

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•

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Forever.

"IN the morning light," she said,
"When the leaves hang wet o'erhead,
When the world laughs 'neath the sun,
And the day's life has begun;
We shall laugh away all sorrow
And happy, think not of the morrow
In the morn."

"In the night's deep gloom," he said,
"When light fades and the day is dead,
And death steals slow from out the gloom,
And the voice of death calls from the tomb,
We shall laugh away all sorrow
And loving, care not for the morrow,
In the night."

M.

The Importance of Philosophy.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

"WATER is the best," said Pindar at the beginning of his first Olympian ode; "it shines like a bright fire at night or like glittering gold amid a hoard of treasures."

By this the poet meant that of all the elements then known—earth, air, fire and water,—water is the greatest and most important. If, in place of the elements of matter, we consider the various courses of studies now pursued, I think that all men would agree in saying "Philosophy is the best." In all branches of higher education especially, philosophy is and must be of great value to the student; for there is philosophy concerning all things, and until we have found this philosophy is our knowledge

superficial. The poet and the artist in their conceptions of the beautiful; the astronomer in his nightly vigils, and the physicist in his researches,—all seek for the truth; they look for the causes that produce effects; for the emotions that lie hidden in the human soul; for the principles according to which the laws of nature are constituted; in short, they seek the philosophy of things. This is the foundation of all that is high, all that is noble, all that is great.

Shortly after we begin philosophy, we take up the study of man, his actions, his passions and his duties. Both utilitarian and practical, the study is at the same time most interesting, mind-broadening and elevating. It would seem that to every man nothing should be so important as the problem of life. This is a problem that puzzled the mind of the first philosopher. It is a problem that each generation must solve for itself. What was man's origin, what is his mission and what is his destiny? These seemingly puzzling questions are answered, as well as man can answer them, if we examine them in the varying light of philosophy; that is, if we consider them from physical, ethical and metaphysical standpoints. Physics teaches us the laws that rule over the material universe. These laws, however, though very plain in themselves, can never be well understood unless we begin at their source and discover the principle according to which they were first constituted. Here physics stops; and it would seem that we are left gazing at the myriads of wonder in the physical world, and knowing no more of the law that governs them than the locomotive knows of the hand that pulls the throttle in the engineer's cab.

It is the duty of philosophy to lift us from this state of unenlightenment. She takes us through the region of metaphysics, first show-

ing us our origin. We are told that nothing can come from nothing, and that the naturalists or atheists who would trace their existence to a personified nothing which they are pleased to call Nature, are wrong. Philosophy first shows us that the universe is one grand effect, and then discovers for us the cause that produced this wonderful effect. She tells us to watch the workings of the hand that unfolds the lilies, that raises up the tender shoots of grass and places buds upon the trees. In the music of birds, the ripple of the brook or the roar of the ocean we can find the Will according to which all things were ordained in weight, number and measure. Philosophy teaches us that the universe had its origin in God, and that it must depend on Him for its existence. With this fact before our minds we are taught our duties, first, to God, then to society and then to ourselves.

Man, in his relation to God, is a most interesting study. For our God is not like the Olympian Zeus who ruled with thunderbolts, nor like savage Ares who revelled in the broil of battle. Our God is the living Creator, the unity of truth, justice, wisdom and beauty. The relation existing between Him and man is not that of a ruler over blind, fated subjects, but of one supreme intellectual Being ruling over another intellectual being; the one possessed of all power and might, yet never constraining or forcing the will of the other. As the child regards his father with a reverential fear mixed with love and with all confidence in his protection, thus are we taught to look upon God. Right is His rule; and any violation of this rule must be paid for, whereas, conformity with it brings bountiful reward. This ought to be a consolation and a joy to every man. For who is so careless as to wish to have sprung from nothing, to be wholly irresponsible, and to have no hope for the future but death and decay? Surely, such a condition would justify the question: "Is life worth living?"

Man, as a social being, forms the next subject-matter of philosophy. Our duties to society and to the established government are so various and so intimately connected with our welfare, that anything that would lead us to a better understanding of them should be hailed with joy. Humanity is one great being struggling for one end. The various races and classes of mankind grow into one whole, just as the branches of a tree all converge into one trunk. We are not all Ishmaelites, nor could we exist as such. Reason and experience teach

us the necessity of society and of a government to rule this society. This government cannot exist unless it be in conformity with the rights of the people. Long ago tyrants were dethroned one after the other, but the just principles of wise men have remained. Men do not look upon society as a bar to progress, nor do they obey the laws blindly without seeing their usefulness. Our rulers must be respected and supported in so far as their government is just and lawful. If public office is a public trust it is one that we ourselves have entrusted. Philosophy points out to us how society in general is striving for improvement, and that the betterment of society means the betterment of individuals.

Next we come to study man's obligations to himself. The inscription "Know thyself," which was placed on the Grecian temple, if obeyed, implies a more arduous task than we would expect. Every man journeys through life thinking that he knows himself well, yet he is the slave to the circumstances in which he is placed. The prophet must have had this in his mind when he said, "no man thinketh in his heart." The poor man has ideals of how the rich should act; but let this same man acquire wealth and he follows in the course which he has so often condemned. Position in life changes the character; and he that is a good man in prosperity may be a demon in adversity. The man who allows himself to be swayed thus does not know himself. He does not realize that his will, his intellect, and all his faculties were made for him, and that he must rule them and not be ruled by them. If everything is not just as we wish it to be, we should not on this account be despondent. We should be led not by the senses alone, but by reason and conscience. Major Brownson says this subjugation of the body is the only victory of mind over matter. All mechanical inventions or improvements are but the application of laws that rule over the material world. If, then, we would have mind above matter we must control ourselves, and act according to sound convictions.

Our duties to God, to society and to ourselves—these are the first things that philosophy teaches us. These form the first principles of education; and until we know them we cannot attain to any advanced state of knowledge. It is only when a man has advanced so far that he can begin to work, and work properly, for his own advantage and for that of his fellows as well.

For this purpose a multitude of careers open out before him; there is many a way of serving society, and the most useful of all is not always that whose results are the most immediate and whose fruits are the most easily gathered. As a rule, the good *littérateur*, poet or historian is not considered by his community as being so beneficial as the man who controls and operates a large industrial plant. Yet he is of more importance; his good is of a better class: it is more far-reaching, more elevating and lasting; for his good is of the soul.

Poets, historians, scientists or orators must be possessed of high ideals, and hence they must have a high education. Of this higher education, philosophy is the basis. Whatever course the young man takes he will find philosophy indispensable for the attainment of success. First, it will make him a finished man, and then it will aid him to become a true scholar. It will provide the scientist, the lawyer, the poet and the orator with the seeds of truth, which each one of them should cause to fructify after his own fashion.

To be a true scientist one must be a philosopher. Science is defined to be,—the knowledge of things by their causes. It is knowledge reasoned out; knowledge which tells of the essence of things, their laws, their causes and their effects, their faculties and their destinies. The Jesuit, Father Ramiere, says: "Science is like a luminous mountain composed of many a height, some more elevated than others. As we mount, the horizon expands, and we are able to embrace with the same glance a vaster space. He alone will possess complete science, and he alone, consequently, will deserve, in its absolute sense, the title of a man of science, who, arrived at its highest point and grasping in its infinite simplicity the first principles of all things, will behold in the splendor of this focus all the rays which burst forth from it and spread abroad to illumine the whole sphere of truth. But this complete science is not within the reach of mortal man, and, in its absolute perfection, belongs to God alone. Fettered by his nature, and fettered still more by the conditions of his earthly existence, man can attain only to partial science."

