

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•  
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## Winter's Overture.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

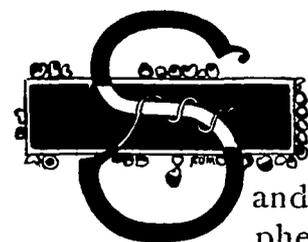
OVER the water the willows bend,  
Down in its depths their shadows send  
Tremulous lines of color, that blend  
In brilliant greens and gold.

The leaves of Autumn scattered lay  
On the quiet stream. And the closing day  
Lights up the scene with fires that play  
In the bending blue above.

The dusk of twilight gray and chill  
Falls on the earth. The heavens fill  
With worlds that swing in space, and still,  
Some doubt of God!

## Sunshine, Firelight and Moonbeams.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.



SCIENTISTS used to tell us that light is a form of molecular motion—the vibrations are sent from the source and transmitted by the atmosphere to the human eye. I believe that the vibrations go still further, and, coursing through our nerves, stir up the heart-strings to pulsate in unison with the vibrating waves of light.

Have you never noticed how quick the human soul is to respond to the lights cast upon it through its windows, how loudly the heart throbs sometimes when a flood of sunshine is let in, how slowly it often beats when clouds obscure the light of day? Light is necessary to our mental vision as well as to our physical, and I cannot but think that when all the world is dark and gloomy to us, because we cannot

see the light, we must lose also some of the deepest, tenderest pulsings of our hearts, for no bar of light comes filtering in to wake the silent strings. Homer may have been blind—although there is no certainty on the subject,—but if he was, surely he was not born in darkness. Doubtless he, too, like Milton, drank in floods of mellowed light and sunshine before his affliction fell upon him; and the harmonies which his soul then played were remembered, to be jotted down when darkness had stopped the sweet, poetic music. Surely no great poet, much less the father and greatest of them all, could sing so nobly of the brilliancy of deed, honor and constancy of mind, and the trueness and depth of love, unless he lived in spirit with his heroes, and did in soul the deeds which they performed. Poet, artist, dreamer, or Philistine, we are all swayed by the different lights that are cast upon us, and he who remains unchanged in varying lights and shadows has not his heart moved because there is none in his breast. Every man who has a heart, and not merely a vital organ for pumping blood, every man who is a man, and not merely a reasoning brute, feels his soul move unconsciously, responsive to the different lights which it reflects; every man has known, or else will know, the varied effects of sunshine, firelight and moonbeams.

### I.

Sunshine and shadow operate much more generally than any other kinds of light and darkness. They play, as it were, the homely tunes upon the strings of the delicate Æolian harp of human feelings, and as most men feel the quaint old airs of their childhood, or the pieces they have often heard and around which associations cluster, so most men are moved to joy and gladness by sunshine, to gloom and sorrow by shadow. Even the

unthinking animals, and those which are lowest in the scale of creation, seem to have their hearts gladdened by the bright day and depressed by the cloudy one. Horses go more gladly to their work, the dog bounds and leaps upon his way, the birds chirp sweetly as they flit from place to place, and the gnats and flies lift and fall merrily in the sunbeams. Indeed, sunshine is a synonym for joy, and a cloudy day means a sad one. Man, however, draws deeper draughts of pleasure from the brilliance of the sun. His heart is higher strung, and the melodies are sweeter and more deep. Youth, indeed, frolics in the sunshine almost as unthinkingly as the insects buzzing near; but the grown man does not draw merely a rollicking song of joy from surrounding brightness. Mingled with his pleasure is the chastening recollection of former sorrow, and these thoughts make his solemn joy more stable and lasting than the sudden, evanescent burst of youthful spirits.

But sunshine and shadow soon become familiar powers, and their force weakens with their constant use. Just as we become habituated to a drug and are able to imbibe constantly more and more, so do we take larger and stronger inhalations of sunshine and yet remain unmoved. True, there is always some little flutter of the heart; but custom has hardened us so that the flutter passes by unnoticed. It is the same with clouds and shadows. Only when our hearts are predisposed to mirth or sorrow do we feel the impelling power of brightness or of shade. Every joy is made more keen by sunshine; every grief is intensified by shadow.

Youth, however, is always beneath the sway of sunshine. Man is more than animal, but still is animal by nature, and before reason raises him above the brutes his feelings are moved as theirs are moved, spontaneously. How like to the swarm of gnats that flit in the golden sunbeams are the youths that gambol on the greensward when the day is fair! How quickly do children become gloomy when clouds drift across the sun; how quietly and subdued do they go home at sunset! To children all is bright and fair in the daytime, and all that is vile and mean occurs at night. They feel that in the brilliance of the sun all hearts must shrink as theirs from evil, and that none could be wicked with sunshine in his heart. The child's instinctive fear of darkness shows the power that light and shade have to move its soul. I never could agree with those parents who made their children go to bed alone amid

the gloomy shadows. My sympathy is always with children who sob themselves to sleep or else demand that a mother's hand shall clasp their own until they go to dream-land.

But there is a gentle blending of the lights and shadows, which makes a light powerful to stir the soul most hardened to either clouds or sunshine alone—it is the sunset or the gloaming. Somehow, in the subdued silence of twilight one feels an outpouring of the heart towards all nature, and our whole soul is suffused with tenderness and pathos. This is the time to seek an irate creditor or to sue for an obdurate maid. We think that their hearts must be softened as our own, and we have courage in ourselves. Then, too, we feel that the darkest stage of all is not yet upon us and that our future must have some rays of hope, as ruddy-hued as the brilliant streaks that gleam through the distant masses of piled-up clouds. Nature, too, is lying down to rest at sunset, so we also throw off our load of care, however grievous, forgetting for the while that life is a struggle where the weakest ever fall. We allow the mingled haze of mercy and of hope to paint less dark the faults of others and make brighter our own expectations. Never—if I wanted the *true* character of a man—would I ask a friend for it at sunset; even his worst foe would cast a kindly shadow over the roughest points under the mellowing influence of the witching hour; never would I judge a pleading with the red light of the sinking sun in the distance and the haze gathering thick around. Give me the daylight plain and simple, or, better still, the flashing light of electricity or of gas, if I wish to act the man of business with no soul save his purse.

Artificial lights, somehow, seem to produce an effect kindred to their nature, for they twist and distort the soul, and drive true nature from it. Men who live in the flare of gas-light or the sparkle of the incandescent globes are stunted in their intellectual growth; they have no deep springs of feeling. They may be like the lamps, brilliant and sparkling; but they are all on the surface, all glitter and sham, and when the snap of a button stops their feeble glow they are forgotten in the next flash from another chandelier. Yes, artificial light distorts our nature. Men who live in it are like flowers grown in the dark. Indeed, I believe that the reason merchants and bankers bar out the light of day and substitute the inventions of man's skill is because they have not yet lost all power to respond to sunshine or to shadow, and they

do not wish them to make men of money-making animals.

## II.

Yet there is one artificial light whose kindly glow leaves untarnished the beauties of our nature, and even causes floods of true sentiment to well up from depths hitherto unknown. It is the peaceful glow of firelight, whether shed by the crackling logs in the open fireplace, or by the ruddy coals in the modern grate. As we sit around the sparkling logs and watch the black smoke puffing up the chimney, our cares seem to join with the rising clouds, and, sailing up to the housetop, dissipate themselves and float away. The red glow of the fire, too, enters into our heart, and we see all things tinged by its kindly hues. We gaze into its depths, and picture there the idols of our dreams, and as we gaze, the images take clearer shape and form, and it seems that all we have to do is to grasp them in the blaze.

