Love's Guerdon.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH, 1902.

With spade he delved the live-long day,
Yet all the while his heart was gay;
He homeward whistled on his way.

His wage was low; his coat was worn;
A few poor crusts, his fare since morn;
I wondered where his cheer was born.

And so, as twilight shadows fell,
I walked with him past rath and well,
The secret of his joy to tell.

Nor followed the way amiss,
The riches of the world were his:
A wife to greet; a babe to kiss.

For Contempt of Office.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 02.

Unless all signs fail, this club
will be losing its president,”
said Herndon as he looked
dreamily at the ash on his

“‘Oh, bosh! Carney will never marry!” retorted Simmons, a fellow-
member of the Clarendon Society for the
Preservation of Bachelorhood.

“Tut, tut, Simmons,” Herndon broke in,
“You have been away on that oil scare until
you are way behind the times. I tell you that
the deportment of our esteemed president
has been worrying us members for months.”

“Speaking of Carney?” asked Joe Middleton,
coming up meerschaum in hand.

Herndon and Simmons looked down at
the polished floor, while, at the second mention
of Carney’s name, four or five other members
scented some interesting gossip and fell into
the heavy leather upholstery within hearing
pistance of the firing line. Carney’s case
was upon all their minds—not only because
Carney was their president, long held aloof
from all beauties and designing widows, but
because he was a right royal fellow.

“There’s just this much about it, Simmons,”
continued Herndon somewhat in explanation
of his previous statement, “I believe Carney
is hard hit. He has scarcely been in these
rooms for two months. The last time he was
here he chewed on an unlit cigar for an hour
while he walked to and fro past the front
bay all the time looking absent-mindedly out
of the windows. As I remember, Larned went
up to him, slapped him on the back, and said:
‘Come out of it, old man, come out of it!’”

“That’s right!” chimed in Larned, who had
just put up a billiard cue to take a hand in
the conversation. “When I patted Carney on
the back he started like one suddenly detected
while bent upon some evil design.”

“Oh, Carney is not himself!” continued
Herndon. “Imagine that man acting as if he
were nervous. Why that man never used to
have nerves. I saw him down at that Hay-
market Riot when he—but that’s not the
question. Yesterday Moody told me that
Carney took six young ladies to a box party
when Irving was here a couple of weeks ago;
and then, on the second night following he took
seven middle-aged patronesses of society to
see the same performance. Imagine Carney—
why I have seen that fellow colour to the
hair, or where his hair used to be, at the mere
suggestion that he should take some lady
off a fellow’s hands for an evening when a
fellow happened to get mixed on dates. It’s
too much—that man certainly has fallen from
our bachelor graces!”

“Speak up, Sickles, what was that you said
about your last visit to Carney’s office?”
MacArthur, the secretary, put this question.
“I guess I shall not play traitor, fellows,”
replied Sickles. “I shouldn’t place Carney in
the wrong light for the world; but last week I
went into his private office and found Carney
lost on a page of writing. He looked up
apparently much dazed at my intrusion. However, in a moment his face brightened and he said: 'Sickles, you are just the man I want! Your years on the magazine ought to have made you a fair critic. Pardon me if I read you this.' Then poor Carney read me some crazy stuff that ran very like this:

"You ask me why I admire you and to describe my love. If I could describe your beauty and at the same time the strength of my love I should have done something no man could ever do. It is not because your eyes are blue and seem to pierce my heart, or because your fair, wavy hair crowns a face as beautiful as man has ever seen; it is not because—yet I can not break the spell of a beauty that in its entirety distracts my days by specifying its each detail. As for my love, if I might resort to song I should say:

Stronger is my love than gravity
That holds the moon in place,
Dearer to me than—?"

At this fearful revelation I said, 'a thousand pardons, Carney, but my cabman is waiting for me and I pay him by the hour!'

"Sickles, said he, 'tell me honestly what you think of that description!'

"Carney,' answered I, 'with all due respect for your legal and administrative ability—that's rot!"

At this there was a wave of laughter from the select members of the Clarendon Club. Each one smothered the laughter to take on a worried expression of face. There was a minute of brown study. Presently, Stockman broke the spell:

"Was this beauty a blonde, Sickles? Did he describe her to you as a blue-eyed blonde?"

"Yes, a blue-eyed blonde!" replied Sickles.

"Now that's strange," Stockman continued, taking a letter from his pocket, "I received this letter from Carney yesterday. As we are his sworn friends, I guess I won't be breaking confidence if I read an extract from this letter. He asks my opinion, as a literary critic, on the following description." Stockman here read from the letter:

"Brown eyes and dark brown hair; a dreamy expression of face when in repose, which is enhanced by a slight lisp when speaking; a manner and dignity of carriage that in olden days would have set several duchies to arms; a heart as true as it is generous—in fine, all of the sounding epithets. Homer so recklessly wasted on Helen of Troy would better fit this later day beauty. To fall to rime:

Her smile is sunshine, her tear the storm,
Herself, the rarest prize man e'er looked on,
If I her heart could know,—

Stockman reverently folded the letter:

"I won't read further, fellows. You have now heard an insane raving over a blonde and a brunette. This has gone too far. Something must be done at once. Only last Thursday I saw Carney in the lace department of the Boston store engaging several young lady clerks in the quest for most impossible lace creations. I noted his actions from the entrance and, when I caught his eye, I bowed to him. He looked very guilty when he saw me."

"I say, fellows," Herndon again took the floor, "there are eight of us here, say we take a run down to Carney's office. It's only five—he may be in. We have a right to ask him to explain himself; our by-laws are strictly opposed to all such rhetorical flights as poor Carney has fallen subject to."

Herndon's suggestion was carried into effect. Carney was found in his private office pen in hand. Stockman bent over him and whispered confidentially:

"Put up that pen, Carney, and come over to the Avenue and take dinner with us! The set is mightily worried over your late actions and demand explanation."—Carney coloured and with a curious smile said:

"Gentlemen, it would appear that I am on the rack. Well, I am ready. Who is my inquisitor?"

This took the delegation aback; Sickles, however, came to the front and blurted out:

"Confound it, Carney, are you in love? Have you so forgotten the creed of the Clarendon club, and been so regardless of your responsibilities as its president; have you—?"

"Wait, wait! a moment. Sickles," Carney jumped to his feet to interrupt him, "what wild notions have taken possession of you?"

