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## After Christmas.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

SNOWED over with the moonlight,  
Or turning back the noon-light,  
Down through the grooves of space  
Earth swung its old, slow way.  
But, thronging the rim of heaven,  
Angels from morn till even  
Watched earth with reverent pace  
Silent its orbit trace,  
Cradle wherein God lay.

## Becket.\*

WILLIAM D. JAMIESON, '05.



HERE is a grandeur in heroic characters that conquers time. They tower above the ordinary level of history like massive cathedrals which by their very greatness seem ever near. The mutations of the ages touch them but lightly, and their influence lives on from age to age. There is in the spirit of self-sacrifice, for the sake of constancy to truth and to God, a divine spark which can never be extinguished. Even in their ashes live their wonted fires, and their memory is green with an immortal youth. Pre-eminently is this so of men who have laid down their lives for principles, and foremost among these is St. Thomas à Becket.

When Becket came to the See of Canterbury he found endless disorders. Benefices were purposely held vacant for years, and the rents were placed in the royal coffers.

\* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, Dec. 14.

The clergy had become lax, and the people were oppressed under the tyranny of the king. The archbishopric had been forced upon him by Henry II. But once accepted he began with high resolve to live up to the letter of his noble calling. Of this he gave Henry ample warning when he said: "If I accept this office I can not expect to retain your favor." He saw that he could not serve two masters, and so he resigned the chancellorship, the highest post in the realm outside that of the king, to devote himself more earnestly to the cause of the Church and the oppressed. The gay courtier who had once led armies and fought the battles of the king, now became the ascetic monk, combating the legions of darkness and fighting the battle of God. Men have railed at this sudden change of character and have impugned his motives; but they forget that the call of the Lord is often sudden. And surely Becket's was a divine call. They forget when they question his motives that he sacrificed the easy living and luxurious riot of the court for the meagre fare and abstemious life of the monk; that he sacrificed the second highest position in the realm, and even the friendship of a king. With a prophet's vision he foresaw the inevitable storm consequent upon his accepting the primacy; but borne onward by the force of a mighty conviction he prepared to do his duty to the Church and the people.

The people were murmuring against the oppressive taxation, and, like another Hampden of centuries later, he championed their cause against the lawless might of the Norman king. At this Henry stood aghast. He had expected Becket to fawn and cringe as a man who had received the royal favor. But Becket towered above the time-serving bishops of his day. His lofty

purpose was not to be shaken by Henry's wrath. Nor could previous gifts influence the fearless archbishop. From this time on the naturally suspicious nature of the king, fed by the jealous bickerings of the barons, vented its spleen on the unfortunate primate. At every step the storm was lowering, but it broke with a crash over the disputed immunities of the clergy.

The privileges of the clergy were now called in question by the despotic Henry. He determined to bend even the Church to his kingly power. All the bishops of the realm were summoned to the great council of Clarendon, and there in the presence of armed knights he threatened and cajoled the bishops into signing the "Constitutions." Becket alone remained firm. Henry swore great oaths and threatened his life; the bishops begged and entreated him to sign; at last he yielded. But his consent was not that of a man that was convinced; for the very next day he saw his mistake and retracted. Men have called this duplicity, but it was rather the hesitation of a mind wavering between the decision of his own judgment and the apprehension of others. At this retraction the king's rage knew no bounds. Now Henry began a series of persecutions that reveal his most unlovely traits of character. He urged the turbulent barons to bring lawsuits against Becket; he imposed vast fines, and even confiscated the entire episcopal property. No trick was too low or too base that aimed at the archbishop's discomfiture. But Becket met everything with calmness and decision. He paid the fines and did all in his power to adjust the grievances. In the depths of his soul he yearned for peace—peace without the surrender of principles. This he knew could never be; and the news that the king had called another council at Northampton only saddened his heart.

Here Becket gave an example of sublime courage for which we can hardly find a parallel in all history. The king fumed and swore and threatened and made a show of violence with his armed knights. But the primate would not sign. The fearless man of God defied even death for the sake of his convictions. To the tears and entreaties of the bishops imploring him to escape the impending bloodshed, he only replied: "Flee

then; thou savorest not of the things that be of God." And when the tumult and the clash of arms became so threatening that several bishops left the hall, he sat there with simple dignity almost alone, and waited the return of the irate king and his armed men from the upper chamber. When they came and announced their arbitrary decision which deposed him from the office of archbishop and declared him to be a traitor, he calmly reminded them that they were his children in God and could not so judge him. Then referring his case to the Pope he raised aloft his archiepiscopal cross, and left the hall amid the jeers and taunts of the barons. His great spirit was unbroken. Never for a moment during this terrible trial did he surrender his cause. Yet for this heroic devotion to principle men have called him "stubborn." That which they admired in Luther at Worms, in Becket at Northampton, they have condemned as "obstinacy." They question the sincerity of his conduct on this trying occasion, but they forget that all the bishops concurred in the "Constitutions," until their fears made them expedient.

The bitter experiences of a previous refusal had taught Becket to expect no mercy from so unscrupulous a sovereign. Garbed in the simple habit of a brother he escaped over the seas by night to the continent. There, like St. Anselm of an earlier day, he was doomed to a long and weary exile; doomed for daring to resist a king; doomed for daring to do right. He found lodging with the good monks of Pontigny. Here he labored and fasted and prayed hoping in vain for an honorable reconciliation. But the wrath of the king was heavy upon him. All the prelate's friends, regardless of age, sex or condition, were banished, having first been sworn by Henry to visit Becket at Pontigny and importune him with their wrongs. Day by day they crowded around the door of his cell, and though they wrung his heart with anguish he held steadfast to his cause. Surely the principles must have been real which sustained him, alone and single-handed, against the apathy of friends, the subserviency of his colleagues and the energy of his open enemies. All during the dark days of his exile his letters show his clear and unswerving conviction of the

justice of the cause with which his name has ever been identified. At last a truce was patched up with the shifty king. Becket now returned to Canterbury, his mind filled with terrible forebodings.

His worst fears were soon to be realized. He had scarcely landed in England when he was again subjected to fresh indignities. The rents of all the church lands had been collected; the archiepiscopal palace was in the hands of the royal retainer, and he himself was brutally refused admission when about to pay his respects to the young king. Humiliated and insulted at every step, he unflinchingly pursued his plain duty, calm and resolute even in the face of that impending tragedy which was so soon to startle the world.

