Winter

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

LIST to the sleigh bells so merrily ringing—
Ringing because of the fall of the snow;
Hark to the hymns of the passers-by singing—
Singing with jubilant hearts as they go.

Winter! O happy time,
Season indeed sublime,
Sending to earth from the blue skies above
Crystals of snow so bright,
Purer than lilies white.
Swelling all hearts with emotions of love.

Watch how the breezes make sport while they're drifting—
Drifting the snowflakes wherever they please;
See how the children take pleasure in shifting—
Shifting the scene to a snow man at ease.
Filled with good measure
Of joy and of pleasure,
Teeming with gladness are winter's bright days;
Trust me, my hearties,
You'll find there're no parties
Comparing with those that you go to in sleighs.

Orators and their Opportunities.

JOHN B. KANALEY, '09.

In the study of the celebrated orations and orators of the past, the thought must inevitably occur to the student that the orator is, to a large extent, the "child of circumstances," a product of peculiar, social, political, or industrial conditions. Especially is this true of the forensic orator whose sphere of endeavor is confined to the study and exposition of law in the court-room. However, it is needless to remark that circumstances alone can not produce the orator, but they constitute a sort of outward force calling forth and directing those talents and gifts with which the true orator is endowed; gifts which otherwise might have remained dormant, or which at least would not have gained such development as to leave their impress on the thought and actions of future generations. The truth of this observation is supported by a glance at the careers of many of the great orators, where the fact is strikingly brought out that their fame and renown usually rests upon a remarkable speech, or series of speeches, delivered in time of national peril, of social depression, or of industrial distress. Examples of two of the most brilliant orators yet produced by any country may serve to emphasize this point more forcibly.

The name of Demosthenes, whom Cicero declared to be absolutely perfect and deficient in no particular, was rendered imperishable by his eloquent and powerful invectives against Philip, and by his own public defense called "De Corona." It is chiefly by these that Demosthenes is remembered, and both paragons of eloquence were the outcome of the political circumstances of his time. Philip of Macedon was extending his rule on all sides, and when his influence began to be felt at Athens, Demosthenes, ever watchful for the safety and welfare of the state, felt that it was time to repel the encroachments of the foreign invader. A new faction favorable to Philip, known as the Macedonian party, had become a powerful factor in Athenian politics, and the eloquence and influence of Demosthenes was the one force needed to
his orations against Catiline add the brightest lustre to his fame. Like Demosthenes' speeches against the encroachments of Philip, Cicero's grandest eloquence was brought forth by the exigencies of the time. It was not a foreign foe whom he was called upon to oppose; but the insidious plottings and conspiracies of Catiline evoked his noblest efforts. He was battling against the most vicious elements of the Roman State, not by arms but by his marvelous powers of eloquence; and the men who plotted the downfall of the state, the wholesale murder of its leaders, and the partition of the royal power, heard their plans laid bare and frustrated in the senate with an eloquence which only the inspiration of a noble cause could have produced.

Cicero's speeches in the courts were also models of literary composition and finished delivery, but these become dwarfed when compared with that masterful eloquence which suppressed a conspiracy that, according to Cicero, differed from all preceding ones in its deadly character and in the fact that it had been put down without bloodshed. The most glorious part of Cicero's public life was that dealing with the detection and suppression of such a widespread conspiracy, and his orations at that time remain as the most splendid monuments of his eloquence.

In reviewing the careers of these two most illustrious orators of antiquity, and perhaps of all time, we find ample justification for the declaration that the orator is, in a large measure, a product of the time in which he lives and of the various conditions peculiar to that time. Demosthenes' noblest eloquence was directed against the intrigues of a foreign invader, while Cicero's opportunity came when Catiline plotted the destruction of the state and the murder of its foremost leaders. They may have written other orations reflecting a high degree of oratorical skill, but nevertheless their name and fame are most securely perpetuated by that eloquence which the needs and circumstances of the time made possible. In fact, it may be said, not only of Demosthenes and Cicero but also of the greatest orators of succeeding centuries, that their highest and noblest efforts are attributable to the "inspiration imparted by the circumstances of the hour."
Varsity Verse.

THE BELL.

The silence of the early morn
Is broken by the bell;
And many weary, sleepy heads
Peel ready to rebel.

How short a minute seems to be;
Oh my! and yet what joy
That little minute seems to give
To every college boy.

Of all the enemies we have,
Of all that we hear tell,
From morn till night, from eve till dawn,
The worst one is that bell.

But what on earth are we to do!
We know we must arise;
We'd like to say a lot of things,
But only rub our eyes.

P. J. HAGGERTY, '10.

FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.

Broke, broke, broke,
On the top of my poor bald head,
Were four and twenty china plates
Before I got wise and fled.

The cause of the racket was this:
My wife has a failing for rice;
For supper she serves it on toast,
For breakfast she serves it on ice.

When I got courage and said,
"If this keeps on, I must die,"
She answered as I have described,
Just to keep me from telling a lie.

C. J. MARSHALL, '11.

SPARKS.

In an auto two very young lovers
Were hid far beneath the thick covers,
But the spark plug blew out
In their new run about,
And the lovers turned out to be "shovers."

C. S. PICK, '11.

PARSIMONY.

There once was a miser name Wyett
Who hoarded his dough on the quiet.
One day, about noon,
He died; this old loon,
And thus saved his next dinner by it.

F. J. DILLON, '09.

THE TWINS AGAIN.

Those twins you girls married down there in Arkansas,
Weren't nearly so puzzling to you at your dances,
"As to us was that verse
With its wit so blame terse
And its rhyming with which you were taking long chances."

V. A. PARISH, '09.

GETTING ON.

A country merchant much perplexed
Because a catalogue
Contained a very puzzling text
That set his wits agog,
Remarked unto his wife: "Why, here
Is something I .would like made clear.
"I know, of course, of sugar sanded,
And butter that is lard;
And I've had patrons who were handed
A twenty-eight inch yard;
But here is one that's surely new,—
I guess I'll have to get on too.

