displayed a commendable spirit, playing hard football in every game and taking their bumps like stoics. We congratulate the winners upon their fine records and especially those players whose excellence has won for them the coveted M. S. monogram. This distinctive honor is conferred on members selected from the two first teams whose playing in the series has entitled them to a place on the Minim Specials—the premier team of St. Edward's. The following men have won a place on the Specials: H. Kranz, Captain; J. Brennan, H. Schneider, J. Woods, C. Greene, R. Weber, H. Mahoney, J. Cavanaugh, W. Ryan, F. Olston, J. Prada, W. Tello, L. Heeb, F. Schick, E. Krause, R. Blakeslee, E. Yrisarri, B. Roe, T. Tufts and D. Smith.

Six teams competed in the medal series. They were divided into three classes according to their age and experience; each member of the winning teams received an N. D. U. pin. The contest between the two first teams was very close and exciting. Captain Kranz' team won out after the hardest kind of a contest on Cartier Field. In this game Captain Brennan, of the losing side, gave an exhibition of football that stamps him as the leading player of the Minims. The following members of the winning team will receive pins:—H. Kranz, L. Rempe, H. Schneider, F. Hill, L. Heeb, C. Greene, L. Yrisarri, R. Webber, F. Shick, J. Woods, R. Blakeslee and O. E. Veazy. In the second class both elevens were very strong, and many games had to be played before victory perched on the shoulders of Captain Hilton's team. The work of Parker and Broderick in the two last games was especially brilliant.

Those who will receive pins are: A. Hilton, G. Parker, L. Broderick, G. Roberts, J. Little, P. Drew, L. Langdon, C. Hilton, J. McNair, P. Byrne, R. McDonald. The little fellows in the third class played excellent football, considering their age and experience. Capt. Connolly's Tigers succeeded in winning out, and as a reward for their fine work each member of the team will receive a T monogram. Those who played on the Tigers were: R. Connolly, Capt.; O. McGinnis, G. Millins, W. Kranz, R. Gray, A. Arnold, M. Burt, A. Sarinana, R. Tello, D. Kranz, W. Carroll, W. Byrne and C. Beilstein.