A Dream.

FRANK EARLE HERING (Belles Lettres).

I DREAMED last night a childhood dream:
I dreamed I had a cockle-boat,
A swift and graceful cockle-boat
Afloat upon a crystal stream;
And each one passing smiled at me,
And joyfully I smiled at them,
And carelessly smiled back at them,
And smiling drifted out to sea.

The clouds were tinted white to blue,
Such tinted clouds as fairies weave.
As fairies from the rainbows weave
When elves dance on the globes of dew.
I formed from out some clouds a face,
The fairest face I formed of them,
The purest face I formed of them
That ever fancy’s brush can trace.

The hair I made of softest gold
From out the edges of a cloud,
The ragged edges of a cloud
Off which the dancing sunbeams rolled.
The eyes were sparkling, matchless blue.
Such blue as only, heaven makes.
The blue the vault of heaven makes
To hide the angels from our view.

The brow was white—and whiter far
Than any snow-drop of the north,
A glistening snow-drop of the north
That glistens on an icy spar.
The ears were pink, the rarest pink,
Such as an April dawn may have,
Such as a coral reef may have,
But nothing else can have, I think.

The dreams and years have swiftly passed,
Have passed and touched my head with gray,
Have lightly touched my head with gray,—
For dream-years softly go, and fast;
But there lies in the evening sky,
The evening sky that bounds my life,
A fairy face that guides my life,
That waits for me eternally.

In Fancy’s Realm.

ARTHUR W. STACE, ’96.

HEN we were younger and,
Mayhap, lighter hearted, we
Took a peculiar delight in
What we called “making believe.” We “made believe” that we were horses,
Coachmen, kings, soldiers,
Actors, or firemen without a
Thought of the incongruity of our lightning-like changes in individuality. When we became
A little older we changed into pirates, Indians,
Or captains of hay-rack schooners. Later on we became
Knights of the Round Table, or crusaders. We fought the turbaned infidel in
Many a glorious battle. After that our desires
Became more materialistic, and we longed for wealth rather than for fame. We became
Bankers in our day-dreams. At school, when studying our lessons in geography, we spent
Our time in tracing out the voyages we would take when our ship came in. Then we found
That wealth could not be gained by dreams. We discovered that life was real. We began to
Take a more practical view of things, and the dreams of childhood were over.

But are the dreams of childhood ever really over? It is true that we do not always indulge
In the fantastic dreams of our younger days; but do we never dream? Do we never see
Images in the fire, or air-castles in the smoke curling up from our pipes? When we idly look
At the falling snow on a wintry day, do not the flurrying flakes whirl into shapes as fanciful
As those of bygone days? We say that the fancies of childhood are past, that fairy tales
And “make believe” are things of the long
We are often inclined to pity Adam and Eve for all they missed in literature and art. They had no Homer, no Dante, no Shakspeare. Their imagination could only feed upon the fruit of their own experience. But when we come to think about it, what need had Adam and Eve for the imagination of others? Their faculties were fresh from the hand of their Maker. Their imagination was strong and vivid. Homer, Dante, or any poet, or artist never had the food with which to whet their imaginations that our first parents did. They held direct intercourse with God, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the Author of all, the one sublime Being.

Even after the fall the remembrance of what had been, and the promises for the future, were 'enough' to occupy the imaginations of the happy persons come our poets, artists, and story-writers. Most of us have imagination enough, but we either lack the powers of expression, or we prefer to enjoy the labors of others, and so the world has not yet heard of us. We are content to travel into the worlds created by others, but we give no new worlds to our fellowmen.

When we read a story it is like being driven in a carriage through beautiful scenery; while when we see a story in our own imagination it is like traveling on a bicycle. We go through the same scenery, but it seems more beautiful, the air is fresher, and we do not feel cramped or tired. We go along 'faster, and with a deal more of pleasure.'

Just as a true-hearted wheelman desires to give to others the delights which he enjoys, so, too, does the man of strong imagination feel impelled to give the fruit of his fancy to others that they may also enjoy it. The more cultivated, the more vivid, and the more original the imagination is the more does it urge its possessor to give its product for the benefit of those less favored. And happy should we be that it is so. What a barren world would this be if Homer, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mozart, Beethoven and Shakspeare had kept their sublime creations selfishly to themselves. How would we spend the long idle summer hours, if our favorite novelists had kept their characters to themselves without giving us a glimpse of them? Yes, it was a wise Providence that made the men of large imagination generous. It is through this generosity that we are able to go back thousands of years and fight old battles over again. Our own experience is small, but this generosity gives us the benefit of the experience of men of all times and all places. Through it we can battle with Achilles under the walls of Troy. We can hasten to the aid of the insurgents in Cuba. We can sing pastorals with the shepherds of classic Greece, and leave them to climb on board a modern locomotive and whirl away on an observation tour through the Rocky Mountains. One minute we can seek adventures with the brave Sir Galahad, and in the next laugh at the droll adventures of an up-to-date newsboy. In our hurried, busy lives what time would we have to take part in the thousands and thousands of different actions which go to make up the history of a single hour, not to mention the history of six thousand years? But our own imagination, coupled with the generous fancy of others, enables us to live a life filled with a wonderful variety of events, which would never come to our experience if men of large imagination were not of a generous mold.

We try to tell ourselves that we have outgrown the amusements of childhood, but the amusement we find in the creations of the imagination is perennial; we can never outgrow it.

We may let our imagination lie dormant for a time after our childhood has passed, but it is only dormant. It is awakened very easily, and its sleep is never very sound. It is not so active as in earlier years; it is more passive. We allow it to be acted upon by others, and use it in following out the fancies of others, but we seldom create new images with it. We become so lazy that while we will follow the lead of others for hours we rarely shake off our lethargy and venture to take the lead ourselves.

The difference between the writer and the reader lies very much in the difference in their powers of imagination. Every man has an imagination, but it is differently developed in different individuals. Some have very little of it; others have such an abundance that there is room for nothing else in their brains. Others have it in just the right proportion, and keep it always under the power of the will. From the ranks of these happy persons come our poets, artists, musicians, and story-writers. Most of us never come to our experience if men of large imagination were not of a generous mold.

...
our forefathers during the hundreds of years they spent upon this earth. Their immediate descendants fed their imaginations upon tradition, and after tradition began to die out literature took its place. Moreover, in the days of old, men had more time to indulge their own imaginations, and were not obliged to call upon the imaginations of others. They were not surrounded by the ultra-materialistic which encompasses us at the present day. They gave full play to their fancies, and combined tradition and imagination in a remarkable manner. The result was mythology among the Greeks and Romans and the strange religions of Egypt and other Eastern countries. The gods of the Greeks and Romans being the creations of the imagination of men, were endowed with the vices of their orators; hence the tales of the gods, which to a Christian would seem almost blasphemous.

The kingdom over which fancy holds the sway embraces literature, painting, sculptor, music, and, in fact, all of the fine arts. A poem is but the exposition of the poet's fancy. The artist puts the creation of his mind upon his canvas. The sculptor works over his marble until the shape in his imagination is impressed there. The composer shows his inmost self in a burst of harmony. All are ruled by the imagination.

