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Eventide.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WHEN dawn fills the vale with splendor
Of soft-tinted roseate light,
Ah, then, beautiful flower-sprites tender
Adieus to the dark-wingéd night;
For the blossoms and buds without number,
From the rose to the lily pale,
Love the dim-shadowed region of slumber,
Love the night winds that lisp in the vale.
The day with its bright sun shining,
Its heats, and its rough, veering gales,
Wakes a low note of gentle repining
In the flower hearts down 'mid the dales.
Ah, they seek not the sunbeams, tho' vieing,
With the gleam of their own tinted light,
For they love when the soft winds are sighing
To rest in the arms of the night.

Richard Mansfield: Master Mummer.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.



ALMOST hidden from view in one of the most populous parts of New York City is a little cemetery where lie the graves of a score or more Thespians, who, only a few years ago, were idols of the public. These men and women, who, during their brief régime, caused thousands to laugh or to weep at their will, are now forgotten by those for whom they furnished amusement, and their graves would be entirely neglected were it not for the fact that each year they are decorated with a

wreath, placed there by the Actors' Society of America.

A little more than a year ago, another American actor, Mr. Richard Mansfield, passed away, and although there are many who cherish his memory, his name is now seldom heard. The fickle public has found a new favorite to take the place of the one that has passed away. To the last the actor's life was dramatic, and although his death was expected weeks before it occurred, he never lost hope, and was constantly planning his next season's work.

It is a pitiable thing to see a strong man stricken in the midst of a glorious career, and it seemed almost impossible that the greatly feared Mansfield was a wreck, shattered in mind and body, who wept when his childish whims were not gratified, and whose greatest delight was to see the costumes he once wore in famous rôles spread out about his couch.

Richard Mansfield was in many ways a wonderful figure. Cosmopolitan in the extreme, yet by professional association an American, we lay claim that he was America's greatest actor. Born on an island in the far North Sea, a little less than half a century ago, Mansfield began a career which was almost parallel with that of one of his greatest characters—Cyrano de Bergerac.

It will be remembered by those who saw Mr. Mansfield in this rôle, that in the last act, Cyrano sums up his life in a few lines:

"Philosopher, metaphysician,
Rhymer, brawler, and musician,
Famed for his lunar expedition,
And the unnumbered duels he fought,
And lover also by interposition;
Here lies Hercule Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac,
Who was everything, yet was naught."

When Mr. Mansfield spoke these words, seated in a great armchair, his head buried in his hands, they were not the words of Rostand, the dramatist, but became the soul cry of Mansfield—the man.

The son of Madame Rudersdorff, an opera singer, young Mansfield spent the early days of his life travelling with his mother over the continent and England. At the age of ten he was sent to school in Germany where he remained but a short time, owing to a boyish prank in which he showed his first artistic instinct by painting the panel of a sombre door a vivid green. Removed from the German school, he was sent to England, where he was entered at the Derby school. It was at this institution that he assumed the rôle of Shylock in an amateur performance of "The Merchant of Venice" and laid the foundation of his subsequent career.

Before finishing his school days, Mansfield returned to the continent and entered the university of Yverdon in Switzerland. There he delved deeply into philosophy, music and art, and there, too, he probably assimilated those Teutonic characteristics and that careful attention to detail which ever afterwards marked his work and made it so remarkably true to nature.

It was in 1872 that Mansfield came with his mother to America, where she had been engaged to sing at the Boston Peace Jubilee. Both were well pleased with the new country and resolved to make it their future home. Young Mansfield entered commercial life, but finding it out of harmony with his artistic instincts he became musical editor of the *Boston Globe*, a position which he held for over a year. Later he turned to painting, but this also was distasteful to him, and he resolved to go upon the stage.

He made his theatrical début in England, and the story of those early days is a sad one. He drifted about from one engagement to another, always underpaid, and at times almost on the verge of starvation; yet he never lost courage, and through it all he gained an experience, which oftentimes stood him in good stead during the brighter days of his later career.

The young actor turned towards the provinces of England, with occasional performances in London, and finally an

opportunity knocked at his door in the form of an offer from D'Oyly Carte, who wished to send him to America in "Les Manteux Noirs." Mansfield lost no time in accepting the offer, and September 22, 1882, he made his first appearance in that piece as Domez at the old Standard Theatre in New York. A multitude of other rôles followed, which will not be commented upon here, as I wish to treat merely the greater and more classic efforts which made Mansfield the equal of his great English contemporary, Sir Henry Irving.

As Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance," Mansfield achieved his first success. He was originally cast, much against his will, as Tirindal; a small part which offered but little opportunity for a display of histrionic ability. J. H. Stoddard was to assume the principal rôle, that of Chevrial, but less than a week before the play was to be produced Stoddard threw up the part in disgust, and it was given to Mansfield. Fired with ambition, and longing to make a place for himself in the ranks of American actors, Mansfield threw heart and soul into his work and succeeded in winning his audience beyond all expectation.

An artist, as he was, Mr. Mansfield took a keen delight in make-up, and it has been said that not a little of the success he gained on this memorable first night was due to the artistry he brought to bear in painting his face to represent the decrepit and disgraceful old rake, the Baron Chevrial. Be this as it may, the actor scored and soon found himself on the high road to that success of which he had dreamed and for which he had worked and longed.

Mr. Mansfield often said that when he looked back upon those early days at the Derby school, and thought of the time when in the ignorance of youth he attempted to play Shylock, a shudder crept over him. However, it was that performance that led the Bishop of Litchfield to predict a brilliant stage career for the ambitious boy, and later he took a keen delight in assuming the rôle as a professional.

The Shylock of Mansfield was a distinct creation. He did not follow the tradition of other great Shakespearian actors, but built up the character, surrounding it with a

wealth of minute details, which, although they probably departed from the Elizabethan acceptance of the rôle, made it better fitted for a liberal, broad-minded and modern people. Writing at a period when a Jew was a hated creature in England, Shakespeare endowed the Jewish money-lender with speeches, which, if read as the Bard probably meant to have them read, would emphasize the malice, hatred and revengeful spirit of the Jew. Mr. Mansfield, playing to a modern and more humanitarian people who recognize the Jew as a fellow creature, the equal of themselves, adroitly shaded these lines, until his Shylock became nothing more than a careful man of business. He made him a fond father, guarding his daughter's honor as a precious jewel and clinging to his money simply because it was the only defense left the Venetian Jew. Those who closely followed Mr. Mansfield's method will remember the grim humor he put into the scene between Jessica and the shiftless Launcelot Gobbo. Launcelot has come to deliver a message to Jessica from her lover. Shylock, believing that he has come to say farewell, remarks: "The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder." Mr. Mansfield's face relaxed into a half smile, while his voice broke almost into a chuckle. His eyes twinkled with merriment as he regarded the clownish Gobbo, and he seemed to dwell upon the incongruity of the lazy Launcelot's being a member of a well-ordered Jewish household.