Sickles excitedly asked: "If you are not in love, why in thunder are you carrying on box parties, and visiting lace departments and writing inflammable love-letters?"

Carney's face beamed with pleasure, while he replied very deliberately:

"My dear fellows, this consideration quite overcomes me. I am guilty of nothing worse than the writing of a Christmas love story for the five-thousand dollar prize held out by the Critic: I'll admit that I have been looking up a few details and experiences, but I thought I might have the ghost of a show for that prize, for—well, only bachelors over forty are eligible to the competition!"
Song of Victory.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

(Horace, Odes I., 12.)

What mortal, hero bold or god,
Clio, wouldst now exalt!
On thrilling lyre or tuned rod?
Whose name shall Echo roll?

Round Helicon's thick-wooded lees
Or frozen Haemus' cold,
Where oft, pursued by listening trees,
The singing Orpheus strolled.

Whose music stayed the river's rush,
The swift wind's mad career.
And filled the quiet woodland brush
With strains the oaks might hear.

How shall I sing the Father's worth?
To Him is praise first due,
God of all beings, heaven and earth,
Giver of seasons new.

Than whom no greater can be found,
No one so strong as He;
But Pallas on a lower round
Holds second dignity.

Nor Bacchus bold in war I'll slight,
Diana foe of game,
Nor Phoebus dreaded in the fight
For his unerring aim.

And I shall sing of Hercules
And Leda's sons whose star
Low-hanging o'er the whitened seas
The sailor notes afar;

And while it glows the winds subside,
Bare lies the rocky shore;
As though the gods have willed, the tide
Flows evenly once more.

Of Romulus or Umna now,
Tarquin who ruled so well;
Of Cato's sacrificing vow—
I know not which to tell.

The Scauri, Regulus, Paulus true—
Spendthrift whose mighty soul
No Carthaginian bondage knew—
My numbers shall extol.

Fabricius, Curius uncouth,
Camillus, battle great,
In direst want eek out their youth
On their father's scanty estate.

As springs the oak through long, dark nights
Marcellus' fame thus grows;
A moon outshining lesser lights,
The Julian household glows.

O Saturn-born! of humankind
Father and guardian grand,
To thee is Caesar's care assigned—
He reigns as thy right hand.

Whether the Parthian power he break
And triumph here in Rome,
Or conquer Indian tribes that make
The Orient shores their home,

An Unpleasant Mistake.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.

Ned Graffis and Willie Gray had been close friends through the fall term, and when vacation drew near they planned to visit each other during the holidays. Ned's home was in Chicago and because he was more conversant with city ways he assumed a certain superiority over Willie. Willie liked to listen to the bold, careless speech of his friend, and Ned related without reserve the deeds of daring he had accomplished, the athletic feats he was capable of, and the fearlessness with which he met danger. Hence in the eyes of his admirer he was a hero. In short, the one great wish Willie possessed was to have the Chicago boy spend a few days with him in Wheatville. He wrote to his sister about Ned and she also evinced a desire to have him come. Ned himself liked the idea, and pictured what a wonderland Wheatville must be with its chin-whiskered inhabitants. So when school closed, Willie went home with a promise from Ned that he would be in Wheatville for the New Year.

After Willie reached home he was busy making ready for Ned's arrival. Eva, his sister, took care of the house decorations, while Willie himself had the sled taken from the loft in the barn. He also took care that Prince, the buggy horse, was newly shod.
All was ready the eve of New Year, and Willie and Eva drove Prince to the railroad station to meet Ned.

"You came just in time," Willie said when they were on their way home. "Father went to New York this morning and, to tell the truth, we feel a little scared to stay in the house alone."

"Why, what can you fear in such a place as this?" Ned asked.

"Burglars; last Thursday they broke into Weeks' and got off with the diamonds Mrs. Weeks bought in Europe last year."

"And Pa was so much afraid," Eva broke in, "that he locked my jewels in his safe, so I can't wear them till he returns."

"I wish they'd come," Ned said looking at Eva; "we'd teach them a lesson."

They had reached the house by this time. Eva hurried off to prepare supper and Willie stayed to smoke with Ned in the parlor.

After supper they sang and played the piano, and Ned told some stirring tales about Chicago. He did not hesitate to tell Eva that if a whole army of burglars came to take her jewels he would shoot every last one of them, or take them all prisoners.

The time had passed to midnight before they retired. Ned had no hopes of sleeping. His mind was too full of visions of Eva for that. Long after Willie had gone to sleep he lay open-eyed in bed. He was dozing to sleep at last when a sound awakened him. He listened, and for a second felt awed by the profound stillness of a winter's night. The silence lasted only for a second, for directly underneath his window he heard a footstep on the brick sidewalk. He got up, went to the window, and peered into the darkness. He could barely discern the form of a man on the doorstep trying to open the door. He heard the click of the lock as one after another the strange man tried his keys on it.

Ned waited no longer. He hurriedly waked his companion and together they tiptoed down stairs.

"Is there a revolver in the house?" Ned asked in a whisper.

"Yes, but father locked it in the safe," was the hushed reply. "We'll find a baseball bat in the kitchen; won't that do?"

By this time the burglar had entered the house and was trying his key on Mr. Gray's private room.

"That's the room the safe is in," Willie whispered.

Ned made no reply, but rushing on the intruder grasped him tightly round the neck. The stranger gurgled in his attempt to speak, and tried to shake Ned off.

"Help! Where's that bat? Give it to him, Willie—No, don't do it, you might strike me. Help! help! he's getting away from me."

Ned's cries roused the whole household. The servants, half dressed, rushed on the scene. A lighted match disclosed the pair rolling about on the floor, Ned still holding for dear life to his opponent's throat.

"Help!" he faintly cried. "My fingers are weak—Oh! he's gone."

Just then the stranger gave a vigorous roll that broke Ned's hold, and the light falling on his face showed him no other than Willie's own father, Mr. Gray. The whole incident happened so quickly that no one knew what to do till it was all over.

"Who in thunder are you?" Mr. Gray demanded hoarsely as soon as he could get his breath.

Ned seeing the look on Willie's face, guessed the truth and felt exceedingly awkward.

"That's Ned Grannis," Willie tried to explain. "We thought you were a bur—"

"Willie!" came a feminine voice from the head of the stairs.

"What is it?"

"Is Ned hurt?"

"No, come down, father is home."