Who has not seen pictures in the fire from the time when he was a youth lying upon the hearth-rug gazing, with head propped upon his hands, into the fiery bed? Who does not see such visions still, when, seated in a cozy arm-chair, with eyes half closed, he looks into the fire to read the rosy future? I think the man who cannot watch and interpret the mystic tracings of the flames is greatly to be pitied, for he has lost the power of youth and the sweet sensibility of the heart.

Firelight is an added charm to the glories of the gloaming; it is a still fairer, fonder time for lovers and for love. When I sit and draw my pictures in the coals, I always think how sweet it will be some time to have some other by my side to trace out pictures for herself and interweave them with mine. And I go still further in my dream and see woven in with the curling tongues of flame two people still reading pictures in the fire. But their hair is silvery now, and the pictures which they see bring before their eyes a blur which is not the effect of too much light. Silently their hands seek each other, and in the companionship of that clasp the tears drop unheeded from their eyes, and the ruddy firelight once more casts a gleam of hope over all.

Strange as it may seem, I can never picture a crusty, crabbed old bachelor seated before the fire, thinking of the sorrows of his youth and consoling himself for having loved and lost. Sometimes, however, I see a single picture by the hearth of this future fire—an old man stretching forth his feeble hands to the wel-

come heat—a man who, having lived through life in peace and calm, looks back over the past, and calls up the chastened joys of a life well spent. But this picture comes but rarely, for the old man is usually amidst a merry group of laughing children, or else side by side with the trusted partner of his long career.

I believe that firelight, somehow, makes the heart pulsate with the beat of love. Perhaps it is because all things seem fair and sweet beneath its glow that we drift unconsciously into the thought of happy and successful love. I do not know; but if any confirmed bachelor wishes to test his principles, let him sit in the mellow glow of the firelight and paint pictures in the coals. Even he, however dead he thinks his heart, will find that his blood courses more warmly through his veins, and his soul yearns for some one to share his contemplation and teach him to find new and nobler pictures glowing in the flames.

## III.

Subtle as is the power of the firelight, yet more deep and powerful is the influence of the silvery moon. The light of the shimmering rays seems to penetrate deeper into the soul, and finding there the most exquisite treasures bring them into light. True, many who can respond in spirit to the firelight's fitful glow or to the conquering powers of sunset, scoff at the moonbeams as breeders of false sentiment, as the sources of love as weak, as changing and as shallow as the night-queen's beams. But the souls of such railers are at fault and not the moon. Such souls have no depths which can be stirred by the moon's light, because the fire's warm radiance has fathomed them completely. When the moonbeams sink into such hearts they clash against the already domiciled feelings, and produce a discord where there might be sweet harmony.

There is a yearning of soul for soul under the influence of the silvery light that comes filtering down through the interlacing trees. Or, perhaps, the moon is reflected from the clear blue sheet of water on whose surface it lies as a silver mantle. Man, if alone under such environments, feels his soul restful with a kind of heavenly peace; all the world seems fairer, and he rises from the earth up to heaven nearer the angels and his Maker. If man is not alone—well, poets and novelists have often and truly told how the heart is opened when lovers meet beneath the moon. I will only add that love poured forth beneath the magic of the moonlight is the pure love of the heart—love unfettered by doubt or weakness, unsullied by interest.

## Nutting Parties.

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 ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.
 

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Nutting parties are jolly—sometimes. The one I went to was not. The word “nutting” possesses a charm that brings back memories of early boyhood, and of nutting excursions that had in them nothing but pleasure, pure and unadulterated. We did not call them “parties” in those days. We went “hick’ry nuttin’” just as we went fishing or cooning watermelons, with never a thought of ceremony or formality. When we went nutting we did not go in a cushioned carry-all, or barge. We walked or stole a ride behind some farmer’s lumber wagon. The hickory trees were on the opposite side of a large marsh, through which a small river ran. Instead of going around this marsh we used to cross it by “walking the fence.” A board fence followed the course of the river, and a top board ran along its entire length. This top board was the path by which we journeyed to and fro across the otherwise impassable marsh. At one point the fence crossed the river, and I can still remember the thrill of excitement that would run through us when the fence would quiver and shake as we ran along it. We traveled over that aerial path with our loads of nuts as securely and fearlessly as if we were on *terra firma*, and it was a rare occurrence when one of us got a fall.

We used to find our largest and easiest shucked shagbarks on the borders of a dense wood. This was our favorite nutting ground; and although it was but half a mile from a once well-known racing track, it was but little known or frequented, so we had it all to ourselves. One day, while gathering nuts in this spot, we started up a rabbit. Boy-like, we dropped everything and followed in pursuit. The chase led us far into the forest, and so excited were we that we noticed nothing until the rabbit dashed into an open glade and darted across it. Then we stopped as suddenly as if we had run into a brick wall. We were frozen to the spot for a moment; then we turned and ran as if a thousand demons were chasing us. For there, almost beneath our feet, we had seen the partially decomposed body of a man. The holes where eyes had been, seemed to be staring at us; the lips were drawn back into a horrible grin, and, as we looked, a crow rose from the breast of the corpse and flew awkwardly away. The people, whom our alarm

called out, said it was a case of suicide. Who he was, we never discovered. He was probably a gambler who had played the races, lost all and killed himself in despair. That ended our nutting in that wood. A thousand dollars could not have tempted us to go near it again.

But the modern, grown-up nutting party bears little resemblance to our boyhood excursions. It belongs to the picnic family of entertainments. In fact, it is a combination picnic and straw ride, with all the discomforts of both, and the virtues of neither. It was invented for the benefit of liverymen, tailors, doctors and undertakers. It is an abomination of the Evil One, and is capable of more harm than a campaign orator ever dreamed of. It is a delusion and a snare, as full of fair promises as a confidence man, and just as deceitful.

A dainty invitation is the instrument used to summon its unfortunate recipient to his impending doom. When I received mine I saw visions of juvenile joys brought back again, and in a moment of delirium I accepted it. There were fifteen unfortunates besides myself and our chaperon in our party. It was a lovely morning when we started out and we were all in unusually good spirits. It was this superabundance of good spirits that prevented us from killing our driver at the very start. A carry-all is not a very comfortable vehicle, and when it runs over every stone and into every rut in the road it is worse than riding a bicycle over an antiquated cedar block pavement. After an uncomfortable ride of eight miles we stopped on the borders of a wood that was all aglow with its autumnal gaiety. We all went into ecstasies over the beauty of the place, and even forgave our driver enough to thank him for bringing us to such a charming spot. But the wretch only smiled, or rather grinned. I thought at the time that the wretched hypocrite had a peculiar grin. It was ironical and diabolical at the same time. He bustled around and made himself so useful in carrying our baskets from the wagon to the spot we had chosen for our rendezvous that we made up our minds to “tip” him when we got home. Then he drove off to stable his horses, promising to return at four o’clock. We did not know where he went and we did not care much, for we began our ramblings at once.