At the conclusion of the trial scene, when Shylock, suffering under defeat, leaves the court-room, the audience usually has much to speculate upon. Where does Shylock go and what does he do? These questions are bound to arise in the mind of any intelligent and observing playgoer. Mr. Mansfield almost gave an answer. Clutching the knife with which he had intended to cut the pound of flesh, the Mansfield of Shylock tottered slowly and nervously across the stage. Almost imperceptibly he tapped his breast with the knife. Imperceptible as this action was, yet it carried a wealth of meaning to an audience; it must have carried to every mind the suggestion of suicide.

It was at the beginning of the season of 1899 that Mr. Mansfield showed himself willing to take a great risk in the promotion

of the artistic drama. The season before this M. Edmund Rostand's superb romantic drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," had been produced in France with M. Coquelin in the title-rôle.

English translations from French successes are nearly always more or less unsatisfactory, and when Mr. Mansfield announced that he was not only going to produce a translation of a poetic drama, but that he was going to assume a rôle made famous by the great Coquelin, a wave of distrust swept over the entire critical guild. The drama was produced in good time, and the eyes of the world was turned upon the enterprise. The morning following the first presentation of Mr. Mansfield's work, the papers had columns of praise for the production. The magnificence of the staging was marvellous, and not a detail of business had been omitted that would serve to bring out the meaning of the author. One critic writing at the time said:

"The Mansfield Cyrano was a complete text-book in the art of acting, and it afforded a splendid opportunity to study an artist's conception and exposition of a great character. It is no exaggeration to say that there was not a turn of a phrase nor a movement of the body that did not bear testimony to the actor's deep delving into detail. Cyrano's mind and soul were probed to their innermost recesses, and the actor dragged forth every motive, however hidden and however subtle, that in a way influenced the man in his attitude toward the world." Another thing that made the Cyrano of Mr. Mansfield differ widely from anything else ever produced by one who aspired to star, was the fact that he never tried to occupy the centre of the stage at moments when he should have logically been elsewhere.

In the duel scene of the first act, Mr. Mansfield's grouping was entirely out of the ordinary. The duellists moved about the stage, always concealed from the audience by the stage mob, the voice of Cyrano rising above the tumult as he recited his verses. Many other points of similar nature might also be noted, showing that Mr. Mansfield had full confidence in his ability to hold the audience, and that no matter how obscurely he might be placed, Cyrano

would be at all times the central figure of the picture.

Educated as he was for the most part under the German system, there was no reason for wonder that Mr. Mansfield should choose a vehicle from among the German masters. Other players had at various times adopted the same expedient with results entirely satisfactory. However, when Mr. Mansfield announced his intention of making a modern acting version of Schiller's "Don Carlos," there was indeed surprise among the critics. The only standard English version of this poetic drama was Boylan's translation in pentameters and this would require seven hours if produced on the stage. Consequently, Mansfield was forced to make a drastic abridgment of this translation. The result was an admirable bit of work, retaining all the poetic beauty and fervor of the original, and making a classic that will go down among the greatest of English adaptations.

From the drama of the Germans to that of Scandinavia is not a far cry, and it only remained for the daring Mansfield to undertake the production of Ibsen's greatest dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt." This he did with every confidence of his success, and his aim was fully achieved, although the nervous strain of the trying rôle is said to have been the cause of the break-down that eventually resulted in his death. Wild, weird, super-human, almost demoniac, "Peer Gynt" gave Mr. Mansfield every opportunity to exercise his powers of depiction of the uncanny, and his utterance of tragic woe rang in many an ear after his auditors left the play-house and sought the seclusion of their own homes.

After a consideration of all these achievements and the broad mental grasp of this great actor-student, it seems all the more pity that his passing was recorded at a moment when he was at the zenith of his career.

Unfortunately, Mansfield was never a man of social tact, and consequently he was not endeared to the public as was Booth, Irving and Jefferson. It was not love we bore him, but reverence, and the news of his death was a source of real sorrow to every studious patron of the drama in America.

Autumn.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

SLOWLY fades the distant wold,
 Slowly turns its green to gold
 When the sunlight bathes the forest in its dyes;
 Then the golden-tinted rays
 Make the wold to glow and blaze,
 Seeking kinship with the flaming western skies.

Tho' I love the summer's bloom
 And the winter's solemn gloom,
 Tho' I love the new-born beauty of the spring,
 Yet when woodland voices call,
 And the leaves begin to fall,
 Then I bow to golden autumn as the king.

Caesar's Indiscretion.

IGNATIUS E. McNAMEE, '09.



HE jam at the gates grew more menacing each moment; perspiring ticket sellers, stripped to their sweat-soaked tunics and sandals were no longer able even hoarsely to shout "Lente! lente!" at the eager rabble surging about them; gate-keepers frantically watched the pasteboards as men and women rushed past them through the stiles, and everybody was urging more speed in a vain attempt to relieve the congestion at the entrance. But it was all to no purpose.

Curiosity is a powerful characteristic in most peoples and in this case accomplished what physical effort could not do. Suddenly upon the clamoring, steaming mob came the sharp, ringing beat of many rapid hoofs; men stopped their cursing, women their screams, and all craned their necks to learn what unusual thing was in the wind. It was not hard to find and, once discovered, held their attention. They had not known Caesar was in the city, yet it must be so, for there through the swirling dust of the Appian Way clattered the Royal Household Cavalry, their red plumes nodding, their swords clanking in unison with each rise and flashing together with each fall of the soldiers in stirrup. The royal chariot was soon descried behind the escort and beside

it another equally well known, for at Rome Brutus' car with its snowy Nubians was second in magnificence only to Cæsar's.

The cavalcade swept over the dusty flags of the avenue at a brisk canter and turned sharply off toward the gates in the place where the crowd seemed thickest. The mass of men and women that a moment ago was churning within itself to get a better view, now hurriedly divided, pressing back on either side, partly in respect to Cæsar, but chiefly through fear lest his haughty escort trample them beneath the clashing, glinting finery of their panoply. A broad lane was thus made, through which the emperor rode. He stood in the back of his car, his arms folded over his purple toga, bowing to right and to left and smiling that smile which brought to each man, who gained a fleeting glance, the thought that Cæsar's gracious look was meant for him especially. In the other chariot drove Brutus, the most talked-of man in Rome. To-day he seemed frankly, and not pleasantly, interested in the ovation Cæsar evoked; there was slight scorn, too, on his lips, and in his manner an all too conscious effort at indifference, when the crowd voiced only a few perfunctory "salvos" for Cæsar's confidant.