Eva ran down stairs and threw herself on her father's neck.

"Oh! I was so scared," she said. "Did the burglar escape?"

"Almost," her father answered with a laugh. "Just a little sore around the neck. Don't hug me so hard, dear. It hurts."

Eva was perplexed.

"What do you mean?" she asked, but as her glance fell on Ned the truth dawned on her.

"You naughty boy!" she exclaimed. "Wonder you didn't kill Pa. You're not hurt, Pa, are you? He didn't mean it."

"But what sent you back so soon?" Willie asked.

"Oh! I met Mr. Graves in Aurora and he offered to do my business for me, so I decided to save railroad fare. Mr. Grannis," he continued, turning to Ned, "I am sorry this accident happened. It was an unpleasant mistake but well meant. But cheer up; don't feel bad about it. I'm not much hurt after all. Come on, let's go into the parlor, and,
Eva, play something for us. Mr. Graffis sings, doesn't he?"

Ned was glad to have an opportunity to wipe out his disgrace, and would gladly sing till morning, but Eva stopped him saying he was so careless about his voice, and did he think he could sing all night and never talk to her.

The Mistletoe.

The little shrub we call "mistletoe" has a curious history. It was enshrined in the faith of our pagan ancestors, and is said to be an object of worship still among certain tribes in India. In Scandinavian mythology, the mistletoe is notorious as being instrumental in bringing about the death of Baldur, the son of Odin. The word itself betrays its Anglo-Saxon origin,— viistel, "birdlime," and tan "twig"—a very fitting name when we remember the viscid contents of the mistletoe's berries. The druids had a great veneration for the mistletoe, particularly when the plant was found clinging to the oak. They regarded the oak as typical of the Supreme Being and the mistletoe of man's dependence on Him. In describing one of their festivals, Pliny mentions that "having made solemn preparation for feasting and sacrifice under the tree, they drive thither two milk-white bulls whose horns are then for the first time bound. The priest then, robed in white, ascends the tree and cuts off the mistletoe with a golden sickle. It is caught in a white mantle, after which they proceed to slay the victims, at the same time praying that God would render His gift prosperous to those to whom He had given it." The gathered twigs were made into decoctions and febrifuges which, with the aid of certain prayers, were used to effect many cures. Like numerous other superstitions, which surrounded the mistletoe vanished before Christianity, nevertheless the shrub continues to possess a peculiar interest. It is one of the evergreens most generally used in Christmas decorations, and it gets frequent mention in Christmas literature. To one who has been in certain parts of England, the idea of Christmas is at once associated with the holly, the mistletoe, and, the Pandean music of the waits. There, too, originated the rustic custom of "kissing under the mistletoe," a practice which is not likely to become a lost art either in England or in the United States.

P. MacD.

Varsity Verse.

I THINK of thee, joy of my youthful days,
When 'neath the round-faced moon on nights like these
A whisper seems to mingle with the breeze,
And sound again to me your well-earned praise.

And when once more as through time's deepening haze,
I see your vine-clad banks and clumps of trees,
And waters wandering off to hidden seas,
I deeply sigh for scenes whereon I gazed.

But comfort follows fast the deepest sigh,
I know that ceaseless shall your waters play;
That while old nature lasts you shall remain.

Temperature and time, your powers defy:
While generations blossom and decay,
Elements to vanquish you, shall seek in vain.

F. H. McKEEVER, '03.

In the South.

Where the sluggish bayous creep
Through the glen where sunbeams sleep
On a bed of blue-bells deep
In the South,

There you hear a twittered call,—
Chirping love-songs, that is all,—
Through the leaves that softly fall
In the South.

In a silent, grassy glade,
'Neath the oak trees' solemn shade
Whence the violets never strayed
In the South:

There, when drops of glistening snow
Gently come and quickly go,
Lay me where the violets blow
In the South.  G. J. MACNAMARA.
The wind blows cold.
The sun tips back behind a low bank of fluffy clouds, a flock of geese hurry off toward the south, a belated chipmunk hastens in with a last fragment for his winter horde, and the shimmering of a vagrant stream in the valley is lost in the enveloping dusk. On a neighboring hill, a husbandman urges his beasts homeward, and his voice echoes faintly above the dull rumble of his heavily laden wagon. Now and then a gust of wind moans through the tree-tops as if bewailing the approach of night; outlines of objects grow indistinct in the deepening twilight.

The wind blows cold.
A shepherd hastens by with his flock. In the distance the village lights appear one by one, and the stars come out reluctantly. The leaves rustle softly, as they receive another brother separated from the mother tree. With a hoot an owl starts up suddenly from an old gnarled oak, and a tolling church bell tells of a soul’s departure.

Instinctively, I button up my coat and quicken my steps. Melancholy is abroad to-night and I go inside; what solace in a book, a pipe and a cheery hearth when the wind blows cold.

A Letter and a Portrait.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

Paul Emil Levere, portrait painter and artist, entered his studio the morning before Christmas, feeling very light of heart. Naturally, for that evening he was to take Alice Bentley to the opera. He had scarcely arranged his palette and brushes preparatory to beginning work, when the postman entered and handed him a pale blue envelope.

Yes! it was from Alice; there, was her familiar handwriting. With fluttering heart Levere hastily broke the seal.

Was he dreaming? With trembling hand he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was awake. Did Alice write that? It could not be. Yes! there was—not the friendly “Alice”—but a formal “Miss Bentley” for a signature. What could it all mean? Again and again he read the distinct writing. The note ran thus:

**Dear Sir:**—Your conduct last night was unpardonable. Explanations are unnecessary, and in fact would be altogether futile. You are released from all obnoxious ties. I beg you to regard this as decisive, and not to seek my presence again. Of course the fulfilment of our engagement for this evening is an impossibility.

Sincerely,

**Miss Bentley.**

For the twentieth time the eyes of Paul Levere perused the mysterious yet very plain missive. “Your conduct last night was unpardonable.” What had he done?

Levere had known Alice Bentley since they were children, and never before had she spoken a harsh word to him. Their acquaintanceship had never once been marred by an unpleasant moment or disagreeable utterance. He had loved Alice deeply, and imagined that she entertained the same profound sentiment towards him. She had told him time and again that nothing could part the bonds that daily drew them more closely together.

Now after all those years of happiness and joy, and in the midst of still happier prospects for the future, Alice sends him this cruel note, reproving him for some irretrievable deed he had never committed, and freeing him from “all obnoxious ties.”