"Yes, watered stocks I wot of well,
And frauds of such an ilk;
But bless me! if I've e'er heard tell
Before of watered silk:
Before the market takes a fit,
I'll buy some silk and water it."

F. T. MAHER, '08.

THE TALE OF AN AUTO FIEND.

He was no molly coddle weak;
He lit a match to find the leak.
That duly o'er
He left this shore
And started skyward in a streak.

R. T. COFFEY, '10.

VERY COMPLIMENTARY.

There was a young lady named Snoozer,
Who complained that her Jim was a boozer;
Jim vainly assayed
His wife to persuade
That she was a lalapaloozer.

F. A. ZINK, '08.

ON A COLD DAY.

There was a young lady named PhiIIy,
Who went for a sleigh-ride with Billy;
The horse ran away
And upset the sleigh.

P. M. GASSENSCHMIT, '11.

GLORIOUS SCHOOL DAYS.

A youth was once sent to St. Ruys,
A school where the students St. Guys,
But are always at play.
Said the youth, "Here I'll stay,
For I reckon my parents St. Ruys!"

GEORGE J. FENNIGAN, '10.

EXPENSIVE COOKING.

Miss Brown gave some gold-filled soup one day
To her boarder, Mr. Harrats;
When he asked what she used to make it that way,
She replied softly, "fourteen carats."

W. A. CAREY, '10.
His Sister's Friend.

JESSE H. ROTH, '10.

Jack Brighton, the Varsity half-back, after disposing of his suit-case and hat, seated himself with a sigh of relief in a West-bound sleeper. Impatiently he waited for the train to start, glancing occasionally at the faces of those entering the car, hoping that he might see some one whom he would recognize. He was partially rewarded in this, for a young lady took a seat across the aisle at whom he glanced several times trying to remember where he had seen her before.

At last the train began to move, and Jack gave his attention to the passing buildings whose tall roofs and towers were bathed in the last rays of the rapidly sinking sun. It was dark long before they had left the last straggling houses behind, and Jack was forced to withdraw his face from the black pane to a study of the interior of the car. He picked up a novel and read the first chapter, but soon laid it down with a shudder. Books, books, books—that's about all he had seen for the last ten months. How he was beginning to hate the sight of them. All the interesting things always happen in books, but never if ever in actual life. Why couldn't something exciting really happen in which he might take an active part, in which he would be a hero? How he would enjoy a real adventure. With these desires still in mind he drew a letter from his pocket. It was from his sister.

"So her college chum is coming," he mused "and she wants me to be sure to be home to meet her, for she is such a dear girl. O she is, indeed, very kind, and I guess I'll do as she says."

Thrusting the letter half savagely into the novel, he glanced across at the fair stranger whom he had almost forgotten.

"I don't know why her face looks so familiar," he said to himself, "I'm sure that I have never met her."

The young lady was tall and very fair. Her deep blue eyes seemed to be very fountains of life. Occasionally she raised her white hands to gather in a truant tendril of golden hair that would persist in straying across the delicate pink cheek. She was reading a novel. Beside her sat a child of ten or twelve, whom she addressed as sister, who devoted most of her time in playing with a teddy bear.

"Well, she beats me," muttered Jack, as the blue eyes wandered from the book and back again, evidently seeing all, but never for the smallest part of a second did she honor him with a glance. In vain did he rack his brain trying to form a plan that would draw a slight smile from her. An hour passed, but still she continued to read and the child to talk to her teddy bear.

The porter passed through the car. A smile played around Jack's mouth as he stopped the officious-looking negro.

"Say, will you make up my berth?" asked Jack.

"Yas, sah," replied the dusky individual, "but I'se afwaid you'll have to find another seat foh a shot time."

Picking up his novel he looked in vain for a seat, but at last moved across the aisle to the one vacant facing the lady and the child.

"I most sincerely beg your pardon," he stammered, "may I sit here while my berth is being made up?"

She blushed slightly as she nodded and gathered her skirts closer to make room for the big fellow. But again she buried her thoughts in the novel. The child stared at the stranger and so far forgot her teddy bear that it dropped to the floor. Jack picked it up, but in so doing squeezed it and it emitted a slight cry.

"It speaks," he said, which solicited a laugh from the child and the tiniest of smiles from the other. Being slightly encouraged he started up a conversation with the child, which soon, to Jack's infinite delight, drew her sister's attention from the novel, and Jack saw the promise of a very enjoyable evening.

After a few moments they were talking as freely as if they had been friends for years. Never for the smallest instant did she allow the conversation to take a serious turn. Several times he was on the point of asking her if he had ever met her before, and why her face seemed so familiar, but
each time she switched the conversation off on some new topic.

How rapidly the time flew, and almost before Jack was aware she was bidding him good night.

That night he dreamed that a pair of blue eyes were watching him as he circled end again and again for long gains; and, yes, he could almost hear her voice ring out as clear as a bell.

“We’s almost to da station, sah,” called the porter as he thrust his woolly head inside the curtain.

Jack awoke with a start, but lay for almost a minute staring at the ceiling. Soon the motion of the car brought to mind the affairs of the evening before.

“By jumping Jerusalem!” he exclaimed “I was to meet her at six this morning.” He pulled back the curtain and looked out at the passing buildings. “It must be real late,” he concluded.

In less than fifteen minutes he had made himself presentable. But already they were entering the long smoky station. Before he had time to speak to his acquaintance of the evening before, he was jostled out on the track and up the stairs to the waiting-room by the crowd.

Two days later Jack was seated in his room at the hotel wondering how he would meet the lady with the bewitchingly blue eyes. Would he go to his sister’s party? O hang the party! He would rather meet again his acquaintance of a few evenings before than go to a dozen parties. Presently the door opened and a telegram was handed to him.

“Miss Grey arrived last night. She found your novel with my letter in it. Come at once. NELLIE.”