"Didst see the envious look of Brutus when Great Cæsar was acclaimed?"

questioned a tradesman of his neighbor as the cortège passed.

"Aye! But it Did rather verge, methought on smouldering hate. For I do fear his nature. Still perchance This fancy is no more than figment of My mind.—Ah, see! The gates are opened and The horsemen enter."

At that moment the royal herald was sounded from the walls and the vast populace that rocked the amphitheatre with its stamping—for all Rome and thousands from Tripoli were there—rose in a mighty shout of welcome to their ruler. The royal party mounted the marble steps between two gorgeous lines of soldiery to the imperial dais, and waving a stately acknowledgment to the multitude, Cæsar seated himself beneath the silken canopy to watch the game.

At a second alarm from the trumpets two gates rolled back and from their dressing-rooms on opposite sides of the arena two teams, Rome in white velvet, Tripoli in

black, trotted into the stadium to do battle for the world's championship pennant. A roar that almost rivaled the acclaim given Cæsar, the clapping of thousands of hands and the impact of many feet on the stone benches reverberated through the galleries and spread in rumbling waves over the city; the great band began to play a national anthem and the blood of Rome leaped anew; her nerves grew tense, for to-day's conquest would match her greatness against that of Tripoli with fair chances of victory for the visitors, and Tripoli was only a province. Two umpires strode across the field, measuring their tread to the beat of the music until they stood before the throne; then they flung the free end of their togas swishingly over their left shoulders and salaamed profoundly. The Roman umpire raised his hand for the band to cease:

"With this contest the present series ends
And to the winning team thereof the name
Of champions of the world will be bestowed,
For Rome the pitcher's name is Castidore
And Carmo serves the ball for Tripoli."

Meanwhile both teams had been limbering up. A wave of the hand hurried them to their benches where they lined into formation, saluted the royal party with a deep obeisance and Rome took the field. The game went with snap and precision; six innings were down before a man of either team reached third base. In the seventh, however, the charm was broken. Donatillo for Tripoli singled, Calcar sacrificed him, and himself made first on an error; then Monon sent a speeding ball over third, and the bags were full. Till this time little had been said in Cæsar's box and what there was had been only perfunctory. But now all was breathless, a heavy silence held the whole amphitheatre tense, nervously anticipating a run. Brutus leaned toward Cæsar and held up a finger:

"An hundred sesterces that Trip'li scores
A run before the inning shall be spent!
Art game, ny Cæsar, thus to barter gold
Upon the hour's vicissitude?"
"No sooner made than ta'en,"

answered grave Cæsar.

"The wager's laid. Mark you it so upon
Your tablet. Memory sometimes fails when one—"

The sentence was left unfinished, for at that moment Carmo, Tripoli's pitcher, struck vaguely for the third time and

retired cursing. Next Quintillian knocked a pop fly and made the second out with the bases full. The moment was intense, but Sallust only knocked a drive to short-stop and was thrown out at first. To cap it all, in running, his sandal pitched against a stone, snapped his ankle, and he had to be retired from the game.

"Ah ha!" quoth Cæsar,
Thou wouldst be a traitor to thy own team's good,
My worthy Brutus, wherefore I will hold
Thee to a strict account. This take unto
Thy heart 'bove all: to thine own team be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be falsely called a sport.
But come! thou seemst so miffed as tho' thou'dst lost
A thousand drachmas,"

and Cæsar slapped him jovially on the knee. Brutus remonstrated:

"Peace, my sire, I prithee twit me not,
Lest I shall so forget I am a man
And do thee that return which afterward
I would be sorry for."

"Enough, my Brutus! stop ere I forget
Thou art my friend."

Cæsar's angry voice rang clear and his passionate breathing was audible for a full minute in the sullen silence that followed the altercation. But interest in the game soon tempered their feelings and the matter was forgotten. It was now the ninth; Tripoli had made a run and Rome was at the plate with two men out. A run at this critical time would at least prolong the game and perhaps give Rome the chance to win. Brutus' sporting blood was up and he forgot the unpleasant incident of a little while ago.

"A double talent that the man at bat," said he,
"Will fail to score before th' inning's up.
Dost take it, Cæsar?"

"I would, my Brutus, yet I fear thy nature:
Art too full o' the bile of Roman madness
To be the man thou seemst. But since thou
Art eager with so forceful a desire,
I take the pledge."

The last word was hardly uttered before the batter drove a fly into the benches behind left field and made the circuit of the bases. Brutus was too angry to hear the deafening clamor of the people, too blind with rage and chagrin to see their frenzied movements. He could only swear softly and beat a light tattoo upon the floor with his foot; he was too tactful again to beard the emperor.

Two innings, two straining innings passed

and no score was made. At the end of the twelfth, though, Rome's chances brightened unexpectedly; but they died a sudden death. It was the fated thirteenth that proved the undoing of Brutus, for in that inning he again bet with Cæsar—this time four talents on the game—that it would not be Rome's. Tripoli took the field with three men on bases, and Rome again stood at bat. Cæsar fanned, but Bruno had better luck; he hit safe for two bases, and Castidore, the pride of Rome, singled, advancing Bruno to third; then came Rollo, the weakest hitter on the team, and the rooters with a groan loosed their grip on the benches; Rollo, they felt sure, would fan. But no; the fates were favorable and Rollo got a hit, bringing in the winning run. Then pandemonium broke all bounds. Men shouted and roared and beat their neighbors on the back for pure joy; women danced about, tossed mantles and stiluses into the air; many laughed and cried by turns. The high stone walls of the building threw echoes back upon the rising sounds, and nothing was distinguishable in the din save a dull monotony. Upon this scene Cæsar smiled complacently, but sight of Brutus changed the smile to a laugh.

"Well! thou Tripolian prince, why weepst
Thou not?"

The courtiers added their taunts to Cæsar's, and Brutus in his wrath clenched his hands till a drop of blood fell from the wound a nail had made. At last he spoke:

"A vile contagion breathes upon the air;
Ye all have laughed your laugh because your chief
Hath giv'n you silent leave. But even thou,
Imperial Cæsar, dead and gone to clay,
Might some day stop a hole to keep the wind
Away; for I am told the Ides of March
Portends a dangerous sort of weather."

With that he left the throne abruptly, wrapping his snowy toga close about him, stepped aboard his car and was soon lost among the surging crowd, a poorer man in several ways than when he came. Cæsar and his people had won another victory, but Cæsar had lost a friend, and he found it afterwards to have been a costly sacrifice.