The splendid courage displayed in that supreme moment has given him a deathless name. Despite the repeated entreaties of the monks he refused to leave the hall. Finally the clamor of the men thundering at the door became so great that the frightened monks seized the primate, and half carrying, half dragging they bore him into the cathedral. Here with his own hand he withdrew the bolt which they had placed on the door, and commanded them not to make a fortress of the house of God. The monks in terror fled in every direction leaving him almost alone. He placed his back against a pillar, and, dauntless, waited the coming of his pursuers. In rushed the four armed knights. They demanded him to withdraw the sentence of excommunication on the offending bishops; and there alone and defenceless, there in the presence of those four armed men, there with their swords swinging above his head, there in the presence of certain death, he answered "No." And Why? Because his conscience said he was right. A blow aimed at his head crashed through Grim's protecting arm, grazing the archbishop's scalp and causing the blood to trickle down his cheek. He wiped it away with his sleeve, and folding his hands in prayer, said: "O God, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Another blow and the great archbishop fell, slain on the stones of his own cathedral.

Thus perished Becket, the great ecclesiastic and statesman. The fervid soul had at last found peace. The dauntless spirit that had fought so nobly went out in darkness and

disappointment. But not in vain had he lived and suffered. To the world he has given an example of sublime courage and devotion. The blood so cruelly shed on those consecrated stones became a mighty torrent which overwhelmed all opposition. His death was the triumph of his cause. Now men remembered his almsgiving, his austerities, his opposition to the danegelt, and his loyalty to the cause for which he braved exile and death. Other hands than his might reap the golden harvest of his victory, other hearts rejoice in the splendid triumph, but he was the conqueror in that triumph. His was the courage and the devotion and the sacrifice that rolled back the tide of royal despotism.

O Becket! Becket! they have broken your body and desecrated your shrine; they have scattered your ashes to the winds of heaven, and the obloquy of dark centuries has been heaped upon your name. But the first gray streaks of dawn are again in the horizon. The influence of a mighty personality ends not with the grave. And lo, as of yore we hear the stern voice of the churchman. It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tomb. Let England hearken; for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of her martyr and saint speaks from the tomb. The misty veil of time has been lifted, and once again this great character appears in the beauty of all its original lustre. Now a grateful nation are beginning to see that his was not only a struggle for the liberties of the Church, but of the people. To him they have accorded the glory of having withstood the advancing waves of royal despotism; to him the glorious victory of Stephen Langton and the Barons at Runnymede. The martyr's blood that had won his country's liberty shines resplendent again in the victory of truth.

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#### A Contrast.

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'Tis passing strange that man will look  
 Upon a fragile flower  
 That grows beside the shaded brook  
 And wonder at the power  
 Within the hand that fashioned it,  
 While in himself there lies  
 The soul, by God's own image lit,  
 That blooms but never dies! B. S. F.

## Jim Harrington, Tool-Boy.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN.

He wasn't a very big fellow, only fifteen years, Jim the tool-boy. But everyone liked him from the muddy pumpman deep down in the shaft to the man in greasy overalls whose steady hand controlled the big engine which lowered and hoisted men two thousand feet every day.

"Pshaw, you're no good; what can you do?" jovially said an old-timer to the lad as they sat around the hoist waiting for the whistle to blow.

"Why, you can't even carry five drills," came from Duffy, a 'shoveler' on the ten hundred. But the boy only laughed and said, "Can't I," though in his heart he longed to be a man.

"Oh, I'll do something some day," said he looking far away. He was sad as he strode away from the men, and they watching him, guessed his sadness.

"If dad hadn't got k—," but the words choked him; then the whistle blew and he was off with the rest.

The hot steaming air rose out of the shaft around whose mouth stood the miners waiting their turn to board the "cage" and be dropped a thousand feet. In one of the crowds that went down was Jim; to hear him laugh no one would think that he was all a family depended on. He got off at the nine hundred-foot level, and with lighted candle turned into the tunnel, drifts the miners call them, that serpentine-like wended its way till the lights at the station grew fainter and fainter, and the scree from the van-cars on the turn shut died away.

"Look out below," shouted Jimmie to the miners working down an hundred feet. Then when the assuring "all right" echoed back up the narrow manway, the tool-boy let the drills slide into the narrow shuts. Every time they rattled Jim shuddered, not from the sound but because he hated this one place. Down there, just where the drills had struck, Jimmie's father had been killed—"a year ago this Christmas Eve," said the boy.

A year ago that Christmas Eve they brought him home, his body torn, his clothes

rent, his face gashed and bruised, his hair washed in blood. He had been 'blasted'; his pick had struck a cap which through some unaccountable reason had not exploded when the day shift blasted as they quit work. Jimmie saw his father die. Beside him he knelt that sad Christmas day and watched the flickering flame of life burn out. Dimmer and dimmer it grew as mournfully the clock ticked the seconds, then in a last dying flare the father took his hand: "Take care of them, Jim," said he, and he passed away.

Over the death-bed the child stood, and surely his great big boy's heart broke as on that Christmas a mother, a babe, a sister knelt around the lifeless form. The glowing faint light of evening shot from behind the cragged peaks and fell on the boy. He still held the big hand, calloused green from copper, and vainly it was that he tried to hold back the tears, while outside from the cheerful lighted streets happy ones cried "Merry Christmas." All of it passed through his mind now as he sat there alone in the crosscut.

The candle was nearly burned out, the waving, fluctuating light threw shadows on the boy's face. It was near twelve o'clock and already the miners, these inhabitants of an underground world, were wishing "Merry Christmas."

"Oh, dad, ain't I took care of them?" pleaded the lad.

"Yes, boy, you have," softly answered the grim old shift-boss as he knelt over the sleeper. The boy awoke with a start, and abashedly rubbed his eyes; he tried to speak, to excuse himself, to say something, but there were tears in the eyes of the old shift-boss as he tenderly said, 'Merry Christmas, Jimmie.' And picking him up in his big, strong arms he bore him to the station. As he looked into the little worn face perhaps he saw his own child, just Jimmie's age, happily sleeping at home this Christmas morn.

## The Balance.

Pity looked out of your eyes

Oh, the love that looked from mine,—

Oh, would that my heart were stone,

Or stone were those eyes of thine. C. O'D.

## The First Voice of American Poetry.

JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04.