“Any answah, sah?” “No,” yelled Jack, as he tossed a coin at the astonished boy.

Two hours later Jack was speeding toward home.

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Kind Words.

A SWAYING fan will start a dying fire, And bring to life a blaze from one, small spark; So, too, a few kind words may well inspire With cheerfulness poor souls now in the dark. JOHN A. DEVERS, ’11.
we ourselves grow older and at last vanish into the great silence.

Anything, therefore, that lifts us out of the common rut and gives our ideas a new impetus, deserves to be appreciated and praised not only for its own intrinsic worth but also for the beauty it may inspire the minds of others to conceive and bear, thus perpetuating in their creations a loveliness which otherwise might be allowed to sink into the oblivion from which it came until some other master-hand should recall it to display its imperishable fairness to eyes that then would wonder how such a work could have been forgotten, even as we stand amazed and awed before a statue rescued from the shrouding earth where it lay covered by the dust of centuries.

For some people the "land of heart's desire" is situated in the realms of Grecian fable, an Arcadia where gods and goddesses, nymphs and satyrs mix in a delicious, bewildering confusion. They dream of an Elysium all the more desirable because of the golden haze with which Time, the most magical of enchanters, has enveloped it. For these the white glory of a Grecian temple is a surpassing wonder that conjures up all that the mighty past has power to suggest. Enthralled in a world whose last living vestige perished ages ago, they prostrate themselves in a kind of mental adoration before the deities that the intervening years have idealized, and deem themselves happy to revive within themselves, if only for a brief space, its glories as they view them through the heated, shimmering mirage of their imagination. Of these was Keats. On the other hand there are some who delight to delve into the folklore of nations, existing at the present time, to warm themselves at a fire glowing not only with the light of immemorial tradition but also kindled into a living radiance by the present faith of those who firmly believe the tales they relate. Of these is William Butler Yeats.

His poetry is pre-eminently Keltic; it is filled with mystic glamour which seems full of tears but is not sombre. On the contrary, it is radiant with light and color like a summer landscape after a rain-storm just before sunset. But, nevertheless, the reader feels that melancholy is never far distant. It lurks beneath the gayest nature; it peeps from behind the mask of love. Still it is filled with joy, the joy that riots deliriously over the grave of forgotten things to which all must come at last.

This racial trait, so clearly manifest in modern Irish poets, of brooding over the nothingness of things and their fast approaching and uncertain end, is none the less curious when we remember the man who claimed to have found the harp of Erin, lying discarded and useless until he came and retuned the long-silent strings.

How different are Moore's "Odes of Anacreon" and "Lallah Rookh," with their simpering sentiment and tawdry ornamentation, from Yeats' "Wind among the Reeds," and the "Wanderings of Oisin" with their rich, delicate coloring, filled with that pervading pensiveness that is so truly the spirit of the Kelt. The real reason for the difference lies in the fact that Moore, in spite of his Irish name, was by instinct and environment an Englishman, while Yeats, Saxon name to the contrary notwithstanding, is Irish. It requires, therefore, something more than the accidents of birth and name to make a Keltic poet. There enters as a supremely necessary ingredient the Keltic soul. This Yeats has. It informs every line of his poetry and differentiates him sharply from his contemporaries, writing in the same language on the other side of St. George's Channel. And nowhere in his work are these qualities shown more unmistakably than in the "Land of Heart's Desire." It runs all through the poem, frequently deepening into what, for lack of a better name and without intending anything derogatory to the rest of the play, I shall use a hackneyed expression, and call the "purple patches" of lyricism.

The scene is laid in the kitchen of a prosperous peasant in Sligo, on the eve of May day at the end of the 18th century. The characters are Maureen Bruin, his wife Bridget, their son Shaun, his lately married wife Maire (pronounced Maurya), and the parish priest, Father Hart. Bridget scolds Maire for reading a yellow manuscript instead of doing the household tasks. Maire is reading:

How a princess Adene,
A daughter of a king of Ireland, heard
A voice singing on a May Eve like this,
And followed, half awake and half asleep,
Until she came into the land of faery
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue;
And she is still there, busied with a dance,
Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood,
Or where stars walk upon a mountain top.

The priest, at Maurteen's request, tells
her to put the book away and not to fill
her mind with such idle fancies but to seek
her joys in the duties of every-day life,
saying:

For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours
Until old age brings the red flare again.

Her husband defends her, and finally
tells Maire to throw primroses outside
the house-door to propitiate the "good
people." She does so, but the "wind cries
and hurries them away." Then Maire gives
milk and fire to the "good people," thus
giving them power over the occupants of
the house for a year. Hereupon Bridget
scolds her furiously, and in anger Maire
cries:

Come, faeries, take me out of this dull house;
Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!
Faeries, come, take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame!

Shortly after this a pretty child dressed
in a red cap and green jacket comes into
the house. She is so sweet and graceful
that even the vixen Bridget is softened and
becomes amiable. She drinks a little milk
and eats some bread and honey, and by
her "wild, pretty prattle" persuades the
priest to remove the crucifix from the room
as it scares her. Father Hart says, as he
complies:

Because you are so young and little a child
I will go take it down.

The Child. Hide it away,
And cover it out of sight and out of mind.
Father Hart (to the others)
We must be tender with all budding things.
Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
Trouble the morning stars in their first song.

The child dances "swaying like the reeds."
They question her as to who she is, and at
last her answers reveal she is one of the
fairy people. As they shrink from her in
terror the child takes primroses from the
great bowl on the table and strews them
between her and the priest and about
Maire, saying:

No one whose heart is heavy with human tears
Can cross these little cressets of the wood.

Father Hart, realizing Maire's danger,
thus exhorts her:

Be not afraid, the Father is with us
And all the nine angelic hierarchies,
The Holy Martyrs and the Innocents,
The adoring Magi in their coats of mail,
And He who died and rose on the third day,
And Mary with her seven-times wounded heart.