AT a recent election, three hundred and twenty-five Barnard girls cast three hundred and fifty votes. All those in favor of the "Suffragette" please take notice!—*Senior Saying.*

Varsity Verse.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Two met one pleasant summer's day
So blithe and happy, free and gay;
They talked and smiled, a youthful twain,
And parted but to meet again.

The days rolled on, the years rolled by,
They lived and loved, and oft a sigh
Would tell the tale a loving heart
Had tried to hide and keep apart.

Dan Cupid's flame of love arose:
He shot his darts from golden bows,
And hit his mark, for loving tears
Bemarked the days that grew to years.

Each loved and swore that life and joy
Should end before neglect destroy
Their love's betrothal pure and strong;
Thus flowed life's stream of bliss along.

Long letters told in burning phrase
The tale of love, and happy days
Were those of theirs so fair and bright;
Alas—the coming of the night.

The days of courtship grew to years,
But fewer grew the sighs and tears,
For coolness came and broke the band
That held them fast in heart and hand.

'Twas she one day who met a prince
Of titled name; forgotten since
Is he who loved and waited long—
The loved forgot the lover's song.

O. A. S.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Why waste your time, you jingling bard,
At rhyming Homer's stanzas,
To give the thought is amply hard
Without extravaganzas.

M. E.

VAIN FEARS.

I thought I had forgotten
The way to pen a verse,
Or only half remembered—
And nothing could be worse!
Than having light iambs
Go wabbling like a hearse.

But, look, the dainty measure
Goes tripping for me still,
As fluent in its progress
As water down a hill,
With fragile ferns and rushes,
A-dipping in the rill!

So now, ye singers, hearken,
Who court the lyric Muse,
Be humble when she's gracious
And brims your little cruise!
The goddess is a maiden
And very fickle if she choose.

H. A. L.

A Pleasant Disappointment.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

He was seated in his comfortable arm-chair enjoying the stolen pleasure of a quiet smoke. Sweet visions of home and summertime were playing before his eyes in the fantastic images fashioned by the clouds he blew into the air. In the midst of all, risen from a mystic shroud, he saw her face before him, wearing that same sweet look, the same lips and eyes around whose corners one could always catch the lurking remains of her smile. Around his heart there came clustering the memories of many a bewitching hour passed in the lawn-swing at her side, or of the evanescent moonlight on the old river where she and he had rowed, all alone, while the stars in heaven looked down and smiled, for the stars knew and understood, if no one else did.

Who does not know the soothing bane of a fragrant briar? Who has not felt himself uplifted by the powerful jinn which the smoking coals have warmed into life, and borne away through the air into other lands, whither fancy would roam at will? Who, under the potent spell of the dreamy narcotic has had ears for those foreboding footsteps, till they have reached his door and the ominous knock has sounded on its panels?

He started agitatedly and a confused memory of his 265 demerits crept into his mind. What should he do? He knew that stern reprisal would follow immediately upon the discovery of his guilt, and Brownson, with its study-halls, wash-rooms and dormitories, loomed before his mind's eye. The talcum powder stood conveniently near, but the work of a few seconds could not dissipate that of half an hour. Safety from that quarter was out of the question. He gazed about. There was the fire escape just outside the window. He would flee the danger and brazen it out afterwards.

But meanwhile, another more insistent knock was heard, and he was roused to action. Springing from the chair he proceeded to catch his foot in the rug and sprawl on the floor, the chair toppling over after him. Retreat was useless now and

he cursed his luck. His heart beat wildly as he rose and unlocked the door. Cold beads of guilty perspiration stood out on his brow; his color came and went, while his hands shook nervously. He was all unstrung when he flung the door wide open and stood ready to receive his sentence.

"Anything to go over to-night?" said Rubshaw's successor.

MORAL—Never fail to scratch unless you are a prefect.

Father Tabb, Poet.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

Many little paragraphs in the literary columns of the daily press inform us that Father Tabb has been obliged to retire from active service as professor of literature in St. Charles' College because of failing eyesight. There is some objection, more or less valid, against appraising the literary work of a living writer, it may, however, very well be waived in the present instance. Instead of indulging the cold phrase of formal condolence we prefer to appreciate publicly the rather unique work of the priest-poet.

In many of his pieces Father Tabb has given evidence of that peculiar force known in common parlance as "poetic fire." It is true, that in him it does not rise as a mountain of volcanic blaze summoning all creation to feed its flame, but burns rather as a quiet lamp in the seclusion of a shrine—a bright, steady light fed by the choicest fuel that nature can provide.

Harshness and oddities he has, but they are due more to the extreme concision of his style than to any imitation of the conceitists and spiritual singers of the seventeenth century, Crawshaw, Donne and Herbert. Of their school he is more of a belated member than imitator, even as Francis Thompson, who in his "Ode to the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," was so successful in putting life into the dry bones of a fashion so long outworn. Here is a conceit Doctor Donne would have been glad to claim as his own:

The Reaper.

Tell me whither, Maiden June,
Down the dusky slope of noon

With thy sickle of a moon,
Goest thou to reap?

Fields of Fancy by the stream
Of night in silvery silence gleam,
To heap with many a harvest dream
The granary of Sleep.

How delicate this little song, a flower we are almost afraid to handle lest the fragile petals fall; a butterfly whose exquisite coloring would be smirched by the rude touch of a finger.

This poetical faculty is not set to the organ peal of the stately ode, not caught in the pulse and reflex of sonorous waves of rhythm, but finds its chief expression in short lyrics of a few stanzas, seemingly as brief and effortless as a mocking-bird's song, though a closer examination will show the compression that results only from long and severe labor. Never has the Horatian reproach, *non castigavit ad unguem*, been less deserved than by this poet. Some of his lyrics are so short that a glance suffices for their comprehension. Only in the Greek anthology will you find a flower so perfect and delicate as this:

To the Babe Niva.

Niva, child of innocence,
Dust to dust we go:
Thou, when winter wooed thee hence,
Wentest snow to snow.

Nothing is superfluous and yet the tenuity is not so extreme that the little verse becomes obscure. Containing all that is necessary for complete understanding, it does not, as the work of more voluble writers, make us wish for footnotes at the bottom of the page, or the more wearisome addition of a commentary at the back of the book.

Not the least displeasing of Father Tabb's versicles are those in which he reveals most plainly his kinship with the metaphysical poets, whose Castalian spring tinkles musically through the pleasant fields of Fancy. Fully as quaint and lovely as any of theirs, but free from the strained metaphor and far-fetched application which disfigure them, are his poems on photography, scattered here and there throughout his first book, particularly this one:

My sister Sunshine smiled on me,
And of my visage wrought a shade.

"Behold," she cried, "the mystery
Of which thou art afraid!
For death is but a tenderness,
A shadow that unclouded Love
Has fashioned in its own excess
Of radiance from above."