According to this definition of a scientist, the higher a man rises above his animal nature to the contemplative and moral nature the more capable is he of becoming a great scientist. However, as soon as a man enters into this contemplative mood he is in the region of philosophy. To reflect on the things that are,

and to find out their nature and destiny, this is the part of the philosopher. Reflection and contemplation—as all studies—are the works of the mind; and the laws which lead the mind to the right must be followed when we engage in them. Philosophy, then, which teaches a man to think and reason correctly, cannot be dispensed with by him who would be a true scientist.

This is true not only of the scientist but of all those who go along the higher walks of life. The lawyer that would understand well the law must know the origin, aim and necessity of the law. If he is to make known the principles according to which the rights of society are preserved, he must first learn what rights society possesses. Again, the historian that wishes to give a good history ought to understand the nature of the events he records. It has well been said that through the light of the past we may learn to shape the future. This light of the past is the philosophy of history; mere reading of battles fought, or of nations rising to greatness and falling again, is nothing but pastime if we fail to find the cause why these events took place.

The poet is the philosopher of nature—I speak here not of the rimester, but of the man that interprets the language of nature, of him that can conceive beautiful thoughts and give them rhythmic expression. If he is not a philosopher he is apt to be led astray by false art, and pass over what is truly poetic.

Cicero, in his book "De Oratore," speaking of philosophy in connection with oratory, says: "The aid of philosophy is indispensable for the perfect orator whom we seek. It alone can open up to him an inexhaustible source of great thoughts and developments as large as they are varied." And a little farther on in the same book he says: "How can we speak pertinently of the moral life, of duties, of virtues, if we have not searched deeply into these truths, aided by the light of philosophy?"

Since philosophy is so necessary for the formation of a scholar, it is to be regretted that so little attention is given to the study of it. In our common schools, no philosophy at all is taught; in colleges it is merely touched upon. Students rush through college omitting all studies that do not bear directly on their courses. This is a serious mistake; for no nation can produce honorable and upright men while she allows her children to be reared ignorant of the duties they owe to their Creator, to society and to themselves. Long

ago philosophers cried out to their fellow-men to turn from the folly of their ways. Had their admonitions been heeded many pages of our history might be different. Few men of our age realize this. The generation rapidly passing away fails to recognize the responsibility that it has for the welfare of its posterity. Father Ramiere gives us some good ideas on this subject. Among other things he says:

"Philosophy is a necessity for the formation of the man and the Christian, of the influential citizen and the defender of the Church. The far too narrow corner allotted by us to this study in the framework of a liberal education, is a very great misfortune, and constitutes one of the greatest dangers of the actual state of things. A society that neglects to form the intellect of the new generation is evidently a society condemned to an inevitable decay."

In pursuing this branch of learning great care must be exercised, as there have existed false philosophers from time immemorial. Many persons that today wonder at the stupidity of the ancients in upholding absurd theories, are themselves ardent devotees of dogmas and principles that are equally misleading. It is easy enough for us to see wherein the Stoic and the Epicurean made his mistakes, but our own faults lie hidden from us. A great number of so-called philosophers are following systems that lead them, not to the goal they covet but far away from it. Why should this be? Is it because men are blind to the truth? or because they are willing to be led astray? Surely such is not the case. It is because many avenues purporting to lead to philosophy, divert from the right course, and carry their followers farther and farther from it. Falsehood is painted up in glowing colors, and the minds of young people, too easily impressed by a showy appearance, are attracted to its fold. Once entangled in error, and it is next to impossible for a person to free himself. It is of the utmost importance to discover at the outset which is the right path, and after we have found it to hold steadfastly to it.

It should be the desire of all men who recognize the worth of true philosophy to make it better known. If they live up to the principles that it sets forth, and if they influence others to follow their example, a betterment of the people would soon result. All men would feel the influence of philosophic teaching, and they would recognize the beauty and splendor of its strength.

Strategy.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

A little deformed creature clad in an engulfing pair of trousers, a soiled and torn jacket, and a shapeless, straw hat frayed at the edges, rolled a quid of tobacco in his mouth by a movement of the stained lips and said to his companion:

"Say, Mikey, let's get Sukey, an' go up to San' Prairie an' swipe watermelons."

"Naw."

"Why not?"

"Oh! It's too fur fer this weather," said Mikey rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"Well, let's go swimmin' down t' the crik."

"Naw, I won't do that either. Me 'n Hank went down yes'day an' nearly got killed. Ole Strum chased us way up t' the tracks."

"Aw," drawled Joey to show his scorn and unbelief.

"Honest. Hank hit his ole red cow in the eye with a sling-shot, an' she made a deuce of a racket. I thought she was killed. Ole Strum came 'long 'bout that time to milk, an' he got madder 'n thunder when he seen her. Me 'n Hank just got 'cross the crik in time."

"I tell yeh what," said Joey, whose eyes began to sparkle, "let's get Sukey and Bob, and go up an' lick young Dutchy Strum an' his gang."

"Naw, sir; you don't ketch me goin' up there; I don't want to monkey with the ole man any more. He'd a killed us, if he'd got us."

Joey turned away in disgust at the cowardice of his chum, chewed silently, sending out streams of tobacco juice aimed at a hole in the sidewalk. In suggesting a fight with young Strum as a punishment upon the wrath of the father, it was not his intention to act as a contestant. He would bring on the quarrel; and the others would defend him, since he was unable to defend himself on account of his deformity. The glove thrown at his feet would be taken up by his friends who would smite the foe until blood came. In the eyes of all the urchins Joey was the hero, though Mikey fought all the battles.

"Well," said Joey, in a tone that betokened a lingering dissatisfaction with Mikey's prowess:

"I ain't goin' to stay here all day."

Mikey followed him silently as he slipped off the box, and together they walked slowly up the street. For a long time neither had

anything to say. Both were thinking of some way of making the long hours of the afternoon pass quickly. Suddenly Joey turned and said:

"I tell you what, Mike; let's go fishin'."

"Hain't got no poles or nothin'."

"We can git those easy enough."

"Who's got some hooks?"

Joey ran his hands deep into the pockets of the big trousers and thought. He had forgotten about the hooks.

"Besides," continued Mikey, driving home another argument, "we hain't got no chewin' tobacco either."

Joey looked about for some means of overcoming these difficulties. Mikey's sluggish disposition was partly roused. If these necessities could be obtained, there would be something to do, at least. Mikey stood on the corner idly kicking his foot against a post; Joey was revolving in his mind some scheme whereby they could earn some money. Finally he turned upon Mikey and said, "You stay here." Then he sauntered across the street and went up to a gentleman sitting before the hotel.

"Say, Mister," he demanded, "gi' me a nickel."

The stranger looked into the twinkling black eyes and besmeared face of the little cripple and asked:

"What will you do with it?"

"Buy some fishin' hooks. Mikey an' me's goin' down t' the crik this af'noon,—if I get some hooks."

"Who's Mikey?"

"Kid over there," said Joey pointing to the opposite corner with his thumb.

"You'll fall in some day, my boy, and drown."

"O h—l!" He shifted his weight upon the other foot. "Me 'n Mike kin swim. Water's only up to my neck anyway."