For fully ten minutes Levere stared in blank amazement before him, wholly unable to fathom the depths of this strange mystery. But as he slowly recovered from the surprise and wonder that had completely overpowered him and his judgment returned, he began to surmise what it all meant.

The night before, he and Alice had been to a dance, and he had spent the greater part of the evening at the side of the beautiful Miss Creighton. He had only danced twice with Alice; but the fault was not his own. She had seemed so happy with a young lieutenant, just home from the Philippines that he was unwilling to tear her away.

Levere had thought nothing more of the affair, however, as he presumed her enthusiastic and patriotic spirit had been aroused by the heroic tales of the young officer. It is true, Alice did not seem exactly herself as he handed her into the carriage after it was all over; but this he attributed to her being tired out from the activities of the evening.

But now he saw that the matter, at least for him, was not so trivial as it had first seemed; in fact, his whole future seemed to be darkened
by the events of the preceding evening. Perhaps after all he had been too attentive to Miss Creighton. But no; Alice Bentley had long since been eager to break all relations with him and to cancel the engagement; and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity. Could he have been so blinded by his devotion as not to have seen her indifference to him? Alice, whom he loved more than life itself, in whom his whole heart and soul were centred, for whom he worked and studied and strove, and without whom his future seemed dark and impassible—could this idol of his affection have so deceived him? Could she have been all this time playing with his heart? Yes! it must be so.

Alice Bentley's father was a multi-millionaire, and wished his handsome daughter to make her mark in the exclusive social circle in which his millions placed her. On this account her parents were opposed to her intimacy with the poor portrait painter, who, though ambitious and intelligent, could only give their daughter his heart and a life's devotion.

But Levere had thought his "fiancée" sufficiently strong and resolute to resist the attacks of her parents and to win their consent to an attachment to which he looked forward with the greatest longing. And now she had ungraciously taken what she called his "unpardonable conduct" of the evening before as a pretence for breaking their engagement.

"Explanations are unnecessary." Of course she would not give him a hearing or a chance to vindicate himself. Yesterday he might have been truly styled the happiest of men; but now alas! the most abandoned urchin in the street could not be more wretched than he was. For what could make a man more unhappy than the knowledge of the fact that the girl he loves most profoundly, and whom he believed in implicitly, has played him false?

So absorbed was Paul Levere in these wretched thoughts that he had not noticed the entrance of a second person into his studio, who stood watching him with deep interest. Suddenly he looked up and beheld Jack Seymour, a policeman patrolling his beat met her view as she gazed upon the broad and dimly-lighted avenue before her.

"Hello! old fellow," said Seymour in a sympathetic tone, "what's the trouble? You haven't spoiled that beautiful portrait, have you?"

"No! it isn't that," replied Levere, "but something immeasurably worse: read that," and he handed Seymour Miss Bentley's note.

"O come! brace up," said the other after he had glanced over the contents. "There are other girls in the world besides Alice Bentley; she isn't worthy of you, anyhow, even if her father does own millions."

"It isn't that," said Levere, "but to think that she has all this time deceived me, and I had so confided in her. I can not yet bring myself to believe that Alice Bentley did not love me once, and has not even yet some little affection for me. Her father was the cause of it all. She was too weak, too timid, to brave his reproaches. And when I think what a blank my life will be without her, what a gap she filled in my little world, it is unbearable." And he again relapsed into silence.

Then Seymour said: "Come, old boy, listen; I have a project. Suppose you sail with me on Saturday for Europe."

Levere's face brightened, and when he spoke it was in the tone of one much excited.

"Just the thing, I'll go to Europe, to Paris. I'll study under the famous Constantin and become a great painter. And when I have made France marvel at my paintings I'll return to New York; and then those that despised the poor portrait painter will be glad to number him among their friends. I'll make Alice Bentley regret those cruel words and her father's millions. What time does your ship leave?"

"At noon on Saturday," answered the other.

"This is Thursday; engage berths for two, and I'll be there." And with that they parted.

That night at eight o'clock a beautiful girl clad in evening costume sat in the drawing-room of an elaborate mansion on Fifth Avenue. A fur-lined opera gown hung loosely around her shoulders, and contrasted strikingly with the pale gold of her hair and the dim light of the rich apartment.

"Oh, why does he not come?" she kept repeating to herself. "It is now the hour set and he is always punctual."

Very much disturbed she arose and walked to the window. Her beautiful dress harmonized with her handsome face and figure, and trailing behind gave her a majestic appearance.

"No carriage yet—how distressing!" Only a policeman patrolling his beat met her view as she gazed upon the broad and dimly-lighted avenue before her.

Once more she seated herself and fixed her eyes upon the gilt hands of the clock. Slowly the minutes passed until it had chimed the hour 8.30, then 9.00. Again she arose and paced up and down the spacious room, expecting every moment to hear familiar footsteps and her name uttered by that voice.
she knew so well. But alas! no one came to break the silence of her solitude.

"Something must have happened: nothing less than a serious accident would have prevented his coming," she muttered as she retired to her own room, there to worry through a sleepless night in anxious expectation for what the following day might bring.

Three years have passed since that eventful day whose happenings I have just recorded. The scene is in Paris, on the Rue du Louvre. All along the busy thoroughfare crowds of people are hastening, for it is Christmas week and the grand national exhibit of fine arts is now going on in the great metropolis. The square before the magnificent palace presents a curious conglomeration of men, women, children, omnibuses, hansom and automobiles. Through the entrance leading to the picture gallery flows a continuous stream of humanity. Above the shrill blast of the "chauffer" and the casual "va t'en" of the cab-driver may be heard the shout of the newsboy: "All about Monsieur Emil, the great American painter whose portrait won the prize at the national exhibit."

Hence this vast concourse of people, this great excitement and commotion. All Paris it seems has gone wild over the wonderful painting "La Fiancée" of Monsieur Emil, and have come to gaze on it for the twentieth time. French enthusiasm has reached its highest pitch; and as men and women jostle each other in their endeavour to get a better view of the painted canvas hanging at one end of the long hall, exclamations of "excellente! admirable! étonnant!" come from the enraptured onlookers.

It is a picture of a beautiful maiden clad in spotless white. She is holding in her hands a photograph, and on her fair countenance is a mingled expression of pity, fear and remorse. As the last rays of a departing sun glimmer through the stained-glass windows casting a golden light upon the colored canvas on the wall, the face is no longer that of a maiden but of an angel.