At the present day we most frequently become acquainted with the dream-worlds of others through the medium of the novel. The novelist starts out his story with only the skeleton of his plot. Then he picks his characters, and puts them in to fill out the skeleton. If he is a novelist in the strict sense of the word he makes his plot subservient to the characters. If he is a romanticist he makes the plot supreme. The imagination is the architect who draws the plans and oversees the work. In order to turn out a finished story the imagination must have skilled helpers. Therefore, the author must possess a good knowledge of his native tongue, a large number of words at his command, a good style, good judgment, and skill in turning out polished sentences. If the overseer is competent, and if his assistants do good work, a work of literature is the result. But if either the workman or the director is incompetent their labor is in vain. This is why an amanuensis is frequently employed, and this is also the reason why an amanuensis is nothing but an amanuensis and not the author of the book.

Even in an historical novel the imagination plays an important part. If Scott had not put imagination into his romances would they have the same interest that they now possess? It is because Stanley Weyman possesses such a brilliant imagination that his novels are of such thrilling interest. It is to be regretted that Macaulay did not write historical novels instead of his history. He had too much imagination to write a reliable history, but his imagination and style could have produced a most successful novel.

In the realistic novel, as well, the imagination must have its part or the story loses interest. William Dean Howells is realistic to an extreme degree, and in consequence some of his novels are too dry to be read. They are of the newspaper style, although written in better language than is found in most newspapers. French novels are also too realistic. Most French novels do not make a pretence of following out a plot. They are but narrations of facts, and too frequently the facts are of the sensational, newspaper style. The reading of a French novel is like paddling around in a cess-pool, which is rank with noisome odors. We get splattered with mud, are sickened by the stench, disgusted, and finally land at the same point from which we set out. We are no better for the trip, and we are very much the worse for it. On the other hand the reading of a decent novel is like an excursion on a beautiful river. We have wholesome air to breathe, beauty is all around us. We are benefited in health, both of mind and body.

The novel produces the same effect upon us that the original work of the imagination had on the novelist. We enjoy what he enjoyed, though perhaps in a lesser degree. I have often envied the authors of my favorite books for the imagination which they possess. Often when forced to wait for hours in a dingy railway station, with nothing to interest me, I have ardently wished that I was a novelist. Why, I could write a book during those idle hours, which would give pleasure to hundreds besides myself and at the same time amuse me. But alas, fortune has not so decided.

But while most of us are incapable of conceiving a novel, nevertheless, we are all of us capable of spending many pleasant hours when led by our own fancy. Take, for instance, a cool evening in November, when the cold sleet is dashing against the windows and a bright fire is burning in the open fireplace; then we love to draw up our easy-chair before the fire and indulge in vagaries of the mind. We for...
get our cares and troubles and live only in the
future with its brilliant hopes and glittering air-
castles. We dream for hours in calm enjoyment,
and would not exchange places with a king.
Perchance we smoke a pipe. Then images
appear in the curling smoke which awake the
imagination and set it running at full speed.
Then we become the authors of unwritten
novels; we dream poems, and the smoke forms
itself into pictures worthy of a Titian’s brush.

But there is a serious danger in the excessive
use of the imagination. We may use it so much
that the other powers of the mind become
jealous and refuse to do their work. Or, again,
the imagination may take the bit between its
teeth and run away with us. It may get entirely
beyond our control, and then horrible fancies
take possession of us. An over-wrought imagi-
nation leads directly to insanity. Can we won-
der, then, that so many actors end their days
in insane asylums? Most great actors live the
parts they play. When they play Hamlet, they
are Hamlet; when they play Othello, they are
Othello; when they play King Lear, they are
Lear. Can an actor who plays these three
parts regularly stand the combined sufferings
of Hamlet, Othello and Lear for a long time?
He may be able to play the parts for years,
but sooner or later his mind is affected, and
another great artist is lost to the stage.

It is sad that this great instrument of pleasure
should be debased and abused. But a debased
and abused imagination is a terrible weapon
to punish its abuser. It strikes him at a most
vulnerable spot, and the wound that it inflicts is
deadly. It makes him mad, and is not madness
the greatest punishment that can come upon
a man? Beware of abusing the imagination;
fancy’s picture may become terribly real to
those who dare to harm this gift of the Just One.

An imagination not too sensitive and not
too callous, not too slow and not too quick,
will give its possessor the greatest joys he will
find in this life. It will even give him glimpses
of the world to come. Possession on earth is
not so full of joy as anticipation, for the imagi-
nation is a great joy-magnifier; but in the
world to come possession will be as far superior
to anticipation as things of heaven are to things
of earth. Imagination can not magnify the
joys of the world to come; it is incapable of
even doing them strict justice, so that when we
arrive in the other world we shall leave behind
forever the material world, and live only in
the world which we see now but through the
medium of our faithful servant,—fancy.

DEATH AND LIFE.

ROSE-RED the curling waves begin to glow,
Afire with sunset flames. Far in the west
And lulled upon the ocean’s heaving breast,
And gently soothed by murmurs sweet and low
Of crooning waves that ever come and go,
As ‘were by earth and sea and sky caressed,
The crimson sun hath sunk to peaceful rest
Beyond the water’s ceaseless ebb and flow.

And as I viewed that scene with bated breath,
I seemed to see the passing of a life.
Life was the sun that sank into the sea
Of endless time. The sunset we call death,
And death is but surecase of human strife—
A link that joins life to eternity.

Benediction.

A lighted altar, brilliant as the glow
Of sunset fires that tinge the fields of grain;
From the organ-loft a half-retracting strain
Drifts downward through, the pillared aisles below;
The smoking censer flashes to and fro,
While clouds of incense, thick and grey, seem fain
To hide the wondrous view from sight,—as rain
Of summer showers veils the sun when low.

A Tantum Ergo swells upon the air,
Then tremulous and low goes stealing by,
To faint away in echo from the walls.
An aged priest intones the answering prayer,
And slowly mounts the altar, where on high
He lifts the Host,—and benediction falls.

Memory.

When years have swept across the thread of life,
They leave vibrations sounding in the soul
That are the lingering memories always rife
With magic tints of pleasure or of dole.

Man oft forgets, but only for a time,—
Alike is he to some old master’s lute,
That only needs a passion’s touch to rime
The thoughts that live with thoughts that have
been mute.

IN WINTER MONTHS.

In winter months the skies are gray,
When summer suns have fled away;
Then o’er the lea cold breezes blow,
And crystal flakes of spotless snow
Bedeck the earth and frozen bay.

The Yule-tide hymn and virelay
Renew sweet dreams of bygone May,
While Love and Peace life’s cup o’erflow
In winter months.

But life is like a winter’s day;
Its lowering clouds oft bring dismay;
And when the spring appears to glow
With all the joy that youth can show,
’Tis then chill age concludes our play—
In winter months.

Varsity Verse.

IN MEMORY.

Beneath a silver moon above,
The moonbeam falls on earth below;
And from theリンa chimes round above
Their notes of joy they sound below.

A solemn hymn our souls bless,
As we for sweet repose we press;
Then rest we find, and after this
We come to other worlds to bless.