Cry, daughter, to the angels and the saints.
The Child.
You shall go with me, newly married bride,
And gaze upon a merrier multitude:
White-armed Nuala and Angus of the birds,
And Fenera of the hurting foam and him
Who is the ruler of the Western host.
Finvarra and their Land of Heart's Desire,
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, time an endless song.
I kiss you and the world begins to fade.

In the end the allurements of the "good
people" prevail, and here is the end of the
play.

Maire Bruin. I will go with you
Father Hart. She is lost, alas!
The Child. (Standing by the door.)
But clinging mortal hope must fall from you,
For we who ride the winds, run on the waves,
And dance upon the mountains, are more light
Than dewdrops on the banners of the dawn.

Maire Bruin. O take me with you.

Shaun Bruin goes over to her saying,
Beloved do not leave me!
Remember when I met you at the well
And took your hand in mine and spoke of love.

Maire. Dear face! dear voice!

The Child. Come newly married bride
Maire. I always loved her world—and yet and yet—

The Child.
White bird, white bird, come with me, little bird.
Maire. She calls to me.

The Child. Come with me, little bird!
Maire. I can hear songs and dancing.

Shaun Bruin. Stay with me!

Maire. I think that I would stay—and yet—and yet—

The Child.
Come, little bird, with crest of gold!
Maire Bruin. (Very softly.) And yet—

The Child.
Come, little bird, with silver feet.
(Maire dies and the child goes.)

Shaun Bruin. She's dead!

(A voice sings in triumph outside.)
The wind blows out of the gates of the day;
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
The lonely of heart is withered away
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolanej' say;
When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung.
The lonely of heart is withered away.

Thus the little play ends with a lyric that is almost a sob; it is certainly an epitome of Mr. Yeats' yearning for the unseen. The whole play, in fact, may be considered a series of lyrics in blank verse. There is no character sketching, no psychological dialogue, but through it runs a sentiment whose comprehension is an exquisite pleasure that gives an insight into and a sympathy with the spirit of Irish folklore unattainable in any other way.

The little play however, must be read to be fully appreciated. No extracts can do justice to it as a whole, or do more than convey a faint idea of the tinkling melody of the limpid stream of its verse. Speaking of verse, however, it may not be amiss to call attention, without detracting from the general effect of the whole, to the use of trochees in the second foot, e. g.,

O you are the great door-post of this house,
A voice singing on a May Eve like this.

On an unsuspicious reader, sailing along smoothly on the calm stream of the verse, to run against a failing of this kind produces a most unpleasant effect. It is much like running a-ground in mid-stream and capsizing in the deep, cold water, in which, however enticing it looks from the comfortable safety of the deck, no one in his right senses cares to take an unexpected bath. Such faults as the line above quoted are fortunately few, but none the less blame-worthy because of the high standard we are accustomed to see Mr. Yeats follow.

In after Years.

JAMES KEOE, '11.

Five years had passed since Frank Rosen­thal left college. Prosperous years they had been to him, and now he intended to marry the sweetest girl in New York. But on this, the eve of his marriage, he could not say that he was happy. Strange forebodings possessed him, and he would become startled and nervous when even his friends addressed him. He was haunted by the face of a college companion from whom he had separated in anger and against whom he had sworn to be revenged. Why should this trouble him now? He became angry with himself, and determined to take a walk in order to shake off the thought. Once outside, Frank turned his face toward the club, but had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by a young lady:

"Sir," she began, but before she could proceed further something heavy struck him and he fell to the ground unconscious. The next thing he remembered was the fact that he was sitting at a desk in a well-furnished office, but far different from his own cozy little quarters. Where he was, or how he came there, he did not know. His astonishment was increased by the entrance of a well-dressed young man.

"Well, Frank, I've succeeded," he began briskly. Frank became more and more perplexed. Who was this young man who addressed him so familiarly?

"Surprised, eh? didn't expect it?" continued the unknown, "the case is to be tried a week from to-morrow and you must act as defendant; the name, Frank Caldwell and Co. has become quite popular since we formed partnership two years ago. I'll go to lunch now, but will be back early to assist you. Good morning."

Alone in the office Frank sat as one mystified. Who was that man? What did all this mean? Suddenly rousing himself, he began to search the desk before him. As he did so his eyes fell upon a morning paper and he uttered a cry of surprise. It was
dated San Francisco, April 19, 1892, and he was to have been married September 12, 1887. How did he come to San Francisco? He determined to solve the mystery. Opening a small drawer, he found several newspaper clippings, one of which startled him even more; it read:

"Sept. 12, 1887.—The sudden disappearance of Mr. Frank Rosenthal, a prominent New York lawyer, has aroused much comment. He was to have been married this morning. As yet no clue has been found of his whereabouts."

His astonishment deepened into mystification. What could all this mean? At that moment a messenger entered bearing a letter addressed to "Mr. Frank Caldwell," under which was written in small letters, "F. Rosenthal." Tearing it open he read:

"Sir, in heaven's name come at once; I'm dying. Tom Breakwell."

Without pausing to think, he donned his coat and hat and followed the messenger. He was led to a poor hotel where in a back room he found the author of the message seemingly at death's door.

"Frank!" gasped the dying man.

"Tom Breakwell! what has happened?" cried Frank, forgetting both his old enmity and his present troubles.

"Frank, I have a confession to make before I die; it is about you."

"If it is about that little affair at college, forget it Tom," replied the visitor, recalling their last meeting.

"But it's not about that."

"Let's hear it then, though I know it is nothing."

"It was I that stopped your wedding."

Frank started as one shot; his eyes burned, his face paled and became rigid. In an instant a memory of that sweet face returned to him. Controlling the rising impulses, he addressed the man who had destroyed his happiness:

"Sir, what do you mean?"