The ladies of the party at once fell in love with the beautiful autumn leaves, and forgetting all about nuts, we began to gather various colored leaves. The young lady whom I attended was one of the most enthusiastic of

the entire party, and kept me running after perfectly lovely red ones and exquisitely yellow branches until I wished that autumn leaves would have better sense than to be constantly changing color like a lovesick maid or a chameleon. But that was not the worst of my troubles. A pernicious impulse prompted her to look upwards, and away up in the top of a tree she saw some red and yellow leaves. At once she began to go into raptures. Then she declared she must have some of those perfectly grand leaves, for they were too pretty for anything. I agreed with her as to that last qualification, but she kept on with her gushing until I was compelled to take off my coat and face the inevitable. I will not say how I got up that tree, or how I tore my clothes and barked my hands; but I will say that now I always get out of the way when I see that girl coming my way, and I feel as if my confidence in human nature had been betrayed. To make the matter worse, the leaves were only another illustration of the saying that "distance lends enchantment to the view," for when we came to examine the leaves we found that they were not near so pretty as some that we afterwards found right near the ground. But when I saw that girl discard those leaves a few minutes later I am afraid I gnashed my teeth and jammed my smarting hands so fiercely into my pockets that they smarted all the more.

After luncheon,—and that luncheon was the only enjoyable bit on the programme,—we started out after nuts. We tramped for miles through those woods and not a single hickory tree did we find. Tired and cross we finally came back to our rendezvous, and just about one hundred feet from where we had started we found four hickory trees close together, and the ground beneath them strewn with nuts. We were almost too tired to pick them up, but it would never do to go home empty-handed, so we filled our baskets and sat down to rest. It was already after four o'clock, but that rascally driver had not yet put in an appearance. While waiting for him to come I cracked a nut and tasted it. It was bitter. I tried another with the same result. Then I examined the nuts carefully and began to reflect. It could not be that we were to be disappointed again. Then I tasted another nut, and that confirmed my suspicions. Yes, those nuts were pig-nuts. Bitter and unpalatable, they were of use to no one but squirrels and swine. Sadly I told the others, and sadly we emptied out our baskets on the ground.

It had now become quite cold. Dark clouds covered the sky and a cold wind made us shiver. All our good spirits were gone, and tired, chilled and hungry we were all wishing that nutting parties had never been invented. At least that is what I was wishing, and the others looked just as miserable as I was feeling. It was after five when that driver came back, and then the bare-faced hypocrite had the effrontery to ask us if we had enjoyed ourselves. We did not think he was worth answering, so without a word we crept into the carry-all and started homeward. We thought the coming was rough, but the going home was ten times worse. When we got into town we stopped at a shop and bought enough nuts to fill our baskets, and then went on. Our friends think to this day that we found those nuts, and we do not tell them the full truth. The cold I caught is subsiding now, and the doctor thinks I will escape pneumonia. A couple of the young ladies are still suffering from severe coughs,—every person in the party has a cold.

But we declare that we had a delightful time, and urge our friends to go and do likewise. They are to go this week, and I am afraid I shall lose some friends. We were deluded, and had to learn our mistake by experience, so they can do the same. Besides if they go they will not be able to laugh at us if the true story of our nutting party is ever told.

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### Education.

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EDWARD E. BRENNAN, '97.

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The development of our intellectual powers is the direct object of education, and this matter of education is of the profoundest interest to all, and enjoys our liberal support and hearty co-operation. It is, and ever has been, one of the most important solitudes of society.

A great many, when speaking of education, have reference only to that part of it which enlightens our understanding and formulates our manners and customs. But there is a broader meaning in that word. This embraces but one compartment of education, and it comes to mean nothing less than the fourfold development of the soul. That is the spiritual, which enlightens us in our duties towards God; the moral which seeks the cultivation of our duties toward one another; the intellectual which tends to improve the mind; and the æsthetic which conduces to the development

of our sense of the beautiful. As a logical prelude to all this, our physical development is of primary importance, for without the material foundation we are unable to build up our mental structure to heights of culture and refinement.

Let us first consider the spiritual. Who with even the slightest tinge of civilization can entertain a prejudice against our devotion to God in the effort to save our souls? Why, even the most notorious infidels acknowledge its benefit merely for morality! But let us appeal to our individual selves. Do we not all in time of trouble seek refuge and consolation in that great Source whence all goodness emanates? This being true, is it more than human to find out all we can about Him and thank Him from the bottom of our hearts?

Of scarcely less importance is the moral development, and this latter depends, in a great degree, on the former. Then comes the intellectual. How frequently we hear men say: "Well, I wish I had made better use of my time at school." What is meant by such a remark? It is simply an expression of regret that their intellectual powers are not more fully developed. They wish to enjoy life in the higher sense of enjoyment; they wish to converse intelligently on the leading questions of the day; they wish to enter society and speak on almost any subject that may arise; they wish to experience that culture and refinement which they see in others; they long to enjoy the growth of their æsthetic faculties; they long to see the beauties in nature; they long in all things to look at nature and "from nature up to nature's God."

This is the reason why in our day the father is so anxious for the education of his child. He realizes that the child is a rational being, endowed with faculties susceptible of cultivation to a high degree; and that the child's happiness would be greatly increased by the cultivation of these faculties. No father likes to see his child unable to compete or even to associate with the children of his neighbor. And yet this is the inevitable consequence, if mental training is neglected. It is almost impossible to imagine the delight which even the ignorant father experiences in the intellectual triumphs of his son. Hence it is that, from even the earliest times and in every part of the civilized world, education has been sought after with such eagerness.

Let us go back to the beginning and seek the great educators of the world. Long

centuries ago Egypt and India, Babylon, Chaldea and Phœnicia conveyed to the West the traditions of thought and progress; but it was Greece which remodeled the knowledge it received. She transmitted it to the Latin, the Celt and the German, and, in educating Rome, carved her name on the pages of history as the educator of the modern world. She gave to us such men as Homer, Plato and Aristotle; and without a high degree of culture we are unable to appreciate them, much less understand them. It was Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon who introduced us into the stateliness of prose. Greece and Rome were so eager about the instruction of their children that education began with them almost at birth. In Sparta the children, when quite young, were taken from their parents and educated at the expense of government.

In modern times we find no less attention given to this most important subject. Yet when we read of the ancients and look upon the moderns we are inclined to question this statement; but on looking further into the matter we find our doubts arising from the fact that the manners and customs of the people are different now from those of that time, and consequently the modes of education differ in many respects. The rigid discipline adhered to by the Greeks, the Romans and the Spartans, has given place to the milder government of the moderns. There are arguments in favor of the ancient method, and others again in favor of the modern; but whether this strictness, co-operating, as it did, with methodical instruction, was profitable, is a question not yet fully decided. But however the modes of instruction may differ, the subject-matter remains paramount in the minds of all. It is, and always has been, of international favor. Behold even the savage and you find him teaching his child how to hunt and fish. Some may insist that this is not education. Of course, in our day, if a man were well practised in these arts, it would not necessarily follow that he is an educated man. But this was the sole ambition and occupation of the barbarians, and among them a good hunter and fisherman was looked upon just as we look upon the statesman and the thinker.

I say that education is of vital importance to the people of every nation, but to none more so than to America. Although in our infancy, we, Americans, seem to grasp its great importance and exert every energy to further its cause. We willingly grant large sums of money

in its interest, and employ the best talent in its behalf. Our forefathers have merged it into their civil institutions and risked everything in its support. Hand in hand with religion it has wandered through its course, rebuking discouragement and greeting reassurance.

