THE

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 27, 1900. No. 17.

Didymus.

ANTHONY BROGAN, 1901.

SLEEP flees, and peace I seek out in the night:
Scarce stir the aspen's leaves, all else is still—
Still and deep; the moon beyond yon hill
Yet sleeps; the stars alone from heaven's height
Look down. Ah me! doth He his presence write
The which I have denied? Now gazing feel,
And gazing wonder till my senses reel—
Who blindly viewed the day so sees the light.

My God, my God! Prone on Thine earth I lie;
My hands long grasses clutch, dews wet my face;
My stifled soul is dumb—I can not cry;
But see this shame and hear this heart beg grace:
Stoop down to me, oh, Father! be Thou nigh—
Thou, who rul'st in space beyond all space.

Clara Middleton.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

WHAT Justin McCarthy said of Geo. Meredith's novels is only too true: "A man or woman must be really in earnest before they can appreciate them at least." It requires a concentration of mental energy to follow him, and even this is not enough; we must have a certain mental fitness before we can enjoy him at all. Those that look upon the novel in George Meredith's hands as a piece fiction—something to pass away time—will find him very hard and, at times, dry reading. He requires study.

There is not one of his novels that does not present a plenty of matter for deep thought and philosophic discussion. In "Diana of the Crossways" we see a woman adhering too closely to a reckless ideal. In "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" we are ready at any moment to challenge the author's morals. In "Rhoda Flemming" we have a wonderful pathos and a powerful concentration of energy and depth of emotion even in the most commonplace matters. "The Egoist" is a psycological study, a puzzle cast in the form of a man endowed with all the characteristics of the English race. But from all these I mean to take Clara Middleton and discuss her character. Did she have courage enough to win her freedom after her engagement?

The author tells in the opening chapter that the whole story is a game to throw reflections on social life. Sir Willoughby, the young lord of Paterne Hall, seems to have been born in a cloud of egotism. Still it must be said to his credit that he was no mean egoist, self had become so sacred to him that he offered it on every occasion to the veneration of men. His first thoughts of marriage were cast upon Letitia Dale, a companion from his early days who always appeared to him "with a romantic tale on her eyelashes." She was cast aside, however, when the beautiful and dashing Constantia Durham appeared in all her maiden freshness. But Miss Durham was the first to check the uncontrollable spirit of Sir Willoughby. One day an innocent little note came to Paterne Hall saying that Constantia was now the bride of Captain Oxford.

Three years on the continent wears away this deep wound, and Sir Willoughby returns home again, and his first word is: "Letitia Dale, your name is sweet English music to my ear." However, it does not remain so, for in a few days Vernon Whitford, a relative to Sir Willoughby, tells Letty Dale that Paterne is soon to have a new mistress in the person of Miss Clara Middleton, and he ends up her description by calling her a Mountain Echo. What Sir Willoughby found in his Mountain Echo, I intend to show as far as I am able.

She is a young lady of nineteen, and highly accomplished. She is endowed with a splendid physical vigor and mental keenness which we may suppose would grow strong beside the firm will of her husband. She has a deep love for her liberty, and she keenly feels that she has some rights that can not be encroached upon by her dearest friend. When she betroths herself to Sir Willoughby she shows a strong characteristic of the English woman, which has not been brought out by any other of our English novelists. The egoist appears under the strongest calcium light of self when he asks his bride-elect if she will be faithful to him even beyond the grave; but she answers him with no little show of surprise: "Married is married, I think."

At this early stage of the comedy, for comedy it is, she too shows a natural egotism which is common to us all; it is a spirit of progress, a spirit of precedence, that forever pushes upward and onward. She is but a professor's daughter, but within her reach is the ladyship of Paterne Hall. There is also within her a reflex of cloud and shine, of tempest and calm, that can not be called the special character of any family of the race. We merely see a slight reflection of her in the criticisms of her friends. Sir Willoughby says she is the most accomplished of her sex. One of the "Ladies," the head inquisitor of Paterne Court, says she is a dainty rogue in porcelain; she has the keenest sense of honor; she is a paragon of rectitude, and last of all Vernon Whitford calls her a Mountain Echo.

Of all the English novelists, Thackeray has come nearest to perfection in his portrayal of the English woman. Becky Sharp is, to my mind, the greatest achievement in this respect in the English language. But even Becky does not equal Clara Middleton. As a general rule, all of Meredith's women have a certain sobriety and felicitous temperament that fits the English better than any of the continental peoples, even better than the Americans. There is no American woman in our literature as yet. These are my reasons for calling Clara Middleton a type of the English woman.

The very evening that Miss Middleton pledged herself to be Lady Paterne, her lover asked her to accompany him to the door to see him mount his "Black Mormon." The egotism was so much of his nature that even in the greatest moments he could not rid himself of it. During her visit to Paterne Hall, event follows event with almost miraculous rapidity; though the egoist has lost sight of all else, still, self is left exposed on the altar for veneration. During their rambles in the gardens he tells her all the utter nonsense of which a love-sick boy is capable. "My dearest Clara! my bride! I could not tell you whether the world is dead or not." For the first time Clara Middleton shrinks from the man she thought she loved. She now finds it opposed to her nature to yield herself into the hands of a man that resorts to a kind of love-making which no woman worth wooing would tolerate. She clearly understood that to become Lady Paterne was to give up life and liberty, and to sacrifice herself on the altar of egotism. Sir Willoughby was like a death-robe cast about her—he followed her like a shadow when she sought relief in the gardens and woods; his presence filled her dreams with terrible phantoms. Beyond the gates of this proud English mansion the world was bright and full of fruitful promises even for the poorest, but here the inhabitants of wild life even had never seemed to make a home. The thrush and blackbird had seldom shed their unrestrained melodies within the precincts of this demesne, they preferred to dwell among the hawthorn copse. Vernon Whitford came each morning through the woods with young Crossjay by his side, each presenting, in his own mood, the liberty she sought. The master, with his noble heart, good-breeding and ready humor; the pupil as bright as a lark but full of the wilful pranks of boyhood. Letitia Dale was always a welcome visitor to Clara; her presence was like the first spring breeze across the Berkshire Hills; her life was one of self-sacrifice; she was the oak to which Clara loved to cling.

With these she contrasted the character of Willoughby, but he faded into a shadow beside any one of them. He prayed for a continuous outpouring of love; whether at home among his friends, in public places, in the moments of trial and urgent business, when other men would have spurned these thoughts, he spoke in disgusting platitudes. The critical moment of her life had come—she demanded her liberty; but when she should have stood and fought bravely she retreats and carries with her nothing but a broken will.

This is her first encounter with the enemy; this too is her first defeat. Her war has begun—pride against liberty. Her father will not hear of her breaking the engagement; she is afraid to stand before Sir Willoughby and

tell him boldly she can not love him. The fervent heart and cool judgment of Vernon Whitford always inspired her with confidence. Well he knew that Clara Middleton would not be happy as Lady Paterne. Day after day she craved to be hidden in some obscure village among the Alps, not on account of her love for strange scenes, but because the air in England was overpowering; it was oppressive since it held within its bosom Paterne and its master.