It is not often given to a man to lay his finger on plain words and make them vibrate with feeling and yet remain so easy and natural that we wonder why this had not been done before. The apparent simplicity and ease, however, are but a cloak that skillfully conceals an art inextricably interwoven with the shimmering tissue of thought. Delicate thought set down with careful technique makes the literary gem.

A cameo is as much a work of art as the life-size statue, and if well done equally deserves our admiration if not our enthusiastic approval, since it, too, is the product of artistic feeling, the force that makes dreams of the beautiful and the true become realities through that imperative need of the artistic nature, expression. Consequently, we should admire not only the massive grandeur, the frozen loveliness of the statue, but also the intricate faceting of the gem. And of their kind, Father Tabb's poems are gems, models of that terse vigor which is the glory of our English tongue, the inheritor of the directness of the ancient Saxon, no less than of the depth of thought and swelling majesty of the language of Horace, Virgil and Cicero.

Speaking of admiration, perhaps it would not be out of place to introduce some of Father Tabb's own praise and appreciation of his fellow craftsmen. One of his books of verse is dedicated to Sidney Lanier as follows:

Ave: Sidney Lanier.
Ere Time's horizon line was set,
Somewhere in space, our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.
And now, that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee there.

Before the lofty directness of this dedication how fulsome, not to say futile, do more elaborate eulogies appear. Not a word out of place, not a needless word; nothing but the crystallized elegance of a thought that

requires no verbal trimmings, no gaudy elaborations to decorate its pristine sincerity.

With regard to artistic workmanship Father Tabb has but few faults. His rimes, as a rule, are impeccable, though a fondness for coupling the weak sounds of "y" with long "i" may be noticed here and there. It is not so prevalent, however, as to leave a disappointed expectancy on the mind of the reader. His iambic feet are iambic feet and not anything he chooses to make them, and this in a day of perverted scansion is something for which to be thankful. Altogether, he is a poet over whose verse we linger, pleased as much by the quaintness of his fancy as by the beauty of his imagination. Long after the froth of more pretentious writers has gone, his versicles remain, tempting us to a renewed reading of an author whose work leaves so pleasant a recollection in the mind.

It is not rash to believe that Father Tabb's miniature lyrics will be cherished a long time in American literature, probably as long as we are to have a literature. They will, doubtless, be cherished as he himself cherished the strains of nature's songster:

Native songs
Brief to the ear, but long
To love and memory.

Can You Vote?

In a government constituted as is ours, too much importance can not be attached to the intelligent use of the ballot by every citizen who is entitled to vote. On this may depend the soundness of public policies and the integrity and capability of our public officials. The seriousness of this obligation is not at all lessened by the fact that one is attending college. The obligation, in fact, is enlarged, as it is presumable that the educated will choose with a more intelligent discrimination than those who are less able to know "what is what and who's who." Let every student in the University find out *before* election day whether his residence here has been of sufficient length to entitle him to vote, and if so, let him be at the polls regardless of party, to perform his patriotic act of citizenship on Tuesday, Nov. 3.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 31, 1908.

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—The melodramatic atmosphere about the "Royal Adventurer" of the Balkans is rather startling just at present. After many years of silent struggling for independence, Bulgaria, through the effort of her Bismarckian Prince Ferdinand, has in attaining her end become the cynosure of European nations. The Balkan states themselves are aroused to more or less anxiety as to what will be their ultimate. If a joint conference of the seven great powers of Europe should result in the enforcement of the treaty of Berlin in 1878, war would undoubtedly ensue. To avert such a calamity we think it a saner policy that the laws of the treaty be broken rather than suffer the effects a current war would entail upon the efforts of those who are advocating a world-wide peace.

—One of the locals in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC called attention to the unthinking mutilation of library books and magazines by some person or persons who have been cutting material bodily from some of the volumes, instead of taking the trouble to copy the desired portions. One can pardon the irrational bookworm which in the course of its aimless existence eats its way through whole libraries, often destroying priceless volumes: but the human being who wan-

tonly cuts or tears material from reference books intended for general use is not deserving of such consideration. Bound volumes of the SCHOLASTIC especially have suffered from this sort of depredation. These volumes are put in the library for the benefit of the present and many future generations of students, and the utter selfishness of him who sacrifices their rights—the rights of perhaps tens or hundreds of thousands of students—to his own lazy convenience is devilish. The SCHOLASTIC has not even a vague hope of putting a stop to this outrage, for moral suasion usually has very little potency with criminals of this class, but it wishes to suggest to all men of sense at Notre Dame the right sentiment in matters of this kind, and to put itself on record as willing to start the rejoicing when said gentleman—or gentlemen—is brought to light. Catch him if you can and hold him till we all get there. We shall treat him better than he deserves, but his education must be begun over.

—After organizing a number of investigating committees to work along lines that secured results of absolutely no value, the School Board of the city of Chicago has awakened from a seeming lethargy, and has with great success secured some valuable information regarding the underfed children in the Chicago schools. According to a report submitted by the committee last week, 3021 hungry children have been found in 138 of the 432 schools in Chicago. The names and addresses of these children are being supplied to the various charitable organizations as rapidly as possible and the cases will receive minute attention. This action is praiseworthy. The hungry child naturally makes a poor pupil. Its mind is on the craving of the stomach, and as soon as it is released from the bondage of the school room it will proceed to allay, if possible, the empty feeling. Many cases of theft which are brought to the Juvenile courts are traceable to this cause. By removing the cause, juvenile crime will be greatly lessened, and many children born in poverty will grow up good and upright citizens, who would otherwise serve terms behind the bars of the prison.

Art Acquisitions.

A carload of photographs and copies of masterpieces done in marble arrived from Washington, D. C., several weeks ago and have been scattered here and there about the University. We are indebted to Dr. Burns, Superior of Holy Cross College, for the treasures, which were removed from the Washington house of studies to give much-needed space for other purposes. What was Washington's loss is Notre Dame's gain, and the copies are a valuable addition to our art-treasures.

Chief among the new collection is a large copy of Dupré's *Pieta*, which with the two *Pietas* of Michael Angelo and Sassoferrato will ornament the church. The statue was broken on its journey and will not be placed permanently until it has been repaired. Besides this there are in the church a bust of Christus by Sassoferrato and one of René's *Madonnas* mounted on two green marble pedestals; a copy of Botticelli's *Magnificat* and another of Di Crevi's *Nativity*, both in heavy hand-carved walnut frames. Father Oswald secured for his Greek room busts of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Demosthenes, which with his Homer and his new dais give the place a thoroughly aristocratic and a rather æsthetic atmosphere.