The benefits derived from so good a source can scarcely be overestimated. The learning of the ancients has been transmitted to the moderns. The discoveries of one nation are heard of beyond the seas, and the news is scattered profusely throughout the domain of civilization. The great field of human enjoyment has been widened, and we may delight in the transient pleasures of this world to the fullest satisfaction of our nature. We realize the vastness and the beauty of this material universe; we soar above the petty trials and tribulations of our everyday existence, and dwell on the perfections of the better world. These are but a few of the advantages to be derived from a good education. It also affords companionship to the lonely through the medium of good literature, and offers consolation to the unhappy.

But I know of nothing that will more firmly substantiate my point in regard to the advantages of an education than a contrast with the disadvantages which arise from a want of it. Take, for example, one who has enjoyed intellectual prosperity, and whose mind is so cultivated and improved that even natural defects in his physical being are, to a great extent, disregarded. He can take up the sublime writings of Dante, and of other men of genius, and wander through eternity with the great poets. He can delve into any of the great masterpieces; and accompany the author through all the joys and sorrows of life.

The uneducated must sit in idle reverie, communing with his own conscience and mentally wandering about under the guidance of an undeveloped imagination. The former commands the attention of all by the scholarly manner in which he discourses on all subjects; the latter is excluded from all society because he cannot speak connectedly on any subject, and instead of improving the civic state he would prove a detriment to it. The one rises to eminence among his equals; the other is very often forced by virtue of his illiteracy to seek communion with his inferiors.

In consideration of these facts, and even by the universal consent of mankind, we must look upon education as a paramount issue in the affairs of man.

Varsity Verse.

TO MARY ANNE.

SWEET maid, to whom I dedicate these lines,  
How oft together have we strayed beneath the trees  
Tripping guilelessly, your hand in mine,—  
Ah, sweetly pure, bucolic memories!

No longer do we pluck the daffodil,  
Or drink together from the sparkling woodland fount!  
Fortune ordered other things for me,  
Directing, too, that you should wed a *count*.

A bachelor still, lamenting o'er my fate,  
From sylvan trysts a weanling in life's giddy whirl,  
Seeking rest and quiet at the show,  
I find my Mary Anne—a chorus girl!

F. J. F. C.

HOW WE WALKED FROM NILES.

I sprang to the saddle, and Barney and he;  
I pedaled, Ben pedaled, we pedaled, all three,  
And over the road like three scorchers we flew,  
While through our moustaches the night breezes blew.  
Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace  
Till Hunter struck sand—and the road struck his face.

I turned in my saddle, and there on the sand  
Lay the bleeding remains of my friend all unmanned.  
I rushed to the little red school-house near by,  
And swore by the gods I'd restore him or die;  
Then filling a bucket right up to the top,  
Ran back and soused Hunter until he sighed "Stop!"

We gathered together the spokes of the wheels  
And wrapped them round Ben from his head to his  
heels;  
Then lifting him gently we wended our way  
Very sadly to Sorin Hall, nine miles away.  
And we spoke not a word till we heard the half-chime;  
Then Barney groaned feebly: "Thank God, we're on  
time!"

If you're anxious to purchase a wheel almost new—  
'Tis broken and scratched up a trifle, 'tis true,—  
With golf-stockings, arnica, sweater and cap,  
Come over to see me; for since that mishap  
I've given up riding the rest of this year  
For various reasons I'll not mention here.

R. B.

A HINT TO THE BARBER.

"My experience," said the football youth,  
When the season at last was done,  
"Has not been fatal, though in truth  
A most hair-raising one."

C. M. B. B.

A TRIOLET.

With warming days and sunniest hours  
Spring is most fair.  
The rain falls softly in greening showers,  
And warming days and sunniest hours  
Open the buds, and the waking flowers  
Bloom everywhere.  
With warming days and sunniest hours  
Spring is most fair.

E. J. M.

## The Doctor of the Old School.

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

Since the time of the Ayrshire plowman, there has not been a Scottish writer of more well-deserved fame than "Ian MacLaren." He belongs to that celebrated school of modern Scottish writers which Barrie and Crockett help to compose. Both of these men have been doing excellent literary work, and the memory of their books will long remain in grateful hearts, after they themselves have been laid to rest. "A Window in Thrums" and "The Stickit Minister" will always be inseparably linked with the names of Barrie and Crockett; but who that has read "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" will not grant it a longer life than either of these? This book is a series of admirably wrought pen-pictures, portraying in pleasing and true colors the religious feelings, passions and foibles of the Scottish peasant. These sketches partake more of the quality of character studies than of the short story, as they are entirely devoid of plot and lack many other qualifications necessary to be classified under the story heading.

I have chosen "The Doctor of the Old School" as the subject of my theme, because it excels all the other sketches in beauty of style, and because it stands forth as the best example of MacLaren's art. Our author is thoroughly familiar with his subjects, all of whom dwell in the small village of Drumtochty. He evidently wishes to show that human nature is the same in regard to the stronger passions of man, in choosing such simple, artless country folk as the subjects of his studies. "The Doctor of the Old School" depicts the life and character of a man who lived only to serve his fellows. For forty years, through heat and cold, he was never known to refuse his assistance when there was question of saving a human life. This composition is unique in its presentation and in the manner in which the characters appear in it. The characteristics due to such prejudicial causes as religion, education, in a word, those peculiarities which make one nation different from another, are brought out by our author with admirable skill and accuracy.

Doctor MacLure, as the leading character, stands out in bold relief, enhanced by such a background as Drumsheugh, Jamie Sauter, Hillocks and the others. The Doctor is a gruff old fellow, and at first sight his long

grey beard and picturesque costume do not prepossess one in his favor. But everybody in Drumtochty knew, from long experience, that underneath that apparently rough breast beat a heart full of tenderness and charity. He was one of those few unselfish men who live only for the good they can do others. And yet the Doctor attained the limit of this world's happiness, which is to be found, above all, in trying to improve the lot of others. The religious sentiments which are inseparably connected with the very nature of every Scot, worthy of the name, are well developed in this study.

There are very many pleasures which precede, accompany and follow kirk-going. The gossip in front of the kirk before services with one's neighbor would alone repay the trouble of attending. And then the pleasure of criticising the minister's sermon! Every Scotchman is a theologian, and woe betide the minister should he misquote a text of Scripture, or teach any doctrine that might smack of heresy. Such an adept critic of sermons was Mrs. Macfadyen that Drumtochty gave her the sobriquet of "the sermon taster." The beauty of this sketch is that MacLaren makes his people act; and his own observations from time to time fit in with a most appropriate charm.

The last act in the Doctor's drama is an extremely clever bit of work. The death-bed scene and the funeral contain real pathos. Drumsheugh, who has been the life-long friend of MacLure, is at his bed-side, holding the physician's hand in his own. The dying man's mind is wandering back into childhood days, and then is quickly brought back to the present. He hears some one call for assistance. Now he sees his mother and, with childish simplicity, begs for his good-night kiss, before he goes to sleep. These are his last words: "Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been waitin' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep." The impression all this makes on Drumsheugh is very depressing, and it is with a tremulous voice that he comforts his old friend. This scene of death is pictured with magnificent realism and simplicity. But there is another scene to complete the act. It is the funeral. Drumsheugh, who is chief mourner, meets the people as they come to the Doctor's burial. He greets them all, and with that peculiar trait of character common on occasions of great sorrow, he speaks of everything save the real object of the gathering. Jamie Sauter, the cynic of Drumtochty, is there. As he counts the people arriving from time to time his enthusiasm is at

its highest, to think that so many have braved the fiercest storm in his memory to pay their last respects to a common friend.