"Does your father let you go?"

"Naw; the ole man's gone."

"And your mother?"

"I dunno where she is, either. But say, hurry up 'n gi' me that nickel, will yeh? Me 'n Mike want to go."

"Call Mikey and I'll go with you."

Mikey understood in an instant the toss of the head, and the three sauntered off to a store.

"Will these do?" asked the benefactor picking up some hooks.

"Naw," said Mike, "them's too big. Sunfish won't bite on 'em."

"How are these?"

"Too little; the d—n fish'll swaller 'em every crack like they did on Sukey Anderson. These's the kind."

"How many do you want?"

Mikey squirmed around, hesitated a little and stammered.

"Say, Mister, a cent's worth'll be enough, I guess; but—but—kin we have the other four cents?"

"What for?"

This time Joey came to the rescue with his boldness, and blurted out without forethought:

"Want ter get some chewin' tobacco."

"No, no, you can't have the money for that, but if there is anything else you want, tell me and I'll get it for you."

The black eyes began to sparkle under the brim of the hat.

"Say, will yeh buy me that line? It costs a dime though."

Each was given a line and rod, and they departed in haste without a word of thanks, talking over their plans with the two battered hats close together.

The generous donor went back to his chair, feeling quite satisfied at the thought of having added pleasure to the two dull little lives.

Five minutes later another urchin whistling frantically came by with a new fishing-rod suspiciously like those just put into the hands of Mike and Joey. The late benefactor stopped him.

"Come here, my boy. What's *your* name?"

"Sukey."

"Sukey what?"

"Sukey Anderson."

"Sukey,—that's a queer name."

"That's what the kids call me. My name's John." With this he turned to go.

"Hold on," said the stranger grasping his arm. "Where did you get the pole?"

"From Joey."

"Who's Joey?"

"Feller 'at runs with Mikey Scanlan."

"Did he give it to you?"

"Nope."

"How did you get it?"

"Traded."

"For what?"

"Plug o' chewin' tobacco."

This time he went unmolested whistling over his fortunate bargain. The benevolent gentleman watched the brown feet patter on the walk, and thought of the twinkle in the dark eyes of that little creature with the crooked back who was called Joey.

Varsity Verse.

AN EQUINE.

HE owned a steady horse
Which he always took of course
To "exams."
For awhile his joy was true,
And he managed to eschew
Monthly "crams."

But at last the gods forsook him,
And his faithful steed it shook him,
That it did;
For a wicked man had pinched it,
And 'neath a padlock clinched it,
"For a kid."

Then our hero played deceiver,
Told the Prof. he had a fever,—
'Twas too thin;
He was flunked without a murmur,
And his pony? Well, we'd term 'er,
"A horse on him."

F. J. F. C.

THE SEASON'S OVERTURE.

Soft notes of a southern zephyr,
Breath of an April day;
Life and beauty come with Spring,
Ballads of love in the woodland ring,
And death is far away.

Lowing herds in the meadow,
Songs of a summer night;
Soft dew sleep on the drooping rose,
Golden the waving harvest glows
In the moonbeam's mellow light.

Minor notes and discord,
Wail of an Autumn wind;
The winnowed sheaves are sad and lone,
Life and joy have long since flown,
Leaving death behind.

Deepening tones and a finish,
March of a winter's day;
Sad are the songs of the long cold night
While the world bemoans her gloomy plight
And the earth is cold and gray.

P. J. R.

HOPE'S ADMONITION.

Look not upon the past and grieve,
Nor keep alive its memory,
But let it sleep. With joy, receive
The future, which is all for thee.

L. C. M. R.

AN ETCHING.

A glistening waste of gliding waters,
Of foam-capped billows, seething, surging;
A plain of darkness, strangely bordering
A field of white in distance merging,—
The sea appeared.

A curtain rich in myriad gems,
That radiance to its splendor gave;
A star-lit vault of varied hue,
Where Luna rides on the tilting wave,—

The sky appeared.

ED. M.

Trees.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

The Organic world is now generally divided into two great groups, the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. Each is again logically subdivided into many divisions according to the individual characteristics of the members. All agree, however, in the fact that each possesses life and those qualities that manifest this truth.

Trees belong to the highest families of the vegetable kingdom, but it is not their size that determines their high position. A tree is nothing more than an herb that, by modification of the different tissues, had continued its growth until it reached an extraordinary height and strength. There is no abrupt line of separation between herbs and trees, and the evolution of a tree from an herb is fully illustrated in the growth of the former as it develops to maturity from the seed. After germination a tree is herb-like. As it becomes larger and tougher it corresponds to a shrub; when about twenty or thirty feet high it is arborescent, and after this it grows to maturity. Some trees go no farther than the arborescent stage,—as nearly all our fruit trees.

Trees possess life as truly as animals. They have all the characteristics of life, as growth, movement, and reproduction. They have not, however, locomotion; but growth and reproduction are the two principal ways in which life is detected.

When we look at a tree we may be inclined to think that it grows irregularly, or that it may send out branches anywhere without definite rule. This, however, is not the case. It is true that there are not two trees on this earth that are absolutely alike, but there are rules of growth which all follow without marked deviations. Every branch of a tree is arranged with mathematical precision. Every leaf exists in its bud in a definite way and afterwards takes a definite position on the branch to do its task in as orderly a manner as a soldier in service. Although not one leaf on a tree may agree perfectly in shape, color, or other details with its neighbor, yet there is a degree of resemblance between all beyond which not one ever goes.

The roots of trees are very irregular in their mode of growth, for they are generally more influenced by external circumstances. A root comes in contact with stones which cannot be

penetrated, and thus it meanders through the ground by the paths of least resistance. Roots of trees are generally on the same plan—one large one called a top-root goes more or less vertically down. Flowers are more perfect in symmetry than either roots or branches or leaves, and every part has its definite place and position in all cases. Even the number of flowers that are to be developed can in many cases be foretold.

The buds of a tree that develop into branches can often be distinguished from those that will be flowers. A flower-bud is generally thicker and less acutely pointed. Advantage is taken of this fact to foretell the number of flowers that will bloom the following spring under favorable conditions, and from this an approximate idea can be had of the quantity of fruit that will result.

The flowers are various for different kinds of trees, but they are always similar in the same species. Exceptions are met, but this is brought about by external influences. All trees, however, have flowers, although their general means of reproduction be not by seed. From the magnolia, catalpa, or our common orchard trees to oaks and pines, all have flowers more or less conspicuous, and in many cases the flowers are large and beautiful; in other cases they are never noticed by others than students of botany.

In many cases the stamens and pistils are on different trees of the same species. I have, however, never found whether it is possible to distinguish the one from the other by means other than by looking at the flowers. As examples of these kinds of trees we may mention the ordinary cotton-wood tree and a species of poplar very common hereabout. Near the end of May their seeds ripen. They are contained in a small berry and are tufted with hairs. The walks are sometimes strewn with this down, while the breezes pile it up in corners and crevices. So plentiful is it, that when descending from the trees it resembles a light fall of snow. This down is, moreover, very disagreeable as it gets into the eyes and on the clothes. The seed in the case of the cotton-wood tree is of little benefit to the propagation of species as this tree reproduces by shoots from underground branches. In the case of the poplar, could some means be found to distinguish young staminate from young pistillate trees, the evil could be avoided by planting only one kind of trees in a locality, and cross-fertilization would not take place.