O'er all the earth the sun is shed,
And through the years his beams extended;
With them the night in silence fled,
And every hour of life extend.

We rise in hope, beneath the sky,
And in our hearts we look to die;
For death, and all the earth and sky
Must pass away in memory.
Our Debt to the Early Writers.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

At the beginning of his work on English literature Professor Backus says: "In their literary inheritance the readers of the English language are the richest people that the sun shines on. Their novelists paint the finest portraits of human character; their historians know the secrets of entrancing description and of philosophic narration; their critics have acumen; their philosophers probe far into the philosophy of the mind; their poets sing the sweetest songs." Indeed, we are very fortunate in our possession of literary treasures and books of all sorts. Every large city has a library where the productions of the best author: are always at hand. People who seek pleasure or information from reading have ample opportunities to procure books of any kind they may choose. They can take up volumes of history and follow the customs of the world from the time of the Roman republic down to the present day; they can sit in the senate house and listen to Cato pleading for the destruction of Carthage; they can stand on a distant hill and see the noble knights strewn upon the bloody field of Canna; they can go with Napoleon into the Russian campaign, or with our own generals through the war of the Rebellion. Books, scientific or philosophic, books of fiction or of legend, it matters little which we prefer, they can all be had. It is only since the art of printing was perfected, however, that such an abundance of reading matter can be supplied. When we consider this and the many other advantages arising through modern mechanical improvements, and when we look over the important discoveries made of recent years in the scientific field, we are apt to esteem ourselves as paragons of all that is progressive, and to belittle the men who lived in former centuries. It would seem as though our age has produced the greatest geniuses that the world has ever beheld. We would claim no relation with people of bygone times, but feel we live in a sphere too lofty for them. All the conveniences of transportation are ours; much improvement has been made in mechanical arts; the professions have all been raised to a higher standard, and in our vanity we would make our literature distinctly our own.

This, however, is over-reaching all due bounds. If the old Muses heard us utter so rash an assertion, they would implore the ruler of Olympus to crush us with his thunderbolts. In general, we can not lay any more special claim to our stores of literature than to the trees of the forest or to the metals of our mines. Literature above all things is not of recent date. It is as old as man himself. Our nature as social beings requires that we should give utterance to our thoughts. The first inhabitants of the world felt this as keenly as we do, and, though they had no letters, found means of putting down and preserving their thoughts for future generations. In fact, a part of the history we get from the fabulous ages is contained in that grand epic the Iliad. All critics, ancient and modern, have agreed that the literary excellence of this poem is unrivalled. It has been the delight of all students and readers during the succeeding centuries.

In an age when such a poem as this was composed there must have existed much culture and refinement. We can not very well suppose that Homer sprang up from the midst of a barbarous tribe and was, nevertheless, possessed of so mighty a genius. He must certainly have enjoyed the company of learned and observing comrades while he was preparing his great works. It is not doubtful that there were other brilliant writers, but their writings have been lost.

All through the history of the Greeks, we find proofs that in literature, as well as in other fine arts, they reached a standard of excellence which no other country has been able to surpass. The philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the teachings of Socrates, the doctrines of Pythagoras and the dramas of Euripides, of Æschylus and of Sophocles are such as could come only from men of superior genius. Demosthenes and Æschines give evidence of their abilities as orators; the former, in his speech De Corona, even asserts that they are incomparably superior to the writers and orators who lived long before them.

The Romans, too, have representatives of whom any country might be proud. Those who have read Cicero will not forget the deep principles of philosophy contained in his treatise De Officiis; and above all they will remember the well-rounded and harmonious periods of his orations. Livy and Tacitus possess the secrets of entrancing description and philosophic narration. All students are acquainted with Quintilian as an eminent critic, and with Horace as the child of the Muses,
the charm of youth, the delight of old age.

Centuries ago all these men wrote with a purity and simplicity of style that has ever since been studied as models. As I said before, it is in man's nature to tell his thoughts. To express them in a literary manner, however, we must follow as many rules and be guided by as many laws as the scientist in his researches. The formulae which govern good composition are many and complex, and to get a knowledge of these and see how they are applied we are told to study the best authors. Where can we look for the best authors except among the old classic writers? These first writers, however, had no models before them. They had to depend on their own genius to form a style. By carefully observing what writings were most pleasing to the better educated class, and the manner in which these writings were composed, they formulated from these observations the rules of rhetoric and composition. The rules laid down long ago have undergone but little change except for dramatic composition, which no longer requires the unities of time and place.

How can we, then, make little of the men who first made literature what it is? If the pen is mightier than the sword, it is only when it is used rightly. The simple writings of the Greek Fathers had more power to subdue the angry populace than the royal guard had. Now we who are enjoying the benefits which resulted from the works of these early writers, are truly ungrateful if we do not recognize what an immense debt we owe to them. All our history, all our poetry and romances, can be traced back to the men who invoked the aid of their muse to chant the praises of some hero. The winged Pegasus carried many of them to sunlit heights from whence they cast down to us rare pearls and literary gems. Their prayers to the muse were not in vain, for they have left behind them a devoted band of admirers. Though some have failed to recognize their work, the better class have not passed them unnoticed. Our poets, novelists and dramatists—all look up to them in admiration, and bow down before their genius. Critics who have spent the greater part of their lives in studying the literature of all ages, point with admiration to the early writers, and declare that for force and sublimity of style they can not be surpassed. They sought not for artificial beauty, but described things as they saw them in the light of their mighty genius; giving to us, as Ennius says, Lumen de suo lumine.

The Author's Dilemma.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

Frank Eustace sat at his window and looked down upon the throng of happy faces, hurrying along the crowded street and pouring in steady streams from stores decked with holly and evergreen. The merry scene seemed to pall on him, and he rose from his chair and walked across the room to a table at which his companion and chum, Tom Matthews, was sitting working upon a pile of manuscript that lay before him.

"I tell you Tom," said Frank, "this Christmas season is a bad time for a fellow who has any hard work to do. Only three days to Christmas, and I haven't even begun that story that I promised Mr. Hart I would have ready for the Courier tomorrow. The fact is, Tom, I haven't any idea what to write about."

"Oh! give him the usual stuff," Matthews replied without looking up from his papers—"Christmas Eve, the distressed family, the return of the rich relative, etc."

"No Tom," Frank answered, "that kind of work wouldn't pass muster with Mr. Hart. If you can't suggest anything better than that I'm afraid the Courier will have to go without its story."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and the servant entered to say that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Eustace.

"Of course!" grumbled Frank. "The more a man has to do, the less time he gets to do it in."

A boy probably eighteen years old was seated at the parlor window, and as Frank entered the room he rose from his chair, and walking towards him, said with a slight touch of embarrassment in his voice:

"I beg pardon for intruding on you, Mr. Eustace, especially since it is a favor I have to ask of you. Probably you are surprised that a stranger should be in possession of your name, but for that I am indebted to a friend who referred me to you. If you will kindly grant me a few minutes I will explain what led me to call on you."

Frank was in half a mind to excuse himself on account of lack of time; but when he glanced at the frank, intelligent face, and the eyes that seemed striving to read his purpose, he could not bring himself to refuse. Wondering what was coming, he requested his visitor to be as
brief as possible, and, seating himself by the window, prepared to listen.