As Chaucer has been called by Dryden the Father of English poetry, so William Cullen Bryant might as fittingly be referred to by the American people as the Father of American poetry. It is true that verses of no mean merit had been written before his time; but these were so few and of such slight importance that their authors are but little known. Blair may be said to take a prominent place among Bryant's predecessors, on account of his poem entitled "The Grave," from which Bryant is reported to have got his idea for writing that remarkable poem, "Thanatopsis." Not until 1815, the year in which this poem was published could America rightly say that she had produced her first poet of classical merit, her first singer whom the Muses had endowed with genius "in the bud of life," so that whatever he attempted his work was stamped with magnificent imagery, with descriptions which would rival even the great artists of nature, and with originality for which he has become so illustrious.

William Cullen Bryant is, then, for us the first American poet, and as such claims, like Chaucer with the English, all the interest that is due to a great original genius. Some, however, may question his originality on the ground that the influence of Wordsworth, Cowper and others is too strongly manifested in his poems; or again they may say that much of his work has been borrowed. And to substantiate this last assertion they will point to the fact that has been noted in *Harper's Magazine* for 1894 in an article entitled "The Origin of Thanatopsis." The author of the paper, who is by no means biased in his opinion of Bryant, says that "at the time when 'Thanatopsis' was produced Bryant was reading Bishop Porteus' poem on Death, Blair's 'Grave,' and the like. He received many hints from Blair. Undoubtedly, *Thanatopsis* in its entirety is simply an exquisite expression of the passage in Blair's poem:

What is this world?

What but a spacious burial field unwall'd,

Strewed with death's spoils, the sport of animals,  
Savage and tame and full of dead men's bones:  
The very turf in which we tread once lived;  
And we that live must lend our carcasses  
To cover our own offspring; in their turns  
These too must cover theirs.

If we compare these lines with Bryant's:

Earth that nourished thee shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being shall go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

we will notice that the thought which pervades it is similar to that of Blair's. But even when we know that he received help in composing this poem we can not but admire that which is best in the composition—Bryant's personality and his personal experience. After all the keynote to Bryant's success was that he set himself against treating subjects of which he had no intimate knowledge. It is related that a poem to a "Skylark" by his brother came to his hands in 1834. Far from praising the attempt he wrote to the author admonishing him for trying to go into raptures over a bird which he had never seen.

Thus we see that though Bryant may have borrowed something for the greatest poem written by so young a man he does not lose his originality; for by improving on the work of his predecessor he makes it his own.

The story connected with the publication of this poem, although it is well known, may often be repeated. Dr. Bryant, the father of the poet, had received a letter from the editor of the *North American Review* asking William Cullen to contribute to the first number of the journal. The father, finding "Thanatopsis" and a few other poems of his son's in his desk, took them, unknown to William, to the editor, Richard H. Dana. When Dana with two critics had read the *Vision of Death* he said: "No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." He was assured, however, that the author was at that moment sitting in the State House at Boston. Dana being desirous of seeing the author of such polished and noble verses journeyed to the State House where on beholding Senator Bryant

he remarked: "It is a good head, but I do not see Thanatopsis in it." The truth of the authorship was soon known, and it is from that year, 1815, that Bryant's fame began to increase.

This threnody, written at the age of eighteen, naturally underwent many changes as the author's ability for writing became greater. He also added much to the original poem which contained but forty lines, whereas the composition which we read to-day contains eighty-one verses. Even if this poem is considered memorable chiefly because it is the earliest American poem of a sustained original conception we find many beautiful passages such as the lines describing "the solemn decorations of the great tomb of man":

The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

His poems may at the first reading give us the idea that his was a sad and gloomy life; but after a close study we shall easily discern many cheering and pleasant thoughts. Leaving the over-shadowing idea of death-doom we shall pass to the "Ages," which treats of the theme of human progress. In the Spenserian stanza he recapitulates the course of history and argues the gradual amelioration of mankind. In this poem, which he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, Bryant gave us his longest poem. Distinguished for its richness, its variety and its vigor of graceful expression, "The Ages" is a rare instance of Bryant's mastery of the Spenserian stanza. Some critics are even inclined to regard it as his greatest metrical success. But besides these, there are many other noticeable characteristics: clear imagery, elegant descriptive treatment, not forgetting to mention the range and originality of the work which is in every way excellent. While commenting on this poem it would be interesting to note that, being written the year after "Childe Harold" was published, and in the same metre, a certain resemblance may not have resulted entirely by chance. But this in no way affects the beauty of Bryant's poem. Here he pictures

man in the different stages of civilization. The language is always strong and suitable to the thought. He lays bare the horrors and oppression of Ancient Rome and Greece:

Lo! unveiled

The scene of those stern ages! What is there?  
A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air  
Moans with the crimson surges that entomb  
Cities and bannered armies; forms that wear  
The kingly circlet rise, amid the gloom,  
O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallowed in its  
tomb,

All such barbarity, he tells us, existed, even though

That ray of brightness from above,  
That shone around the Galilean lake,  
The light of hope, the leading star of love  
Struggled, the darkness of the day to break.

Having rehearsed the history of ancient and modern times he leads us into our own country, which he places before us as it was, as it is in the present, and as it shall be in the future—powerful and happy.

Bryant lacked one of the requisites for a great poet: he was not a philosopher; but, as Churton Collins says, he was deeply impressed with the mystery, the solemnity and the sadness of human life. That such was the case is plainly evident from the majority of his poems.

Our first American poet with his charming lines often reaches the height of perfect sublimity. As, for example, in the following stanza from "To a Waterfowl":

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost."

Of the shorter poems this one is thought by some to be the best; and doubtless the conceptions of greater novelty and strength warrants their belief. Yet such gems as "The Inscription for the Entrance into a Wood," "The Green River," "The Yellow Violet," and "The Prairies" should not be carelessly cast aside when we search for his best poems.

One peculiar thing about Bryant is that he did his best work while still a young man. After the appearance of Longfellow, Poe and Lowell he published few poems of importance. Mr. Steadman, however, takes exception to this and holds that in 1865, when the "Flood of Years" appeared, Bryant was still filled with the same lofty



spirit which inspired him to write "Thanatopsis." Furthermore, he believes that this poem of his later years possesses even more sustained majesty of thought and diction. Be this as it may, we feel grateful to Bryant for the great work he has done for American literature, while we regret that his poetic career was so short. He lives to-day, and shall continue to live, in the hearts of the American people as long as Chaucer shall be revered by the English as the Father of English Poetry.