In the Falling Rain.

FRANK R. WARD.

The long, white, dusty road stretched out far away on each side of the little Dakota town. For about half a mile of its course it formed the main street, and then became again the country road, disappearing in the brown prairie. On this particular day in August, the reflection of the mid-day sun upon the white alkali dust, combined with the terrible heat, made life unbearable outside of doors, and the few cellars and the many cyclone caves became welcome refuges.

The "bus," a miserable relic of bygone boom days, was just leaving the hotel door to meet the train which came to Sanborn each day at two o'clock and left at five. The hot south wind, coming from the prairies of Nebraska, lifted the dust disturbed by the "bus," and deposited it on the clothes of the people, on the street and on the horses tied to the rings in the board sidewalks. There were about twenty persons visible in Main Street, and all but two of these were clustered in front of Rawley's candy, fruit, music and book-store, in the back of which was a partitioned space used as a post-office. Of the other two, one was a woman hurrying home as fast as the excessive heat would allow; the other was a mere speck, away north on the hot, white road. Gradually the speck took form, and at last the tired, little mustang and his rider became plainly visible. One of the loungers growled:

"That's young Barker all right," and then all crowded down to the edge of the sidewalk, with a reckless disregard of the fact that they were leaving the narrow strip of shadow cast behind them by the building. As the rider crossed the railway track a few blocks north, the "bus" returning empty, as usual, turned in beside him, and they jogged along together.

"Wonder if Jake's telling Barker about it?" said some one, and Rawley answered:

"Naw; you bet not. Jake ain't no fonder of disagreeable things than any one else," and then, thoughtfully: "But who *is* goin' to tell him?" And as no one answered he said with a grim humor: "Don't all o' ye speak at once."

There was no danger of this; for no one cared to tell the approaching man that his brother had been murdered that noon by a coward who had shot him from behind, without warning. And even worse than this, in the eyes

of the group of men, was the fact that the murderer, Hank Brady, had escaped from their justice, and was even now hastening on his way toward the "Bad Lands." The murder had been committed in Rawley's store, and the body now lay in the back part of the post-office.

The "bus" stopped at the hotel, and the rider came on to where the crowd was standing. He was a boy scarcely twenty, with a thin, intelligent face, and hard grey eyes. There was a week's growth of beard on his face, and the dust had clung to it and to the red bandanna handkerchief, tied round his neck. He dismounted, throwing the reins, cowboy fashion, over the head of his pony, and stepped toward the crowd. Something in its appearance seemed to surprise him, for he asked, by way of general salutation:

"Gittin' up a lynchin'-bee?"

"Hain't got no one to lynch," said some one in the group, and another added:

"We're all blamed idiots or we would have."

Barker apparently did not try to find the meaning of these enigmatical sentences, but passed on toward the store door. The crowd made way for him in sorrowful haste, each man looked at his neighbor in a hopeless way, and no one spoke. Seeing Rawley, the boy again broke the silence:

"Did my brother get the mail, Rawley?"

The crisis had come, and the men waited breathlessly for the answer. But Rawley was suddenly busy biting off a big piece of tobacco, and did not answer at once. Two men came around the corner from a side street, and just after they had passed the group, one said to the other in a voice unintentionally audible in the painful silence:

"I wonder if Barker knows yet that his brother's killed?" Barker was just entering the store when he heard these words. Turning to the store-keeper who was following, he said:

"Rawley, what did that fellow mean?" Rawley tried to speak, but could not; and taking the boy by the arm he led him back over the blood-stained floor to the rear room. Not one of the men dared follow, and when in a short time they returned Rawley was explaining:

"Hank followed your brother into the store from the street, and shot him while his back was turned. And then he ran out almost before anyone knew what had happened. The sheriff took a posse out after him, but they went south, which was wrong; for old man Smithers just now came in and said he saw Brady out near Letcher and headed west. We were just

going to get up another posse when you showed up."

The second posse started as soon as Barker got a fresh horse. It was his brother's and the fastest in the town, so that before long, in his eagerness, he left his companions far behind. He did not notice this; all his thoughts were bent solely on revenging the dead, and thus absorbed, even the terrible heat was unnoticed. He kept his pony on a steady lope, now and then stopping to seek traces as to the course of the fleeing murderer. These were not hard to find, for Brady had been in too great a hurry to attempt any secrecy. About five o'clock, the boy reached a farm where Brady had stopped to exchange horses, giving as an excuse for his haste that he was going to the death-bed of his mother in a nearby town.

The air was becoming more sultry, and heavy clouds were spreading in the west. About six o'clock, the boy's horse dropped exhausted; but in a pasture near the road were several ponies, and he had little trouble in catching and saddling one of them. He did all this scarcely knowing what he did, his mind being filled with one idea,—the remembrance of his dead brother as he lay on the bare table. He had been thinking of this during all his ride, with a kind of stupid wonder, scarcely realizing what it meant, feeling as if it were a horrible dream from which he could not awake without help. His head fell on his breast, and he was conscious of a great weariness. The horse stumbled and nearly fell; he tightened the rein instinctively, and wondered if he would have been able to remount had he been thrown. He met a farmer's boy driving some cattle, and learned from him that Brady was scarcely ten minutes ahead of him. From the top of the next hill he saw Brady ascending the slope on the other side of the little valley, but was himself discovered almost as soon. Now began the race for death.

It was dusk, and the first drops of rain were falling from the heavily clouded sky, when the murderer, realizing the futility of further flight, stopped and waited for his pursuer. The sound of two shots, muffled by the damp air, rang out almost as one. A prairie-chicken in the long grass fluttered about blindly for a few moments frightened at the noise, and then settled down again. The two riderless horses turned their backs to the now driving rain, and grazed together peacefully. Day was breaking when the rest of the pursuers reached the spot. They found two dead bodies.

Life and Death.

Bathed in the warm gold of the sunshine of spring, the long road lined with the budding trees and greening grass stretches away into the morning. A meadow lark calls from the lowland; and the flags lining the little pond that were broken by the winter's snow sigh softly and rattle and click as the breeze steals over them. The home-coming robins run happily over the warming sod, stopping anon to look about lest danger overtake them. Huge, lazy clouds of white float idly through the blue.

All is sunshine and joy. The warm air breathes contentment. In the awakening, life seems to be at its beginning. The field where the meadow lark calls, whispers that the days of happiness are just beginning; that the sun will shine long before the golden harvest shall be borne. At the edges of the pond the rushes laugh at the coming of life. The robins are the forerunners of the days of contentment that linger through the long summer. Life is everywhere; life is just begun.

Winding down the road on the hillside across the valley is a little cavalcade dragging slowly along. The white hearse gleams fitfully in the dappled sunlight that falls through the overhanging branches. The white plumes flutter in the soft breeze. Black carriages follow slowly. The crape and black of mourning move dismally in the gladsome sunlight. As the train moves slowly between the rows of glistening gravestones, a huge cloud floats slowly over the sun, and the gloom gathers. The white coffin is lowered into the narrow grave. The group of mourners stand on the soft clay; and the sobs of those that loved the fair burden in the white casket break forth in the silence. The clods of earth fall on the box with a dismal, hollow sound. Slowly the grave fills; the mourners draw slowly away; the horses canter out on the road. The sexton builds up the little mound, scrapes the clay from his spade, and walks homeward, *his* labor finished. The sun bursts through the clouds; a robin alights on the arm of the rude cross; and all is life and happiness again. Though the earth breathes forth joy, and death seems far off, who knows what clouds may darken the sun,—in the things of the world, who knows?