The music hall was given busts of the great composers, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt and Wagner; and Virgil, Dante, Milton, Leonardo da Vinci, Goethe and Rembrandt, were distributed to quarters where they would be most respected. Besides these pieces of sculpture, there are in the shipment about one hundred hand-colored photographs of the famous cathedrals and classic ruins of Europe, all framed in heavy oak mould. Two tapestries, duplicates of the *Nativity* and the *Magnificat* that hang in the church, are not yet placed; but will probably decorate the University parlor. Three pieces of majolica work, *Innocence* and the *Annunciation* by Lucca della Robbia and *St. Theresa* by an unknown artist, which hang in the Bishops' Memorial Hall, complete the valuable collection just acquired.

A Notable Address.

At a banquet given by the Illinois Athletic Club on Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 2, 1908, Mr. Alexander Sullivan of Chicago delivered a masterly address in response to the toast "Lincoln—the gift of Illinois to mankind." At the earnest request of many listeners, among whom were such educators as Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of this University, Professor J. C. Monaghan, and Dean Butler of Chicago University, Mr. Sullivan consented to the publication of his effort, and it is now in pamphlet form, together with the letters that led to the publishing.

Dispensing with the usual forms of biographical addresses, Mr. Sullivan utilizes well-known incidents of Lincoln's life to illustrate his powers of leadership, his humility, kindly spirit, devotion to duty and the eminent qualities of mind that have given him the place he now holds in history and in the hearts of the American people. He concludes with a most striking passage in which Illinois at the bar of judgment waives all her achievements and gifts to humanity, and claims forgiveness for all sins for the lustre of her "adopted and best-beloved son, for whom all peoples and all ages must remain debtor forever and forever."

The entire address is marked with brilliant passages and a keen appreciation of Lincoln's life, but the conclusion is one of the most beautiful tributes to a great man that can be imagined. Father Cavanaugh in his letter requesting publication urged such action on the grounds, that such an analysis would enable students to arrive at a correct estimate of one of the greatest of our country's sons, would be a powerful influence for patriotism and character, and be a source of literary training. The endorsements of Prof. Monaghan and of Prof. Butler were equally strong in commending the speech and urging publication. Mr. Sullivan's office is located in 605 Atwood Building, Chicago, Ill., and it is probable that copies can be secured by students who are sufficiently interested to write for them.

Archbishop Begin.

On Tuesday afternoon the University was highly honored by a visit from the Most Reverend Archbishop of Quebec and his secretary Father Laflamme. Though Monseigneur Bégin had never been here before, he was by no means a stranger at Notre Dame. As Archbishop of historic old Quebec, the quaintest, the most lovable, the most Catholic city in America. The Archbishop is known the world over, as the scholarly successor to Canada's first cardinal and as chancellor of the great University of Laval. We regret that the visit of the kindly Archbishop was such a hurried one. The University, however, eagerly looks forward to another and a longer visit from His Grace in the near future.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, SS; PHYSICIANS AND SURG., O.

Eighty-eight points in forty minutes of play is some indication of the way affairs went on Cartier Field last Saturday. The visiting doctors presented the weakest front that has been seen here this year, and it was only the frequent long runs of our backs that kept up the interest of the crowd.

The Varsity established the season's mark in ground gaining by advancing the ball a total of one thousand three hundred and sixteen yards, and with regulation halves all past records would have been shattered. Not only did the "Medics" fail to make first down, but they lost fifteen yards in three attempts to advance the ball. Three other times they got possession of the ball, but after being called into consultation they wisely decided to punt, and Hammond's toe proved the strongest adjunct of the visitors' equipment.

The parade started in the second minute of play, and touchdowns came fast and furiously thereafter, several of them being recorded in less than a minute's time. Hamilton, McDonald, Schmitt, and Ruel were to the fore in the ground gaining. Not only did Hamilton have several runs from forty to seventy yards chalked up to him, but he also showed his kicking ability

by negotiating a perfect field goal from the thirty-yard line. Dwyer, Hamilton, and Reynolds showed up well in the signals.

Coach Place sent in twenty-five men during the fray, but it was little more than a limbering up process. The Varsity interference showed improvement, and the only weak spot in the afternoon's performance was in the goal kicking, as but five were successfully kicked out of twelve attempts.

P. and S.	The line-up.	Notre Dame
M'Guinness	L. B.	Moriarty, Mertes
Hurka	L. T.	Kelly, Collins
Elliott	L. G.	Duffy, Philbrook, Murphy
Hercik	C.	Lynch, Sullivan
Puffer	R. G.	Paine, Deiner
Kistinger	R. T.	Dolan, Freeze
O'Brien	R. E.	Matthews, Maloney
Sorley	Q. B.	Dwyer, Reynolds, Hamilton
McDoodle, Gelrich	L. H.	M'Donald, Dionne, Hamilton
Ehland	R. H.	Ruel, Schmitt
Hammond	F. B.	Miller, Vaughan, Clement

Touchdowns—Ruel, 2; Miller, 3; McDonald, 2; Kelly, Matthews, Dionne, Vaughan, Clement, Schmitt, Hamilton, Maloney. Goals—McDonald 1; Dwyer, 1; Miller, 2; Hamilton, 3. Goal from placement—Hamilton. Safety, Notre Dame. Referee, Lantry. Umpire, Gordon. Head linesman, Ray Scanlon. Time of halves, 25 min. and 15.

* *

Monday's scrimmage was a welcome contrast to the farce of Saturday. Despite a drizzling rain, Coach Place sent the men through twenty-five minutes of gruelling scrimmage with a 0-0 score at the end, although the Varsity had a couple of narrow escapes. The scrubs almost turned the trick in the last few minutes of play when they brought the ball from the centre of the field to the Varsity fifteen-yard line, but the whistle put a stop to the proceedings.

* *

The reappearance of Edwards the first of the week brightened the outlook considerably. Although still weak from his injuries he will undoubtedly be in shape for the Indiana game next Saturday. Coach Place has been working him at full-back where he will probably be found in the line-up against the Down-Staters, Miller going to left half. His weight and speed will add great strength to the backfield equipment, and with Ruel at the other half, the combination should prove a strong one.

* *

Lynch has been out all week on account of an injury to his eye, received in Saturday's game. Mertes and Sullivan have been performing at the pivot point, and both have been showing up well.

The work of Maloney, the crack inter-haller of last year, has been making a big hit with the rooters. He was given his first try-out at end on the regulars Monday, and, although the lightest man on the squad, put up a star game.

* *

The line prospects were given a boost Friday when Philbrook, the husky freshman, donned the togs for the first time. In addition to his weight and speed he is also strong in the punting department, and should prove a valuable find.

* *

Binz rejoined the squad the first of the week, and has been showing good form in handling the signals. With Dwyer and Reynolds also working at the numbers we are well fortified for the Indiana game.