A most admirable character is that of Drumsheugh. For over half his life he allowed himself to be considered a miser, that he might bestow his charity on the woman whom he loved during all those years. All this time Marget Hoo was unconscious both of his love and of his charity. When his story at last became the public property of Drumtochty, through the Doctor, Drumsheugh was the great man of the town ever afterwards.

There is a bit of description which may well serve to illustrate Doctor Watson's style in the third chapter of this sketch. MacLure and Drumsheugh have been up all night, busily fighting with the angel of death to save the life of Saunders, Drumsheugh's man. They have conquered, and the danger is now past. The Doctor advises his friend to go out and "tak a breath o' air." Then follows this beautiful description: "It was the hour before day-break, and Drumsheugh wandered through fields he had trodden since childhood. The cattle lay sleeping in the pastures; their shadowy forms, with a patch of whiteness here and there, having a weird suggestion of death. He heard the burn running over the stones; fifty years ago he had made a dam that lasted till winter. The hooting of an owl made him start; one had frightened him as a boy so that he ran home to his mother—she died thirty years ago. The smell of ripe corn filled the air; it would soon be cut and garnered. He could see the dim outlines of his house, all dark and cold; no one he loved was beneath the roof. The lighted window in Saunders' cottage told where a man hung between life and death, but love was in that home. The futility of life arose before this lonely man, and overcame his heart with an indescribable sadness. What a vanity was all human labors; what a mystery all human life!" In this passage the author gives us a good notion of the character of Drumsheugh. In the next paragraph he ceases to moralize, and this charming description of dawn is given:

"But while he stood, a subtle change came over the night, and the air trembled around him as if one had whispered. Drumsheugh lifted his head and looked eastward. A faint gray stole over the distant horizon, and suddenly a cloud reddened before his eyes. The sun was not in sight, but was rising, and sending forerunners before his face. The cattle began to stir, a blackbird burst into song,

and before Drumsheugh crossed the threshold of Saunders' house, the first ray of the sun had broken on a peak of the Grampians."

This change of nature must certainly have worked a wonderful change in Drumsheugh's thoughts, for he goes into the house in a much more cheerful mood. Ian MacLaren does not alone excel in his mastery of the English language, but he understands perfectly the very difficult dialect of his countrymen. The dialogue which runs through the entire book is easy and natural and sparkling with the peculiar humor of the Scot. As long as we have such writers as MacLaren to give us correct notions of the true, the beautiful and the good in human life, there need be no fear that our literature will decay.

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#### Books and Magazines.

—A fair appreciation of the art of Henry James finds expression in the October number of the *Bachelor of Arts*. Lovers of that clever Anglo-American writer—his satire, as good-humored as satire could be, his flattering omissions and undeveloped judgments, his nice discrimination in the choice of words, his not too strongly pronounced realism, his views of life—will find in this essay much that they have already seen for themselves and a few stray observations that may have escaped their notice. Of interest to all college men, but especially to the old "Tigers," is the short history of Princeton from its foundation, a century and a half ago, to the present time. "Democracy and Socialism" is by far the most exhaustive article in the present number and, with "Facts and Figures on the Currency Question," shows that the *Bachelor of Arts* is taking more than a passing interest in the politics of the country and of the day.

There is a choice of good reading among the other papers, and the verse is fairly good, considering the present sterility of the poetic soil. "For Her Dear Sake" is not a weak story until near the close, where we are invited to believe that a glance at the colors of his *Alma Mater* is enough, after all other scientific means have failed, to quicken a drooping alumnus of a great Eastern university. The editorial notes are always *au fait*, and have the ring of sincerity in them. Coming from the now much-berated Wall Street, but, unlike Ulysses, coming thence not a part of the great market, the *Bachelor of Arts* is really both interesting and valuable, and lives up conscientiously to the objects for which it is published—university interests and general literature.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—It is with pleasure that we mention the visit on last Monday of our Bishop, the Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, D. D., of Fort Wayne. Though his stay was brief and unannounced, his presence was quickly known, and there was great regret among the students that no opportunity was offered them of giving him a hearty greeting.

—Last Friday the Very Rev. William Corby, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, returned from the South, where he went a few weeks ago for the benefit of his health, and incidentally, to pay a visit to the various houses of the Order beyond the line of Mason and Dixon. His arrival was unexpected and gratifying to all at Notre Dame, and the evident improvement of his health is a cause for great rejoicing to those under his care.

—The great event of the college world during the past week has been the celebration of the sesquicentennial of Princeton College. A century and a half of progress, of triumph over great obstacles, moral and physical, has placed this great New Jersey University in the front rank of American educational institu-

tions. The history of Princeton is interesting in more than one respect. It has passed through the storms of the Revolution and the Rebellion, and the very campus of the college has been a battleground of the colonial and royal armies. Men, great in their day, have presided over its destinies. Jonathan Edwards, Dr. McCosh and Dr. Patton, the present incumbent, have set their seals on the pages of history.

Princeton has good cause for exultation, for an honorable career of one hundred and fifty years is something to be proud of. The great universities of Europe and America have sent representatives to carry the good wishes of their respective senates to this great seat of learning, and we, humble though we be and widely differing from them in faith, gladly present our compliments.

—English literature could ill afford to lose such a man as William Morris; his death is, besides, a great check to the cultivation of the beautiful in the practical arts. William Morris was one of those men whose versatility took not away from their greatness: First and above all other gifts with which he was endowed was his poetic faculty, to which he owed, perhaps, all the perfection of his sense of beauty, all the nicety and grace and charm of the designer's art. Beauty was his object, his whole life's endeavor; and if, in his later years, he gave much of his time and means to the cause of socialism in England, it was but to help restore order, which is one of the constituents of that beauty which he so assiduously sought. He was not a poet of great imagination, or of remarkable originality; but he was a poet, nevertheless. His diction was of that pure Anglo-Saxon kind which grew so powerful in the hands of the great poets of the Victorian era—for an era, indeed, they have made it. Were he not a poet, his books, on which he spent so much skill and patience, would even have made his name known and remembered. Like a monk of the Middle Age, carefully tracing the delicate and intricate windings of an initial letter in some ascetic tome, which is now the admiration of the world, William Morris bent him over the beloved book of his own Kelmscott Press, and drew with steady hand, guided by an artistic soul, those rare designs which made his publications the envy and wonder of his contemporaries. He is dead, but England and English taste is bettered because he lived.

## Round Saint Joseph's Lake.

Does it ever occur to us, I wonder, as we walk round Saint Joseph's Lake, that that little body of water is probably the cause of the present location of Notre Dame? I have often thought that when Father Sorin reached this dainty bit of blue, he saw, with his characteristic foresight, what an advantage it would be to his proposed school. Its natural beauty, the practical uses to which the water could be put, and the recreation it would afford the students—all these were probably considered.

But if the Grand Old Man of Notre Dame was captivated by his first view of the lake at

gilded domes; but your true spring-bird would not give one sprig of the boat-house ivy for all the fineries man has ever made. It is here we first hear the chatter of the jay or the fluting of the blue-bird, often before the snow has quite disappeared. They are always in the vanguard. Then come the robins to awaken long before daybreak the occupants of every dormitory within half a mile, and incidentally to build their trim nests of mud; the reserved wood-peckers who never say a word to anyone; the brilliant orioles with their hammock-like homes, and occasionally the flash of a scarlet tanager as he flits through an opening among the trees.