"It is necessary," the young man began, "to give you a few facts concerning myself. My name is Edwin Crawford. A few months ago my father failed in business, and soon after died, leaving my mother to the care of my sister and myself. My father's failure forced me to discontinue my studies at college where I had been finishing my education, and I returned to find my father on his deathbed. For a time we thought that something could be saved from the wreck of our property, but the creditors left us barely enough to live on. Last week I secured a good situation, but unfortunately I will be unable to begin work until the first of the year. Although my father was not rich we lived in comfort, and it would pain me very much to have my mother spend her Christmas in a way to which she has not been accustomed. My employer wished to advance me a part of my salary, but I had to refuse his kind offer, for I knew that my mother would easily guess the source from which the money came, and it would distress her to receive it in such a manner.

"Before leaving college I had written a short story that I intended to give to the Christmas number of our paper. I did not do so, however, and I took the story to a friend who writes for several magazines, hoping that he might be able to make some use of it. My friend, Mr. Hunter, would have liked to assist me, but as he could not he referred me to you. He wished to give me a note of introduction, but I thought it better to leave you free to act for yourself. I would not presume to offer you the story were it not for the fact that my professors at college led me to believe that it was of some merit. Here it is, sir; you may judge for yourself."

As he spoke the young man handed Frank a manuscript, carefully written in a neat hand, and covered with an extreme nicety that showed a great amount of care on the part of the young author.

Frank opened the paper with the air of a doubting critic, while inwardly he rejoiced at a possible solution of his difficulty. As his eye ran over page after page his interest began to awaken, and when he had finished reading he was forced to acknowledge that there was real merit in the story. Turning to the young man, he said:

"If you will excuse me for a moment I will run up-stairs and get the opinion of a friend who is a better critic than myself. The story pleases me, but I like to have my judgment confirmed."

Matthews agreed with him, but asked how he was going to pass off another's work as his own.

"Oh! that will be all right," Frank answered. "I'll explain it all to Hart, and he will be only too glad to get it. He knows a good story when he sees it. The name of the author will make no difference to him."

Frank returned to his visitor who was anxiously awaiting the decision. He was overjoyed to hear that it would be accepted, and somewhat bashfully he asked what might he receive for it.

Smilingly, Frank answered, "You may feel sure of at least twenty dollars. Hart never pays one less than that, and this story is exceptionally good. If you will call tomorrow you will probably know. He is very punctual."

When he came the next day Frank handed him a check for twenty-five dollars, with a note stating that the story was accepted and would appear under Eustace's name.

"I did not expect to receive so much," said the young man. "I can not thank you enough for your kindness. My mother told me to invite you to our Christmas dinner, and you will do me another favor by accepting her invitation. If you like I will call for you in the afternoon and you will have no trouble in finding us."

Frank was present at their Christmas dinner, and at many another afterward. Now, for reasons best known to himself, he thanks his lucky stars whenever he thinks of the day he first met Edwin Crawford.

A Fortnight in Dakota.

FRANCIS R. WARD, '99.

"Wonder if they belong to a circus?"

"Naw; guess they must be advertisin' some patent medicine."

These and similiar remarks were directed at two young men (hereafter referred to as "the boys") who had just stepped from a west-bound train onto the station platform at Grand Forks, in North Dakota. They walked back and forth in front of the station, resting after the long ride and waiting for the train to proceed. Their knickerbocker bicycle suits and golf stockings made a sight entirely unfamiliar to
the natives, who, with rural jokes and broad
smiles, were having great fun over the “doods,”
as they called them. The strangers were, how­
ever, oblivious to all except an occasional mis­
sile from someurchin around the station corner.

The older of the two was also the larger.
Tall, rather thin, with dark, good-natured eyes,
he was lively and talkative, and his greater expe­
rience of the world gave him an ascend­
cency over his younger companion, a red-haired,
freckled-faced, ordinary type of the schoolboy
home on vacation. Their stay was not long,
and they soon returned to the train for another
hour’s ride, which would bring them to the
home of some friends with whom they were to
spend a few weeks.

It was a little after eight, on a bright June
morning, when they arrived in Larivilla and
were met by their host and hostess. The morn­
ing drive behind a fast team was most pleasant.
A heavy wind was blowing, so they thanked
the god of bicycles, if there be such a deity,
that they did not have to push their wheels
against it.

The anxiously looked-for house soon came
in sight. Built on the high bluff of a little
river which almost surrounded it on two sides,
ode one side was open to a view of the prairie and
distant town, the other closed by a thick curtain
of trees. Separated from the edge of the bluff
by a wide, level lawn, shaded by tall oaks, was
the handsome square residence. Below in the
valley were the farm buildings, save only the
private stable and a building christened “Sun­
flower Lodge.”

A hint of the generous hospitality to follow
was given by the ample breakfast set before
the hungry boys, and when this was devoured
they set out to examine their vacation-home.
The house itself was first. Out here, in the
midst of the Dakota prairies, it seemed like a
bit from fairyland—no, not fairyland, for its
splendor was not like that of the other world.
The house itself was first. Out here, in the
midst of the Dakota prairies, it seemed like a
bit from fairyland—no, not fairyland, for its
splendor was not like that of the other world.

The organ itself had seen better days, and
when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
even when these battered rollers were again used
the result was astoundingly original, and com­
parable to almost no other existing sound,
talking, and petting the mosquitoes, of which there were several on the place, they were startled by hearing cries like those of a child in pain come up from the valley. Thoughts of murder flashed through the minds of the strangers, and hurried plans of rescue were formed. But the red-headed boy put an end to the joke, which the initiated were silently enjoying, by announcing with great importance that they were the cries of coyotes. He said he knew, for he had seen them in South Dakota. He had spent some time in that state, and was always speaking of what he had seen there. This became very troublesome, and so when his long-suffering hearers wished to crush him they spoke of him as the “gentleman from South Dakota.”

Early the following evening the two boys, accompanied by a herder from below, went in pursuit of the coyotes. Togan Lucker carried an express rifle borrowed from a cowboy, the herder had a shot-gun and the “gentleman from South Dakota” was armed with one of the Flobert rifles, which, on the present occasion, would be about as effective as a toy-pistol. He was correspondingly dejected and felt that if he carried the heavy rifle the number of victims would be limited only by the supply of coyotes. The three tramped swamps and underbrush for several miles without seeing any signs of coyotes, and finally gave it up and started for home. Once during the return Togan fired at something he saw leap across the path into the long grass. Hurrying to where it fell, he picked up—not a coyote but a jack rabbit. The look on his face as he did so was balm to the wounded feelings of the red-haired boy.