A. L. M.

Books and Magazines.

—*The Student's Journal*, a monthly periodical devoted to Graham's standard Phonography, is keeping up to its usual high grade work. We notice in this issue, apart from the customary space allotted to short-hand exercises, a department of Rhetoric, conducted by Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D., of the Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. The perusal of this department alone would be a sufficient and profitable return for the money expended. Andrew J. Graham and Company, Broadway, New York, are the publishers.

—In *Harper's* for November, Richard Harding Davis tells in his clever way the story of the Greek war. He picks out the incidents of interest, and passes over the heavy "history." Spanish John is well written, but lacking in incident. The Great Stone of Sardis is finished. Perhaps it is not up to the expectation of Stockton's readers; but its oddity gives it interest. George Wharton Edwards, whose writings and illustrations are of the first water, gives a sketch of Brittany, the land beloved of artists.

—Our Boy's and Girl's Annual of Benziger Brothers is of interest to the younger children. Father Finn has the place of honor.

—"Mission Book for the Married" and "Mission Book for the Single" are the names of two books recently brought out by the Very Reverend Gerrardey of the Redemptorists and published by Benziger Brothers. Both books are divided into three parts. In the first part of the "Mission Book for the Married" are found special instructions for those in the matrimonial state, while in the same part of the other volume the following subjects are treated: "The Catholic Young Man," "The Catholic Young Woman," "Vocation," "Excellence of Holy Purity and of Virginity," and "Marriage." The second part of both books comprise many topics suitable for spiritual reading or meditation. In this part an error was noticed in the paging of the contents, particularly in reference to the methods of hearing Mass. These books in the hands of those for whom they are intended and carefully read would soon prove a great treasure.

By an oversight two books, "Our Favorite Novenas" and "That Football Game," mentioned in these columns last week were not accredited to the Benziger Brothers.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The result of the games with De Pauw and the Chicago Dental College shows that the Varsity, in spite of the heavy losses of last year's men, has developed a considerable strength and skill. Our expectations, however, should not run too high; for the last game was not a reliable test of merit, and the score against De Pauw was small. As yet we have played no heavy teams. However, there is no room for charges of professionalism; what success has been gained is due to the hard work of a team that really represents Notre Dame, and the students should be the more proud of the laurels gained for this reason.

It is to be hoped that the Gold and Blue will soon flutter at the highest; and should this be the case, the claims of Notre Dame as one of the leading Western college teams must be recognized. The best test of the strength of the team will be next Saturday's game with Chicago. Our line is light, but holds well; and our ends and backs are quick. In defensive work we are better, considering the weight of the line, than at any time before; but with quick and heavy men against us, perhaps the result would be different. If the plays are known perfectly by each man and formed quickly, we have reason to expect that a fair showing will be made. Let us hope that the Fates will be kind to us, that Atropos will forbear severing our thread of fair destiny.

Notre Dame, 4; De Pauw, 0.

The game last Saturday, in which the Varsity won a well-earned victory from the strong team of De Pauw, was a splendid exhibition of football. It was clean from start to finish. No unnecessary roughness, and consequently no injured players, no tiresome kicking and no poor decisions, marred the game that was so keenly enjoyed by both spectators and players. The officials did their work fairly and impartially, and the men played good, legitimate football. De Pauw received the enthusiastic reception that their gentlemanly behavior and playing ability deserved. A good play was cheered, no matter whether the man that made it wore the Gold and Blue or the colors of the visitors.

The game itself was honestly and fairly played. Roller, De Pauw's left-guard and Captain, did creditable work in almost every play. For Notre Dame, Schillo played a magnificent game. His run of sixty yards through a crowded field was especially brilliant. Besides this grand effort, he hit the line and went around the ends time after time for big gains. To Schillo much of the credit for Notre Dame's victory is due. Captain Mullen and left-end Farley tackled and threw De Pauw's runners back for losses in good form. Again it has been demonstrated that our ends are in the care of capable men. Monahan proved himself every inch a football player. He squirmed through the line for gains when gains were sorely needed. Eggeman and Niezer were in the game all the time. The line held better than it did in the last game, and is steadily rounding into form. All in all, the Varsity—every man of them—played a good game, and of them Notre Dame is proud. It is a pleasure to chronicle the fact that Kegler's work is rapidly improving.

THE GAME.

The visitors won the toss, and Roller kicked twenty-six yards to Waters. On a fumble De Pauw received the ball, and the game really began with the oval on Notre Dame's twenty-five yard line and in possession of De Pauw. Davis failed to gain, and Fischer hit the line for two yards. Foxworthy found a hole in the line and advanced four. Hicks was thrown back for a loss of five by Farley. Hicks gained, but the ball went over on downs.

Kegler punted fifty-five, and De Pauw again had the ball. Mullen broke up an assault on

his end, but on the next down the visitors made three. Thomas made a yard through the line. On his next attempt, Eggeman made a good tackle, and Farley followed him and secured the ball on De Pauw's fumble.

Monahan went through the line for eight and, aided by strong interference, made five more on the end. Kegler hit the line for three, and Monahan kept the pace with an additional two. Then Schillo started his campaign with a brilliant run around right end for twenty yards. His interference was good. Farley was unable to gain, but the ball was in place for the Princeton kick. Daly missed the post by a yard.

Roller kicked out sixty yards to Daly who regained ten. Farley failed to advance, Roller tackling him. Kegler went into centre for two and a half and Daly punted twenty. A Notre Dame man touched the ball and it went over to De Pauw. Darby gained five, Thomas four and Fischer was dropped, Eggeman closing in on the play. Notre Dame rescued the ball on downs.

Roller made a good tackle of Farley, and the end failed to gain. Schillo circled the end for ten and six, dragging his tacklers with him. Monahan followed with an advance of three and a half. Kegler aided the good cause with another gain. Schillo advanced the ball five yards, and Farley went around Hick's end for a yard. Daly again failed with the Princeton kick, and when De Pauw got the ball, Roller was called back, and hit the line for three and a half. Mullen made a great stop of Davis' end run, and carried that player back for a loss. Roller again essayed the line-bucking feat, but Farley tackled him with no gain. Fischer punted twenty-five to Daly who was downed without gaining. Schillo was again pressed into service and galloped around the end for eight yards. Waters fumbled, but Schillo recovered the ball. On Kegler's long punt Farley downed Fischer in his tracks. Fischer returned the ball in the air, and Daly, by skilful work, regained thirty yards. Kegler hit centre for five, and time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Powers replaced Monahan at right-half, and Kegler kicked off to Crowder. Eggeman secured the runner and the ball at the same time, and Schillo advanced the pig's-skin three yards. This was not enough, and Schillo gained two more. Farley lost, and on a fumble De Pauw secured the ball. Haines ran with the ball and lost it. Schillo made two more yards. Kegler made an assault on the line and gained five.

Farley gained another yard, and Kegler struck Messer for five more. Schillo burst through the line again, this time for eight yards, and deposited the ball on De Pauw's five-yard line. The visitors rallied, but that made no difference; Notre Dame went through the line for two.