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### Rudyard Kipling, the Poet.

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DANIEL C. DILLON, '04.

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There are names of poets found in history who were not really poets for their works, but became meritorious for the age in which they lived. Some began an age, as Carew and Burns among the English lyrists; but their claim to the right of mention among the classics must be considered almost as much as must that of Herrick and Wordsworth and all posterity whose delightful lyrics evolved from the initiation of a poetical cycle. It is now the general opinion that Shakspeare never would have been the great dramatist he is, if Marlowe had not preceded him in perfecting the blank verse by transforming the jingling see-saw iambics into the smooth rhythmic feet we now read with so much pleasure.

Men must be accredited with their introduction into a language; for all great poets, dramatists, musicians and artists have rarely sprung out of a dark age and brought to light an immortal product of their genius. On the other hand, great men, especially poets, represent the climax of a period; and we can trace almost inevitably to the crude evolutionist's monkey, from which evolved the men-poets of an era. Many poets of divers species have been found living in one period, as in the Elizabethan; but more often we find one class in one age.

In our own time poetry has been sadly neglected. Since Lord Tennyson left us we have had no inspired poets. Many have written and continue to turn out verse in our papers and magazines, yet no poets have been produced. With this fact in view—

that poetry has been in a morbid state and that one man comes forth and awakes the English world with verse, rhythm and a style peculiar to himself—we must at least consider a candidate for classics, the Anglo-Saxon artist—Rudyard Kipling.

We must regard Kipling in the same manner as Carew and Blake have been esteemed who came at an opportune time, and gave to poetry a new impetus from which great schools afterward evolved.

We have now viewed only one aspect of the poet, his opportuneness; now let us consider the natural qualities that have gained so much popularity for Kipling. We are told that we can not deem a man great because he is popular; nevertheless, he is noted, and his fame is so extensive and positive that the consensus of the common opinion would straightway place him on a par with the greatest lyrists. Still, some of the more conservative class are dubious of Kipling's rank, while others, fatigued by examining too much uniformity, even if their subject happen to be excellent, may unduly cherish the refreshment of a novelty. Kipling gave us a novel specimen of poetry. First of all he had an original field to work in, and this proved his good fortune.

We meet for the most part the plainest and simplest sort of persons,—the class that is found in our small saloons—and talk of politics, warfare, mock-heroes, and other topics suited to their taste and surroundings.

We see this fact embodied most forcibly in one of his greatest barrack-room ballads, "Gunga Din." His characterization of the lowly East India water-carrier is done in lines that vividly portray the humility, simplicity and gentleness of the ignorant and despised black. Perhaps one of the best touches is contained in the following lines:

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When he went to tend the wounded under fire!

Equally touching is the sentiment expressed in the last stanza where, "Just before 'e died, I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din"

"The Road to Mandalay" is an exquisite bit of lyrical composition, in which the heart-ache of the British, on listening to the "East 'a callin'" is put into the very letters of the poem. In this instance at least Kipling's use of artistic sounds to suggest

emotion rivals Tennyson's powers along that line. Of the barrack-room ballads in general, it might be said that the author makes us breathe the dust of the cantonments, hear the clink of accoutrements, feel the heat of the weary marches, see the evolutions of the drill, suffocate in the East Indian climate, ride across the burning deserts, and linger under the bamboos and palm trees. Of the mechanical structure too much can not be said. His use of rimes is beyond criticism. The riming words not only voice us the idea in a musical medium, but seem the only word beside to express the idea. Kipling's manner of handling rimes can call forth nothing but admiration.

"Departmental Ditties" take us into the confidence of the great British India service, tell us the bon-mots of society and the happenings of the inner circle. Society chit-chat, amusing tales of Rajahs and the undercurrent of politics are themes treated. Naturally, from the reason of the subjects treated the 'Ditties' do not possess a strong poetic element but are rather agreeable verse.

"The Songs of the Seven Seas" contain much real poetry. We hear the surge of the waves, the churning screw, and see the sailors scrubbing down the decks. "Her Majesty's Jollier" is probably one of the best. Whaling voyages, the cruises of privateers, and the highways of commerce are treated in a manner that gives us a living acquaintance, if not a strong friendship, for the great maritime ventures and the "men who plough the sea."

His two most famous productions, the *Vampire* and the *Recessional*, need but the slightest mention. They alone would give him rank as a poet, and one of a high order; the latter poem is indeed justly deemed one of the first odes in English.

The critics have found much fault with Kipling, and very justly. His barbaric splendor at times degenerates into the glitter of glass, and again it is the pure metal. His poetry has often been found fault with because it is misunderstood. Indeed so strong is the individuality of his style that a taste for him is necessary before he can be properly appreciated. At all events he has demonstrated his right to be classed among the poets, and it is not beyond legitimate expectation to hope that his best work is not yet done.

## A Trip to Mars.

MICHAEL MATHIS.

About the time of the Renaissance there lived in Fulvia, a small Italian town, a great and learned physicist and astronomer by the name of Capinius.

Capinius was a very wealthy and extraordinary man, with strong convictions. Whatever he had in mind he did, and one day he went so far as to plan a trip to Mars in a balloon. This soon reached the ears of the king, who, being some kind of an astronomer himself, thought Capinius was crazy and sent him to prison. Here Capinius became the favorite of all and was loved especially by the chief jailor whose name was Curius, and whose character somewhat resembled his name.

Capinius and Curius often spent long hours together, and one day Capinius told him his plan of making a trip to Mars. Although it is quite impossible yet it was as follows:

In the first place a balloon was necessary, and a stick of dynamite, which was to be attached to a string, was to hang dangling some five or ten feet from the balloon proper. The success or failure of the trip depended on the dynamite which was to explode exactly when the balloon had gone sixty miles up in the air, the distance occupied by the atmosphere. When this would explode it would give the balloon a force to pass from the atmosphere of earth to the ether of the celestial sphere, and then as no force would act on the balloon old Capinius thought he could steer it at his will.

Curius was deeply interested in the affair, and promised to supply Capinius with a balloon, dynamite, and everything else necessary. Two weeks later, about three in the afternoon, a great big balloon about ready to ascend could be seen tossing to and fro on a high hill near Fulvia. Another moment and Capinius and balloon were high up in the air.