The Fourth of July arrived and preparations were made for a gala day. The lawn was decorated and neighbors invited to a dinner to be eaten under the trees. The mournful and badly battered strains of “Annie Laurie,” rose ceaselessly from the hand-organ, for there were several visiting children to lend a hand at the crank. On one occasion some one succeeded in inducing the children to leave it alone, and glorious peace reigned triumphant. Suddenly there broke across the calm air the agonizing tune of “The Cat Came Back.” A concerted rush was made for the offender, and the host was found turning the crank of the organ and placidly smoking his cigar. Although he is a portly man, the speed he made that day in escaping was worthy of recording. The day passed swiftly, but not fast enough for the children, who longed for the evening’s fire-works. As soon as these were burnt, the guests’ separated, and a physician, who had spent the day on the ranch, drove home congratulating himself on the morrow’s harvest. But the pleasant days were soon passed. Mr. Tinch must return to his business and the boys to their books. The boys did not weep though their voices were husky, but the skies wept for them—not a gentle weeping either, but a complete overturning of the tear-founts above. Everything seemed unpleasant on this day of parting, and the boys looked longingly back as they drove away from that scene of such happy days.

It was raining harder than ever when the little country station was reached. The rain from above beat dismally against the windows of the cars, that carried them back to their homes and away from a grand, big-hearted host; from a most tender, loving, motherly hostess, who was at all times finding new ways of adding to our pleasure, and for whom we, the boys, will always have a deep affection, second only to that which we bear for our own mothers.

Magazine Notes.

—The Cosmopolitan for February has a very instructive article under the heading “In the World of Art and Letters,” giving excellent suggestions to beginners in story writing. It is an article that should appeal to our aspiring littérateurs. It contains advice that, if followed by the Staff and others, would improve the “make-up,” the tone, of the Scholastic short stories. Mr. Frederic Remington writes the initial article in the present number, and with his pictures of horses and soldiers and plains and tents—such pictures as only he can draw—he makes an interesting paper. Dr. Conan Doyle continues his story “Uncle Bernac.” Dr. Charles Warren Stoddard of the Catholic University at Washington contributes a pretty story of the South Seas—“My Late Widow.” The “Modern Fairy Tales” are still a feature of the Cosmopolitan. This time the story turns upon the wish for knowledge and, of course, the “good fairy” grants the wish, with what result may be seen from a perusal of the story. Mr. Edgar Fawcett writes on Florence in an entertaining style. The article is well illustrated. Myron Reed has a paper on those ever-interesting subjects, “Night and Sleep and Rest.” Sir Lewis Morris contributes a poem which does not show much ability.
The First Band Concert.

Although the music was not perfect, it is difficult to pick the flaws, for none stand out glaringly. The selections given were by no means simple, and could not be thoroughly learned by a few rehearsals. The Champion Overture and Laura Waltz were the best of the programme.

One improvement over the Band of last year that deserves mention, is the fact that there was more expression in the music. And this was done well in unison, with no one forte and another piano. Perhaps in some parts the stragglers in time were noticed, but not so much as to destroy the effect of the music, or even mar it. Noting all things, we can but say that this first concert has been successful.

It has been demonstrated by the success of the band concert that Notre Dame has entertainers, within her own student body, and the devotees of music are able to make at least an hour or so slip heedlessly by. It is not only those that come from afar to entertain us that make us feel the happier and better for having heard them.

And all the success that this first concert has brought about was achieved in the face of an unpromising beginning and dismal hope of ever reaching a bright end. And more than this, troubles came up, as in all things else, to make the progress slow and uncertain.

Only a few of the old members of the Band, who have seen a year or more in its work, struggled in to their places before the music-stands and took up their instruments for another campaign in the domain of music after the vacation had come and gone. With such, a little practice was enough.

Not so with the new men who formed the larger part of the Band. Some of these had never read the octave before. Still the difficulties of beginners were soon overcome by them, and in a fair way, the Band as it now is, was modelled. Now all can be called old players, though often the clear tone falters and breaks and the high notes are not strong and full. Neither can all be called skilled players of a wide range, though everyone fills his own place, which is the most that anyone could do.

The principal loss of the Band of ninety-seven was the reed instruments. As a Band of brass instruments alone, it is excellent. The cornets deserve praise for carrying the solos and cadenzas so well that the change was unnoticed by most hearers. This being the aim of Prof. Preston's work, and being pleasing besides, what is left to be desired?

The following is the Programme.

**PART I.**

- March of the Marines .................................... Brooks
- Grand Contest Fantasia, "The Champion," Hartman
- Peanut Dance—"Characteristic" ......................... C. J. Wilson
- Laura Waltz .................................................. Milhecker
- Indian War Dance—"Descriptive" ....................... Beliestedt
- March—"Gold and Blue" ................................. Preston
- March—"Jolly Night" Arr. by Beyer
- Cavalleria Rusticana—"Intermezzo" ..................... Mascagni
- Polka Impromptu—"Coach Ride" ......................... Amberly
- Ma Angelina—"Negro Melody" .......................... Lee Johnson
- El Capitan—"March " ...................................... Sousa

**PART II.**

- Members of the Notre Dame University Band: Prof. N. A. Preston, Director; E. V. Chassaing, Solo Eb Cornet; J. A. Marmon, Solo Bb Cornet; W. C. Kegler, Solo Bb Cornet; T. A. Steiner, 1st Bb Cornet; F. J. Confer, 2d Bb Cornet; F. F. Dukeste, 3d Bb Cornet; J. A. Rowan, Solo Alto; E. F. Hay, 2d Alto; J. A. McNamara, 3d Alto; P. J. Ragan, 3d Alto; F. Wurzer, 3d Alto; A. Becker, 4th Alto; W. Reinhard, 4th Alto; E. J. Murphy, Euphonium; C. J. Piquette, 1st Trombone; F. B. Cornell, Solo Baritone; M. J. Coudon, 2d Trombone; A. J. Kaspar, 1st Tenor; G. Hambauer, 1st Tenor; C. A. Tomlinson, 2d Tenor; J. R. Meyers, 2d Tenor; J. W. Lantry, Tuba; S. Roman, Eb Bass; F. Huessel, Bb Bass; F. C. Schillo, Snare Drum; A. A. McDonald, Snare Drum; J. Rosenthal, Bass Drum.
Our Baseball Prospects.

An hour or two spent in the gym, watching the candidates for the Varsity at their practice, would make an optimist of the rankest pessimist in the University. While Mr. Hering has been handicapped by the delay of the carpenters in completing the alterations in the gym, still he has been able to get the men into such shape as will enable us to form some idea as to the strength of the '97 Varsity. The way that the men are showing up in practice proves that we have good material, and plenty of it. When we take into consideration the fact that Notre Dame has always had a good team, even when handicapped by the lack of practice and proper coaching, we can see nothing but the brightest prospects for the season of '97. We have strong individual players, and with team-work the "nine" ought to develop into one of the strongest in the West. Team-work will be a feature in the playing of this year's team, and there will be no danger of the Varsity going to pieces in an emergency.

Captain Daly is working hard and is setting a good example to his men. His fielding is clean and quick, and his batting is even better than that of last year. He has always had a good eye for the ball, and now that he has corrected his faults in batting we can always depend on him to put the ball into the right place at the right time. Hindel, of last year's Varsity, is fast getting into shape and is overcoming the faults which made his playing slightly erratic last year. Much is expected of him this season. Wilson and Hesse are also doing well in practice. "Shamus" gets after the ball as quickly as ever, and is working hard. Chassaing has not done much practice so far, but we all know what he can do, and we expect to see him out-play himself during the coming season. McNichols, the star shortstop of last year's Carroll Hall team, is showing up well, as is Shillington, who won baseball fame on the Carroll Hall diamond in former years. Brown and Martin also show promise. The other candidates are all working hard, and will keep the veterans hustling to hold their places.