It was Kegler's turn now, and into a mass of De Pauw's heavy weights he drove for another yard. On the third down Kegler hurled himself across the line for a touchdown. On the kick-out Waters hugged the ball and Daly missed goal. Notre Dame, 4; De Pauw, 0.

Roller kicked thirty yards to Schillo who started on his great run of sixty-five yards through, around and over the entire opposing eleven. It was a spurt long to be remembered. Then Schillo again tucked the ball under his arm and gained. Kegler punted to Foxworthy who failed to gain. Roller was brought to earth by a good tackle of Niezer. De Pauw's Captain again took the ball, and this time Farley threw him before he was able to gain. Eggeman tackled Thomas who failed to advance, and time was called with the ball in possession of Notre Dame and on De Pauw's thirty-yard line. The game was hard fought and well won, and a good showing against Chicago on Nov. 6 is a certainty.

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP	DE PAUW
Farley	Left End	Darby
Niezer	Left Tackle	Foxworthy
Lynns	Left Guard	Roller (Cap't.)
Eggeman	Centre	Messer
Swonk	Right Guard	Crowder
Schillo	Right Tackle	Ivy
Mullen (Cap't.)	Right End	Hicks
Waters	Quarter-Back	Haines
Daly	Left Half-Back	Thomas
Monahan }	Right Half-Back	Davis
Powers }		
Kegler	Full-Back	Fischer

Referee—Williamson, De Pauw. Umpire—Cavanaugh, Harvard. Linesmen—McDonald, Notre Dame; Vettcher, De Pauw. Time-keepers—Cartwright (De Pauw), Green (Notre Dame). Time, twenty-five and twenty minute halves. Place and date, Notre Dame Field, October 23, 1897.

Notre Dame, 62; Dentals, 0.

At three o'clock on Thursday afternoon eleven young men from the Chicago Dental College lined up against the Varsity. At five o'clock these same young men left the field with a score of 62 to 0 against them. The game was played without a dispute and with no slugging on either side. The teamwork of Notre Dame is growing smoother and there are fewer fumbles.

The principal defect is the slowness in start-

ing. Schillo and Farley are conspicuous in this defect. The line is stronger than it was a few days ago. Niezer, Eggeman, Swonk and Lynns worked hard and with good effect. Farley's run of seventy-five yards through a field of Dentists was the feature of the game. Schillo gained ground every time he was given the ball, and Monahan squirmed through the line for steady gains. Daly hit the line hard, and kicked goals well. He also gave the signals with good judgment. The Varsity out-ran and out-punted the Dentals, and from the kick-off the result was never in doubt. The game was interesting, however, and good practice.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Captain Mullen won the toss and chose the east goal, giving the ball to the visitors. Mullen, who is troubled with lameness, retired to the side lines, and Schillo assumed the captaincy for the day. Miller kicked off to Schillo who passed to Daly. "Mike" returned it thirty-five yards. Schillo went around the end for three. Monahan made the same number through the line. Powers went through for three more, and on a fumble Schillo saved the ball. Monahan was thrown against centre for four, and Schillo went by Jamison's end for six. Then Farley contributed nine yards, and Daly struck the line for five more. The ball was close to the Dentists' line, and Schillo carried it across four minutes after play began. Daly sent the ball squarely between the posts. Notre Dame, 6; Dentals, 0.

Miller kicked to Littig who was unable to gain. Then Schillo went after the record and went down the field for fifty yards. Farley's turn came, and he deposited the ball on the Dentals' ten-yard line. Littig made a pretty gain of nine. Daly went over for a second touchdown and missed goal. Notre Dame, 10; Dentals, 0. Then came gains of from three to thirty-five by Daly and Farley, and Daly made the third touchdown and Notre Dame kicked goal. Notre Dame, 16; Dentals, 0.

Lack of space prevents further details of the play; but Monahan, Farley, Schillo and Daly advanced the ball for the next touchdown in three and a half minutes, Monahan going over the lines. Daly kicked goal and the score was 22 to 0 in favor of the Varsity.

Littig gained eighteen on Miller's kick-off, and Powers, Monahan and Daly aided Schillo in a terrific dash of fifty-five yards to a touchdown. Daly again kicked goal. Notre Dame, 28; Dentals, 0.

Miller kicked thirty-five to Farley who

gained twenty. Then came Farley's run of seventy-five yards to a touchdown, and Daly kicked goal. Notre Dame, 34; Dentals, 0. This touchdown required sixty seconds. Powers hit the line, and left the oval on the Dentals' three-yard line, when time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Locke took Miller's place and Powers was replaced by Fennessey. On the kick-off, Schillo downed Arnold with a loss. Notre Dame got the ball after the Dentals had failed to advance. Swonk, Monahan and Farley got the ball in the Dentals' territory, and Monahan went across for a touchdown; Daly kicked goal. Notre Dame, 40; Dentals, 0.

The Princeton kick was blocked, and Eggeman downed McVey for a loss. Littig broke up a criss-cross and tackled Locke. Monahan carried the ball over the line and Daly kicked goal; Notre Dame, 46; Dentals, 0.

Dental failed to gain, and on a fumble Notre Dame secured the leather. To get defensive practice Daly punted. Kearney replaced Littig; Murray took Lynn's place, and Bouza replaced Schillo. Just before Schillo left he went around the end for twenty-eight as a farewell offering. Farley went twenty-five to a touchdown, but Daly failed goal. Notre Dame, 50; Dentals, 0.

Monahan threw Locke back for a loss of five; Eggeman repeated the trick with Jessop, and on a punt Daly secured the ball. Murray got behind the line, and threw McVey for a loss. Jessop punted to Daly who came back twenty. Farley made a run of thirty-five yards to a touchdown. Daly kicked goal. Notre Dame, 56; Dentals, 0.

Jessop kicked off thirty to Swonk who made a sensational catch, and regained twenty-five yards in a masterly fashion. Fennessey then made twenty-two yards. Farley went forty to the last touchdown, and Daly kicked goal. Notre Dame, 62; Dentals, 0. Jessop kicked eighty to Daly who passed back to Farley, and the indefatigable end galloped back forty yards and time was called.

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP	DENTALS
Farley	L. E.	Kern
Niezer	L. T.	Roscoe
Lynn, Murray	L. G.	Brundoge
Eggeman	C.	Webster
Swonk	R. G.	Jamison
Schillo, Bouza	R. T.	Arnold
Littig, Kearney	R. E.	Nevius
Daly	L. H. B.	Miller
Powers, Fennessey	R. H. B.	McVey
Monahan	F. B.	Jessop
Waters, Naughton	Q. B.	Flynn, Doran
Referee—Reed, S. B., C. A. C. Linesmen—Brooks and McDonald. Time-keepers—Bergen and Corby. Time, 25 to 20 minute halves.		
		L. T. W.

Exchanges.

There are widows and *widows*. Some are gloomy and mournful and make one think of funerals; and others are coquettish and *chic*. Then there is the *Cornell Widow*, a dainty Miss—or Mrs.—that drifted into our sanctum a few days ago to make her first visit. Every athletic team Cornell sends out is a credit to the institution, and, judging from the copy of the *Widow* before us, everything else coming from Ithaca is up to the same high standard. The illustrations are the best we have yet seen in a college paper. We congratulate the board of editors, and we raise our hats to the *Widow*, and assure her that we shall be “at home” whenever she wishes to call.