The distance between the balloon and the earth seemed to grow greater and greater, till suddenly a crash was heard and in



another minute Capinius came tumbling down and fell into a lake about two miles from Fulvia. Several fishermen saw him fall and immediately secured him and put him in their boat, but he was totally unconscious.

When he awoke he remarked: "Why all Mars is just like the earth,—men, water, flies, ground and everything are the same. That's what I expected. Wait! When I return again to the earth I will be able to tell Copernicus and Kepler and the rest of those knownothings some queer things. Some days later he was removed to his home, where he found his wife and children.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that even families are similar to those of earth."

All the time firmly believing he was at Mars, he wrote several editorials for some newspaper. In the first he told the people how much their native Mars resembled the earth; in another he told his story and how he came to be on Mars; and in the third and last he made a public statement that he would again go back to the earth in two weeks. This last statement thoroughly convinced the people of Fulvia that he was crazy, so they put him in the locker where he died.

LITERATURE has interest and value in the degree in which it throws light upon life—man's hopes, struggles, sorrows and loves. The thoughts which never lose the power to illumine and cheer, like a living presence, are always precious. The rest may please for a season, or in certain moods; but vital truth alone has permanent worth, and it alone makes the books which it inhabits a possession forever. A great library is, for the most part, a great necropolis. The books are the tombstones on which names are inscribed; and if we open them there is but emptiness and dust. The writers lived in a superficial and transitory world, and what they knew and expressed is now as obsolete as themselves. But here and there is a volume which contains the thoughts of a deathless spirit who, because he dwelt close to the heart of the Everlasting and All-Beautiful, still lives and breathes in words whose vital force is indestructible.

—Spalding.

## News from the Front.

JAMES R. RECORD.

Scarcely one man remained in the village; the strong and the brave had marched away, leaving the aged and infirm to guard their homes. The streets were overgrown with weeds. The lanes bore the marks of infrequent travel. The dwellings were sadly in need of repair—a loose shutter here; a creaky door there; one had shed its coat of paint; another offered numerous exposures to the wind. Fences were down; gates were off and outhouses untenanted. The stock were few; horses without exception gone, cattle driven away and sheep missing.

The mournful strokes of the alarm bell called the inhabitants hurriedly to the dilapidated old church. An anxious, perhaps agonized expression appeared on the faces of the expectant throng as an old man tremulously began to read aloud a list of names. The list was but half completed and the assembly seemed greatly relieved, when with a stifled cry as the paper dropped from his palsied hands, the speaker reeled and fell. Mechanically a new reader was called. As the next name in order was uttered a distressful scream startled for an instant the room and wrung a sigh from persons who for four bitter years had lived continually in the presence of death, famine and suffering. One battle had claimed two of the village's noblest sons.

The dispatch concluded with strange terms: "Surrender" and "Peace." The inhabitants while silently dispersing interchanged puzzled glances as if uncertain of the true meaning of these final words. In some they awakened joy, in others the contrary. The days of peace returned to a few. All that the god of war had called away, the majority possessed only the cherished memory of the dead.

As years ago Christ came on earth  
To free all men from evil doom,

So yearly now the Christmas mirth  
Comes brightening up the winter gloom. V. P.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, January 21, 1905.

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—The recent paralytic attack which has stricken down Bishop Spalding once more brings into the limelight of public prominence America's most distinguished clergyman. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." When the news of his illness went forth a great wave of sympathy swept over the land, the echoing voice of millions of hearts to which the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peoria has endeared himself by his fearless and noble utterances; an unequivocal tribute to this manly citizen and priestly cleric. The courage and vigor displayed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop in combating municipal and national vices has been and will continue to be an inspiration to lovers of true liberty. His work is not yet done. His prudent counsel and cheering presence were never more needed than at present. The hope, then, and the prayer that finds utterance on the lips of every public-spirited man in America to-day should be, and undoubtedly is, that the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peoria will most speedily recover, in order that he may live to complete and perfect the reforms which he has so signally begun, and give as prodigal as ever from his unfathomed goodness of heart lest that treasure should perish with him.

—The freedom of the press is one of the great benefits with which the citizens of the United States are favored; and out of

the possession of this particular privilege naturally arise abuses which are subject to criticism and censure. But a few days ago the Circuit Court of Evansville, Ind., issued an injunction restraining a newspaper and an artist, employed by it, from printing pen-sketches of a defendant then being tried upon a serious criminal charge. It was held that the pictures had direct bearing on the course of the trial, and, moreover, that they tended to prejudice the public against the prisoner. The enjoined paper contested the finding of the court and won its point. This decision was in accordance with many others; for, unless the pictures be libelous in character, the court has no power to restrain their publication.

While the public sentiment favors these pen-sketches, cartoons or caricatures, they will continue to be printed; and from present indications we may conclude that the year when their publication will be prohibited by law is far removed. From a moral view-point many of them might be deemed outrageous, but the public smiles indulgently on this invasion of the privacy of citizens. It can not be denied that the suppression of such cartoons and pen-sketches would be for the betterment of the people.

It is and has been the aim of the Governor of Pennsylvania to enact a law providing for the punishment of those who insert in their papers pen-sketches of the class mentioned; but it does not seem probable that he will be successful; nor, it may be added, are the citizens of the Quaker State praying for his success. That permissible and desirable cartoons will continue to be printed is certain; that scandalous and libelous ones will be prohibited by law is to be hoped for; but whether or not this will be the case remains to be seen.

—After a lengthy correspondence and the earnest efforts of Professor Reno, who has charge of the debating and parliamentary law work at Notre Dame this year, a debate for our second team has been arranged with De Pauw University. The question submitted by Notre Dame and accepted by De Pauw is the same as that which will be debated with Oberlin: "Resolved, That Labor and Capital should be compelled to settle their disputes

through legally constituted boards of arbitration." This announcement should serve as an added impulse to those who have heretofore taken an active interest in debating. It should in like manner encourage the students who have already determined to enter the preliminaries. In previous years Notre Dame has proved a doughty adversary in debate. Time after time her teams have disputed the question with some of the strongest teams in the West, and each time victory has come to them. In the face of these circumstances there can be no doubt as to the honor of being a member of either the team which is to represent us at Oberlin or of that which we trust will uphold the fair fame of their *Alma Mater* when they clash on the forensic battle ground with the scions of De Pauw.