On a bright spring morning half the enjoy-



SCENE ON SAINT JOSEPH'S LAKE.

a season when Jack Frost was doing his best to spoil the beauty of nature (and only partially succeeding), what must have been his feelings when the snow and ice had gone, and the blue-bird and the violet had taken their places? Then the fence of oaks round the water's edge began to put forth its rich green leaves, the wild-rose and the sweet-smelling arbutus appeared, and above all were the merry sunshine and the deep blue sky of Indiana.

And the birds, too,—Saint Joseph's Lake is the Paradise of our birds. Where round Notre Dame can be found trees more suitable to these fastidious, feathered architects? Where are fatter worms or larger berries to be procured? The sparrow may have his gay porches and his

ment of a walk round the lake is the sound of this merry orchestra. A great variety of sounds may be heard, from the "cheep-cheep" of the tiny peewee down to the deep bass of the crow, as he flaps lazily away from the top of an oak at our approach. Just a short distance away, faces are sullen-looking, and brains are bothered with many tasks, but here all is revelry and song,—a great deal of work, too, but the work seems to be done joyfully. That is one difference between men and birds.

Last week I went down to the lake to see if any of my feathered friends were still there, but most of them had left. A few jays were having a wordy political argument among the branches of an apple-tree, and a pair of long-shanked

sand-pipers rose with a shrill whistle from the water's edge as I passed, but these were all I could find. Even my old friend, the kingfisher, had left his hunting ground at the western end of the lake, and had gone to parts unknown. Many times have I watched this sedate fellow as he sat on his favorite perch—an old post that rises about two feet out of the water not far from the shore. As dignified as a judge, he would remain so quiet that one would think he was asleep, when splash! a slight commotion in the water, and Mr. Kingfisher with a harsh guttural rattle would fly to the nearest tall tree to enjoy his Friday dinner in peace.

The lake, however, has not lost any of its loveliness, even if the birds have left its paths and groves. The violets and the great white daisies are gone, too, but their places are filled by the hardy golden-rod and other fall flowers. Then there is such a mellowness about everything during this particular season, such purples and golden browns and soft, indescribable tints on every side, that the beauty of spring is outdone. And still there are many who would visit the lake during these days of golden haze, and their uppermost thought would be that the year is dying. But the year does not die. Even when it appears to be the coldest in death, there are bits and patches of stately beauty at every turn, if we are only fortunate enough to see them.

F. W. O'M.

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#### Exchanges.

It is always refreshing to pick up the *St. Mary's Chimes*. Its well-phrased essays, dainty verses, intelligent comments on literary topics, and newsy "gleanings" all combine to make the *Chimes* a welcome treat to its readers. It is the peer of any paper edited by young ladies in the field of college journalism. It devotes nearly all its space to the literary productions of the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, and these efforts are always of a high order. The present number bodes well for the numbers to come, and we trust that its promises may be realized.

\* \* \*

Dr. John Talbot Smith's new book, "Our Seminaries," is exciting a great deal of comment from the Catholic press. Most of them are in its favor, but the *Dial* is an exception. While the *Mt. Angel Banner* declares that the book is one that will do much good, the *Dial* sees nothing

good in it. The *Dial* even devotes to it two separate articles, one of which is by a writer who signs himself X Y Z. This writer says that if a priest is learned, pious and saintly, that is all that is necessary for him to be a model pastor. It is not necessary that he should have an American and a modern education in order to be in close touch with his people. He does not need to be a gentleman, or to inform himself as to the usages of modern society against which X Y Z seems to have some terrible grievance,—if he is learned and pious he can win souls without having the good manners necessary to win the respect of his people in this deluded age of snobbery. X Y Z continually quotes St. Charles Borromeo as an example of a priest who had learning, piety and sanctity; but X Y Z totally neglected to state that St. Charles had also the gentlemanly tact to conform himself to the manners and polite usages of his time and country, as is very plainly stated in the *Lives of the Saints*. Dr. Smith's ideal seminary is to be conducted on the plan of a military school, and X Y Z takes this as a basis on which to make an unprovoked attack on the West Point cadet. He says that the cadet is "consumed by pride, self-love, envy of others, sensuality and every species of refined worldliness." A military training did not seem to spoil St. Paul, St. Sebastian, or St. Ignatius Loyola, and a polite training did not altogether corrupt St. Louis or St. Edward. A priest should, undoubtedly, be learned, pious and saintly, but he should also be a gentleman. If he is to do good in the world he must understand the usages of the world, and must conform to the little rules that society has laid down in order that we may avoid the friction that exists among savage tribes, where politeness and good manners have not yet corrupted the people.

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The *Niagara Index* for this month has a strong editorial upon the recent demonstration by Yale students upon the occasion of Bryan's speech in New Haven. The editorial quotes the saying of Chauncey Depew, that "one college boy is a gentleman, two a crowd and three a mob," and is inclined to believe that the statement is true. The action of the Yale students has been universally condemned over the entire country, and a great many different versions of the affair are given. But one of our exchanges, the *Oberlin Review*, has a version of the story that puts the students in a little different light. The *Review* says

that after the preliminary shouting indulged in by the students they quieted down to permit Bryan to speak. When he uttered the words: "I am not speaking now to the sons who are sent to college on the proceeds of ill-gotten gains; I will wait until these sons have exhausted what their fathers have left them, and will appeal to their children," the students resented the insult to their fathers and to themselves, and would not permit the speaking to continue. If this be true, we cannot utterly condemn the Yale students, although we think they should have resented the insult in some manner a little more gentlemanly.

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The initial number of volume VIII. of the *St. Mary's Dial* gives assurance that its present board of editors intend to keep their attractive journal up to the high standard established by their predecessors. The literary department of the present number contains much good verse, some fine descriptions, two stories and two very extended book reviews. The editorials are well written, and the other departments are bright and well worth reading. The *Dial* easily ranks among the foremost of American college monthlies, and we trust that its editors may not only keep it up to its present form, but may even raise the standard itself to a still higher level.

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The *Polytechnic* announces that the class of '99 of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute has, by an unanimous vote, adopted the "honor system" of conducting examinations. A full account of the system to be used is given, and its rules and regulations are fully explained. The system is different from that in vogue in Cornell in that those caught cheating are not tried by a committee, but by all the members of their own class assembled in class meeting. The two systems are different in a few other details, but the principle is the same in both. This principle is, that the students are put entirely upon their honor during class examinations, and that a student caught cheating should be tried and judged by his fellow-students. This plan is one to be commended, and it is gratifying to notice that students among whom the unfortunate vice of "cribbing" has taken root are adopting fair and earnest measures for its eradication. Rensselaer Institute and the class of '99 are both to be congratulated upon the inauguration of this custom, and we trust that it may succeed to the advantage of both students and professors.

#### Personals.

—Mr. and Mrs. Foley, of Chicago, paid a visit to their son Charles, of Carroll Hall, last Sunday.

—Mr. John W. Talbot (student '82-'86), who is now practising law in South Bend, heads the Democratic silver ticket of St. Joseph's County for representative.