The September number of *The Xavier* is devoted wholly to the exercises of the Golden Jubilee of the College of St. Francis Xavier, which took place at the close of the last school year. The account of the celebration of the jubilee is of much interest. The number also contains an excellent picture of the college buildings, and the “Jubilee Ode,” a poem of much merit.

The football game between the University of Wisconsin and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago that was to have been played last week did not take place. According to the account in the *Cardinal*, the Doctors “wanted the earth,” and Wisconsin objected. It is just such occurrences as these that have earned for the College of Physicians and Surgeons the unenviable name in athletics that is now hers.

We do not doubt that the *University Cynic* is a very interesting paper to the students of the University of Vermont; but we must say that it is not very attractive to outside readers. When we consider the number of students in the university, and that the paper is issued only once in three weeks we naturally look for more matter of a literary nature than the *Cynic* contains. There are editorials, a page of verse, and the remainder of the paper is devoted to class, society, athletic and local notes. This is undoubtedly the fault of the student-body. They should fill their paper with contributions of a more ambitious nature, and thus make the most of the advantages that a college paper offers.

Our Friends.

—Reverend Fathers Thomas and Dominic, O. S. B., of Mount Angel College, Mount Angel, Oregon, spent a few days at the University this past week.

—The Very Rev. Dean of Mishawaka, accompanied by his assistant, Father Smith, made a friendly call upon Rev. President Morrissey on Wednesday last.

—Reliable information comes from the East to the effect that Thomas B. Reilly and Patrick Reardon, of last year's graduation class, most popular among their classmates, have entered the American College, Rome, Italy. Mr. Reilly is a member of last year's board of editors and the winner of the English Medal. *Auguro loro ogni sorte di prosperità.*

—Mr. O'Kane, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, was on a visit to the University this week. Mr. O'Kane had come out to be present at the marriage of Charles Cavanagh. He is a most courteous gentleman with all the decision and enthusiasm of the North of Ireland. A warm greeting awaits him when he returns again.

—There were many of the old students here to welcome Mr. Wellington (student '89-'94) when he came down on the 13th as full-back on the Rush Medical football team. Mr. Wellington did not play much when at Notre Dame, but he has since developed into one of the best full-backs in the middle West.

—It is the sad duty of these columns to announce the death of a student who was well beloved by his fellows and professors alike, the Reverend Denis Barrett, A. B. '89. To the bereaved relatives the SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of his *Alma Mater*, extends its sincerest sympathy, and bespeaks a prayer for the deceased from those who read these lines.

—Mr. Michael Ryan, Ardmayle, near Cashel, Ireland, was among the visitors to the Institution during the last few days. Besides being a guest and brother-in-law of Reverend T. Maher his genial manner and interesting chats of the doings in old Ireland made him everyone's friend. It is hoped he will give us another call on his return from the far West where he is gone to visit his two sons who are priests,—one in the diocese of Denver and the other in that of San Francisco.

—Not many changes in the neighboring city affect the average student, as a rule; but the removal of Mr. George W. Watson from his old post will be felt by every college patron of the Grand Trunk Railway. Mr. Watson was one of those gentlemanly employees who always deserve promotion but whom one regrets to see changed, for few are blessed with his courtesy and devotedness to patrons. He is transferred to the city Passenger Agency in Detroit. May all success attend you, Mr. Watson!

Local Items.

—Tom Dooley went to Chicago, Wednesday for a few days' visit.

—Mooney kindly volunteers the information that he was fishing for his other leg.

—Lost.—A Jevons and Hill Rhetoric. Finder, please return to Room 44, Sorin Hall.

—Foster is going to get a yellow wheel and ride under the C. A. C. colors, red and yellow.

—The month is up now; the tandem will be sent back, and Carney and Foulks will have to take their long rides walking.

—Harry Taylor came down from Chicago Sunday for a brief visit. He is now in the employ of the Armour Packing Co.

—Crunican is taking private lessons in dancing, so that he will be in line for the parties and balls during the holiday season.

—Brownson and Sorin Halls went bicycle-riding last Sunday to Niles. Brownson Hall supplied the wheels, Sorin Hall the riders.

—"Sheekey's Colts" played Tom Naughton's team Thursday. The score was 0 to 0. Pat's remarks about the referee were very edifying.

—FIRST STUDENT: "Will you loan me your mug to shave?"

SECOND STUDENT: "Shave your own mug."

—McDonough entertained the Sorinites the other evening with his little wooden clog-dancer, Medley. Confer's orchestra furnished the music.

—The "Full-breeds" challenge all teams in their class. Average weight of line, 180 pounds; backs, 170 pounds. Address care of the SCHOLASTIC.

—There are only a few of us. McDonough has recently come into the fold, and Albert Sydney Johnson is trying desperately to meet the requirements.

—The Carroll Hall Specials were defeated by a Brownson Hall team Sunday. The score was 6 to 0. The Brownsonites gave an exhibition of slugging and holding.

—"I had a terrible dream the other night," said one of the study-hall faculty, "I thought the incandescent lights had been taken out of the study-hall and gas used instead."

—The following valuable text-books have been added to the Law Library: Schimmerhorn on "Insanity;" Brown on "Landlords;" Landers on "Gambling;" and Hoban on "Forensic Oratory."

—The scrub team is doing good work under Coach McDonald. They have succeeded in making the training table. This will enable them to get into good form for their game with the Varsity.

—The bicycle track is been shortened to make it an exact one-third mile oval. The football players who are required to run around

it two or three times daily while training will be pleased with the change.

—Roy Crawford wanted the barber to throw in a pair of suspenders with a hair cut. He said they did that in Kansas. It took considerable time to explain to him that the two departments were separate.

—Davies objects to wearing the name of Slivers any longer. He says there are others who should take their turn at it, and suggests Mott, Landers or Watterson. He wants the grievance committee to settle the matter.

—We don't say that Falvey is unable to tell a good story; but it looked rather strange the other evening when Duane went to sleep in the smoking-room while Falvey was springing one of his whoppers, and didn't wake up for two hours.

—Mulcrone's heavy team was worsted in a football game last Thursday morning by Cavanaugh's "Canary Birds," the score being 2 to 0. The same teams played in the afternoon, and the heavy weights were victorious with a score 10 to 3.

—The new desks and chairs that have been placed in the law room are very handsome. The arrangement gives the room much the appearance of the senate chamber. The shelves have been placed in the new library room, and the books will be in place in a week or so.

—Last week McCarrick received by express another shot-gun. Yesterday he distributed a few dozen of his guns among his friends, and they all went hunting. They chased up a few sparrows and McKenzie shot a rooster. Another member of the party almost saw a jack-rabbit.

—The formal opening of the Sorin Hall reading and billiard rooms will be held next Thursday evening. A clever program is being arranged, and it is expected that there will be a "hot time" that night. It is hoped that those who have not yet paid their dues will do so this week.

—The many members of the Anderson delegation departed for home *en masse* last Wednesday on a brief visit. Notice of their departure was telegraphed ahead, and they were met at the water-tank outside of town by a committee of citizens and a brass band who escorted them to the city in a hay wagon. A pink tea will be given in their honor during their visit.

—Competitions stimulate students to accomplish wonderful things. Pete Follen can repeat from memory whole chapters of Greek that he prepared for the examination. Frank Dreher can apply the rule in Shelley's case to an action in Torts. Jerome Crowley has committed to heart the history of Venerable Bede. Ed Callahan succeeded in drawing a design of the physical structure of an Idea; and Bob Fox can analyze an oration and

classify the arguments under the proper topics.