A sinister gleam came into the invalid's eyes as he replied:

"Revenge is sweet." Then springing from the bed, he faced his old friend with a knife in his up-raised hand. "But it is not yet finished." A fierce struggle followed. Frank fought bravely, but was slowly forced to the ground. The enemy stood over him; in his eyes was a curious light. Frank shuddered; he was in the power of a madman. The awful eyes came nearer; his breath burned at his victim's face.

"She is my sister," he hissed; my father disowned me, but she is my sister. You shall not marry her; I shall kill you first—"

What else was said Frank could not remember, he had fainted away.

When he returned to consciousness he was in a very neat room, and she was bending over him.

"O Frank, do you know me?" she cried.

He tried to speak but could not. She read the answer in his eyes.

When he was strong again she told him all. Tom Breakwell was her brother, but had been disowned by his father after receiving sufficient money to finish his education. Two days previous to the tragedy he had been freed from the insane house where he had been in custody for three years, having lost his mind shortly after leaving school.

At that time his father and sister were in San Francisco on business. He followed them. On the fatal morning his father had seen him enter the hotel. Concealing himself in a closet he had heard all that had transpired between the two men. Seeing that his son was in the act of killing Frank, and noting the gleam of madness in his eyes, he fired on his own son, but not in time to prevent the knife from entering Frank's breast. The wounded man was taken to the room where he was tenderly nursed back to life. The morning paper dated November 18, contained the following account:

"Mr. Frank Rosenthal, the prominent New York lawyer, whose disappearance five years ago, caused much excitement, was married this morning to Miss Grace Kelton, daughter of the wealthy New York Banker."

Frank never learned what became of the five years.

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To L F.

YOU may praise to the skies Aphrodite,
The fair goddesses, queens of the ball;
But for my part, I'd rather praise Lytie,
Who in beauty surpasses them all.

J. McD. Fox, '09.
Within the course of a week we will be in a position to judge of the strength of our debating teams for the present season. This year in particular the preliminaries will be watched with more than ordinary interest, for the reason that we must develop an entirely new group of debaters. The results will depend largely upon the amount of preparation. No one can be a successful debater if his argument is in any way superficial; he must understand the subject thoroughly and speak his convictions.

The Preliminary Debates.

—It is when college closes and the student returns to his home in the small town or is thrown with his circle of friends in the city, that he feels a lack of sympathy or distantness toward these former friends. We ask ourselves why this is so? The student comes to college, falls into his surroundings naturally and thinks as those about him. He is a witness at all the athletic meets, knows pretty well the leading men of his institution, takes a hasty glance at the sporting sheet, and when he goes home is full of college talk. His topics at the table or when talking to professors outside the class-room are invariably of happenings pertaining to the University. He is not up on the vital questions of the day (leaves that to the upper classmen), knows little concerning the current happenings of the outside world. The only remedy for this limitation of one’s mind is: “Read more.” The student ought to be alive to all timely topics. His reading should be such as to insure access to these topics. It should pertain more to the world’s work. And the way to do this is to read newspapers and good magazines,—above all, the editorials and the columns giving the gist of the news. Most of these can be found on the library tables, but those who need them most read them the least. Let him form a habit of informing himself in regard to current topics every day. Habit is a good thing when good things result from it. Let him read solid articles in solid magazines at rec-time after meals, and this will aid as much in developing your faculty as a systematically laid out course of novel reading. Then when this student returns to his home he can discuss questions of interest to his father and friends, and not bore them with too much college talk.

—The eightieth birthday of George Meredith, which is soon (Feb. 12) to be celebrated with all the splendor worthy of such a world-renown littérateur, should strike a sympathetic cord in the breast of every true lover of all that is highest in poetry and prose. Novelist, poet, critic, he stands at the forefront of his profession—worshipped alike by ardent admirers in England and America. No one who has read the exquisitely delicate lines in “Lucile” can fail to understand the warmth and glow of the poet’s soul. His “Treatise on Comedy” has placed his reputation as an essayist forever beyond question. It is not as a poet or critic, however, but as a novelist that the name of Meredith is best known to the world. Of him a writer in Collier’s states that “it is a special distinction of his, that he alone among contemporary novelists has seemed to intelligent women to paint accurately
the less articulate sex.' Seldom have our great writers outlived the storm of criticism which met their work upon its first appearance. Few live to enjoy the years of repose after a well-earned literary career. Now that Providence has made an exception in the case of this distinguished artist, let all the English-speaking tongues unite in making this, his eightieth birthday, an occasion for expressions of gratitude and appreciation, and in this way render sweet and happy the closing hours of his generous life.

—If the reputation of being a bad loser is the kind of reputation that a college has any right to yearn for, let us by all means cultivate the spirit which was manifested at the basket ball game with Wabash. The Notre Dame rooters succeeded admirably in showing the characteristics of the bad loser,—hissing the decisions of the umpire was one of these characteristics. To argue that the decisions were faulty is to give an excuse for the score; but it is presumptuous to suppose that such a fact may be taken as a just excuse for hissing the referee. There is no example of college spirit more edifying, none more unequivocally admired by the stranger or by the friends of the institution of which he is a guest, none more praiseworthy in every respect, than the spirit which prompts the spectators at an inter-collegiate contest of any kind to show the visiting team all the courtesy which is shown by the well-bred family to its guests. That the good playing of our visiting team was applauded by several of the spectators means that Wabash had friends and followers in the gallery, and that some of those who hoped to see Notre Dame win were willing to be classed as good losers. But there were some bad losers in the gallery, and it would behoove them to hang their heads in shame. No representative team of the University should deem it a source of encouragement or a mark of respect to receive the cheers of the bad loser. The bad loser belongs in the small college, and nowhere else. We do not regard it a compliment to meet him or come into contact with him at any time or in any place.