—Among the many familiar faces of the old boy visitors on Founder's Day, none seemed more natural and pleased with their visit than those of William Moxley and Theodore O'Connell (students '94).

—Francis E. Eyanson (Litt. B. '96) is holding the responsible position of Assistant Superintendent of the Columbia City High School. Those who know Frank's executive ability can prophesy nothing but success for him in his new venture.

—T. T. Ansberry (Law '93) was seen in the College corridors on Tuesday last. "Tim," as he was familiarly known, is as light-hearted as ever, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes him all success in his run for the re-election to the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Defiance, Ohio.

—Rev. J. C. Ocenasek, '92, who was lately ordained in Milwaukee, and for the present is situated at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, was among the visitors whom the President and Faculty were pleased to greet last week. The newly-ordained has the best wishes of his many friends here.

—Many of the old boys will be pleased to learn that Roland Adelsperger (A. B. '90) has opened an office as Architect in the "Commerce Building," Chicago. What has been seen of his work is a sufficient evidence that in a few years he will be one of the leading and progressive men of his profession.

—Mr. Louis C. Wurzer (Law '96) has been elected President of the First Voter's Republican League of Detroit. The club boasts of a membership of twelve hundred. Mr. Wurzer addressed a Republican meeting, which was held in the Detroit Auditorium on October 21. All his friends at Notre Dame will be glad to hear of the honor conferred on him, and hope his speech will be successful, even if some of them are on the "other side of the fence."

—The SCHOLASTIC announces with pleasure the marriage of Mr. Joseph McCarrick and Miss Susan Mullin, which took place in St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. During the years he spent at the University, Mr. McCarrick was a prime favorite among Faculty and students on account of his manly character and amiable disposition. The bride is a very charming young lady, a sister of Mrs. M. F. Egan, and she has many warm friends at Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC begs leave to present heartiest congratulations and good-wishes.

## Local Items.

—ACT I.—Slivers. ACT II.—Cigarette. ACT III.—2000 lines.

—LOST.—Notes on "The Novel." Finder, please return to C. M. B. Bryan, Room 18, Sorin Hall.

—LOST.—On Brownson Campus, a gold anchor. Finder please return it to Students' Office.

—Claude Blanchard has returned from his home in Oskaloosa, Iowa, where he attended the wedding of his sister.

—Football—Carrolls, 21; Saint Josephs, 4. Carrolls, 6; South Bend, 10. Carroll Anti-Special, 6; Never Sweats, 4.

—Said Fox to Berry at the Crescent Club meeting Wednesday night: "Don't you find it chilly dancing with Zero?"

—And the wind sighed as it passed the refectory wherein sat the tall young man clutching awkwardly his knife and fork.

—The noise and clamor of the rooters was drowned by the shrill voice of a fair damsel who, from her gorgeous trap, yelled: "Go it, Mike!"

—J. Gillespie Johnson has returned from Indianapolis where he attended a conclave of the Kappa Sigma fraternity of which he is a member.

—If the Law team be as successful in breaking interference as they are at breaking agreements, the Varsity will have new rivals on the field.

—Basket-ball seems to have died out in Carroll Hall. Why not arrange a series of games with the ex-Carrolls and thus revive the old spirit?

—Icicles will no longer dangle from the moustaches of the football men while donning their canvas. A stove has been put up in the dressing-room.

—There is some talk of organizing a Fort-Wayne football team. Gilmartin refuses to officiate as captain, and requests that some one else purchase the pigskin.

—A party consisting of the students from Fort Wayne spent Sunday at Mishawaka, the guests of Mrs. Oechtering, sister of the Rev. Father Oechtering of that place.

—"Dat's a queer deal," soliloquized a diminutive boot-black at the last game. "Dem fellers at de gate roped us in, and now dese blokies on de field are tryin' to rope us out."

—The members of the Law football team are considering the advisability of adopting Montana's Salmon Shirt as their standard. It has thus far proven equal to the rabbit's foot.

—The Carrolls are to bring out a new foot-

ball guide. Mr. P. M. Kuntz will be editor-in-chief. He will be seconded by members of the Second Elevens of Carroll Hall and the Never Sweats of Brownson. J. Fennessey will contribute a chapter on goal kicks.

—One of the boys had heard of a man who had been burned on a gridiron. After one side was scorched he turned the other to the flames. This youth innocently asked: "Is that the reason why the canvas backs change goals so they may be roasted on both sides?"

—Professor Powers gave a stereopticon exhibit to his Physiology class last Wednesday. The different parts of the human body were clearly depicted, after which several scenes in and about the Notre Dame and St. Mary's grounds were introduced. And the "old stile" was there as true as ever.

—The students of the first dormitory are exceedingly fortunate from an athletic standpoint. In the daytime they witness contests on the gridiron, and during the night, Morrison entertains them with sketches from the diamond. His latest entertainment disclosed the real secret in effectually "sliding."

—"Ah!" thought Oskaloosa, as from the sack he drew a roasted peanut, "how delightful it is to sit and idly watch this gorgeous panorama of fields and hills." But, alas! Oskie, in his meditations, forgot to get off the train at his destination, and would probably have been riding yet had not the conductor, in a kindly way, assisted him with "Let me off at Buffalo" effect.

—One member was still in the Infirmary and the wheels had not come back from the factory, but they took their weekly constitutional last Thursday, nevertheless. They went to Mishawaka this time, and as they traveled on "Shank's mare" there were no break-downs, just a little weakness at the knees. But the wheels will soon be here, and then the sand will fly and the backs will hump as of yore.

—It's an ill-wind, etc. The bi-monthly examinations have their attending miseries, but they bring one great relief to the heart-sick Sorinites. Coxey "plugs" so hard during competition week that he has no time even for punning,—and it is a busy day in Coxey's life when he is unable to commit at least five or six yellow whiskered, antique puns. But during the last few days he has been silent, and the weary thank the gods.

—And still the political literature continues to flood the land. The latest is a neat volume edited and published by the Count to which he has given the happy title of "The Popocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a collection of aphorisms by the Marshal, with notes and an introduction by the editor. The "Popocrat" is a companion volume to Stewart B. Wiseacre's "Table Talk," and the two will make a very pretty Christmas gift.

—LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The regular meeting of the Law Debating Society last Saturday evening was rather slimly attended, but what was lacking in numbers was more than made up in enthusiasm. The subject for debate, "Resolved, That the use of tobacco is injurious and ought to be stopped," was ably handled by both sides. Messrs. Ducey and Weadock, for the negative, probably came nearest to voicing the sentiments of their audience; but Messrs. Murphy and Hartung for the affirmative secured the decision on technical grounds.

—The Fall Regatta of the University Boat Club was held last Saturday. A stiff breeze from the northwest rendered the lake a little choppy, but otherwise the day was an ideal one for rowing. In the first race the *Silver Jubilee* got off badly, and her crew evidently lost heart. The *Golden Jubilee* made a beautiful start and was never headed. The second race was more interesting. The *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline* were evenly matched, and even after they had passed the buoy at the finish, the spectators were about equally divided as to who had won. The judges decided in favor of the *Evangeline*. No official time was taken.

—Varsity will play two games of football next week. On Tuesday they will line up against the Commercial Club of South Bend, and on Saturday they will engage in contest with Albion College. Both games should be won by Varsity if the men will only play hard. Murphy is still suffering a little from a sprained arm, but he will be in shape to get on a uniform on Monday. Hering still limps a bit. There was no game on Thursday with Indianapolis Light Artillery, owing to the condition of the men. There have been indications of loafing on the part of some who think their positions assured. These are the men that will win from Purdue?