Again she meets Sir Willoughby, and is determined to gain her liberty on one weak argument: "Letitia Dale is better suited to lead as Lady Paterne." But she again flees before the astonishing charge that she is jealous of Letty Dale. "I could not marry Letitia Dale," he says. "It is inconceivable, repulsive, that I should ever under any consideration bring myself to the point of taking Miss Dale for my wife." She calmly suffers her defeat, but he drives home a stray arrow by telling her that he can not bear to see Letitia Dale taken away from him, and he adds, as if in second thought: "But, my dear, I am plighted to you!"

A few days of comparative solitude, and a few sleepless nights matures her plot. "If I should break my word the world will not be hard on me. I must be free if I am to be kind in my judgments." Again and again she sought her freedom, but as many times as she was repulsed did she stand like a little child half-convinced that the sophisms of Sir Willoughby were only too true.

The future of youth is always bright, but the future of Clara Middleton had in it a shadow of the dreadful. To her keen sensibility of honor the unmistakable egotism of Willoughby was literally a thing she could not stand. Too well she knew that in so delicate an instrument as married life if one string is out of tune the whole is in discord; for her all things must be right, else none are so. She could not bring herself to love her husband-elect; she hated him; she pitied him. She endeavored to prevail upon her father to consent to a few days in London, but the old gentleman was too much in love with the Paterne wines. Flight was the only course open to her; her friend Lucy Darlton in Berkshire would receive her.

A dull foggy morning found her on her way to the nearest railway station, but the weather gods seemed to be against her, for the rain fell in torrents. This was not the only obstruction to her flight. As she was about to take the train one of the Paterne ladies appeared on the scene, and as no excuse would be adequate to justify her presence in this place she had to retrace her steps to Paterne Hall.

With consummate skill the author unravels his plot showing at the same time that the highest and noblest theme of the poet and novelist must be the struggles of the human soul. Willoughby's love of self has again been deeply wounded; he knows that Clara had attempted to escape from him, consequently he appoints an hour to meet his bride-elect and give over her freedom. I can not say whether she would even then have moral strength enough to overthrow the arguments of her opponent. At midnight when Clara Middleton was to meet Sir Willoughby chance found him saying again and again in his heart: "There are times when I want a Letitia Dale to bring me out; give and take. I am indebted to her for the enjoyment of a quiet duet few know, few can accord with, fewer still are allowed the privilege of playing with a human being." Letitia Dale searching for young Crossjay comes upon the soliloquist as he repeats these words, and he tells her boldly that he loves her. She is the only woman that can make him happy; she is free to marry him; Clara Middleton has her freedom, Letitia Dale her choice to be or not to be Lady Paterne. She says yes.

Had Clara Middleton moral courage enough to gain her freedom? Her arguments would never have broken the will of her lover. She would never become Lady Paterne, for her sense of honor was too keen. Love of liberty, in its own kind, was as deeply a part of her nature as the love of self in Sir Willoughby. She could not help associating the domains of Sir Willoughby with his narrowness of mind; she knew too well that the scope of her freedom would in after life be hedged in by his whims, and too circumscribed for her nature; therefore, she would not have gained it by honesty, she would have gained it by flight.

There seems to be something overdone in the character of this woman. The author has enveloped her in an extremely subtle haze of beauty. It is the poetic beauty; it is sensuousness. She dazzles everyone; at times she is too beautiful to live in a world of prose. But I do not mean that this is a fault; this beauty is held within certain bounds; it never borders on moral laxity or destroys the characteristic of which Clara Middleton is the model.

The White Bull.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

(*Translated from the Gaelic.*)

There was a man long ago who married a wife by whom he had a son. This wife died, and he married another who had no more regard for the boy than to have him sent to the mountains far from home to take care of the cattle. There was a bull in the herd, which one day seeing the boy showing signs of much distress and hunger, came to him and spoke:

"I see you are hungry; but take off my right horn and put your hand in the socket where you will find abundance."

The boy did as he was told, with the promised success. He sat down, ate and drank his fill, and this done, put back the table-cloth, and all was well. When he came home that evening he could not eat anything, and the stepmother concluded that somebody must have been good to him that day. The next morning she sent one of her daughters to the mountain secretly to find out who or what this friend might be; but at midday a strain of the sweetest melody wafted on the air, and soon the young one was asleep. Then the bull came to the boy with the commands and support of the previous day, and soon all was well. The stepmother's project was frustrated that day, and again to her surprise the boy ate no supper. The second daughter was sent out the following day, but again with unsuccessful results; but on the third day, the third daughter who had an eye in the back of her head which could not be closed to sleep, found out the secret, and the mother was glad.

Her next treachery was to feign sickness. She killed a cock, sprinkled her bed with the blood, took a sup in her mouth, and sent word to her husband that she was on the point of death. He came and with dismay saw the blood, and said if there was anything in the world that she thought could cure her, she should have it. This was the concession she eagerly desired, and her request was a piece of the white bull.

Now the bull used always to lead the cattle home, and this evening there were two butchers placed on each side of the gate to kill him. This the bull knew and he advised the boy to put a cow in his place. Thus was the bull kept alive, though the step-mother recovered. It was with no little surprise then, that, seeing the boy did not eat any more than was his wont, and investigating the cause, she found that the bull was still living. Again she tried the trick, but in vain. The third day then the bull came to the boy and said: "Take off my horn and eat your fill. This may be the last time. They are waiting to kill me to-night; but never fear. It is not they will kill me but another bull. Go now on my back."

The boy did so, and the bull made for home. The butchers were waiting. The bull gave one butt on one side of the gate, another on the other and killed them. Then he turned out back again, the boy still on his back. They spent that night in a forest, and the next morning the other bull had to be encountered. When the day came the bull told the boy to take off the horn and eat his fill, that the fight would soon begin. "I wont be killed to-day, however," said he, "but to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

So it happened. On the morning before the last encounter the bull supplied the boy with the usual fare, and told him to attend carefully to this advice:

"When I am dead, cut a strip from my hide over the length of my body from my forehead to my tail, and use it for a belt which, whenever you are in any trouble, will supply you with my strength."

After the fight, when the other bull had gone, the boy came to where the white bull was lying slain, though not yet dead.

"Hurry," said the bull, "and do as I told you, else you will be killed as well as I." Again had the boy to be told and again; at last he picked up enough courage to cut off the strip. Sad enough he was then on leaving his best companion in life, not knowing where to go.

He walked not very far before he met a farmer, a great lord too, who was in search of a herdsman. This was just the work the boy was best used to, and he was as glad to get the work as the lord was to get him.

"You are just the man I want" said the lord. "On the other side of my fence there is a farm belonging to three giants, who capture every beast of mine that enters their land. The more that go across the better for them; and I dare not say anything."

"Never mind them," said the boy; "I'll go bail to take good care of the stock."

The boy came and began work; and very soon when the ground was getting bare he did not scruple to toss the big stone fence and let the cattle and hogs through to have

a good feed on the other side. He himself climbed up a tree and began to throw down apples to the hogs. No wonder then that the first of the giants who saw him was surprised.

"Come down," he cried, "you are rather large for one bite and too small for two; come down till I grind you under my long, cold teeth."

"Oh! man, keep cool;" said the boy, "perhaps it's too soon I'll get there."

"Come, no more talk," said the giant, catching a tree and drawing it out by the roots.

"Go down, strop, and squeeze him," said the boy; addressing the bull's hide belt.

No sooner said than done; the strop went down, got around the giant, and was about to squeeze the life out of him, when on promising whatever he wished to the boy he was let free.