—The value of specialization in some particular branch of study can not be overestimated. The age of generalization in matters of education is passed, and we are now entering an era where a master of any study must make that study a life work. The days of college training and college specialization are at hand. The genius is no longer born with a crown of success on his head, but he too is now forced to the simple drudgery of perfection, wherein is attained success. The field of science in itself opens unlimited opportunities to the worthy young man for specialization. The age of electricity through which we are passing, by developing the mines for the copper and harnessing the rivers for power, is opening new lines of work for the industrious specialist. On the eve of financial legislation in Congress, the loss of a master of finance is noticed. Many and diverse methods of solving monetary problems have been proposed, yet there is lacking the stamp of a master-hand. For several centuries this problem has been constantly recurring and yet it still remains unsolved. With our intricate banking and trust systems there is ever a position ready for a capable man with a thorough knowledge of finance. The height of success is unlimited. Many of the colleges have established separate courses in finance. The value of specialists in this line of work was never more felt than it is to-day.

—"He who reads with discernment and choice," says Pope, "will acquire less learning but more knowledge." Next to acquiring habits of study, which is the first thing to be aimed at by the student at college, should be the cultivation of a taste for good literature. Literary taste, like habits of study, is not ours by nature; it must be acquired. The student should develop a fondness for those authors whose works have withstood the test of time and have received the sanction of the ablest critics. In an age in which "to the making of books there is no end," it is very essential that our choice of authors be most select, if we would read to any purpose. It is only the best reading that
tends to growth of character and intellectual development. Some writer has well remarked that “after we have grown accustomed to fare on wholesome food we are not apt to feed on husks and swallow swill.” A large part of the literature of the hour is scarcely to be dignified by the name literature, and is only as so much foam upon the current of time. It was a rule of Emerson never to read a book that was not a year old and to read none but famed books. The student who goes out from his college incapable of appreciating the masters of literary thought and expression must lose the highest enjoyment that life can give.

—Many people seem to believe that the Indian problem was solved long ago, but this idea is entirely wrong. The problem is getting more complicated every day, as the fund for Indian support becomes smaller. One phase of the question is, what are we to do with the Indians after this fund has been depleted? It is absolutely foolish to think of giving the Indians their freedom and making them earn their own living, because the nature and characteristics of a race can not be changed in a year, nor even in a century, and the Indian’s way of living is so far different from our way that it would be impossible for him to adapt himself to present conditions. If the Indians were, under the present conditions, compelled to subsist by their own exertions they would either starve or live by thievery, because they do not know how to work, as they never have worked, and would not work even if they did know how.

We have thus far, in a way, taken care of the Indians; but our manner of doing this has brought them to a condition of such great a reliance upon us that it is now absolutely impossible to discontinue our aid and protection without, in fact, destroying the race. This problem of dealing with the Indians must be solved, and to be consistent with our progress in other lines it should be solved in a manner not detrimental to the Indians, and our best efforts should be given to make the condition of the Indian better than it is, and to make life for him worth living.

Words of Appreciation.

The Earlhamite for January 25th bestows upon us the following words of appreciation:—“The editorials of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC are better than those of any other exchange we receive. They seldom deal directly with the college, but all are on subjects which should be brought to the attention of every student of any college and yet ones about which he will think very little unless his attention is called to them in some such way as this.”

The January number of the High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass., expresses its view in these words: “We can not say too much in praise of the Christmas number of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. The stories are bright and vivid, and full of life and movement. It is one of the finest exchanges which our school has ever received. We place it almost on the same level as the leading magazines of the day.”

There are, of course, many other comments of this kind which might be quoted; in fact, it would be easy to gather the usual bouquet of compliments, but it would be difficult to find anything more acceptable than that which is taken from the pages of the two exchanges above mentioned. The training of the editorial writer is quite practical at Notre Dame, and we are not offended that this fact is so generously recognized. We have read numerous friendly criticisms of our verse, and have been pleased to observe that many contributions of the kind have been reprinted in our exchanges.

Entertainment, by a Ventriloquist.

As a variation in the program of serious and high-grade numbers in the lecture and concert program, the services of a ventriloquist were obtained last Saturday evening for the benefit of the younger students. During the course of an hour the lecturer entertained his audience with humorous stories, sketches, and characterizations, with illustrations of ventriloquism and various forms of mimicry produced by the voice without the aid of mechanical devices, also imitations of the singing of the canary bird.
Athletic Notes.

WABASH, 28; NOTRE DAME, 18.

In the first game for the Indiana championship, Wabash defeated the Varsity basketball team last Friday night, Jan. 24, by the score of 28 to 18. The game was the fastest basketball played here in many years. Wabash won because they had the better team and played a faster game; and in speaking of the game, Coach Maris pronounced the Wabash team one of the best teams he had ever seen.

In the first half the Varsity held the visitors to the close score of 9 to 7, but in the second period the Wabash men, being more accustomed to the dirt floor, took a good lead and got away with the game.

The contest was a fast affair from start to finish with Wabash always in the lead and Notre Dame always pushing them hard. The game was rough at times and both teams were guilty of many fouls, Wabash being the greater offender.

Wicks, left guard for the Little Giants, was the most brilliant performer of the evening, making several long hard throws for baskets. Sprow, who played centre for the visitors and who is also Varsity centre on the football team, played a great game, and his long reach several times enabled him to throw baskets.

Maloney, whose home is in Crawfordsville, and who has been playing such a great game for the Varsity, was compelled to be satisfied with three baskets. Wabash always in the lead and Notre Dame always pushing them hard. The game was rough at times and both teams were guilty of many fouls, Wabash being the greater offender.

Maloney, whose home is in Crawfordsville, and who has been playing such a great game for the Varsity, was compelled to be satisfied with three baskets. Maloney played with the Crawfordsville High School in former years and was well known to the Wabash men; he was so carefully guarded that he seldom had a chance to try for a basket, but whenever he did try he made one. Dubuc proved to be a "sure shot" on free throws, throwing five out of five.

The victory gives Wabash the best claim, to date, for the championship, and although the teams will meet again, the next time at Wabash, the chances will be in favor of the Crawfordsville men, as the game will be played in that place.

