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Burns.

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

DRIP, drip, from grey-black eaves,
The globes of raindrops fall;
Caw! caw! the swart rook calls,
And wings across bleak, fallow ways.
The wind whirls dun autumnal leaves,
Athwart the sad grim days.

Sleep, sleep, while Ayr runs by
And harebells gleam with dew.
The little mouse creeps down to you,
The violets nestle on your breast;
And the braes of Doon hum drowsily,
A lullaby of rest.

"Commerce of Hearts."

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.

WHAT a choice bit of clay is the tongue! How perfect is this muscular organ situated behind the lips! How flexible, responsive, subtle it may become! It were not amiss to discuss whether wet earth were especially chosen for its making. To the physiologist we consign all physical questions; only as an aid to articulate speech does it concern us—you and I, gentle reader. We ignore its muscles, nerves, and even the membrane that covers it—we are going to discuss the art of conversation.

"Wherefore the tongue but for speech?" An echo must have discovered to our lone father in Eden that it was not good for him to be alone. With the advent of his complement, woman, speech began. What words flowed from the lips of the two in that dim long ago, before they quitted the garden, and after! What words flow from the lips of their children to this day!

Man speaks because he must, as a horse neighs and other animals cry, each in its own way. Unlike animals, man's speech develops into talk,—the communion of minds. The more animal the man, the less he talks. Some people seldom do more than grunt. The word of these is interesting only because man is. Montaigne observed, "I everyday hear fools say things that are not foolish."

In the end speech rises to eloquence or conversation. The rules that govern eloquence are very well set forth; but conversation is a very broad, vague term. In its highest form it is a fine art; its object is to please; its subject-matter, beauty. All sound is not music; nor is converse always art. The communion of souls well attuned to beauty is conversation in its highest form. We must forsake the market to find it.

There are precepts given, if you would study this art. "It is the art of hearing as well as of being heard." The beginning of excellence is to know how to be silent. Cato says: "I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right." A boy waits for a wall to give answer to his voice; yet he will often fail to listen for a response from his fellow. It is a sweet pleasure to find one whom we are willing to let take the office of talker; to catch the wisdom, humor, gentle flow of his words; to urge on by a short remark, as a rider touches a willing steed; to forget care, labor, all, in the fervor of his discourse. There is much to be had by listening to a good talker; for conversation is the chief means whereby we arrive at knowledge.

An old proverb says: "Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowing, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content and the occupation of men of wit." It

is the great part of life. It is hard to give rules for such an art. Few bind you closely; but observe this good advice of Lear's Fool, "Speak less than thou knowest."

Few become artists in this line; yet there is much choice converse in the world. Even today, when men seem to be as intent in their quest for gold as squirrels are for nuts, you will find words worth the hearing. Not enough, however; while the few stop to converse, the many run wildly on. Men must live before they can talk. They must feel and love and hold beauty if they would enjoy this art. Adam had all the goods of the world in Paradise, but he wanted nothing so much as a companion. We cannot long enjoy the story of money-getting.

Humor is necessary to succeed in conversation. You must be "a fellow of infinite zest," if you would delight any company. Wit is dangerous. If you use this knife, have by some surgeon, as Portia said. It is amusing to see a fellow with a memory well filled with expressions, coined in advance, unable to use any word. The words must fit the talk. Method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint, the grace of conversation. Whatever is said must be spoken easily and naturally. It is really the heart that speaks. If it is dry or empty what will come from it? Memory will not supply a fountain of humor, wit and wisdom. The one that depends only on memory is but a storehouse of facts. What harm such a person does among men! All have seen a terror of this sort. He interrupts the speaker or story-teller to remark an error in date or figure that were better left misquoted. Why bring in the exactness of measure?

Do not, as Polonius cautioned, "give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." The fellow that brings the talk of business into a merry company should find no willing ear to listen to his canting of stocks. Scientific discussion and business cares are better left for another time. It is our fault that we allow the gleaner of newspapers to talk as he reads. He is filled with the ideas of gain and general increase of wealth. He is the so-called well-informed person. Lamb once rode in a stagecoach with such an one. They talked of all matters save those of interest to Elia. Finally the stranger asked what the prospect of the turnip crop was. Wholly displeased gentle Charles replied he thought it depended on the quantity of roast mutton. So let all of his kind be silenced.

If we would enjoy a moment of quiet, gentle conversation we must put down this well-informed person.

Contrary to common opinion controversy is not an element of the best talk. Each must have freedom of speech unless one of the company is an overpowering intellect. Coleridge quickly silenced any interruption. When he was in the mood he would delight a company for a whole evening. At other times he would listen to anyone that had aught to say. There was grand speech in that little group that collected at the house of Lamb. Where shall we look for a Southey, Coleridge or Elia in these times? We listen till a great talker ceases to speak. Madame De Staël talked for a whole evening to one who was introduced to her, and was afterward surprised to hear her listener was deaf. Such artists may do quite all the talking; we will not complain.