As the shadows thicken and the admiring crowd begin to withdraw, in one recess of the hall directly opposite the portrait may be seen a tall, handsome man of striking features and noble bearing. He too is gazing intently upon the wall before him, and if you could observe him closely you would see that his face is pale and wretched, and that he is struggling under some emotion.

But as he stands there in silent contemplation of that painted figure, a tall and stately girl approaches, and stops in front of him, her eyes turned in the same direction as his. At first he does not see her, but soon he moves, and is about to depart when he beholds the feminine form standing enraptured there. Almost instantaneously the girl turns, and their eyes meet. For a moment they gaze at each other as if in recognition, then she with one pathetic cry of "Paul," staggars towards him.

A period of silence follows, in which a great struggle takes place in the breast of Paul Levere. Here is his chance for revenge, and he is about to ignore Alice Bentley. But no! the love of former years comes back and kindles his aching heart anew. Every vindictive thought vanishes, and he stretches forth his arms toward the joy of his life.

"Paul," she says after a brief time, "it was all a mistake. I never wrote that horrid note, and it was not intended for you anyhow."

The eyes of Levere lit up, and a look of amazement appeared on his pale face.

"No! I gave another note to my cousin, who had just arrived that morning on a visit, to mail, asking you to come early, and she got the envelopes mixed, and you received a note she had written to a man that had insulted her. Yes! it was all a hideous mistake; and O Paul! if you only had not been so hasty and gone off as you did! I went the next day to learn what serious accident had befallen you, and they told me you had sailed for Europe. If you had compared that awful note with one of mine you would have seen it was not from me; for although my cousin and I write some­thing alike, nevertheless there is a difference."

"O Alice! I see now it was all my fault. How could I have been so heartless, so cruel, as to think that you could have used such words! Yes; it was all my fault. But forgive me, dear Alice, forgive me; for never could I bring myself wholly to believe it. Often in hours of wretched loneliness and despair I thought after all it might be a mistake. Whatever I did or wherever I went, your image was before me; and it is that which has brought me fame. But all these years of sadness and separation might have been avoided had it not been for my impetuosity and thoughtlessness."

"But, Paul, perhaps it is not so unfortunate after all; for you know now papa can never refuse his consent to my marriage with the greatest painter in all Paris."

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On a Christmas Gift.

THOUGH humble the gift
That at Christmas I'm sending,
It goes with a love
Far its value transcending;
Then deign to accept it.
In graciousness tender,
With every good wish
From the heart of the sender. MACD.
A Prayer.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

Alas!
My soul is dark:
I hear the funeral mass;
I see a figure gaunt and stark:
The angel messenger hath come for him,
Hath ta'en my love and left my heart deserted, dim.
O God!
He lived for me,
But now the sullen sod
Keepeth what hath not gone to Thee.
Thy help, O Lord, Thy mercy that I may
With patience wait the dawn of Thy eternal day.

A Genius from the Depths.

(An Episode.)

The day was gloomy and a drizzling rain beat dully against the windows. In the district kindergarten, the children were playing little games on the floor. Their merry chatter was undisturbed by the teacher who was collecting the scissors which had become dulled by the children's usage. She was a middle-aged woman, whose face, in spite of the tired patient look which comes to women in her vocation, gave evidence of a refined and cultured character. The piano which stood in one corner of the room was evidently for her use.

From the street came the sound of an Italian knife-grinder's bell. This the teacher was waiting for, so she went to the door and called to the man to come in. The next minute the door framed the figure of a man who, though pursuing so menial and precarious an occupation, was truly remarkable and striking in his appearance. He entered and depositing his apparatus proceeded to sharpen the blunted scissors. While the Italian was in this manner engaged, the woman observed with surprise his extraordinary mien. His clothes, as might be expected, were worn and shabby. His cheeks were drawn and pinched from the manifold hardships of his exacting labour, but his features were of great regularity and beauty. A noble forehead overshadowed by masses of dark gray hair, and eyes which glowed with restless fire, struck the schoolmistress with amazement. She wondered that one with such unmistakable signs of intelligence should pursue so servile an employment.

"Perhaps," she thought, "he has been forced to flee from a high rank and position in his native land on account of some crime, and here conceals his identity in this humble pursuit."

The man soon finished his work and gathered up his tools. His pay he acknowledged with a courtly bow and a murmured "Grazias" quickly corrected to "Thank you," and he was about to leave when he noticed the piano. He stopped and with another bow begged leave in broken English to play. The mistress half wonderfully consented.

The Italian with an exclamation of joy and thanks sat down. He fingered the keys lovingly for a few moments and immediately the schoolmistress knew that his was a master's touch.

He played. Slowly the tinkling treble swelled into the mighty bass, and tumultuous music sang the song of battle and strife. The thundering tread of armies, the stern bass tones of command and the answering shouts rang out in massive harmonies. The sound of conflict ebbed and flowed and died away, ending in one crashing chord—the yell of the victor. The artist swiftly moved to other themes.

It is something from Donizetti. The gayly painted gondola glides from a little waterway into the moonlit expanse of the Grand Canale and is halted under the fairy-like balcony of a stately palace. The voice of the serenader is heard to the accompaniment of a guitar. The song rises and falls in melting cadences.

The gondola moves away. The vibrant tenor tones grow faint. The mournful swish of the water against the ancient marble is all that is heard.

He played. The rain without had ceased. The sun broke through a rift in the struggling clouds. Through a window came a golden ray and formed a halo round the old man's head, lighting up the masses of dark gray hair, the drawn and pale cheeks and the glowing eyes.

The music ceased. The little audience which had remained spellbound since the first note, broke into genuine applause. The hands of the artist dropped from the keys and he arose. The sun meanwhile had retreated behind a cloud and rain began again to drop.