* *

Coach Maris has been sending the cross-country men through their paces for the past few days, and the prospects are bright for a fast team. Among those who have reported thus far are, Dana, Steers, Ben-Oliel, Scholl, Graham, Roth, Dean, Brady, Foley, Gunster, and McCaffrey. The bunch are clipping off three miles daily, and are rounding into condition rapidly. Manager Wood is carrying on negotiations for a cross-country run to be held here Nov. 21 among the possible entries being Wabash, Indiana, Olivet, M. A. C., and several others.

* *

Basket-ball will be added to the program the first part of the week under the direction of Coach Place. Dubuc is the only man lost from last year's team, and with Scanlon, Freeze, Wood, Maloney, Heyl, and Fish as a nucleus, we ought to have one of the strongest quintets in the west. There is an abundance of material to draw from, including such men as Vaughan, Philbrook, Gibson, Kennedy, Hogan, Murphy, McDonald, and Hamilton, all of whom have had experience. Manager Wood is at work on the schedule, the principal feature of which will be a Southern trip during the Christmas holidays, several of the games being already arranged.

* *

Ohio Northern, contrary to expectations, proved easy prey for the Varsity Thursday

afternoon, the final score being 58-4. The visitors made first down but once, and scored their only points in the middle of the second half on a drop-kick which Klotz negotiated from the forty-three-yard line after a bad pass. It was the neatest piece of kicking that has been seen here in years, and received a big round of applause from the crowd. A full account of the game will appear in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

* *

Thursday's game was the last before the big game with Indiana next Saturday, and Coaches Place and Lantry are busy rounding the men into shape for the clash with Sheldon's men. The Varsity will go into Saturday's battle with their goal line still uncrossed, as all the points scored against us thus far have been registered from goals from the field. On "dope" our chances look about even, but the lusty voice of every rooter is needed to give encouragement from the sidelines, and so everybody should be aboard the special excursion train when it leaves here Saturday morning. It is the big battle of the season, and with favorable conditions we hope for something better than the 0-0 score of last year's game. Be there to see that our hopes are realized.

J. B. K.

At Other Colleges.

At many colleges political clubs representing both parties have been formed. At Wabash the Marshall Club on behalf of the Democratic students has challenged the Wabash Republican Club to debate the question of the Tariff policy of the Democratic platform compared with that of the Republican platform. The political clubs of Indiana are organizing quartettes, and the Lincoln Club of that college is making arrangements to join the Republican League.

* *

The University of Göttingen has announced that negotiations for the exchange of professorships have been completed. John M. Manly of the department of English literature of Chicago University will go to Göttingen and Dr. Albrecht Penck of the University of Berlin will sail in a few days

for the United States. Dr. Penck is an eminent geographer and Associate-Editor of the *Journal of Geology* published in Chicago. He will lecture at Chicago and Columbia.

* *

Debating and oratory have been taken up in earnest at a large number of colleges. At Purdue, Fordham, DePauw, Wabash and Illinois, debating and oratory have been entered into with great enthusiasm. At Illinois the attendance at the Oratorical Assembly was the largest in its whole history. Fifty men entered at once for the debating preliminaries and many more are expected to do so within the next week.

* *

In order to acquaint the students of Purdue with the practical line of study pursued by similar colleges, the Mechanical Engineering Society of that college held a rather novel programme recently. Graduates of Cornell, Michigan, Wisconsin, Case, South Dakota, Wooster, Polytechnic and North Carolina universities attended the meeting and gave short talks on the methods of study pursued at their respective schools.

* *

The *Res Academicæ* and the *Wabash Bachelor* honor the SCHOLASTIC by reprinting our recent editorial "College Journalism." The latter also reprinted "His Talisman," one of our recent stories.

* *

At the International Gymnastic exhibition at Rome on the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee, the Canadian team won the first prize. Of the ten men who formed the victorious team, seven were from the Holy Cross College of Saint Laurent.

* *

Michigan has added a course in Russian to her curriculum.

* *

A movement is on foot to start an advertising club at Illinois. The object of the club will be to stimulate students to take up advertising as a profession and to obtain the co-operation with the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, for the benefit of those students interested.

Concerts.

Monday afternoon the Oratorio Concert Co. treated us to one of the best entertainments of its kind Washington Hall has seen in years. All the members without exception were high-class in individual performance. Together in the opening song, however, they caught the audience and held it throughout, for here they were at their best. The work of the pianist was well worthy of the applause it received, particularly her left-hand solo. If succeeding companies keep the pace set by the Oratorio Concert Co. we will be satisfied.

* *

The Skovgaard Concert Company comes to the University on November 3. Skovgaard, the Danish violin virtuoso, is a master of his art. Music is his passion. The violin he uses is Stradivarius, one of the oldest as well as the most expensive in existence. The entire company is composed of excellent musical talent, and promises to be the best number of the concert course at the University.

On November 8 at 2:15 p. m., Victor's Band is scheduled for Washington Hall. Victor's company of Venetian players are uniformly accorded the most flattering praise by the metropolitan press. Mr. Victor is a graduate of the Imperial Conservatory of Leipzig and a medalist of the flute class. He holds one of the four memorial badges awarded to the original performers of Arensky's Quartet.

Personals.

—Mr. George L. Hagan (student '80) is assistant-cashier of the Bank of Saint Augustine, Ill.

—George I. McFadden (student '04-'05) is practising law in Chicago. His office is in the Title and Trust Buildings.

—Mr. Francis H. McKeever (Litt. B. 1903, LL. B., 1904), of Chicago, spent Sunday at the University, meeting old friends.

—John I. O'Phelan (LL. B., '04) of South Bend, Washington, has been nominated for prosecuting attorney of Pacific County in that state.

—Mr. Noble B. Dilday, formerly a student at Notre Dame, is now attending the Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

—Miss Elizabeth Murphy and Mr. James C. Jordan (Com'l 1903) were united in marriage on October 28. They will be at home after December at Wapella, Ill.

—Mr. Patrick E. Burke (LL. B., 1888; A. B. 1889), Secretary of the Hibernia Insurance Company of New Orleans, has been elected president of the State Board of Control for the Leper Home of Louisiana.

—We are pleased to announce that Mr. Joseph F. Rebillot (student, 1889-'91) is a candidate for County Treasurer of Stark County, Ohio. "Joe" is most pleasantly remembered at Notre Dame, where all hope for the success of his candidacy.

—Michael J. Brown, M. D. (LL. B., 1906; A. M., 1907; LL. M., 1908), has been added to the faculty of St. Augustus' College, Havana, Cuba. Dr. Brown accepted the position in order to make a thorough study of the Spanish languages and customs in preparation for the consular service.