"I want nothing but your sword," was the demand.

The giant went into the house, brought out the sword and eulogized on its merits, saying:

"Try it on the biggest tree in the forest, and it will go through without your feeling it."

"I see no tree in the forest bigger or uglier than yourself," said the boy, drawing the sword and taking off the giant's head.

"Oh! if I was on the body again," it said, "the whole world would not get me off."

"I'll take care of that," said the boy.

That evening there were only two shouts heard from the giants' castle, and the people wondered. Moreover, there were not enough vessels in the place to hold what milk the cows gave, and the lord congratulated himself on meeting such a good herdsman. The following day was a repetition of the previous one, so was the third; and thus unknown to the neighborhood the giants were disposed of. The boy continued his work and at the same time lorded over the giants' castle.

There was a dragon in that country that used to come every seventh year demanding a beautiful lady, the finest in the land, else he would overflood the country and drown all. The appointed day came, and the boy asked permission to go to see the dragon, but he was refused.

"You have no call there," the master said. "You might get run over by the horses and coaches and so you had better stay at home."

"All right," said the boy; but when they were all gone he went to the giants' castle, dressed himself to perfection, saddled one of the best horses, and with the sword of the first giant went to the shore. The gathering was immense. A young lady was there tied to a stake, waiting for the dragon. She was a princess, for the dragon would accept of no other so long as the king had one.

The dragon came and our hero encountered him. They fought till late in the afternoon when the dragon frothing at the mouth and reddening the sea with his blood was put to flight. The stranger promised to return for another encounter the next day. When the people of the castle came home that evening their whole talk was about the strange warrior that had that day fought the dragon.

On the next day the boy put on the armor of the second giant, went to the shore on his horse, and succeeded in putting the dragon to flight as before. The people there had it made up to keep him, but they failed. He got home in time to have everything put away before the arrival of the rest. No wonder if it bored him that evening to hear the story over and over which he himself knew better than anybody.

On the third day with the horse and armor of the third giant he appeared a new man entirely. The fight was terrible. At last the dragon, seeing he was getting the worst of it, took wing and thus could get the upper hand of the boy. It was only now that the boy thought of the strop. "Strop," he said, "go and squeeze that monster so hard that the whole world will hear him screaming."

This was immediately done, and the boy took off the dragon's head, and the waves of the sea were red with his blood. Then the boy came to land, and notwithstanding the strong efforts of the crowd to capture him, he escaped. The only token of his remembrance he left was one of his shoes, which the princess snatched when he was passing by her.

When the princess came home she reported that she would never have a husband but the one whom the shoe would fit. Then the disturbance began. Princes and lords came from every land, but in vain. Some cut off a toe others their heels, but the shoe could not be fitted. At last when the wave of suitors subsided, the shoe was sent through the country to be tried on every man, rich and poor. It reached the boy of course, and he was surprised.

"Don't make fun of me, now," he said to the messengers. They assured him of the contrary, telling him he had to obey the royal command. He put on the shoe with

ease, and he was told to come to the royal palace.

"Oh! give me time," he said, "to prepare myself." He went to the giants' castle, and there fitted himself in the grandest style. He was received at the palace with all the pomp that royalty could afford, and with earnest welcome. The marriage was proclaimed and duly performed. The wedding lasted seven days and seven nights, and the last day was the best of all. The two lived happy forever afterwards.

"Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow."

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

On a grassy knoll in front of the hospital tent stood a young soldier leaning on a crutch, while near him on one of the invalid's couches was a white-robed figure whose long, curly, black hair lay tangled on his pillow.

"I am glad to see you get around again," said the wounded captain. "Does your leg pain you much now?"

"No, not much, the young soldier answered; "but it wouldn't be well for three weeks if Kate hadn't come down to look after me."

"No, I suppose not; she has made it real pleasant for you since she came, and I have enjoyed these afternoons with you so much that I think I shall never be so happy again. Does—will—your sister go back with you?"

He was very anxious now and tried to laugh to conceal his emotion, but the attempt caused him a severe fit of coughing. Not waiting for an answer he continued: "When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow—I am—very glad." He tried to smile, and the smile awoke the young fellow who now after two months of idleness was about to resume his place in active life; so he began to talk about his plans and prospects for the future in the most enthusiastic manner. The invalid, however, gave no sign of approval or censure, but carelessly moved his fingers along a fold of the coverlet. A noise on the leaves behind them made the soldier turn,—

"Hello, Kate! have you everything ready?"

"Yes, I have packed up all our things and the wagon will be here soon to take us down." She approached while speaking and now was beside the captain's couch. The young girl bending down said:

"I am sorry to leave you, captain, but it is time, and I've come to say good-bye; I hope you will soon recover and be strong again."

She reached down her hand and the officer held it for a moment, while he said:

"I wish you good luck."

When she had walked away a few steps she turned and came back to him.

"I thought you might like these. I picked them a short time ago." As she spoke she handed him a bunch of violets. A tinge of red shone over his usual hectic flush as he took them from her, and again she started to walk away. He raised himself in his cot and looked sadly after the retreating figure. Even after she had passed out of sight he continued gazing in the same direction for a few minutes and then sank back on his couch. Then that feeling of loneliness came over him, and the sadness of his countenance was only dispelled when he looked at the bunch of flowers which he had just received from her whom he would never see again.

During the last few weeks she had come out to see him every afternoon, but now that her brother was better he had obtained a furlough and was going home with her.

Again the sick man raised himself up to look in the direction she had gone, but only the empty space stretched out before him. Just then a Sister came out, and walking over to him said:

"I think you had better be taken in now, Captain."

"O Sister, can't I stay here just for awhile?"

"I am afraid the air is too chilly and it will be bad for your cough."

"Well, Sister, don't worry about that, it won't make much difference anyway, and I do want to stay out a little while longer."

The Sister, greatly puzzled, looked at the purple flowers in his hand and moved silently away.

He lay there for some time thinking of the past and soon fell asleep. The attendants came out and carried him in without awakening him. And later in the evening when the Sister went around she saw the now wilted flowers lying on the floor near his bed, and she picked them up and gently placed them back in the grasp of the sleeper's thin and bloodless fingers.

On the Life Line.

Life is but a short excursion,
Said the wise in legend old.
Now the saying needs reversion,
Round-trip tickets are not sold.—W. T.

Varsity Verse.

IN YONDER CHURCHYARD.

WITHIN yon hallowed spot at day's dim close
I saw two holy nuns with thoughtful air
Beside a Sister's grave new fashioned there,
Praying intently for her soul's repose.
They showed regard and fond affection's care,
But shed no tear nor breathed regretful woes,
Their faith shone forth from every fresh-laid rose,
As if to urge the heart's unspoken prayer.

They left; and as their sable gowns were lost
Amid the gathering gloom, I closer drew.
The only mark a simple cross upraised,
On it these words from Holy Writ embossed:
"What once He gave the Lord again withdrew,
Forever let His holy name be praised!"

W. H. T.

SESTINA TO THE SUN.

Great ruler of the day 'mong worlds sublime,
To thee these lines I dedicate to-night;
And trust as you wear on through paths of time,
Your golden rays, your ever welcome light,
May come like smiles upon an effort true,
To my faint heart, to nature and to you.