The Italian strapped his pack on his shoulders and after thanking with many exclamations of gratitude the wondering mistress of the school, he disappeared through the door into the rain. ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.
Christmas, with all its hallowed associations, will soon be here. Vacation begins on December 20, but in the intervening time we have some serious work to do. The bi-monthly examinations are set for next Thursday and Friday, and if we would not mar the joys that are to follow, we should leave nothing undone to obtain a creditable per centum. We shall have finished these exercises on Friday, and then good-bye to books and trouble until January 5, when studies are resumed. But if we have less to do with books during vacation we probably shall have more to do with men, and it behooves us that our neighbours do not suffer through our example. What a golden privilege it is to spend Christmas at home, in that sacred spot with the kith and kin we love. We should appreciate the blessing, and by little acts of self-sacrifice and kindness make our stay a miniature of Christ’s life here on earth. Self-denial and kindness were His striking characteristics. Before we go, however, a word from the Scholastic: To you, boys, with whose life at college our own is so pleasurably interwoven; to our instructors, whose ability and painstaking have brought us to higher levels; and to the religious of Holy Cross whose example and devotion to duty have so much to do in bettering our lives, we extend the season’s heartiest greeting. May all experience as fully as may be the significance of the Divine message:

Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will.

Our Gallant Lads.

Now that the bumps and bruises, the brilliant tackles, and the long hours of training that went to make up the football season of ’02 are at an end, the Scholastic feels obliged to make a short review of the work done, and to give each man who contributed his share to make this year’s team successful, his due share of credit. The Scholastic also feels honored in being able to present the picture of our plucky athletes in this issue.

The Varsity of this season, despite innumerable obstacles, was a success. Handicapped early in the season by the absence of a coach; with a squad of “green” men—but few of last year’s team having reported—to contend with, and with other things to fight against, the prospects for an eleven fit to cope with the teams scheduled, were very disappointing. Indeed, they were gloomy enough to discourage anyone; but Captain Salmon, assisted by the few regulars that were on the ground, entered into the work with the spirit that has always been characteristic of Notre Dame’s sons, and in an incredibly short space of time, a squad was at practice. Then the management secured the services of James Farragher, our crack tackle of last year, to coach. “Jim” immediately took charge, and aided by Salmon and Doar, he performed wonders considering the material. Games were lost, it is true, but the memory of the splendid up-hill fight made by our gallant lads in those
CAPTAIN SALMON.

few games, laboring, as they were, against almost overwhelming odds, still lives within the breasts of the rooters, and drew favorable comment from almost every paper in the country. The most glorious achievement, however, was the retention of the State Championship. Indiana was easily defeated early in the season, and then our fellows settled down to prepare for the final struggle with Purdue on Thanksgiving Day. Purdue had every advantage that day; but our plucky band went into the contest determined to cling to the banner at all costs, and cling they did. It was the hardest and most fiercely contested game ever played in this State, and though Purdue played a brilliant game they were unable to wrest the championship from our hands. Taking all things into consideration, the showing made this season is one that we may well feel proud of. Too much praise can not be given to the gentlemen of the Varsity and all connected with them. And now a few words about the men composing the team:

LOUIS J. SALMON (Capt. and Full-Back).

Perhaps the most brilliant player Notre Dame has ever had is our captain and full-back, L. J. Salmon. Salmon is one of the wonders of the football world. His line bucking and punting this season were phenomenal. His work against the Champion Michigan team attracted the attention of every coach and critic in the country, and they were unanimous in declaring his playing marvellous. The Chicago Daily News picks him for half back on the All-Western Eleven, an honour which is denied him by the other papers because Notre Dame is not a member of the "big nine." In speaking of Salmon, the News says: "His ability to buck the line is something not seen in every football. In, the game against Michigan, this player by the most indomitable perseverance carried the ball from Notre Dame's goal line far into Michigan territory. Man after man tackled him, but he shook off all the Wolverine stars." Salmon is twenty two years of age, weighs 165 pounds and is five feet nine and a half inches.

JAMES L. DOAR (Half Back).

The coolest, headiest, and most consistent player on the team is our star half-back, James L. Doar. No better defensive player has ever donned a football suit, while in carrying the ball and also in forming interference, "Jim" has but few equals. Aside from his brilliant playing, Jim's knowledge of football makes him a very valuable man. He was of great assistance to Farragher and Salmon in pointing out the weaknesses of the men, and gave them many good pointers. Doar is but twenty-one years of age, is six feet one and a half inches in height and weighs 170 pounds.

HENRY J. McGLEW (Quarter).

McGlew's abilities are well known to the rooters. He is the pluckiest and most determined player Notre Dame has ever had. At quarter he has a record of which any man in the country might well feel proud. During the past two seasons he has not made a single fumble, although a large number of the games have been played on fields so sloppy that to pass through without fumbling seemed almost miraculous, but McGlew passed through with a clean record. His interfering, running back punts and tackling are also marvelous, and make him one of the best all-around men on the team. Mac is twenty years of age, tips the scales at 156 pounds and is five feet seven and a half inches in height.

DOMINICK O'MALLEY (Centre).

The weakest part of the team this year was the line, but in centre position O'Malley proved to be a tower of strength, and was, in fact, the mainstay of the team. O'Malley possesses all the requisites for a good centre. He has accuracy and speed in passing the ball, is quick in following the plays, and is
also an exceptionally good tackler. In the Michigan game he outplayed the famous Gregory, and was a large factor in the splendid showing made in that game. O'Malley is the largest man on the team. He weighs 202 pounds, is six feet one and a half inches high and is twenty-four years old.

Francis J. Lonergan (End).

"Happy" is a strong offensive player, and in carrying the ball did brilliant work. His best game of the season was against Purdue. In that game he did some clever tackling, but the condition of the field prevented his usual long runs. He is twenty years of age, stands five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs 165 pounds.

George Nyere (End).

Nyere was one of the mainstays of the team, and played good consistent football all season. He is very fast in getting down the field on punts, and with "Happy" at the other end generally managed to bring down his man. His ability to dodge made him a very hard man to tackle. He is also a good defensive player and a hard and sure tackler. Nyere is five feet eleven inches in height, weighs 165 pounds and is twenty years of age.

J. E. Gillen (Guard).

Gillen was unfortunate this season, receiving a sprained ankle which kept him out of the majority of the games. He played a splendid game against both Michigan and O. M. U.

Nace is a very hard man to handle at guard. He is twenty-three years of age, weighs 185 pounds and is five feet six and a half inches in height.

Harvey E. Kirby (Half-Back).

Kirby was out of condition all season, taking part in but one or two games. Had he been in shape, he would no doubt have added greatly to the strength of the team. He is six feet in height, weighs 170 pounds and is twenty years old.

Joseph J. Cullinan (Tackle).