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On Wednesday night the Varsity defeated the Hartford City Athletic Club basketball team by the score of 32 to 14. The game was a wild exhibition and was rough on both sides. Had the Varsity shown the form they are capable of they should have won the game by about the score of 50 to 10. Indifferent work during the first half allowed the visitors to hold the score low in the first half, the period ending 11 to 5. In the second half, the Varsity got going, but only in streaks showed flashes of their real form. Wood proved to be the big basket thrower of the game, and Maloney and Dubuc also put up a star game. Trentman, a former Notre Dame student, starred for Hartford City.

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Preceding the Varsity game the second team defeated Brownson Hall by the score of 11 to 1. The game was a good fast exhibition, and both teams played a fast game. Heyl and Hogan put up a star game for the Seconds and Bolton did the fancy work for Brownson.

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On the same night that the Varsity played Wabash, the Seconds defeated the Elkhart Athletics by the large score of 47 to 2. The Second team simply ran away with the Elkhart team and outclassed them at every stage of the game. Heyl and Boyd put up
a star game and both men made several brilliant field goals.

On Friday morning the Varsity left for Lansing, Michigan, where they met the Michigan "Aggies" in two games, one that was played last night; the other is set for to-night. On Monday night they will clash with the fast Y. M. C. A. team of Detroit. Detroit's team is considered to be one of the fastest basket-ball teams in the country. Every man on the Varsity left in good shape for the games with the exception of Capt. Scanlon who is suffering from a bad ankle. Seven men were taken on the trip—Scanlon, Dubuc, Maloney, Burke, Wood, Boyle and Fish.

The baseball men and the track men are plodding away in the Gym. Nothing new has happened worth mentioning; no one has been injured or killed, and the dope writers are kept busy using their imagination to make news. "Fatty" Ryan appears to be the fastest man on the baseball squad in getting down to first base. Centliver is tearing the cover off the ball and slamming it all over the Gym. Daniels continues to be the man with the "pepper." Attley has speed to burn; "Frau" Munson and McKenna look good; but there is not any news.

Manager McGannon has not yet completed the schedule, but he has announced that Purdue, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and possibly Chicago, of. the conference colleges, will be on the schedule.

Track News: Doings on the track are just as lively as in the baseball squad, and there is just as much news. The latest report is that Indiana will be the first team to appear here in a dual meet, with Wisconsin, Purdue, and Wabash still on the list.

The Varsity Seconds will play Elkhart in Elkhart, to-night.

According to present indications it would seem that the coming inter-hall track meet will be closely contested.

Lecture by Guy Carlton Lee.

A week ago yesterday Dr. Guy Carlton Lee lectured before the students and faculty of the University on some significant aspects of the present social and industrial conditions. Dr. Lee is particularly familiar with things historical, and consequently indulged considerably in historical illustration of the truths which he wished to enunciate. In company with the speaker we walked the streets of Rome and spied, Jack-the-Peeper like, upon scenes of luxury and sin; then we heard of Uncle Eb and his balky mule; we took a look-in at Pittsburg, and tried to discover there a fac-simile of the city of the Caesars; then came another funny story, and after that our course was directed back to Rome. The characteristic features of the fall of Rome were taken as a suggestive lesson on the present development of our own country. Dr. Lee is an entertaining speaker, gifted with excellent elocutionary powers and trained in the ways of the popular lecturer, on account of which one might not readily see in him the deep thinker and scholarly historian which he is. He holds the office of lecturer in history at Johns Hopkins University.

Personals.

—Samuel O'Gorman, student '04 to '05, is now engaged in construction work with headquarters at Worcester, Mass.

—Mr. Bernard A. Gira, a student last year in Brownson Hall, expects to return to school in the early part of the month. Bernard has many friends at college who will give him the glad hand on his return.

—Mr. Anthony J. Brogan is the leading figure of the Cantiaque Development Co., with offices in the Metropolitan Building, at No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Fortune smiles kindly on Anthony, who always did have a way of making friends and keeping them.

—Among the few students that did not return after Christmas is Mr. John Coggeshall. John counted many friends and admirers at the University. He will be missed greatly by the Brownsonites, who
found his inimitable talks at their entertainment most enjoyable.

—Mr. Charles W. Murphy, a student in Brownson Hall for the past year and a half, has remained at home for medical treatment. Charlie has written to a number of his friends, saying he is growing impatient to return to school. It is the hope of all his friends that he may speedily recover and return to the University.

—The Hon. Timothy Ansberry, ’93, now a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., appears on the first page of a recent number of the Congressional Record with a speech on the Amendment of the Federal Penal laws. Congressman Ansberry is a graduate of our law school and a warm friend of the Dean of the school, Colonel William Höynes.

—Stephen A. Trentman, student from ’98–’03, was a guest of the University last Wednesday evening; he participated in the game of basket-ball as a member of the Hartford team, and played well his part, as may be judged from the account of the game as reported in another column. Steve is now engaged in the paper business for himself at Hartford City.

—Forrest B. Smithson, who was a member of our track team last year, is participating in indoor athletics in the East this season. He has given up his connection with Yale, and is located in New York City. Last Monday night he took part in the events conducted by the Pastime Athletic Club at Madison Square Garden, and was an easy winner in his specialty, the hurdles. It is supposed that he will take part in the contests that are to be held to-night in Boston.

—An Associated Press report, dated January 29, conveys the following information which will be of interest to the readers of the Scholastic:

Thomas Barry, coach of the Notre Dame University football team, has been appointed coach of the Wisconsin baseball and football teams by the regents of the University. Barry was chosen from a list of fifteen candidates upon the recommendation of President Van Hise and the department of physical training. Barry has been in Madison for six weeks with a local law firm, and will take immediate charge of the baseball squad. The contract under which he will work calls for him to devote half of his time to coaching the outdoor athletic teams at a salary of $1500 per year.

Obituary.