At present there are only about forty candidates whose names have been entered to compete for the eight places on the two teams, six regulars and two alternates. The conditions which have so often prevailed,—the "bar sinister" which caused so many willing workers to withhold their entry—is conspicuously absent, for no one of last year's team is back at school this semester. Those who are relied upon most generally are without exception untried debaters. They may have distinguished themselves in oratory and in elocution, but never in this line of public speaking. Elocution is really the smaller part of debating. Fortune, if by that we mean a capacity for successful work, favors the argumentator, the logical student. Then let there be no evasion of work, but enter your names at once for the preliminary debates. If you can not win a place on either team you can help another to do so, and help six men to win for us at Oberlin and De Pauw; and in addition there is the chance of educating oneself on the current questions of the day. Professor Reno has collected considerable literature on the subject, and this he will place at the disposal of the students on application to him. The date of the first preliminary was wrongly stated in last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC, it is the 15th, and not the 1st of February. There is less than a month remaining, and each one should begin immediately to prepare consistently and conscientiously for this debate.

### The Hungarian Orchestra Concert.

The appearance of the Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra in Washington Hall last Friday marked the resumption of the concert and lecture course at the University for the second semester. Up to the present time we have had a few lectures and practically no concerts, but from now on the visits of Lyceum attractions will be more frequent.

This is not the first time the Hungarian Court Orchestra has performed before a student audience at Notre Dame, and to judge from the genuineness, the spontaneity of the applause which followed each succeeding selection they will long be welcome visitors. The comparative fewness of the players, and the exclusive use of string and reed instruments are distinctive and pleasing features of this organization. Above all, the unique Hungarian cymbalom and the skilful and artistic handling of it proved a curious novelty to many of the audience.

The program consisted of only eight numbers, yet so well were these interpreted and so splendidly were they executed that had there been five times that number the students would willingly have heard them to the end. The overture from William Tell was the opening selection, and received close attention. The "Fantasia" from "Il Trovatore," a most complicated mosaic of that grandest of operas, was the best number of the day, but the orchestra was fully equal to the task, and their rendition of it called forth rounds of applause, to which they responded with a popular encore. Mr. Matus, the leader of the company, gave an exhibition of some very skilful clarinet playing, the music for his solo having been composed by himself. Aside from the selections mentioned, taking into consideration the varying individual taste of the students who composed the audience, the duet on the cello and the clarinet, by Messrs. Dobronyi and Neuberg was undoubtedly the best liked of any of the lighter music. Taking into consideration the snatches of tunes whistled through the halls since the concert, one can not but declare that the Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra are deservedly a most popular organization.

### A Valuable Acquisition.

Like all things human the St. Louis Exposition has come to the end of its career of prosperity, but the remembrance thereof will long be cherished at Notre Dame, for through the prompt action of our zealous librarian, Professor James F. Edwards, we have become the fortunate possessors of the finest and most valuable chasuble on this side of the ocean. The vestment in question is the masterpiece of an Italian artist, and was deservedly awarded the prize at the recent exhibit. Competent critics who have made a careful study of church vestments and examined the best examples of work in that line, are unanimous in declaring this Italian chasuble to be superior to anything of its kind in the United States. The material used is of white silk damask. In front on the chasuble is pictured events in the life of Our Blessed Lady, and on the back is presented a group of angels in adoration before the resurrected Christ. The inspired hand of Raphael could not have painted those pictures with more life-like skill, nor in aught could he have improved the color effect. Numerous art lovers were anxious to secure this splendid work, but happily Prof. Edwards was the successful purchaser. Notre Dame has good cause to be proud of and much reason to be grateful for the untiring perseverance of her librarian and the work already accomplished by him in securing as complete a collection as possible of whatever appertains to the history of Catholic America. Most frequently and sincerely has Prof. Edwards been lauded for his unselfish labors by such illustrious makers of history as Dom Aidan Gasquet and John Gilmary Shea, who are largely indebted for their successful research to the painstaking efforts of just such collectors. The present is but one of the many instances of Prof. Edwards' undivided devotion to the advancement of Notre Dame. The world is greatly in need of such unselfish toilers; of more men who set aside all thought of personal aggrandizement for the sake of ultimate profit to another. Their example should inspire us to contribute our quota in making mankind better and happier through our instrumentality.

### Death of Colonel Morrison.

Although a card of sympathy on the death of Colonel Joseph B. Morrison of Fort Madison, Iowa, appears in another place in the SCHOLASTIC we feel that a few more words about such a sterling character would not be inappropriate. By the sudden death of Colonel Morrison, Iowa lost one of her noblest sons—a man true and devoted to his religion, a patriot who had served throughout the Civil War, and a father who was ever attentive and mindful of his children's welfare. At the time of his death Colonel Morrison was a member of the state board of directors of the Roman Catholic Mutual Protective Society, an organization which has for its object the grand and charitable work of providing for the widows and orphans and the training of the Catholic young men of Iowa and adjoining states to provide practical and efficient safeguards for those who were dependent upon them.

This society was greatly indebted for its success to the excellent executive abilities and prudent counsel of Colonel Morrison. He was also a prominent Knight of Columbus, being Grand Knight of the Gallitzin Council No. 739 and well known in K. C. circles throughout the West. The four sons of Col. Morrison have all been in attendance at the University—Vincent E. having taken the degree of B. S. in '89 and William I. the same degree in '90. Joseph B. was a student '03-'04, and Denis A. is now in Carroll Hall. To these and the other members of the bereaved family the SCHOLASTIC extends its deepest sympathy.

### State Oratorical Contest.

The Indiana State Oratorical Contest, which was to have taken place in Tomlinson Hall, at Indianapolis, February 6, and in which Mr. Gavin with his oration on the "Martyr of Molokai" is to represent Notre Dame, has been indefinitely postponed on account of the difficulty of securing competent judges on thought and composition.

## The New York Alumni Society Banquet.

There is a particular song whose popularity has ceased almost completely but whose refrain often persists in ringing within my ears. If I remember rightly the stubborn lines run as follows: "Do they miss me at home? do they miss me? How sweet to think that at this moment there's some one to say, 'I wish he were here!'" After all, this yearning for the company of our friends and these pensive retrospections into a pleasurable past are a balm to life. We are not satisfied with the making of friends, we yearn to have them before us, at least in thought, to "grapple them to our soul, with hoops of steel," and to have the assurance that they in turn are not unmindful of us.