This is Cullinan's first year at tackle. He is not a heavy man, but his aggressiveness and speed more than make up for his lack of beef. He is the best man in the line at breaking up plays, and was never found shirking. Another strong point Joe has is in carrying the ball, gaining many yards for the Gold and Blue. Joe is twenty-two years old, is five feet ten inches in height and weighs 175 pounds.

E. McDermott (Half-Back).

McDermott is one of the most promising of the new men of this year's squad. He is strong on interference, a good, nervy tackler, and will, no doubt, become a valuable man. He is eighteen years of age, weighs 165 pounds and is five feet nine and a half inches in height.

Arthur Steiner (Tackle and Guard).

Steiner played at guard early in the season,
but during the latter part he was shifted to tackle because of his aggressiveness. His tackling was one of the features of the Michigan game. He is also a first year man who gives great promise, being nervy, and also a steady, conscientious player. He weighs 167 pounds, is twenty-one years of age, and stands five feet eight inches in height.

Michael L. Fansler (Tackle).

Fansler is one of the most conscientious players on the team. Last year he was a member of the “scrubs,” but by his perseverance he won himself a place on this year’s team. “Mike” is aggressive and a good defensive player, and with a little more experience will make a valuable man. He is but nineteen years of age, weighs 168 pounds and is six feet three inches in height.

William Desmond (Guard and Tackle).

In the early part of the season when those in charge of the team were at a loss for line-men, Desmond put on a suit and came to the rescue. He was first played at tackle, and did brilliant work at that position, but later on he was shifted to guard, where his quickness made him a tower of strength. Last year he played on the Woodstock, Ill., High School team. He is twenty-two years old, weighs 190 pounds and is five feet eleven inches in height. His work gives great promise for next season.

Nate Silver (End).

Silver is the smallest man on the team, but his dash, and nerve more than make up for his lack of weight. He is a shifty little fellow on his feet, and at end he uses very good judgment in watching the plays. His tackling is sure and effective, and during the Purdue game he broke through the interference and downed his man in a wonderful manner. Last year he played end and quarter on the Chicago North Division High School team. He is eighteen years old, is five feet six inches in height and weighs 150 pounds.

Nicholas R. Furlong (Sub. Guard).

Nicholas is one of the best utility men on the team and can be relied on to fill any of the line positions with credit. Considering that this was practically his first year of football he did remarkably well, and should be one of our most valuable men next season. He is twenty-two years of age, weighs 160 pounds, and is five feet ten inches in height.

F. J. Shaughnessy (Quarter).

When McGlew was injured and coach and captain were in a dilemma as to whom to put in his place, the versatile Shaughnessy appeared upon the scene and relieved their troubles. A good tackler, fast in running back punts, an accurate passer, and, above all, aggressive, Shaughnessy filled in splendidly at quarter. His running back of punts was one of the features of the Michigan game. The longest run of that memorable game is also chalked up to his credit. During the Indiana game his shoulder was dislocated, and this kept him out of the game the rest of the season. He is twenty-one years of age, weighs 170 pounds and is five feet eleven inches in height.

For those gentlemen of the second eleven who so nobly sacrificed their recreation hours, and without a grumble underwent all the bumps and bruises, so that the Varsity might receive that practice which makes perfect, the Scholastic has nothing but words of praise. The spirit they showed all season—the only true college spirit—is one they may well feel proud of, and one that we would like to see emulated by the entire student body. Several of these men have the stuff in them to make good football players, and a few of them would have shown up in some of the games but for injuries. D. O’Connor, R. Fisher, Draper and Funk did work that gives great promise for the future. Coughlin, Beekum and Joergens, who were ineligible because of classes, but reported for practice every day, deserve the highest praise for their loyalty and devotion. The other men, McKeon, Neizer, McDermott and Mills, came out later in the season, but for them also the Scholastic has words of praise.

Manager Daly and his able assistant, H. J. McGlew, deserve great credit for the success they achieved. They had almost insurmountable difficulties to overcome, but they worked heart and soul for the success of the team and in the end came out with flying colours.

Trainer Butler passed through another successful year. Handicapped, as we were by having so few eligible players—the loss of a single player meaning perhaps the disorganizing of the team—Butler performed wonders in keeping these men in shape for such a hard schedule. That he was successful we all know. And now we wind up with a few words about Coach Farragher. “Jim” did wonders with our line-men, who were almost all light and inexperienced. Moreover, he instilled into them that fighting spirit which brought about such good results against heavier and more experienced teams. His work speaks for itself.

Closing, the Scholastic wishes all these gentlemen a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

J. P. O’Reilly.
Lecture to Engineering Students.

In Science Hall on Monday last, Mr. A. A. Serva, of the Fort Wayne Electric Works, gave an interesting talk to the students of the Mechanical Engineering and Electrical Engineering courses. The subject of his discourse was "The Organization of a Modern Electrical Manufacturing Establishment." Such an establishment, he said, included departments for sales, designing, purchasing, production, testing and draughting. To obtain a thorough knowledge of the business it was necessary to begin in the production department. There the novice worked in the machine shop at the benches, lathes, milling, etc. Next he was employed in armature winding and assembling of machines, after which he was engaged in the testing department. The last and highest stages were the sales, designing, and purchasing, and when the candidate passed these successfully, he was usually paid a good salary. Mr. Serva impressed upon his hearers the importance of accuracy in their college work. The cost of mistakes made in designing, outside, would in almost every case be estimated and deducted from the salary of the one accountable for them. If the mistake was a serious one, the company generally sought the services of a more reliable employee. The story is told that the manager of an eastern establishment objected to a college student on the ground that the latter had not forgotten enough of what he had learned at college. This had reference to the habit of carelessness which so many students acquire, a habit which Mr. Serva most earnestly cautioned his listeners against. He further told them that when they leave college and find employment in an electrical establishment they should not be afraid to take off their coats and work at whatever duties may be assigned them. That was the only way to secure a complete knowledge of the business, and only those who master the business thoroughly can hope for success. Mr. Serva's remarks were listened to with close attention.

The students of the departments mentioned, appreciate Professor Green's efforts in having a representative of one of the largest electrical concerns in America furnish them with a view of the duties which they will be expected to perform in the successful practice of their professions.

The Oratorical Contest.

The competition which has heretofore taken place near Commencement was held this year before the Christmas vacation in order that the winner might qualify in the State oratorical contest. Five young men competed Wednesday afternoon at Washington Hall.