The tolling of the church bell yesterday morning announced the death of Brother Anthony, C. S. C., and marked the ending of a life of edifying devotedness to duty. For years he has come in contact with the students in the fulfillment of his duties, and will be long remembered by them for his quiet manner, his courteous behavior, and his manly character. May he rest in peace!

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At Wausau, Wis., occurred on the 24th of January the death of Mr. J. Forster, the step-father of Henry Weis, a student of Brownson Hall. Henry has the sympathy of the Faculty and students of the University and particularly of the department in which he is so generally known and beloved. R. I. P.

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Arthur Heinman, a student of Sorin Hall, has the sympathy of his fellow-students and the members of the Faculty of the University on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. F Schlimgen, who died at her home in Madison, Wis., on the 24th of January. R. I. P.

NOTICE.

On Monday, February the 3d, 1908, the following classes will begin: Mathematics A, B, C, D, E, and H, at the hours and in the rooms which they are now held. Science C (Botany), 8:15 to 9:00 a.m. in Science Hall. Science D (Zoology), 2:15 to 3:00 p.m. in Science Hall. Business English for Commercial students, 1:30 to 2:15 p.m. Astronomy for Juniors in Civil Engineering, 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. History IV (Colonial History), 9:00 to 9:45 a.m. Political Science III (Money, Credit and Banking) 5:30–6:30 p.m. All students in Science B (Physiology) will report for Science D. All students in Science A that receive a passing grade will likewise report for Science D: Some have been notified to report for Science C or D, or both. Others desiring to take these classes will see the Director of Studies.

Beginning with February the 4th, 1908, Analytic Geometry will be taught on Tuesdays and Fridays from 8:15 to 9:45 a.m.

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Candidates for degrees in June in any of the Colleges of the University, and candidates for Certificates specifying work done at the University would do well to see the Director of Studies without delay, to ascertain if there are any conditions that must be removed.
Local Items.

—On Wednesday evening the University was represented at the Fourth Annual Banquet of the South Bend Business Men’s Association in the person of Father Crumley who responded to a toast.

—A new and valuable painting has been added to the Notre Dame collection through the generosity of the artist by whom it was produced, T. Dart Walker. The subject is entitled “The Assyrians Saluting the Rising Sun.” The composition is thoroughly artistic in matter of conception, and gives a splendid exhibition of the artist’s technique, in spite of the fact that it is one of the earliest of his important paintings. It was done in Paris in the year 1891, and was exhibited in the famous Salon; it was also exhibited in London, where it was assigned the place of honor. The picture has been placed in the college parlor.

—On Thursday evening, January 23, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting. The program was very well rendered, and all present enjoyed themselves fully. The following numbers were given: “Maud Muller” by Charles Murray; “The Children’s Hour” by Wendell Phillips; “America” by Leo Schumacher; “Corn Song” by James Maloney; “To a Usurper” by James O’Flynn; “Christmas Treasures” by Richard Wilson. A debate “Resolved that gentlemen should refrain from the practice of giving tips to waiters,” was won by Messrs. Burdick, Clark and Dillon who upheld the affirmative side. Messrs. E. Lyons, G. Sands and E. Lynch supported the negative. The judges were chosen from the society.

—Carroll Hall has been assigned hours for the use of the large hall in the gymnasium for the purpose of developing teams in baseball and track. The training is directly under the charge of the Varsity coaches who have taken the work in hand and are displaying great interest in it; in this they are seconded by the active co-operation of the members of Carroll Hall. A large number of candidates are out for both teams. The hours set for practice are as follows: Every Thursday from 12:30 to 3:00, the time to be divided between Coaches Curtis and Maris; every Sunday from 12:30 to 2:00 for baseball, and every Monday evening for track work. The boys are further encouraged in their work by the assistance of Professor Shea and Messrs. Scales and Keach. The students of the other halls are requested to leave the gymnasium entirely to Carroll Hall during these appointed hours.

—Last Sunday afternoon the South Bend council of the Knights of Columbus initiated a large class into the mysteries of the order. Among the new members are several of the students of the University. In the evening there was a banquet at Place Hall where more than four hundred members of the order met after the exemplification of the degree work. The list of toasts to which response was made by the after-dinner speakers included the names of Father Quinlan and John B. Kanaley, the former speaking on the “Responsibility of Knighthood,” and the latter taking for his subject the “Knights of Notre Dame.” Other speeches were made by persons formerly connected with the University as students or as members of the faculty, Mr. Clarke being toastmaster, Hon. T. Howard speaking on “Precept and Practice,” Hon. J. Crowley discoursing on his beloved “Illinois,” and G. O’Brien responding to the toast “A South Bend Knight.” The new members are still talking about their experiences and the revelations of that memorable afternoon.

—The Civil Engineering Society held its regular meeting Saturday evening, Jan. 25, which was in many respects the most interesting since its organization. After the reading of papers treating of topics of great practical interest and value to the engineer a lively discussion by all the members followed. Wm. Gowrie read a paper on the magnetic needle, telling of its origin, its properties and usefulness. He dwelt particularly on that phase of the subject wherein the needle plays so prominent a part, as in land surveying and navigation. He showed that although the needle does not point in the direction of the meridian in many places on the earth’s surface, still the declination being easily determined the surveyor is enabled to follow pretty closely the north and south line. Leo J. Hamerski presented the subject of Irrigation and showed the great work that is being done in this department of Engineering. He explained how the topography of the country in many instances determined the methods of distribution, and pointed out some of the engineering problems and difficulties to be overcome in works of this character. Mr. Hamerski cited many cases of the beneficial results that come from this regular and assured supply of water converting an otherwise barren waste into fertile and productive fields. E. P. Escher discussed the topics “force and energy,” and explained the distinction as generally understood. He was called upon to answer many questions proposed by the members, and the clear and ready explanations he had to offer showed that he had a pretty fair understanding of his subject. The society will meet as usual to-night at eight o’clock.