—THE ST. CECILIANS held their fifth regular meeting Wednesday evening. Messrs. Richon, L. Beardslee and E. McCarthy were elected members. The program was well rendered, Mr. Slevin's essay being particularly interesting. Mr. Schmitt entertained the society with an amusing story. The debate: "Resolved, That the lawyer renders more service to the public than the physician," was decided in favor of the negative side.

—In Moot-Court Wednesday, the case of *Watson vs. Mackin*, an action on a note, was tried. Schillo and O'Shaughnessy acted for the plaintiff, and Wurzer for the defendant. The decision of the court was in favor of Mr. Wurzer's client. This case was followed by that of *Worcester vs. Black*. Weadock and Crowley appeared for Worcester, and Black's interests are taken care of by Messrs. Kearney and Meyers. Mr. Ney is acting as Judge. The latter case will be continued next Wednesday.

—Few men have attained to greater eminence than our esteemed friend, John M. Byrne. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he throws all his energies into everything he undertakes. Not long since he turned his attention to football. Only three weeks ago he was elected coach of the S. M. A., a team recently organized. At that time the eleven were especially weak on interference and end plays; but under Byrne's skilful management their progress has been so rapid that they bid fair to win the Western championship.

—The Minims are good judges of football; they discuss every play that is made in a game and seldom miss any of the fine points. When Schillo passed the ball back which Daly picked up from the ground and ran half the length of the field, one Minim caught another by the shoulder: "Did you see that criss-cross?" he said. "If Daly ain't a daisy I don't know what he is." After the third touchdown by Farley one of the little fellows said: "It's lucky he don't go to Chicago University, or we wouldn't stand much show against them." "What does 'Big John' stand back that way for?" asked one. "Don't you see," replied another, "that he's so big that if he stood up close and leaned over he would be off-side."

—The organization meeting of the Notre Dame Fire Department was held last Tuesday evening. The chief called the meeting to order, and when the balloting was finished the officers and companies were:—Chief, B. Alphonsus; Assistant, Wm. Monahan. Company No. 1—H. Foster, Captain; A. Pendleton, Lieutenant; H. Moorhead, Pipeman; J. Ryan, Pipeman; O. Crunican, Lineman; A. Kasper, Lineman. Company No. 2—P. Crumley, Captain; C. J. Mulcrone, Lieutenant; V. P. St. Louis, Pipeman; F. Bouza, Pipeman; D. Naughton, Lineman; S. Sullivan, Lineman; M. J. Condon, Lineman.

Thursday morning's practice showed the efficiency of the Notre Dame "Fire Laddies." "Such drills as these," said a visitor who was watching the boys on duty, "is more beneficial than any military drill, and its usefulness is evident.

—The Catholic students of Sorin Hall assembled in the law-room Sunday evening to perfect the organization of a religious society. Mr. F. Henry Wurzer read the constitutions and by-laws that had been drawn up by a committee previously appointed; these were accepted without amendment. The following officers were then elected: Spiritual Director, Reverend James A. Burns; Vice-President, Mr. William C. Kegler; Treasure, Mr. John Egge-man; Secretary James H. McGinnis; Promoters, Mr. Charles M. Neizer and Thomas A. Steiner. The society will be known as the Sorin Hall Sodality. Its main object is to contribute toward the advancement of charity. The regulations require the members to attend Mass every Saturday morning in the Sorin Hall chapel to receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month, and to contribute monthly to a fund that will be devoted to some charitable cause.

—The moon was up a tree, and the stars merely winked at the earth, leaving all in darkness. D. Owd and his gang of desperadoes, H. C. Merf, Viatorian Jim, and Deadwood Bill realized that it was an ideal night for pillaging. They crept stealthily around behind the hotel Carroll, effected an entrance through the back window and after placing a gag on the night clerk and plundering the safe, began stealing the silverware from the tables. At this juncture a shrill whistle outside the building warned the robbers that officers were on their trail. Three of the bandits escaped by jumping through a window and swimming across the lake. Deadwood Bill attempted to run down the fire-escape, but owing to fright he did not stop until he had run down into the cellar. The officers were hot after him; however, it was the same old story of "foiled again." The veteran outlaw rushed into the engine room, climbed up on the boiler, sat on the steam exhaust, pulled down the valve, blew himself up through the roof, jumped over the church and hid in a rose bush until the small hours of the morning. Then, it is supposed, he joined his comrades, and the officers can find no trace of them.

—He was very tired when he came into the study hall, and the glare of the electric lamps added to the fatigue soon overpowered his senses and he relapsed into a profound slumber. Visions of summer girls floated before his mind and brought a glowing flush to his pale cheeks. He knew not that night prayers had been said, that the last crowd had gone to bed, that the study hall was black with the darkness of night. With his head resting on the soft end

of an ink bottle cork he dreamed, and in those dreams he was astride his tandem, taking a "pike down the pecker" in a great Western city, and all the people were watching him. In the distance he could see an object. As it neared him he could distinguish it clearly. It was a milk wagon. He felt a weakness coming over him. Could he guide his wheel safely past. Could he! could!—and great chunks of ozone were inhaled through his delicate nostrils. Bang! He felt his body plunge forward, his shoulder struck—broken splinters, perhaps. A tap came from a fellow-student who called in his ear: Pim, wake up.

—There isn't much in Sorin Hall to write about these days. Everything is quiet—even Dukette's necktie. Of course, occasionally some fellow scatters a handful of pulverized horse-hair in his friend's bed, or perhaps throws a pitcher of water on the head of his unsuspecting neighbor whom he has called to the window below; but beyond this, there is no excitement to speak of. There are still those who bum tobacco and collar buttons, but why complain of them? They are saving money and will some day be rich men. Peter has ceased spinning puns and Walter has put away for the winter his little red hat, so that it is impossible to write any more about these two comedians (We'll call them "comedians" just to make them feel good). The German colony is still thriving, and Herr Steiner is improving on the flute. His neighbors are all in the insane ward. Quietness reigns in Rue Maison Reuf, and the police court is as deserted as the poor-box. We cannot say any more about Brucker's whiskers, or he will think we are joshing him, and the joke about Franey and Landers being locked all night in Brown's room is about played out. As we have had a little misunderstanding with the undertaker over a matter of commission, we can no longer give space to Dukette's jokes. The reporter from Sorin Hall has been informed that he must either hand in more news or lose his job. He replies that there is no news, and that he cannot consistently turn in "fake" matter. He remarks, however, that he could furnish a column about a man named Eggeman, but that whenever he undertakes to cut loose on this man, he always thinks of home and mother. In view of these facts (as Brucker says) we will give the reporter one more chance and see if he improves next week.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Carney, Corby, Campbell, Dowd, Duffy, Daly, Dukette, Delaney, Eyanson, Foulks, Fehr, Fitzpatrick, Falvey, Grady, Hesse, Hartung, Kearney, Krause, W. Murphy, J. Murphy, Magruder, Miller, Mingey, Meyers, Monahan,

Morris, McConn, McGinnis, McCormack, McDonough, McCarrick, R. O'Malley, Powers, Piquette, Rowan, Rahe, Spaulding, Steiner, Wurzer, Welker, Walsh, Stuhlfault,

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