—The Hon. Richard C. Kerens, Lætare Medalist of the University of Notre Dame, 1904, is Republican candidate for United States Senator from Missouri. Mr. Kerens has been prominent for a number of years as one of the leading citizens of St. Louis and will undoubtedly make a strong fight for the high office to which he aspires.

—On three successive days of last week there came in the mail announcements of the marriages of three graduates of the University: On October 19, Miss Elsa Theodora Führer to Mr. Francis Flanders Duquette (A. B., 1902; LL. B., 1904) at Los Angeles, Cal., where the groom is engaged in the practice of law; October 20, Miss Mary V. Murphy and Mr. John H. Neeson (C. E., 1903) in the Church of the Nativity B. V. M., Philadelphia; and on the 21st of the same month, Miss Catherine Theresa Quinn and Francis J. Shaughnessey (LL. B., 1906). All of these men were prominent in college activities and were highly respected by students and professors. Mr. Shaughnessey was a football star, Mr. Duquette was on the SCHOLASTIC board of editors. Mr. and Mrs. Neeson visited the University last week.

—The National Convention Number of the *Columbiad* gives more than usual prominence to the men of Notre Dame. The leading article, "Unity in Knighthood," is contributed by Joseph W. Kenny, who attended the University seven years ago and distinguished himself for oratory. He is now a prominent member of the order of the "Knights of Columbus" at Indianapolis. "Romance of a Painting" is the title of a contribution bearing the signature of L. S. Highstone, member of the Ann Arbor Council. Mr. Highstone was graduated in the class of 1901. Another page of the magazine contains an account of the work that is being done by the Department of History in the Catholic University at Washington and informs the reader that a very exact account of the courses offered by the new foundation can be had by applying to the Rev. Dr. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C. Dr. Walsh received his degree from the University and is now head of the Department of History and Economics at Notre Dame.

University Bulletin.

Christian Doctrine classes will be examined Sunday, Nov. 1, 7 p. m.

Monday, Nov. 2. Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m., respectively. Classes taught at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m., respectively.

Wednesday, Nov. 4. Classes taught at 9 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m., respectively. Classes taught at 2:15 p. m. and 5:15 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m., respectively.

Paper for examinations will be furnished the students by their respective teachers at the time of examination. No other paper will be recognized, and if used for any purpose whatever will lead to forfeiture of mark.

There will be no class Tuesday, but classes will be held on Thursday. The classes ordinarily taught on Saturday, this week will be taught on Thursday.

Found—Two fountain pens, some text-books and a small sum of money. Apply to Brother Alphonsus, Brownson Hall.

Local Items.

—The Glee Club in Brownson seems to be doing things this year. The membership already numbers thirty, and prospects are bright for rapid increase. Preparations are being made for programs to be rendered in honor of the president and faculty some time at the beginning of next month.

—Wonders will never cease. The rural landscape about Old College has lost much of its simplicity, since the other day when workmen commenced to lay a cement walk from the main entrance of the hall over as far as Lake View Boulevard, which, we will inform those who are not acquainted with local topography, runs almost at right angles with Dujarié Pike—that is the road passing in front of Old College.

—A shipment of six large paintings from the brush of Luigo Franguelli, the Italian portrait painter, arrived from Rome recently, but are not yet on exhibition. The lot consists of three-quarter length, life-size pictures, one of Pius X., one of Leo XIII., and the other of Cardinal Satolli, and bust portraits of Father David Fleming, the noted Franciscan, of Don Marrucci, and of Archbishop Zardetti. The work was all done by a personal friend of Professor Edwards, Cavalier Franguelli, the artist and librarian in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Room will eventually be found for the new pictures in the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—President Daschbaugh of the Notre Dame Club of Pittsburg has already selected committees to arrange for the annual dance of the N. D. men in Western Pennsylvania. Heretofore it has been the custom of our Penn. Club to inaugurate the affair, but it is found far more satisfactory to have the managers right in Pittsburg. So President Daschbaugh of the newly-organized association has gladly taken over the matter of preparation for the function, thus freeing "Big Birdie's" bunch of Pittsburgers from a deal of worry and trouble. An idea of the scope of the undertaking may be had from the fact that the committee on invitations issues annually about five hundred invitations for this, one of the big events of Pittsburg's holiday season, so the scope of the undertaking may be imagined.

—Professor Edwards returned this week from a short visit to Indianapolis and several cities farther south. Like Moses' scouts who brought grapes from the land of Canaan, Professor Edwards came back laden with literary gatherings. There are in the new collection about four hundred and fifty volumes, covering general, literary

and historical topics, many manuscripts and a lot of photographs and autographed letters of various local celebrities, which it is hoped time will make priceless. Among the books is a bible published in 1470; but the treasure Professor Edwards regards most highly is a ring that once belonged to Bishop Bruté, first bishop of Vincennes, the man whose influence brought Father Sorin and his pioneer band across from France. It was also worn by two of the immediate successors of the pioneer prelate and once was nearly destroyed by fire, marks of which the large amethyst setting still bears.

—Since the day that Taft literature was scattered about Sorin, Abe Lincoln Diener has been working tooth and nail in the interests of the G. O. P. He harangued, he button-holed and cajoled every man around the place till the mere sight of Abe now-a-days brings to mind a lot of knocks about Guarantee of Bank Deposits, Free Trade "shall the people rule," and all the other sacred prescriptions (the Democrats call them principles) which Mr. Bryan would like to try on the country. By dint of blood-sweating effort Diener made apostates of about forty vacillating Democrats, and there was joy, great joy, among the political powers of darkness—meaning Diener. But this condition of affairs could not be allowed to last very long; something had to be done in the way of revival among the flock, so Frank McKeever, a grad of '05, and a man with the political faith well grounded, was sent up from Chi. to preach a Democratic retreat. It was hard work for Frank at the start, but he succeeded in straightening out the backbone of some who were about to fall by the wayside. The net result of his mission was the reclaiming of thirty-four out of the forty renegades, and McKeever went home, happy in the consciousness of labor well done. Not so Abe Lincoln. He sat down Sunday night with pencil and paper to total up the results of the day's skirmish. Here they are: Republicans in the morning 40, gained 0, lost 32; balance to Monday's account, 6. After he got through "vehemizing," Abe took council with himself: "He got thirty-four of 'em to-day," he mused, "and there are only six of 'em left; now, if he'd git a chance to come down here and git at my bunch next Sunday I'd probably be owin' him votes." So Diener gave over his aggressive tactics and is now carrying his campaign along defensive lines. He and his gun spend most of their time these days watching the Lake Shore depot for McKeever, and to-morrow he's going to do guard-duty in relays all day long.

Moral: The best way to keep Republicans staunch is to kill them quick, for the good Republican is a dead one.