Great Muse! could I but stand in space with you,
Or roam about the universe sublime,
And see the stars pass on their way in time,
Set forth by God, who sent the first great light,
To shine upon the worlds that lay in night,
Then might I feel naught else but Him is true.

But stay, for all we have from Him is true;
Should we but say the sickly fogs of night,
Lay o'er the minds of men, and lights like you
Move on but from the shadow of their light,
Then should we say that you and all sublime
Are but the merest handiwork of time.

But when we wander back into the time,
When all stood dark like one eternal night;
To when creation's mighty work sublime,
Was shown with these few words, "Let there be light,"
Then we must say that all in nature true
Reflects the image of their King in you.

And all we see, the universe with you,
Bespeak the grandeur of the mighty Light;
And man that's made of Him the image true,
Was not designed to wander in the night
But delve into the mysteries sublime,
That reach beyond the fickle works of time.

And when eternity supplants spent time,
And mortals meet where nothing is but true,
And all the lustre shall be fled from you,
No less we'll hold your mission now sublime.
How many times all through the dreary night,
Do we look forward to your tender light!

Then, shine on, great light, heavenly orb sublime,
Disperse the night, as long as time is time!
For naught could be more true to all than you.

J. L. C.

Habit.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01.

"The world is made up of small things" is a sentence repeated so often that it is familiar to the smallest boy. And everyone, probably including the small boy, for he is sometimes very observant, has noticed what little attention is paid to small things and into what serious trouble these small things sometimes lead us. Nevertheless, our neglect of them is not diminished, but apparently increased from day to day. Why is it that we are not more careful especially since we have received so many warnings? It is simply because of habit. The small things were passed over at first for some good reason and ever afterwards for none at all, except that we were in the habit of doing so; and habit itself is said to be an insignificant thing. It is defined literally as holding, or a way of being held; and because of man's second or acquired nature it greatly influences him. This "second nature" is nothing more than an inclination to do what we are in the habit of doing; and this second nature is the cause of the existence of so many inconsistencies in the world to-day. Acquired nature, or habit that is evil, is the cause of the failure to succeed of many men of promise and of their eventually filling ignominious graves. To habit, good habits formed in youth, is due the fact that many men of mediocre ability have reached the high station in life that they have to-day.

The love of home is due more to habit than to its accommodations. There are, for instance, many places more commodious and inviting than the home of the poor workman; but there is no place that can afford him the comfort that his humble home does. He may be shown through dwellings furnished in magnificent style, allowed even to look upon the gorgeous furnishings of a palace and to partake of its sumptuous board; but when the pleasure of seeing these things has passed away he will turn with delight to his humble home and family.

Habit also exercises a great influence over our ideas of taste and beauty. Thus the long shoes turned up like skates and fastened to the knee that were worn during the contests between the York and Lancaster factions in England, along with many odd styles worn since then, would appear ridiculous now; but

our styles of clothing and shoes would look equally as uncouth to our ancestors. For instance, the golf and bloomer costumes for women would unnerve the demure belles of those days.

The most noticeable effect of the power of habit is its effect upon the will. For those things that we are in the habit of doing we like best, and what we like best our weak human nature invariably impels us to do. A striking illustration of this occurred in France some years ago. A French count had been confined in the Bastile for thirty years and he declared when liberated that freedom had no joys for him. After vainly imploring to be allowed to return he lingered six weeks and pined away. The confinement it appeared had so accustomed him to the prison and its inmates and so estranged him from the world without that, although he had near relatives alive, he could not content himself.

This effect of repetition is also prevalent among the brute animals, probably among dogs more than the other species. However, there are cases known of other animals being similarly affected. An experiment made by Socrates serves as an excellent illustration of the effect of habit on dogs. Socrates had two of them. One was a hunting dog of the very best breed, the other a common watchdog. He trained the watchdog to follow the chase and kept the hunting dog in his yard. One day he started a hare and at the same time placed a dish of meat before the dogs. The watchdog pursued the hare and the hunting dog attended to the meat. How remarkable it seems that a hunting dog of so fine a type would act so contrary to his very instincts, and that a poor watchdog that had no pedigree at all should so belie his nature. The change in the dogs respectively was brought about by the training. Both dogs did what would not ordinarily have been expected of them simply because of habit. Yet this wonderful power of habit is said by some unthinking people to be a small thing.

In reality it is not a small thing. It is, as Montaigne says, "a violent and treacherous schoolmaster. By little and little, slyly and unperceived, it slips in the foot of authority; but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, it then unmasks a furious and tyrannical countenance against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to raise our eyes!" So firm a believer was Machiavelli in the power of habit that he said: "There is no trusting to the force of nature nor the bravery of words except it be corroborated by habit." And Thomas Carlyle has said that "There is nothing more perennial in us than habit and imitation. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, all practice and all learning in this world." Francis Walker, in his treatise on "Political Economy," says: "No man is free from the inroads of habit."

The effect of custom on the senses, while equally as marked as upon the will, is not so potent. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note some of its effects. A soap-dealer retiring on his fortune made arrangements with his successor to be allowed to come to the works on melting days, declaring that long connection with the works had made the offensive process of melting soap a source of pleasure to him. To think that anyone could become accustomed to so filthy a process is hard to believe, but that they should become fond of it is almost beyond conception. Such is the remarkable power of habit, let the work be what it will, connection with it will render it pleasant. The effects of repeated indulgence in tobacco and strong drink are very common. There are many other instances not so common.

Habit has a great influence over our moral relations, probably greater than it has over our will and senses. The effect anyhow is of more moment. If the effect is good the result is far more beneficial, and if it is bad the result is doubly disastrous. For upon our moral natures the whole frame-work of man rests, and if it is impaired our achievements thereafter are defective.

The repetition of a virtuous act creates a greater moral power, while for the performance of virtuous acts afterwards less moral power is required. On the other hand the same effect is true. By the repetition of a vicious act a tendency is created toward such repetition; the power of the passions is increased, and the power to resist them is diminished. "Like a stream that can easily be stepped across at its well-head becomes a mighty river on whose bosom a navy can repose;" so our passions though controllable at first, after many indulgences take our better selves in hand, and rush on with such violence that we can not even think of restraining them. As Welling says, "Habit is ten times nature," and St. Augustin—"Habit persisted in soon becomes a necessity."

Habit is then a power for either good or evil. We are aided by inclination to do what we are in the habit of doing in performing our necessary labors, to such an extent that, repeated often, they soon become more a pleasure than a labor. "Pitch on that course of life which is most beneficial and habit will render it most pleasant." On the other hand an evil act repeated takes hold on us, and though at first we are frightened at its enormity, after several repetitions all idea of fear disappears; the temptation to repeat it overcomes us, and finally we become addicted to it. Then nothing but an extraordinary happening will enable us to free ourselves.

The power of habit, its effect upon the will, senses and moral relations, is truly a wise provision. For if it were not true that repetition creates an inclination to do the work we are required to do, our duties in many cases would be neglected. We can fight hard against disinclination for a time, but we soon tire, and if the dislike remain we should certainly neglect the work. In regard to evil acts the provision is wise because it deters us from committing evil deeds since we know that committing them may result in a constant practice which we do not desire. And then the power of habit is so potent in its good results, and since we are expected to strive after the good, the contrary effect of evil deeds can not be taken into account.