—All the echoes of the Carroll campus were awakened last Thursday by the yell "Who's all right?" and its response "Brother Alphonsus." Under his leadership about thirty of the Carroll wheelmen took a trip to St. Joseph's Farm. They started about nine o'clock and returned at three. They took dinner at the Farm and spent a few hours in viewing its different departments. Joe Shiels describes the manner in which a steer is slaughtered; Cornell has become proficient in discovering bad eggs, and our dear little Eddy Herron was an interested spectator at the familiar sights "down on the farm." The boys are overflowing with thanks to Bro. Alphonsus, and are looking forward eagerly to another trip.

—It was only a plain little innocent card, but it caused "heaps o' heart throbs." It happened in this way: Boru was expecting an unwelcome visitor, and gave it out that he had gone to Niles in the interest of the Athletic Associ-

ation. But the messenger-boy, who carried the bit of pasteboard which bore the name of the unwished-for guest, spied the Southern cavalier just as he emerged from his hiding place in the coal-cellar, and Boru walked bravely to his fate. A number of his friends were on the veranda of the Main Building to welcome him. With a resigned air he strode into the corridor and greeted the first man he saw as the dreaded visitor. He wouldn't believe it was all a hoax until a friend produced six cards all bearing the same legend.

—Notwithstanding a heavy consignment of "Football Guides" and a correspondingly large investment of Carroll dimes there is a woful ignorance of the rules that govern football, on the campus of the youngsters under seventeen. The Local Editor chanced upon the scene when the Carroll fullback was about to drop-kick a goal after a touchdown. He remonstrated with this same fullback on his disregard for rules, and was told for his pains that it was none of his business, that goals after touchdowns could be scored by drop-kicks, that the Carrolls had been playing that way for some time, and a lot of other balderdash that caused him to retire in disgust. If the Carrolls can't play football according to rule, they had better give up playing altogether.

—The "Hardly Ables" organized for the season Monday night, and already visions of gallant victories are perching on their collar-buttons. "Doc." Falvey was chosen to manage the team, and Taylor was induced to officiate as its captain. The men lined up for practice in the gym, Monday night. Their work evoked the hearty endorsement of "Slivers," Peggy Stearns and Franey, and with this flattering encouragement, they blindly challenged the Lawyers who accepted without hesitation. The game is scheduled for the 25th. Negotiations are also under way for games with the Laporte High School and the Highland Views. Following is the line-up: Thiele, c.; Pim, r. g.; Mueller, l. g.; Flannigan, r. t.; Wade, l. t.; Shillington, r. e.; Howell, l. e.; Taylor, q.; Girardi, r. h.; Falvey, l. h.; O'Hara, full-back; Martin and McDonald, substitutes.

—The Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, of St. Edward's Hall, was organized Wednesday evening, the following officers being elected: Very Rev. W. Corby and Rev. A. Morrissey, Honorary Directors; Rev. James French, Director; Rev. W. Moloney, Promoter; Rev. J. Cavanaugh, President; D. Spillard, 1st Vice-President; F. Fetter, 2d Vice-President; P. Cotter, Corresponding Secretary; G. Weidmann, Recording Secretary; E. McCarthy, Treasurer; A. Phillips, Sergeant-at-Arms; L. Garrity, Critic; N. Freeman and C. Bode, Censors; V. Steele, Librarian; R. Clarke, Historian. Committees on credentials, ways and means, and notification were also appointed. The elections in every case were hotly contested.

amidst much party enthusiasm and the ventilation of some remarkable campaign election. The President is of opinion that if officers were re-elected every week or so, the meetings would be tremendously interesting.

—The Local Editor has received so many letters of inquiry this week concerning the American Branch of the French Academy and its members that the flood of mail has become a nuisance. It would occupy too much valuable time to answer each one separately, so we publish below the names of the members that all may know them. As we go to press M. Bryong is President, M. Stéélet, 1st Vice-President; M. Faganette, 2d Vice-President; M. Carné, 3d Vice-President; and M. Barré and M. Brennongt retain their old offices of Lord High Executioner and Lord High Everything Else respectively. M. Carné is a promising young member who drifted in last week. The Academy holds daily meetings from five-thirty a. m. to six-thirty a. m., during which the members crown hundreds of books, smoke cigarettes, discuss the weather,—do anything, in fact. Then they have occasional social sessions from one-thirty p. m. to two-thirty p. m., but these are few and far between. Just now the members are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a *cheval* which they sent for recently. When this piece of furniture arrives things will run easier and the members will be able to do much better work.

—On Thursday last a number of Sorinites interested in educational matters visited one of our neighboring country schools. The teacher was somewhat disconcerted when she answered their knock, but one glance at the pale, intellectual faces reassured her, and she invited them in. After a song of welcome by the scholars, the Sorinites proceeded to examine the different classes. Barney examined the vocal music class, Barré the spelling class, and Boru the class of plain and fancy sewing. Then the Boy Orator of the Mississippi gave one of those informal talks that have made him famous. "Who knows," he said, "but that there is a Daniel Webster or a Bertha M. Clay before me. But even if you have the talents of these you will accomplish nothing unless you apply yourselves to your studies." At the conclusion of the Boy Orator's remarks the man from the Oil Regions addressed the students on the advantages of physical culture, taking for his text the Latin proverb, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. He recommended especially the bicycle, and his remarks showed that he was a past-master of this art. The students then sang "Say au Revoir, but not Good-bye," as if they meant it, and then Boru generously gave them a half-holiday. The Sorinites claim that their zeal for the cause of education was the object of their visit, but some of the younger residents of the Hall maintain that this was not the only attraction.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Barry, Bryan, Brennan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Confer, Costello, Delaney, Golden, Geoghegan, Lantry, Medley, McDonough, Minge, McDonald, Miller, Ney, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Palmer, Piquette, Pulskamp, Reardon, Reilly, Regan, Rosenthal, Sheehan, Steele, Sanders, Spalding, Steiner.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Baab, Blanchard, Brucker, Bouwens, J. Brown, Cline, Crawford, Corby, Carney, Campbell, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Dreher, Dukette, Dowd; M. Daley, Donovan, J. Daley, Desmond, Ducey, Fetherstone, Fadeley, O. Fitzgerald, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Frazer, Falvey, Fischer, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hayes, F. Hesse, Hengen, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, Hartung, Jelonak, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kraus, Konzen, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Monahan, Maurus, Massey, Martin, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Summers, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Tong, C. Tuhey, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, Wade, Wilson, O. Zaehne, E. Zaehne.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Cornell, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessy, Flynn, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funke, Frank, Gimbel, Garrity, Girsch, Gonzalez, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Hanley, Hinze, Johnson, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kelly, Kieffer, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Meagher, Maher, Moore, Mooney, Morgan, Moss, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, J. Murray, Michels, Moxley, Mueller, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahan, O. McMahan, McMaaster, McNamara, McNichols T. Naughton, D. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Rudnicki, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Shillington, Sheils, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Syzbowicz, Sexton, Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Watterson, Wilson.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis; Cressy, Cunea, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Franey, Garrity, Griffith, Graham, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahan, W. McMahan, J. McMahan, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Rees, Reynolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidman G. Weidman, Weber.