Murphy and Conway are showing up well behind the bat, but of course they will not stand much of a show against Powers, who has the reputation of being the best college backstop in the country. We have more material among the pitchers than we have had in former years, and time will tell whether or not it is as good. Brown has the greatest accuracy among the pitchers, and Fleming has the best speed, but, as yet, has not much control over it. Lieb and Casey have not been able to show what they can do on account of sore arms. Fitzpatrick has the grit, but not the physique necessary for a pitcher. However, his pluck may carry him through.

The batting of the men is very encouraging. Brown, Daly, and Wilson being in the lead. All the men are overcoming their defects and are learning to hit the ball for runs and not for individual glory. The accuracy of the men in throwing is exceptionally good, and we need have little fear of scores made on wild throws.

Of course it is impossible at this time to say anything definite as to the capabilities of the new men. Hard work, prompt obedience, and faithful attention to the directions given may develop some of them into phenomenal players. Some of them have played on the different hall "nines" for several years, and have shown signs of improvement. This may be the year of their best work, and before it is over it will prove whether or not they can play ball. The determination of the new men to get on the team will keep the older men always on the move. They will do better work than they have ever done before. Besides this spur, they will have the benefit of careful coaching, and, therefore, we shall expect much of them. There will be plenty of men for each position on the team, and this will keep every man hustling. In former years if one man was unable to play, it very frequently demoralized the entire team. Team-work will obviate that danger this season, and we can expect to have confident, lively playing under all circumstances.

At present, training and discipline are necessarily lax on account of the chaotic condition of the gym, but in a couple of weeks everything will be in ship-shape, and discipline will be more strict. Mr. Hering will have entire control of the men, and all work in the gym will be under his supervision.

The batting will all be done during the noon hour, and at all other times the cage will be elevated to give the men more room in which to field the balls. When the dressing-rooms are completed no man will be allowed to appear on the floor of the gym unless he is in full gymnasium costume. Mr. Hering is doing hard, conscientious work, and if the candidates do their duty—and they will have to in order to get on the team—we will have the championship of the West when the season closes.
Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—Jacques.

Keep your eye on Cuba. Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis are there, and—just consider for a moment the possibilities involved in this statement! We have watched with casual interest, sometimes enthusiasm, the progress of the struggle between General Weyler and the insurgent leaders. But now,—why, the wordy battles of the great pugilists will sink into nothingness beside the combat of the pen that we may expect from the two champion, middle-weight ink-slingers—one rendezvousing with the Cubans, and the other following in the wake of the Spanish army. We can picture in our mind's eye Stephen Intense Crane swimming ashore on his back from the wreck of the Commodore with pad and pencil busy in order to lose no time. And Mr. Davis (I wonder if he has his valet with him?) careening on horseback across Cuban wildernesses toward the nearest telegraph station, and at the same time inscribing on his cuff or full dress shirt-front a vivid account of the last Spanish victory. We can go further, and imagine the dignified Harper's or McClure's excitedly getting out extra editions filled with up-to-date war-fiction by their respective champions. And as for the Philistine, when Steve Crane gets started, it will be so overcome by a fine frenzy that it will no doubt explode itself from sheer excitement, and disappear from our wondering eyes together with E. Aurora which is Mr. E. Hubbard. Ah! if only Yone Noguchi or Bliss Carman would feel the spirit move them to sing of Cuba's battles in epic strains, then would our joy be complete!

Mr. Davis professes great activity, and we are fortunate in being permitted to benefit by it. Not many men have the energy to follow in his footsteps. In a matter-of-fact manner he takes in the Southland, Central America, jaunts across to Russia for the Czar's coronation, stops in Paris and London to do twenty or thirty pages' worth of each city, lands in New York, and with no more than a B. & S. at his club betakes himself down to Cuba for a little rest after the excitement of European society.

A few nights ago, at the Star Theatre in New York, Mr. F. Marion Crawford ran against a snag. This must have been an unpleasant shock to Mr. Crawford, for he is accustomed to plain sailing. The occasion was the production of his novel, Dr. Claudius, made into a play by the author with the assistance of Harry St. Maur, and the snag proved to be the public and the critics. If the company of capable actors, headed by E. M. and Joseph Holland, could not bring the play to a successful issue it must certainly be given up as lacking the elements of dramatic success. It is described as containing little action and being tiresomely talky. The vagaries of a first-night audience were displayed when, in the middle of the evening, they called the authors before the curtain, and then at the close of the last act rosted the whole affair.

Mr. James Knapp Reeve, King of Franklin, Ohio, chief pen-pusher of the Editor and rival to Regent Hubbard of E. Aurora, is a most enterprising gentleman. His establishment on the fertile plains of Ohio comes the nearest to realizing James L. Ford's picture of the Hoboken Prose and Verse Foundry. In addition to the priceless information for young writers contained in the pages of the Editor we learn that for a trifling consideration and no labor to themselves they may have their literature repaired, patched or made over in most approved style in the Franklin sanctum. Littirateur Reeve's rates are dazzlingly low, real bargain-prices. The operation for each short poem costs but fifty cents, MSS. of more than two thousand words, twenty cents a thousand, while special rates are given on epics. And yet with Franklin, Ohio, working over time, London claims to be the greatest literary centre.

Sorin Hall needs a good, old-fashioned revival-meeting, a shaking-up, not in a religious but in a mental and physical way. The majority seem to have no spirit for the support of enterprises, the absence or languishing of which they would be the first and loudest to decry. Athletics, lectures, entertainments, societies,—it is all the same; they look on in coldness, waiting for an opportunity to pick flaws, and never think of giving their support or encouragement with the generous, open spirit that most student-life is proverbial for. They are backsliders in their duties as college-men, and need a thorough infusion of enthusiasm for the things that make college-life what it is. Remember your traditions, men of Sorin, and retrieve your lost honor. —Sans Gene.
An article on the Traditional Ballad of England and Scotland in the Oberlin Review is worthy of notice. The writer says that the old-time ballad was not written, but was handed down like a tradition. Just as soon as versifiers and rhymesters began to try to improve the homely songs of the people the ballad lost its peculiar flavor. We have our own doubts about the beauty of the ballad. We thought it was a very pretty way of telling a story until one cold evening when we were obliged to ride twelve miles with a genial old gentleman who insisted on droning out a ballad about some maiden, "who would not marry the duke, sir." He began the ballad when we started on our drive and he had not got to the last verse when we reached our destination. Since then I have rejoiced that the ballad is going out of style, or rather that it has gone out of style.

"Among the Berkshires" is an old story in a new dress. We remember having heard it in our nursery. The author of the modern version of it has introduced a bicycle and a few other frills, but it is the same old story nevertheless. We will not accuse the author of plagiarizing the plot, for the story is so well known that no one would think that it was intended to palm it off as original in the present instance. The story is well told; however, and the bicycle part is a decided innovation. The other stories in the same number are good, and the entire Review is decidedly readable.