When we consider well the wonderful effect of habit, its power for good or evil and the wisdom of such provision, the importance of forming good habits in youth is deeply impressed upon us. For we are fully convinced that evil habits, besides being very injurious in every sense, are most difficult to conquer, and that good habits formed in early youth are productive of many good results.

Magazine Notes.

—The Catholic Truth Society, Flood Building, San Francisco, is worthy of the highest commendation for the good work it is carrying on. Since the time of its organization it has published upwards of thirty valuable and timely pamphlets. It is regrettable, however, that noble enterprises of the kind succeed only partially in reaching the multitudes for whom they are intended. It is very important that a misguided or uninformed public should learn the truth about such historical lies and religious frauds as the Titas Oates Plot, the Gunpowder Plot, Maria Monk, and Margaret Shepherd. Many will never read these pamphlets because they will never find out how valuable they are.

—Requiem Mass by H. G. Ganss, one of the best produced in recent years, has many masterly touches. Especially good is the "Dies Iræ," the treatment of the "Recordare," in choral style, being very strong in its religious sentiment. Very noticeable also is the composer's clever handling in the "Libera" of the monotone. We have by the same composer a hymn "Faith of Our Fathers," words by Father Faber. This is a very strong hymn and well fitted for a "Catholic Hymn for the Twentieth Century" as the sub-title proclaims it.—J. Fisher Brothers, publishers. New York and Toledo.

We are also in receipt of the "Te Deum" and a "Tantum Ergo" by J. Singenberger and Mass and Vesper canticles entitled "Laudate Dominum," by the same writer.

—*The Sunday Companion*, published by D. H. McBride & Co., at Akron, Ohio, is the name of a new weekly for Catholic readers. As its name signifies it is intended as a help for Sunday Schools. It is so divided that not only those beginning Catechism, but even children more advanced will be aided in their study by taking its lessons seriously. Short stories and copies of masterpieces of art appearing in its pages will tend to make it interesting reading. The publishers deserve credit and support since they offer it for the reasonable price of fifty cents a year.

—We always look forward with pleasure to the arrival of the *Medical Record* among our weekly exchanges. The *Record* is a journal devoted to medical science that can not be too highly praised. It is replete with original articles, editorials, news and notes, all of which contain much valuable information. Among the original articles in a late issue is one entitled "Ten Years' Experience with Typhoid Fever at the Roosevelt Hospital," in which the author shows the advances that have been made in the treatment of typhoid fever in the last thirty years and describes in detail his method of treating the disease. Another article on "Electricity in Respiratory and Cardiac Failure with a Case of Paralysis of the Diaphragm" shows us the benefits derived from electricity when applied to parts of the body in medical treatment.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 27, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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} *Reporters.*

—The Notre Dame Alumni Association of Chicago held its second annual banquet and reception at the Grand Pacific Hotel last Wednesday evening. There was a large number of old students in attendance, and the affair was a thoroughly enjoyable one. With the renewal of old acquaintances and the talking over of old times came a revival of the old spirit that had characterized the men in the days when they were residents of the halls that we now occupy. The association is a strong one, and one of which the University may well be proud. Not a man among them is there that is not loyal to his old college and is not ready to contribute his share towards making her rank among the first institutions of the land. Very Rev. A. Morrissey attended the banquet and responded to the toast "Alma Mater;" Hon. Edward F. Dunne responded to "What Shall we do with Our College Men;" W. W. Dodge, '74, to "The Days of Old;" Prof. John G. Ewing, '78, to "As I View the Harvest;" Honorable Kickham Scanlon, '83, to "The Campus and the World;" D. P. Murphy, '95, to "Tendencies of College Athletics." Hon. J. S. Hummer, LL. B., '90, President of the Association, acted as toastmaster.

—Last Saturday John Ruskin died at his home in Brantwood, England. Though his death marks the passing away of a man of mighty intellect it does not call forth the same amount of regret that it would have caused fifteen years ago, when the great critic was more actively in touch with the world of art and letters. It is generally felt that his allotment of time was sufficiently long to permit him to complete his earthly mission; that his great heart should cease its troubled beatings, and that the great mind, that had given so many noble thoughts to the world, should be granted rest. Ruskin, in late years, was not possessed of the brilliancy that once was his. In his old age there was no golden harvest. His life was one of sadness; and this, together with his untiring activity and almost constant worry, had completely worn him out physically and mentally. For this reason, even though he had conferred a wondrous boon upon the world by his great works, it was not his lot to be "a grand old man" like Gladstone. His works, however, are not, and will not be, forgotten. In his line, he stood in a class by himself both as a competent art critic and as a master of English literature. He had high ideals, and the only object of his life was to come as near as possible to the reaching of those ideals, and to bring other men with him. Most of his sadness was because he could not make others see what was of the greatest and highest value, and could not get them to work after the accomplishment of high aims. He was, as Dr. Henry Austin Adams says of Cardinal Newman, a man that worried for the rest of the world. All his writings, his efforts in every direction, were made with the hope of conferring some benefit on his fellowmen. It is true, that in many cases his criticism was of the keenest kind and written apparently with little consideration for the other person's feelings; yet for the most part one might discern that it was written through kindness more than through satire or ill-will. Even those whom he criticized will admit that, while there is but seemingly small notice taken of his death, it is an event worthy of record. Ruskin was a man whose equal is not born every day; we may wait many a year until we find so keen an intellect, so large a heart, such ceaseless activity, and so much ability united in one man. Even when Ruskin's death is forgotten men will speak in terms of praise of the melancholy man that lived his life for others.

Dr. Henry Austin Adam's Lecture.

Seldom does it occur that college students regret to have the end of a lecture come, yet such was the case last Monday evening when Dr. Henry Austin Adams had finished his brilliant talk on Cardinal Newman. Never in the time of the present student body has there been a man on the stage in Washington Hall that so completely captivated his audience. From the Sorin Hallers to the Minims there was not a person that did not give the speaker his closest attention and follow the different parts of his lecture with added pleasure. Dr. Adams is a man that makes a pleasing appearance; he has a splendid voice, an almost unlimited command of language and an education that enables him to handle his subject in a thoroughly exhaustive manner and look at it from many points of view. His delivery is polished and forcible; his method of illustration and presenting of arguments is such as to strike the very point he is trying to bring home to the minds of his listeners.

In his lecture on Newman there is an additional interest taken from the fact that, like the great Cardinal, Dr. Adams himself is a convert and passed from a high place among Protestant clergymen into the bosom of the Catholic Church. He is an ardent admirer of the great British convert, and speaks of him not with the cold indifference of the ordinary lecturer, who is satisfied with referring to him as the "master of English literature," "the great theologian," or "the eminent clergyman." Dr. Adams speaks of him as a friend whom he had known and loved and whom he one day expects to meet. In his discourse last Monday he spoke first of the reserved life of Newman as compared with that of Cardinal Manning; then he talked of him as the master of English writing and of the influence he had on theological controversy; next he considered the widespread power the Cardinal had in changing the order of things in England. After this he spoke more of the characteristics of the man from his youth up and of the influence he exercised on all the world. He paid a particular tribute to Newman's fixity of purpose, his earnestness and his determination to follow what was right. Lastly he spoke of the great mission the Cardinal had fulfilled, and how it seemed that it was part of God's wisdom that he should have lived life and used his wonderful talents as he did.