Mr. Robert E. Lynch, to follow the order of the programme, first spoke on "Robert Emmet." This subject afforded him many possibilities, and Mr. Lynch handled it in a very creditable manner. The parts of his composition were well arranged and his climaxes brilliant. Mr. Lynch spoke deliberately, had a good stage presence and maintained a studied reserve throughout. In the marking, Mr. Lynch was a close third, which position, though very creditable, many of his admirers thought hardly a sufficient reward for his effort.

Mr. Nicholas R. Furlong next spoke on "Ireland's 'Liberator." Mr. Furlong's oration on Daniel O'Connell was a carefully prepared eulogy on the great life and work of perhaps Ireland's greatest son. Mr. Furlong gave a serious and studied treatment of his subject and spoke with great earnestness and at places, with considerable force. He was well received by the audience.

"The French Revolution" was the subject Mr. Maurice Griffin chose. Without doubt that Revolution affords an inexhaustible fund of rhetorical opportunities. Mr. Griffin treated the subject in a very able manner and at some length. Mr. Griffin has a powerful and a pleasing voice, although in places he did not modify it sufficiently. Mr. Griffin's presence was good, and he should develop into an excellent speaker. He received prolonged applause.

Mr. Leonard Carrico considered the question, "What SHALL We Do with the Philippines?" Though this subject was more controversial than oratorical, Mr. Carrico discussed it with considerable thoroughness and some originality. Such a question would better suit a debate than an oratorical contest. This is not remarked in order to criticise Mr. Carrico's selection of a subject so much as to call attention to the limitations under which he laboured. Nevertheless, he was graded very close to the highest mark.

Mr. Thomas D. Lyons, the winner of the Breen Medal, spoke on the life and work of Alexander Hamilton. Mr. Lyons was very earnest throughout, and when he speaks in low
tones he has a most pleasing voice; however, if he allows himself to force his voice it becomes somewhat harsh. The manner in which Mr. Lyons dealt with his subject is most commendable. He brought out some real oratorical climaxes. Altogether the earnestness and strength he displayed entitle him to the position he won. Mr. Lyons, therefore, will be the University's representative in the State Oratorical Contest, and all at Notre Dame wish him success.

F. F. D.

—**Personal—**

—Prof. Jerome J. Green, M. E., E. E., represented the University at the first regular meeting of the Central Association of Physics Teachers, held recently at Chicago.

—Recent visitors to St. Edward's Hall were: Dr. Warren, Mrs. J. S. Connolly, Mr. B. D. Heeb, Mrs. F. M. Farwell, Mrs. Frances, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Brinkman and Mrs. M. Dukette.

—The Reverend Edward Masterson of Hawarden, Iowa, was a recent guest of the University, visiting Mr. Francis McKeever of Sorin Hall and Mr. Keefe of Brownson Hall.

—We quote the following from the *South Bend Times*:

Anthony Brogan was once a name to conjure with among the students of literature at the University of Notre Dame. He graduated in 1901 with high honors and was accounted among the most brilliant men ever passed by the University. The same year, in company with John P. Hayes, a fellow-student and a graduate in law, who won fame for his *Alma Mater* with his eloquence, he went to the Philippines under a commission from the government to teach the natives. Mr. Brogan was sent to the interior, where he served considerable time in the work of civilizing and elevating the people, but now it is announced that he has been appointed by the president postmaster to the insular government in the Philippines with headquarters at Cavite.

—**Local Items—**

—Watch for the "Cholly Boy Calendar" at the Carroll Hall reading-rooms; it is original and artistic.

—The irrepressible Phil Butler is making an effort to organize a hockey team. There are several good hockey players at the University, but up to the present, no one has tried to introduce the game. A match with Culver Military Academy has been arranged.

—At a recent meeting of the Brownson Hall football players, Tom Cahill was re-elected captain for the next year. The team under Cahill has had a most successful season, having lost but one game—the one with South Bend High School at the beginning of the year.

—The collegiate class of 1904 organized last week, and the following officers were elected:

- Byron V. Kanaley, President; Anton J. Stephan, Vice-President; Gallitzen A. Farbaugh, Sec. and Treasurer; Thomas D. Lyons, Class Orator; Ernest J. Hammer, Class Poet; Walter M. Daly, Class Historian. The class numbers in all thirty-three men. Of these, fifteen are Classic; nine, Engineers; four, English; three History and Economics, and two, Biological.

—The annual banquet of the University Boat Club took place Thursday at half-past one in the Corby dining-hall. At one o'clock the members met in the main parlor of the Administration building where an agreeable half-hour was spent in discussing the rowing prospects for next spring. The members, numbering eighty, sat down to an excellently prepared and varied repast. The menu was heartily relished and great was the appreciation expressed of the efforts of Father Regan, the President of the Club, to make the occasion an enjoyable one. Rev. Father French and Mr. F. B. Cornell were guests of the Club.

—The students of the University belonging to the New York State Club met in the Columbian room on last Wednesday evening. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, after which the future policy of the club was discussed. Much pleasure was caused by the presence of Professor Reynolds, who joined the society. The proposal to elect Father Olmscheidt, C. S. C., an honorary member was received with hearty acclamation. The club will hold its next monthly meeting on the third Saturday in January; when a full attendance of members is desirable. —William K. Gardiner, Sec.

—The students of St. Joseph's Hall tendered the Very Reverend President Morrissey a very pleasing reception on the evening of December 5. Brother Florian had the hall tastefully decorated for the occasion. Besides the Very Reverend President, there were present: Fathers French, Regan, Fitte, Crumley, Cavanaugh, Gallagher, Kirsch, O'Sawald, Hennessy, O'Reilly, the director of studies of St. Joseph's Hall, Father Tillman; Professors Petersen, Reynolds, Kegler, Cornell and Dukette. The University orchestra, under Professor Petersen, furnished a choice selection of well-rendered music. Mr. Toner delivered the address of welcome and admirably voiced the sentiment of the students of the hall. An entertainment followed which was made exceedingly enjoyable by the skill and ability of those who took part.

- At the close of the festivities, Father Morrissey made a few remarks in which he complimented those who had contributed to the evening's entertainment. He hoped that the present students of St. Joseph's Hall would live up to the best records of their predecessors, both in conduct and class work, and that they would always prove themselves worthy and devoted sons of Notre Dame.