This assurance of continued friendship Notre Dame is proud to possess in her numerous alumni, in their associations, and last but not least, in the so-called "State Clubs" of recent organization. Of the last-named societies, the New York Club was the originator and has ever since remained an exemplary model. With an unshaken fidelity to their *Alma Mater* and a keen appreciation of their befitting motto, "Excelsior," the New Yorkers have striven higher and higher (*sine asperis*) *Ad astra*.

That they thought of us at their recent banquet is an axiomatic truth, for their primary intention in assembling was undoubtedly to reawaken their recollections of college life. Notre Dame was very favorably represented at their meeting, and wherever such an assembly of cheerful comrades come together it goes without saying that a jolly good time must ensue. In this matter concerning the New York banquet we can claim no Delphic inspiration, for the particulars have been double-typed in one of the Eastern papers. We learn that our Alumni Society in the Empire State held its annual dinner and reunion on the seventeenth of last month. The banquet-hall was tastefully decorated with gold and blue, colors emblematic wherever seen of Notre Dame's unsullied claim to rank among the foremost colleges in our country. It needs no Milton to say that the table was "richly spread in regal mode," nor

would a modern writer fail (particularly when there is question of a college banquet) to mention a word about the music. We may be certain that Doretti's Royal Italian Orchestra—which had been engaged by our aristocratic alumni—played loud enough to deafen the unclassic rattling of knives and forks. However, no simple vegetable fare marred the harmony of music or graced the board of our fastidious "Excelsiors;" wherever they dine Apollo himself may deign to partake.

Before the dinner was served Frank P. Dwyer, President of the New York Alumni Society, read letters of regret from our esteemed President, Father Morrissey, and from many other guests who reluctantly had to forego attending. Among those present were: Peter McElligott, Thomas Dwyer, Thomas Murray, Joseph Naughton, William Walsen, Frank Eyanson, John McSorley, Thomas Riley, Frank P. Dwyer, John Quinn, William K. Gardiner, Ernest Hammer, Edward Hammer, Patrick MacDonough, Frank Cornell, and Charles Gorman.

The present students of Notre Dame must recall many of these names, for jovial companions such as Gardiner, Hammer, etc., will always recur when musing upon "the old familiar faces." Frank Cornell must have envied Doretti, for how could a former band member attend a college banquet and not grasp involuntarily for his instrument? Besides the toasts, which could not but be clever and witty considering the banqueters, there was, no doubt, a rivalry for poetic laurels between the class poet of 1903, Mr. MacDonough, and Ernest Hammer who held that position during the collegiate term just completed. If we must predict a victor let our choice fall on Patrick MacDonough whose editorship on last year's SCHOLASTIC stands on its own merits.

On the 19th instant the club held a smoker at Healy's, Columbus Ave. and Sixty-Sixth Street; a report of the same will probably be contained in our next issue. The New York Alumni Society will hold its annual meeting and dinner in April, when the election of officers will take place. All Notre Dame students in the vicinity of New York are requested to correspond with the Secretary, P. McElligott, 140 Nassau St.

## Athletic Notes.

From now on until the weather permits of outdoor work the gymnasium will be a busy place between the hours of 3 and 4:30 p. m. From 3 to 3:45 p. m. the track men will reign supreme; the remaining three-quarters of an hour will be devoted to baseball practice.

\* \*

While the track outlook is not dazzling in its brightness, still the prospects are by no means disquieting. We have seen what Coach Holland can do with a small bunch of inexperienced men under adverse circumstances. The students should show their appreciation of his past efforts and give him a chance to show what he can do with a larger squad. We have no preparatory school men with records, and he must try to develop a team from raw material. This he can not do if the students do not respond to his call. Every man who thinks that he has any latent ability within him should come out. If you fail, no one will laugh at you, while if you should succeed in winning a point for the Gold and Blue you will have experienced the satisfaction of raising the colors of your *Alma Mater* one notch higher in the estimation of the athletic world. Indifference has been the cause of many failures at Notre Dame, let it not mar her record of 1905.

\* \*

Silver and Draper will represent Notre Dame in the First Regiment games to be held at Chicago on Jan. 26. Silver has been entered in the forty-yard dash and Draper will compete both in the forty-yard dash and the hurdles. Owing to a badly bruised shoulder sustained in the De Pauw game Draper could not enter the shot put. Coach Holland will not allow him to put the shot for at least two months to come.

\* \*

Next Monday Captain O'Connor will issue a call to the baseball candidates. Of last year's team only five are eligible for the coming season: namely, O'Connor, O'Gorman, McHenry and O'Neill. It is a severe task that confronts Capt. O'Connor; for, with the exception of O'Gorman, he

must develop an entirely new battery, and face the problem of providing an entire outfield together with a first-baseman. It is truly an herculean task for any captain; but we have the greatest confidence in O'Connor's ability as a leader, and if he is given the proper support we believe that the coming season will see Notre Dame represented by a team that will reflect the greatest credit on her.

\* \*

The University of Illinois has the sincere sympathy of Notre Dame in the sad death of Ralph Roberts her baseball captain for 1905. Roberts played centrefield for Illinois last season, and the members of our team who were acquainted with him declare that he was not only a grand ball-player but a perfect gentleman.

\* \*

Shaughnessy, our reliable centre-fielder, will travel in fast company next season. He has been signed to play an outfield for Washington in the American League. "Shag" was one of the best base-runners ever seen on Cartier Field.

\* \*

A large room on the ground floor of the gymnasium has recently been fitted up as a trophy room, and will be open every day for inspection by students and visitors. The wall is lined with glass cases containing silken banners and prize cups won by our teams of former years. There is also a collection of pictures showing the different teams that have represented Notre Dame on the athletic field in the past. There are also numerous individual photographs of athletes who gained renown here; among them that of the famous Jewett, who in his time held several world's records. The credit for this attractive room belongs to Bro. Hugh who conceived and carried out the plan. Let us hope that before the present year has passed away we will have made several additions to the trophies already displayed.

\* \*

The Carroll Hall basket-ball team has organized for the season, having elected Morn as Captain. Considering the material and the abundant facilities for practice the Carrollites should have an excellent team.



Chicago reports twenty candidates at the first indoor practice. Of last year's team she has lost the entire outfield, her first baseman and all except one of her pitchers.