Give Honor where it is Due.

A writer in the *Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania in speaking of intercollegiate debating says: "To the representative who competes for Pennsylvania in the contests on track or field or water there is given the highest honor, in a sense, his college can give him—that of wearing the 'Varsity P.' He performs to an enthusiastic audience; he returns honored and endeared to his fellow-students. To the man that meets the best logic, the best eloquence of another great university on the forensic platform in the discussing of questions each college man must meet in daily life, there is awarded little,—save the consciousness that he has striven faithfully for the glory of his *Alma Mater*. Often his defeat in these mental contests is the signal for anything but sympathetic consideration, and, unlike the athlete who returns vanquished but receives his honors, we are unwilling even to thank him for his work."

We may take up the question hinted at by this man and ask: Why should we not honor the man that wins an intellectual contest if we honor all those that win in athletic contests? It is certain that he does as much to bring glory to his college, to reflect honor on her teachers and her standard of learning, as that man does who wins the broad jump, the 100 yard dash or perhaps holds a position on the football team. So far, however, there does not seem to have been any scheme devised by any of our colleges to show to the world that this man is one that has stood by his school and defended her honor in the highest contests that men can engage in—contests requiring strength of mind and intellect. An observer can tell by the monogram on an athlete's breast just what college he is from, and that he has brought credit to that college sufficient enough to carry away the monogram as evidence of his valuable services. The debater sits up all night preparing his arguments, worries his brain in trying to look at the question in a new light, fights his way through trying preliminaries, goes out and wins as a member of the university team, and then receives nothing from his *Alma Mater* as a recompense. This can scarcely be considered fair; if one man that honors his college is honored by her in return, then another man that honors her should receive reward in equal measure. This

may not be the custom in other colleges; but even so, that fact should not hinder us from pursuing that policy here. Notre Dame is new in the debating field. If she wishes to induce her sons to enter that field and work for her she should find some means of repaying them that would correspond to the honor conferred on athletes by awarding them the university monogram. The faculty and students are asked to consider the advisability of adopting such a plan. HENRY PECK.

New Commercial Courses now Being Established at other Institutions.

The Universities of Michigan and Pennsylvania are making a move that may well be followed by other American institutions, namely, the establishment of higher courses for commercial training. The great aim of all colleges during the past has been to fit men for professional life, while too little attention was paid to the training of men for a business career. Only elementary studies with a little book-keeping and a small touch of science were given to the commercials tudent, and then he was turned out to finish his course by association with business concerns. The shop, the office, the bank and the various other places, from whence the great industries were directed, have been the only school where thorough business education could be received. The two universities named above will try to remedy this state of affairs. They propose to establish courses in which young men can study the various methods of doing business, familiarize themselves with international law and its bearing on commercial relations, study the commercial law in all its branches, learn the resources of the various countries, and their commercial relations with one another, prepare themselves for consular service, banking, directing manufacturing concerns, etc. The importance of such courses is becoming more evident every day. Commerce, especially in this country, has assumed such enormous proportions as to call for the best trained minds to get around the difficulties that are continually rising up. The time when men could walk into any business concern, and in a few months be able to direct it, has passed, and there is great demand now for men of knowledge to step into the commercial world, and, if they prove themselves competent, to be trusted with important positions.

Schools of Painting.

On last Thursday evening Professor Paradis opened this session's series of lectures on art in the college parlor. It is a far better place both for the speaker and for the listeners that attend his lectures than the old society room. The subject of the discourse was the Schools of Painting.

After enumerating the conditions and causes that made the different schools; after giving a few valuable rules whereby an amateur or a *connoisseur* is able to judge pictures with some degree of intelligence and pleasure, the speaker took up the main theme of his lecture. The subject, complex as it is, was made very simple for us, due, no doubt, to the large illustrated chart of the schools and their founders, and the clear exposition of the lecturer. All undoubtedly followed him with ease.

In painting there are two grand divisions in which all the schools are included. They are the schools of the southern and northern countries; of the warm-blooded and cold-blooded races; or, as the genial professor put it, "of the men that paint pretty faces and those that paint ugly faces." These again are divided into many schools. Chief among the southern schools is the Italian. The Renaissance period in it is the best, for it claims such men as Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Titian. A long time was spent in considering the renaissance and decadence in Italian art and also the characteristics of each school. He next spoke of the founders of the Spanish and French schools, and gave the reasons for the predominence of the French school during the nineteenth century.

The northern schools were next spoken of. The great characteristic of the northern painters is to paint things as they seem to them. They paint individuals not types. They seek no ideal as do the southern painters. They are all great engravers, and among them we have two of the great colorists, Rembrandt and Rubens. The Flemish school has the best brush-men. The English school, though it has done most for the art of illustration, has had only two painters that are distinctly original. The English, as well as the American painters, are imitators of the Italian or the French or the German schools. America has only one original painter, James Macneil Whistler. He perhaps will be the founder of the American school.

Exchanges.

What has happened the *Tiger*, the *Yale Record* and the *Lampoon?* A few moments with these jolly fellows would be highly appreciated in this period of dull days and long, cold evenings.

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Three years ago the *Tamarack* made its initial bow into our society. Now it is one of our strongest members, and we would not lose its companionship for small consideration. It usually comes to our board with good stories cleverly told, and when it settles down to essay form, it speaks in a very sensible and entertaining style.

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There are many clever things in the January number of the *Athenæum* of West Virginia University. The story of "What Bess Did" and the verse, "Not the Girl for Me," are among the best.

***

The *Oracle* from Monmouth College gives proof that there is much spirit at that institution toward supporting college organizations such as a glee club, literary societies, etc. A little more care might be exercised by its proof readers, however, in looking out for grammatical errors. It is easy to understand how one might overlook typographical mistakes occasionally, but when these occur frequently together with grammatical blunders carelessness must be presumed.

***

The first number of the *Georgetown College Journal* for this season ranks with the best exchanges that reach our table. While there is apparent ease on the part of the authors in all their contributions, there is a finish to the articles that shows that the work on them was carefully done, and that the editors realize that their columns are to be filled, not with whatever suffices to take up space, but with the best matter that they can produce. Whether it be a verse, a sketch, a story or an essay that they send forth it is usually well done, that is, using the term as applied to the general run of college literature. There are, of course, no pieces of surprising merit in any college papers, for the work is all done by amateurs and men of immature powers. However, if one wishes to find work "up to the usual high standard," as most exchange editors say, they may usually look for it in the *Journal*.

Personals.

—Patrick J. Nelson, LL. B., '88, is doing a good law business at Dubuque, Ia.

—Frank O'Rourke, an old student of Notre Dame, is in the jewelry business at Kansas City, Mo.

—Mr. Andrew Gibbs, LL. B., '88, is enjoying a large practice as an attorney at law in Dubuque, Ia.

—Rev. John D. O'Shea, A. B., '92, assistant pastor at St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich., was at Notre Dame during the early part of the week visiting with his brother, Daniel O'Shea of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Joseph Mulligan, one of our old students and a former resident of South Bend, is now doing a prosperous business at Leadville, Col. His success will be a source of much pleasure to his many friends in this locality.

—Mr. James J. Kirwin, an old friend of Notre Dame, was recently appointed to a very high position in Brooklyn. He is Deputy Commissioner of Buildings, Lighting and Supplies. For the past few years he has been Deputy Commissioner of Corrections. His recent appointment meets the general approval of the citizens of Brooklyn, as Mr. Kirwin has often proved himself a man of ability and one deserving public trust.