**

In the last number of the Heidelberg Argus we do not find a single article from the pen of a student of Heidelberg University. It may be that the Argus does not pretend to be a literary paper; but if it does not it should not masquerade in its present guise. Another thing we noticed in the Argus was a page, or more, of jokes culled from various papers. If the editors of the Argus have to fill up their columns with such matter they had better suspend publication. Among the students of Heidelberg University there ought to be some one capable of filling up a vacant column with original and instructive matter. Such columns of clipped jokes speak very badly for the capabilities of the editors of the papers which publish them and for the institution from which such papers emanate.

---

Mrs. Robinson, of Boston, Massachusetts, visited the University early in the week, and while here entered her son as a student in the Minim Department. Mrs. Robinson made a number of friends during her brief stay to whom her visit was most enjoyable.

Richard S. Slevin (Valedictorian and Quan Medallist '96) is studying medicine at the University of Louvain, Belgium. "Dick" has not forgotten his old friends at Notre Dame, and in his letters often alludes to the many happy hours spent with them at his Alma Mater. Those who knew him will be glad to hear of his success in his chosen profession.

Mrs. P. T. Barry, of Englewood, Illinois, was the guest of her son Robert, of Brownson Hall, last Sunday. Her visit was a most pleasant one to all her old acquaintances and the many new friends whom she made while she was here. Her stay was too brief, but her many friends trust that it will be repeated in the very near future and that it will be longer.

Mr. Cullinay, of New York, was a welcome guest of the Faculty for a few days last week. Mr. Cullinay has donated several valuable relics to our historical collection, and has frequently manifested his friendship for Notre Dame in other ways. His visits will always be most welcome to his friends at the University.

The college spirit of Mr. John R. Sullivan (B. L. '91), of Creston, Iowa, is still as strong as it was in the days when he was one of the most patriotic students of Notre Dame. Mr. Sullivan is at present the County Attorney of his home county, and is one of the busiest lawyers of Creston. But still he finds time to read the Scholastic, and to keep in touch with the happenings at Alma Mater. The Scholastic thanks him for his loyal support, and wishes him every success in his chosen profession; and from present indications there is little doubt but that he will soon be at the top of the legal ladder.

Mr. James O'Neill, who played "Monte Christo" in South Bend last Wednesday evening, spent Wednesday afternoon with friends at the University. Mr. O'Neill's son was for many years a student at Notre Dame, and Mr. O'Neill has many friends here. In an interview he said that he had to be very careful with "Monte Christo," because he had played that part more than three thousand two hundred times and is liable to forget his lines. The mind is like a lithographer's stone; the more impressions there are taken from it the dimmer they become. Mr. O'Neill, before he left, promised to return to Notre Dame before many months roll around, and when he next visits us we may hope to see him on the local stage in the part he has made famous.
Local Items.

—Query.—Did the T. S. go skating or sleighing?—Answer.—Both.
—The chapel in the main building has lately been repaired.
—Found.—A gold watch-chain. Owner, call at Students’ Office.
—Very Rev. Provincial Corby is away visiting the houses of the Community.
—Found.—A penknife. Owner may have it by calling at room 26, Sorin Hall.
—Lost.—A fountain pen. Please return to M. J. McCormack, Brownson Hall.
—The Clayton Grand Concert Co. will give an exhibition in Washington Hall soon.
—Tis whispered that Rosey made a base hit last Wednesday morning. Ask him.
—The Third Latin class are devoting some hours a week to the writing of Latin hexameter.
—All the Catholic students had their throats blessed on last Wednesday—St. Blase’s Day.
—Get ready for the Orpheus Club next Thursday. The minstrels are something new in our college entertainments.
—The Professor.—“Is Mr. Brown indisposed this evening?”
Cullinane.—“No; he’s in the Infirmary.”
—If dark shutters were placed on the lower windows of the opera house the effect of the electric-light by day would be much enhanced.
—The Steward, profiting by the cold “spell,” has already filled up the ice-house with big cakes of solid crystal water from St. Joseph’s Lake.
—The firm of Fisher-Sliver & Co. is about to dissolve partnership, owing to its inability to dispose satisfactorily of the notes which fall due regularly each week.
—Leaf from a logic lecture.—“You would not send a crazy horse to an insane asylum? No. Where would you send him?”
Oswaldus.—“To a hospital.”
—Bro. John Climachus is back in the Carroll refectory and brightens things up with his old-time cheerfulness and bustle. Bro. Vital replaces him as prefect in Brownson Hall.
—Mr. Powers has been transferred from Sorin Hall to the main building, and Mack is now no longer a stranger in his own house. He often regrets his friend’s absence, however.
—On entering the Carroll reading-room a new-comer was told that if he didn’t remove his hat from his head he would be given notes.
“Well,” replied the boy, “then, I’d answer them.”
—“What’s that new man doing with the thermometer?”
“Guess he’s catching on by degrees.” And now the “Butler Keowanny Disturber” is double-lined in black.

—The students of the Rhetoric class will hereafter be required to submit but two essays a week. Heretofore they have been grading out twice that number each week. More cause for rejoicing!
—The Infirmary chapel has been for some time in course of renovation and the improvements are now completed. The sick may now practice their devotions in one of the prettiest chapels in Notre Dame.
—“Who was that “Beggar Student” who wrote music?” inquired Slivers, as he perused a concert program. He was appealed when Shag explained to him that it was probably a nom de plume of “Bummer’s.”
—Some one asks why Boru writes no more puns. Has his supply given out, or is he at last convinced that puns went out of fashion with the crinoline and the beauty—patch? Even Coxey has already forgotten that he ever made a pun.
—C. V. Schermerhorn and Wm. P. Monahan have joined the Fire Department. Skimmer looks positively “bad” in his big boots and “yaller” hat, and Pat says that hustling hose is harder work than arranging newspapers and pinching billiard chalk. Courage, boys!
—Several enjoyable sleighing parties marked the passing of Thursday afternoon. A large crowd, accompanied by Brother Hugh, made a tour of South Bend and vicinity; the Temperance Society went to Niles and return, and a “select few” visited South Bend, Mishawaka and, last but not least, St. Mary’s.
—“This pie is very rich,” said Dukette at the dinner table the other day. “I don’t agree with you,” returned Monahan, who was in a position to know. “Well,” replied the Michigan punster, “it has plenty of dough anyway.” (N. B.—an awful catastrophe followed, but it couldn’t be avoided—Dukette will spring antiquated puns.)
—ST. CECILIANS.—Just before the close of the St. Cecilians’ meeting last Wednesday, the President proposed an impromptu debate: “Resolved, That drawing is more useful than music.” One on the affirmative side concluded his remarks by saying: “If President elect McKinley knew a little about art, he would have no trouble in drawing his cabinet.”
—The man who makes the least number of fouls and the man who throws the greatest number of goals during the basket-ball season will each be presented with a neat gold basket-ball at the end of the series. The balls will bear an inscription, and will be in the form of a medal. This prize should be another incentive to those who are trying to play a clean, hard game.
—Captain M. T. Daly has discovered some basket ball talent among the candidates for the Varsity Baseball Team, and under his able tutorship, the boys have reached a high degree
of perfection. Splendid team-work and constant activity are noticeable. Captain Daly expects shortly to play a game with the team now representing Brownson Hall, and feels confident of victory.