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\* \*

There is great activity at present in the athletic line (among the Minims). Basketball is very popular, and hardly a day goes by without a lively game being held in their gym. Already plans are being formed for an indoor meet to be held in the big gymnasium some time next month. Smith and Roe were chosen to captain the two teams and have already selected their respective sides. From now on both squads will train hard, so that when the final test for supremacy arrives they should be in the best of condition. Much interest centres around the contest that will ensue between Cavanaugh and Schneider in the half-mile. Schneider recently beat Cavanaugh on the board floor of St. Edward's, but the latter is sure of his ability to win on the dirt track. Professor Reno has kindly consented to help the little fellows along in making arrangements for the meet.

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\* \*

The first indoor baseball game of the season occurred in the gym. last Thursday between teams from Sorin and Brownson. It resulted in an easy victory for the Sorinites, who obtained the unusual number of 37 hits off Hertzell. Sheehan led at the bat, having six hits to his credit. The fine pitching of McNerny for Sorin kept Brownson's score quite low; the best they could do was to obtain seven hits, which netted seven runs. The first score was 25 to 7. The batteries were—for Sorin, McNerny and Sheehan; for Brownson, Hertzell and Brogan.

J. F. S.

#### Personals.

—Brother Alphonsus has retired from his post as head-prefect of Brownson Hall for the time being. On account of protracted illness he has not been able to return as expected, and Brother Hugh has taken his place.

—George W. Kuppler, graduate in Law 1901, is doing nicely in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. George is working up a Notre

Dame club in the new state and indications point to his being successful at it. George has the push, for he was a Varsity man in his day.

—We are pleased to announce that Mr. Eugenio P. Rayneri, Architectural Engineer, class of '04, has passed recently in Havana, Cuba, with the highest honors, the government examination for the position of Architectural Engineer. Mr. Rayneri received special mention from his examiners who awarded him the highest standing. He is now holding a very responsible position under the government and performing satisfactorily the duties of his office. This well-deserved success comes as a reward for the thorough and faithful work done by Mr. Rayneri while a student in the University. We wish for him many years of success and honor in his chosen profession.

—The news of the advancement and promotion of old students is always hailed with much joy. Angus D. McDonald (student '96-'00) was recently promoted to the auditing department of the Pacific System. The officials of the Southern Pacific with whom Angus has been closely connected during the past few years, speak very highly of his abilities. He will be remembered as the captain and star first-baseman of our baseball team. He also figured prominently in the rôle of a Varsity football player. No one who has ever known him, whether on or off the athletic field, can forget him. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him every success in his new office.

#### Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, It has pleased God in His infinite goodness and wisdom to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, Denis Morrison of Carroll Hall, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

William Heyl

Charles O'Connor

Charles Kelley

Lawrence Symonds

Edgar Fairfax

## Local Items.

—Classes in typewriting will be held every day from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. A phonography class at 7:30 p. m. has been started to accommodate the students. Those desiring to pursue such a course should report to Bro. Paul.

—Bill: "Say, do you know that the tables have just come out of the infirmary?"

Jim: "No. Have they? What was the matter?"

Bill: "Why, they were all broken up during the holidays."

—The many new students, and the old ones as well, take an especial delight in making frequent visits to the natatorium. Those in charge of this indoor "lake" are to be commended for their diligence in seeing to the cleanliness and temperature of the building.

—Once more the play-hall of St. Edward's Hall is alive with promising young athletes. Indeed so well occupied is it that should a stranger venture in there he would soon find himself compelled to step lively to avoid being hit by flying hand-balls and baseballs, or beat a hasty retreat.

—The Minim track team have been training, and from the present outlook they will put up a strong fight against the ex-Minims next spring. Every day they may be seen practising the "runs" and the hurdles. Regular work has not as yet begun, for no suitable coach has been secured.

—The students regret that they will no longer see the genial Bro. Bruno at his post in the basement of the Main Building. He has removed to the new and improvised trunk-room over the natatorium. Though they shall meet him seldom still they shall find his conversation as enjoyable and as instructive as usual.

—One of our unwise "sophs" was put on trial the other day, and by the unanimous verdict of a jury of his peers was found guilty of the following effort on the improved condition of the university walks:

Little loads of cinders,  
Little grains of sand,  
Prevent excessive motion  
And a mighty land.

—The Sorin Cadets reorganized last Thursday morning for the coming season. Practice will be given them every Thursday under the careful supervision and direction of Colonel W. G. Emerson, a man of wide experience in this useful department of exercise and training. A meeting of the cadets will be held next week to elect officers. The Minims manifest remarkable

interest in the drilling; and we may look forward to a spirited competition next June for the Symonds Gold Medal, which is awarded to the most proficient cadet.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held a meeting Jan. 18, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Rev. Father Malloy, Spiritual Director; Mr. P. M. Malloy, President; Edward O'Flynn, Vice-President; John W. Sheehan, Secretary; V. A. Parrish, Moderator; C. G. Sullivan, Sergeant-at-Arms. Great enthusiasm was shown throughout the meeting and much interest has been manifested by all the members. After a few remarks made by the President and the other officers urging the co-operation of all, the meeting adjourned.

—One of the most notable events in Pittsburg society during the Christmas holidays was a dance given by the Pennsylvania Club of the University. The members of the club for the last four years have had the idea that such a function would be a benefit both to the Club and to the University, but until this year the plans had never been worked out.

The feature of the dance was the bringing together of a large number of Notre Dame alumni and friends. Prominent among the old students present were Charles Kane, Austin Page, Clarence Diebold, Michael A. Diskin, Adolph Zang and Herbert Dashbach. That all have remained loyal to Notre Dame was evidenced by their presence, and by the way all joined in a hearty "U. N. D." after the completion of the program. The dance was declared by all present to have been a grand success; and it has been voted to make the same event an annual affair hereafter.

—A very enjoyable social was held at St. Joseph's Hall during the holidays, but owing to lack of space an account of it was omitted from the last issue of this paper. The affair was arranged and conducted by Bro. Florian, and this alone was a guarantee of its success. The early part of the evening was devoted to an entertainment, which included solos by Mr. Gallart and a cake walk by Messrs. Sullivan and Byrnes. After this and the testing of some very fine Havanas, the guests sat down to a banquet; the pleasant memories of which still linger. Toasts were proposed and responded to. Mr. William Robinson acted as toastmaster. Dancing was then indulged in until a late hour. Before the party broke up, a vote of thanks to Brother Florian was passed by the guests, for it is to his kindness and forethought that the success of the social must be attributed. Among those present were Fathers Marr and Schumacher, and Brother Camille from Sorin Hall.