—Porter W. Fleming (student '90) is doing very well in Globe, Arizona. He is Vice-President and Secretary of the Globe Electric Light and Refining Company and is also secretary of the Black Warrior Copper Company. At a recent church bazaar he was awarded a gold-headed cane by popular vote of the people of his town which is a great evidence of his popularity inasmuch as Mr. Fleming is not a member of the Church. His brothers, Charles and Richard, who were students here at the same time that he was, are associated with the Black Warrior Copper Company, the former as general manager and the latter as assistant general manager.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy (A. B., '95, LL. M., '97), now practising law with J. S. Hummer at Chicago, and Mr. Daniel V. Casey (Litt. B., '95), former editor in chief of the SCHOLASTIC and captain of the '95 Varsity, now a member of the Chicago *Record* staff, were here last Saturday and Sunday. The two "Dans" were the leading students at Notre Dame in their time, and enjoyed as widespread a popularity among their fellows as was ever given to any men that came here. Both held prominent offices in all the college organizations and were always at the front of their class. That they are both doing well now is only the fulfilment of predictions often made of them in their college days.

Lecture on Dante.

Dr. O'Malley finished his series of lectures on Dante in the Law Room last Wednesday evening. He discussed the "Paradiso," the third part of the Florentine's great trilogy. There was a good crowd in attendance from Corby and Brownson Halls to hear the lecture, and the round of applause when it was completed indicated how well it was appreciated. The lecture consisted chiefly in a terse narrative of the principal parts of the poem and a selection of many passages of special merit, which were read.

Local Items.

—Yes, Frank, that cake was splendid. Brother thought it was too good to keep so he brought us in to help him out with it. Many thanks, sir, you are welcome to call again.

—The Minims' track team held its first meeting, Jan. 25, and elected the following officers: Director, Rev. M. Quinlan; Assistant Directors, John Ervin and B. Taylor; Secretary, Paul C. McBride.

—Thomas, *alias* Malachi, would take off his shoes, wear golf trousers and tip his hat to every lady he might meet walking from here to Haney's, to hear Dr. Adams' lecture again. That is a great tribute; the speaker is sure of everlasting fame.

—Mulcrone and Reilly's new indoor amusement, "The Mysterious Spit, or Evaporated Moisture," has been scratched off the list of games in the reading-room, and a new and interesting game "Hard on the knockers" by Coffee, substituted.

—The ex-Minims have challenged the Minims for a meet to determine the championship between the two teams. The Minims have not as yet accepted the challenge as the ex-Minims have a very strong team this year, but they are considering the matter very seriously.

—The St. Joseph Debating Society held its weekly meeting Wednesday evening. The question debated was: "Resolved, That strikes are productive of more harm than good to the working classes." W. Cameron, J. Corley and H. McCauley were selected to represent the hall in a debate against the students of Holy Cross Hall.

—The case of Barlow *vs.* Ellis was brought to trial in the Moot-court last Saturday. As there were no facts in controversy and the case was to decide a point of law, there was no jury. Mr. Ragan argued the plaintiff's cause; Messrs. Locke and Kuppler talked for the defendant. The court gave its judgment in favor of the plaintiff.

—The "Preps" are determined to maintain the good reputation made by them last fall when they were known as the Anti-Specials of Carroll Hall. Manager Clarke promises an interesting schedule both in basket-ball and indoor baseball. The opening of game the season, basket-ball with a team from Culver Military Academy, will take place next Saturday evening, Feb. 3. The game will be called at half-past seven. Practise began in good earnest on Thursday last. Three cheers, then, for the Purple and White.

—The Corbyites are organizing a baseball team for the coming session that promises to be very strong. There is plenty of material from which to choose a team, and competition for places is expected to be very close. Seven of last year's Junior team will be out for places. The only obstacle that confronts the team is the lack of a baseball diamond. Corby has no suitable place to practise and this seems to be the greatest drawback.

—NOTICE TO ORATORS.—All students that intend to become candidates for the Oratorical Medal should be working hard now over their orations. The latest date for handing in these orations is April 15. This early date is necessitated by the large number of candidates that have signified their intention to contest, as a number of preliminaries will be required to reduce the candidates to six, the maximum limit permitted in the final. For information concerning this matter consult Prof. Carmody, Room 14, Sorin Hall.

—The Philopatrians were royally entertained last Wednesday evening by Professors Carmody and McLaughlin. Professor Carmody first recited "The Spanish Duel," and for an encore gave "The Wreck of the Julia La Plunk." Mr. Leahy rendered "Haydn's Serenade" in a very creditable manner. Messrs Ferstl and Leahy then gave "Barcarolle" by Dancla. Prof. McLaughlin accompanied the above gentlemen on the piano, and then rendered in his usually artistic manner some selections from Chopin. After arranging a very interesting programme for the next meeting, the society adjourned.

—IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Candidates for the inter-collegiate debate should hand in their names as soon as possible to Prof. Carmody, Room 14, Sorin Hall. The latest date for doing so will be Tuesday next, and on that evening at 7:40 all the candidates are requested to meet in the Law Lecture Room to draw lots for places and sides. The question on which Notre Dame and Indianapolis are to join issue will be announced at this meeting, and a general schedule of preliminaries arranged. As the success of the institution depends largely on the number of candidates for its team a large meeting is desired.

—The Virgilianhomicide Society opened a contest in classical poetry writing at the beginning of the 20th century (in Germany). All kinds of versified writing is accepted

except epic poems and triolets. Here are some that have been presented:

THE ICE MAN.

All through the sultry summer days
His toil was very nice,
With hooks and saw 'twas cool enough
A caking off the ice.
But since the winter times have come
He's learning how to bake,
'Mid pastry steam 'tis warm enough
At icing off the cake.

This was written by Mr. Francis Barry. Judging from the depth of thought that he displays in this work of art, we may expect much from him in future. Mr. Thomas Toner presented a beautiful sample of real reality, touched off by his poetical skill; however, its propriety is questionable. We quote him in full:

I tried to kiss a pretty maid,
I tried alas but failed,
And ever since that fatal day,
My folly I have wailed,
For now I'm undecided
If her hatred I entailed,
Because I tried to do the act,
Or just because I failed.

The last, Mr. William Curran, received the premium on his lyric. It is short but very expressive. He neither "leaves it said in part nor says it in too great excess." Here is the prize poem in full.

TO MY SWEETHEART.

Sweet thoughts of you my heart entwine,
Like the little curls 'round a pumkin vine.

So far, the society has been very successful, and we hope to develop some good men during the next hundred years.