—The Senior class is about to appear soon in cap and gown. You should have seen Rosey last Thursday in the flowing robes of a bachelor, which somewhat resemble a gabardine on Rosey's slender form. The mortar-boards are things of beauty. Tomaso conceals his two hundred and forty-five pounds avoirdupois with the greatest ease within the spacious gown. But these were only samples; the goods will be here in a week or so.


—For a few days St. Mary's Lake was alive with a jolly crowd of skaters. Even the new men got into line, and reserve melted away as rapidly as did the snow a few days later. Cheeks glowed with pleasure and excitement, and the warm blood tingled in every limb. Jokes, yells and "cat-calls" made gold and blue streaks in the atmosphere—the gold streaks being furnished for the most part by the yells, and the blue ones by those whose gyrations came to an unexpected stop. Then the rain fell and skating was no more.

—The college authorities and the chief of the fire-department of South Bend have made arrangements for putting up a fire-clarm box at Notre Dame and running a special wire to the South Bend department. The alarm box is already here, and will be put in its place next Monday. This will insure safety and promptness in case of fire and will be not only of great advantage to all of us here, but will also be a special aid to our own fire laddies, who are doing so much to be in readiness whenever our lives or our property may be in danger from fire.

—It is very probable that our basket-ball players will be pitted against some of the strongest teams in the middle West in the near future. Manager Murphy has already written to eight or ten of the Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, and it is very likely that a game will be played with one of these outside teams within the next few weeks. Although we have not been playing basket-ball as long as some of our neighboring colleges and athletic clubs, there is no reason why we should not be able to have a running team at Notre Dame. The skilful work already done at the various hall contests is very gratifying, and there is promise of steady improvement.

—The following "personals" were received too late for classification, and will, therefore, have to appear in these columns:

Mack Arrick.—If the Judaical gentleman, with the miniature "Hesings," wishes to wager that his "side-wheelers" will be discernable before mine, let him act promptly.

Fay Rell.—Please do not spring any more jokes on me during meal time. They cause indigestion and worry me greatly.

B. Rucker.—If the young gentleman who tied thirty robust knots in my night-robe may call at my office, he may have the night-robe, knots and all.


—The college authorities and the chief of the fire-department of South Bend have made arrangements for putting up a fire-clarm box at Notre Dame and running a special wire to the South Bend department. The alarm box is already here, and will be put in its place next Monday. This will insure safety and promptness in case of fire and will be not only of great advantage to all of us here, but will also be a special aid to our own fire laddies, who are doing so much to be in readiness whenever our lives or our property may be in danger from fire.

—It is very probable that our basket-ball players will be pitted against some of the strongest teams in the middle West in the near future. Manager Murphy has already written to eight or ten of the Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, and it is very, likely that a game will be played with one of these outside teams within the next few weeks. Although we have not been playing basket-ball as long as some of our neighboring colleges and athletic clubs, there is no reason why we should not be able to have a running team at Notre Dame. The skilful work already done at the various hall contests is very gratifying, and there is promise of steady improvement.

—The following "personals" were received too late for classification, and will, therefore, have to appear in these columns:

Mack Arrick.—If the Judaical gentleman, with the miniature "Hesings," wishes to wager that his "side-wheelers" will be discernable before mine, let him act promptly.

Fay Rell.—Please do not spring any more jokes on me during meal time. They cause indigestion and worry me greatly.

B. Rucker.—If the young gentleman who tied thirty robust knots in my night-robe may call at my office, he may have the night-robe, knots and all.


—The college authorities and the chief of the fire-department of South Bend have made arrangements for putting up a fire-clarm box at Notre Dame and running a special wire to the South Bend department. The alarm box is already here, and will be put in its place next Monday. This will insure safety and promptness in case of fire and will be not only of great advantage to all of us here, but will also be a special aid to our own fire laddies, who are doing so much to be in readiness whenever our lives or our property may be in danger from fire.

—It is very probable that our basket-ball players will be pitted against some of the strongest teams in the middle West in the near future. Manager Murphy has already written to eight or ten of the Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, and it is very, likely that a game will be played with one of these outside teams within the next few weeks. Although we have not been playing basket-ball as long as some of our neighboring colleges and athletic clubs, there is no reason why we should not be able to have a running team at Notre Dame. The skilful work already done at the various hall contests is very gratifying, and there is promise of steady improvement.

—The following "personals" were received too late for classification, and will, therefore, have to appear in these columns:

Mack Arrick.—If the Judaical gentleman, with the miniature "Hesings," wishes to wager that his "side-wheelers" will be discernable before mine, let him act promptly.

Fay Rell.—Please do not spring any more jokes on me during meal time. They cause indigestion and worry me greatly.

B. Rucker.—If the young gentleman who tied thirty robust knots in my night-robe may call at my office, he may have the night-robe, knots and all.
tests he has played a remarkably clean game. The misunderstanding about the time of the game was unfortunate. It should be borne in mind by the students and players henceforth that games will be played at the time scheduled, unless the manager changes that time. He is the only one who has the authority to do so.

**CARROLL HALL.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G's from Field</th>
<th>G's from Foul</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Naughton</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornell (Capt.)</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Burns</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fennessey</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward (sub.)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 5 | 1 | 6

Total number of points scored, 11.

**BROWNSON HALL.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G's from Field</th>
<th>G's from Foul</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fox</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donovan</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.O'Shaughnessy</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shillington</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarrick (sub.)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams (sub.)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 3 | 1 | 7

Total number of points scored, 7; Referee, D. P. Murphy; Umpire, Father Murphy.

The game on Thursday last between Sorin and Carroll Halls was undoubtedly the best played, most exciting and the cleanest contest of the season. The improvement in team-work is marked, particularly in the Sorin team. A total of three fouls for both teams speaks for itself. It is the best record in that line of the year. The Carroll men played their usual brilliant game. Cornell's six field goals shows the team to be getting the goal tossing down to a science. In the Sorin team the good work of Marmon was particularly noticeable. The attendance was poorer than at any previous game. The student body should remember that the proceeds of these games go toward defraying the expenses of the Athletic Association, and for that reason alone there should be a larger sale of tickets.

**SORIN HALL.**

| Sheehan       | 0             | 0     |
| Maronon       | 0             | 1     |
| Steiner       | 1             | 0     |
| Geoghegan     | 1             | 0     |
| Keeler        | 1             | 0     |
| McDonald (sub.) | 0             | 0     |

Total 3 | 1 | 1

Total number of points scored, 7.

**CARROLL HALL.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G's from Field</th>
<th>G's from Foul</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burns</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naughton</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornell</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fennessey</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herron</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 9 | 0 | 2

Total number of points scored, 18; Referee, Hering; Umpire, D. P. Murphy.

**Roll of Honor.**

**SORIN HALL.**


**BROWNSON HALL.**


**CARROLL HALL.**


**ST. EDWARD'S HALL.**