—Last Wednesday night as a perfect harmony of heart-breaking slumbers breathed forth to meet the yellow grins of the old moon as it peeped in from the window blinds of St. Joseph's Hall, the unbroken silence was smashed by a startling squall from the Klondike end of the dormitory. Joe Cullinan flew down the aisle in pursuit of a terrified nightmare. Thomas Corliss, famed as a bronco rider, leaped from his dreams to his feet, and seizing his suspenders, lighted a match on the seat of his trousers and started out to lasso the animal. Joe and the horse passed up and down the aisle a few times, followed by Corliss waving his light high in the air, but finally the match was exhausted, and Corliss crawled under a bed and came in contact with a well-heated steam pipe, but he was relieved when the alarm was spread to the illuminating corner, and Joseph Jenkins sprang to the button and turned on the electric lights. This revealed several additions to the already exciting scene, and under the artful hand of Jenkins, there was a series of romantic tableaux. Bravery was displayed in various ways. While many rushed about in search of the man, the muffled voice of Nicholas Furlong could be heard coming out from beneath the coverlets saying: "Hold him, fellows, and let's catch him." Soon there came a quiet neigh from Bro. Philip's strawberry roan over in the barnyard and Cullinan slipped back to bed. Now he says it was an idle dream. All the other boys say it was a stern reality, but some doubt that Corliss lighted the match on his trousers.

—The first preliminary or trying-out meet for the track team candidates was held in the gymnasium Thursday afternoon. The reports that had been spread about the campus concerning the abilities of some of the new men drew a large crowd to witness the performances. All the events were well contested, and there was much excitement among the spectators especially when the races were run off. The meet clearly brought out the fact that we are going to be unusually strong on the track, but in the field department we will have to build up very much. We have runners that will hold their own with any men in the West; our field men are, for the most part, novices at the work, and will require very much attention from their coach. Of the new men on the track, Fox, Murphy, Krembs, Riley, Steele and Fred Connors are the strongest. Tom Murray, a candidate of last year, is doing well, and will surprise his friends before the season closes. Of the new men at field work, Pick, Weiss and McNulty are the best. Pick is a strong runner, but has been persuaded to go into the field events because his help will be needed there more than on the track. In Thursday's meet the events went as follows: 40 yard dash, Fox, first; Murray, second; 40 yard hurdle, Herbert, first; Krembs, second; 440 yard run, O'Shaughnessy, first; Murray, second; mile run, M. Connor, first; Steele, second; 880 yard relay race, Herbert, Murphy, O'Shaughnessy and Corcoran won; Krembs, Riley, Fox and Murray second; shot put, Pick, first; McNulty, second; pole vault, Sullivan, first; Weiss, second; high jump, Herbert, first; Sullivan, second; running broad jump, Sullivan, first; Langley, second. Fred Connors did not enter the meet, and Corcoran was only in the 220 yard dash, which he ran alone doing the distance in very fast time.

—Here's a pretty poor one; we will not tell you on whom it is, but it happened over in George Bohner's room. A young man had just dressed himself in the most approved fashion and was standing before his mirror to put the finishing touches to his hair. On taking a last look at the glass he noticed that something was wrong with his necktie; it had slipped to the top of his collar and was almost touching his ears. He could not imagine how the tie got up there, but he was sure that was not the place for it and something would have to be done in the matter. He looked long and wistfully into the looking-glass while great balls of sweat rolled down one side of his face and up the other. He was beginning to grow weak from excitement and was on the point of getting desperate—a time when most

men receive their inspirations and save themselves from destruction—when the idea came to him like a flash, to take off the collar and turn it upside down. He did so, but ever since that time he has been wearing a sweater.

—The Corby Literary Society was formed Sunday, January 21, under the auspices of the Reverend William A. Olmstead. After the officers had been elected, General Olmstead gave a very thorough speech on the aims of the society and the present needs of the society room. Professor Carmody spoke a few words on the debates to be held at the society meetings, and the preparation and study needed to derive the full benefit of them. A glee club and a mandolin and guitar club were organized in the society, and a special programme will be rendered by them at each meeting. The executive committee, presided over by J. F. Powers, is deliberating upon the purchase of billiard tables and a piano for the new recreation room and upon the subscription to the leading magazines and college journals for the reading-room. The rooms are open to all residents of Corby Hall, and much interest has been manifested in the work. The following are the officers: Honorary President, Reverend William A. Olmstead; President, Mr. C. J. Ahern; First Vice-President, Mr. John Powers; Second Vice-President, Mr. John Newman; Treasurer, Mr. Daniel O'Connell; Secretary, Mr. Mark A. Divine; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. J. L. Hare; Director of Glee Club, Mr. Howard Pim; Director of Mandolin and Banjo Club, Mr. J. P. Sherlock. Mr. John F. Powers was appointed chairman of the executive committee. The committee consists of Messrs. Pim, E. Johnson, George Moxley, and Steele.

—Some evenings since, a young man strolled over towards the stile. Big chunks of darkness were piled on top of one another and vases of mud were sprinkled carelessly about. The moon had signed a four weeks' contract with "Darkest Africa," while its slanting rays fell down on Oom Paul's tent. Darkest silence reigned on the road to the stile. Trouble began where the roads branch back of Corby Hall. Here the romantic youth failed to see a pile of brush, and in his excitement crashed into it. What he said we know not, but we can imagine. He turned abruptly and murmured: "I've got the right road now." He started out at a brisk pace but only to strike another barrier. Had it not been for the brush at the edge of the lake he could not have been resuscitated. Again he turned in his way and this time found the right road; away he went stumbling over stumps and stepping in mud ankle deep, but notwithstanding he reached the stile. He whistled softly several times, pricked up his ears and watched carefully, but no one appeared. Again and again he whistled, but still he saw no one. At last with but a few minutes to make prayer he gave up hope of seeing her, picked up his shilalah and started back. Though he set a record for the distance, he came into the Hall just too late for prayer. His face, clothes and all were bespattered with mud. He looked as though he had been in a boiler explosion, or as if he had ridden from South Bend with Tom. His smooth-fitting trousers were polka-dotted with adherences of dampened dirt. The fellows gathered around him and gave him the laugh. Some thoughtful Sorinite had written a note to him and signed a young lady's name. When our sleeping hero started he little thought that a joke was being put up on him, but, sad to say, he saw it all when he got back to the Hall.

—"It is strange," muttered Harrington the "Red" to himself as he quietly folded his lovely finger tips into a plug of Hennebry's, "that after all the discussion about the question of the centuries there are still a few who do not believe this to be the 19th century. Something must be done to dispel their doubts, and I, for one, shall contribute my small efforts to this end." With this determination he ended his mutterings, and handing the remains of the plug to Hennebry requesting him to follow him to the reading-room. There "Red" spread his friend in a chair and began an argument that lasted fully three hours and a half. During the course of the argument Hennebry fainted three times, "Red" stopping each time to interview his victim's plug; the crowd left the room in search of reinforcements, with a view to capturing what they believed to be a raving maniac; and still our hero thundered on. Suddenly he stopped, stamped his foot viciously on his victim's corns, blushed a lovely blush, peculiar to himself, full of pathos and mesmerism, and then as a last resort, fainted. Hennebry was by this time as cool and composed as a Klondike miner and ten times as mad. He soon revived his enemy with kicks and punches, and, replacing him on the chair, told him in as few words as possible that his lengthy effort to prove this the 19th century only made it clearer to him that it was the 20th. Then he left him and the mob rushed in, seized poor "Red" and compelled him to go through his argument anew for their benefit. An explanation of his conduct was asked for when he had finished, and the reason he gave was, that Hennebry and himself belonged to the same debating society; that Hennebry had often made a boast of his superior abilities as a debater, and that he had taken this opportunity of silencing his former friend, now enemy, for life. He copied his oration word for word from the editorial columns of the Blencoe "Daily Blow," which paper he declares to be an authority on all important questions.