Where shall we look for art in speech today? It seems a hopeless quest; yet there is much communion of glad hearts, if we search well. There is even ample excellence in this line, as in others, to rule the world. Bold weakness is constantly in view; we must seek timid goodness. When we come to judge men not by their houses and lands but by their merit, we find pleasure in discourse. "Metals are known by their weight and men by their talk." For-sake the busy street and find the men who think and feel, if you wish to converse. The glitter of the yellow metal dazzles the eyes so that they can not look upon real beauty. We invent machines to talk, and look for comfort in the newspaper. The tongues of men were confounded while they built a tower. The sweet musings of intellect and discussion of truth make life bearable.

Too many men talk today; too few converse. Conversation is not tiresome; words weary us. Of those that can not themselves converse, how many enjoy listening to others? Admirers always outnumber the artists. Witness the number that read novels, go to the play-houses, and delight in drama. Dialogue amuses them as well as the story. In any case, men will listen to anyone who has anything of interest to say regardless of form.

I have seen men that must ever be speaking. They are as useless in company as is a sieve for holding water. They must tell all they know. Communicativeness becomes a disease with them. They can not withhold their tongue. Their appetite for talking seems to grow by what it feeds on. Opinion is nothing with

them; they labor to make noise, and must always be heard. It is as natural for such an one to talk as for the wind to blow. "Men are what their mothers made them." After some observation I think this is partly true of tireless talkers. If they are not restrained when they begin to prattle nothing will ever stop them. I have seen mothers close the mouth of a prating child with their hands; it is the first lesson in restraining the tongue. To encourage youngsters to chirp is to give the rein to a run-away horse—safety lies in keeping out of his way.

What shall be said of this pest, the tireless mouther of words? He is an unplucked weed. No flower blooms where he lives. We must be rid of such a noisy one. It is this sort that is too common in our little world. He devours the newspaper, the encyclopedia and almanac. He is armed with facts and pretty phrases. He obtrudes his ever-moving lips into all company. No place is sacred to him. Horror of horrors! he is your real punster. Out on such a villain! We must have less of him before the sweet concord of glad hearts can be heard. Oh! what an abuse of a tongue made for fitter work. All such base whisperers of vile things I pray you—"Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer."

Tuberculosis.

JACOB ROSENTHAL, '97.

(CONCLUSION.)

Riehl and Baltauf have described an affection of the skin under the name of "Tuberculosis verucosa cutis," in which the bacillus of tuberculosis was constantly found, and which they attributed to local affection, because all the patients they examined were persons handling animal products. This disease is sometimes called lupus, but its identity with tuberculosis has been conclusively proved by many experimenters. It affects the skin and contiguous mucous membranes. The surface becomes red, and this is followed by the formation of large or small nodules with more diffused swellings. Granulation tissue is formed in the corium and in the subcutaneous connective tissue. These granulations are generally vascular; the cells are small, spherical, and lymphoid; but sometimes numerous epithelioid cells and giant-cells may also be found. In the latter case, nodules having the exact appearance of

tubercles may also develop. When the sub-epithelial granulations have reached a certain degree of development they begin to break down and ulcerate. When it affects the skin, the hair follicles and sebaceous glands are also affected, and the hair perishes in consequence. It first makes its appearance as a local eruption of small, bright red or brownish spots; after a time nodular prominences can be seen and felt under the skin. In a few weeks retrogressive changes set in—if the nodules are absorbed, the epidermis becomes wrinkled, and leaves a scar-like patch behind; if they soften and break through the surface, rounded ulcers are formed with soft and reddened margins and red granulating floors, secreting pus and often becoming crusted over. Lupus most commonly attacks the nose, but it very often occurs elsewhere on the face and neck, in the ears, mouth, nostrils, pharynx, larynx, and on the limbs, but rarely on the trunk. The successive ulceration and cicatrization of the skin may, in the course of years, give rise to very remarkable deformity and disfigurement.

Tuberculosis of the bones is a frequent affection found in children and young adults. Its favorite location is in the epiphyseal extremities of the long bones, although it is quite frequently met with in the short bones of the carpus and tarsus, and some of the flat and irregular bones, such as the ribs, scapula, ilium and vertebræ. Direct infection is never observed, and when the disease has made its appearance it is only an evidence of the existence of tubercular infection at an earlier day, or the presence of a tubercular process in some other organ. The new vessels in the vicinity of the centres of growth in the bones of young persons, on account of their imperfect structure, furnish the most favorable conditions for the arrest of floating granular matter and the localization of pathogenic microbes. Before the age of puberty the primary lesion in the tubercular affections of joints is located in one or both of the epiphyses of the bones which enter into the formation of the joint, while in the adult primary tuberculosis of the synovial membrane is more frequently met with.

The germ or bacillus tuberculosis, which has been proved by Koch as the true cause of this disease, is, in the strictest sense of the word, a parasite, and finds the best conditions for its growth only in the animal body. The bacilli taken from the animal body grow very imperfectly, and sometimes not at all, on the ordinary culture media. From this it seems

probable that the bacilli vary individually, in so far as some live only in the animal body, and others may live a limited saprophytic life; but there is, nevertheless, a difference in the saprophytic nature of a tubercle from that of any other bacteria. In culturing the bacilli, Koch's method seems to be the best, that is, upon blood-serum; but some experimenters have had very good success with nutrient agar-agar, adding a small amount of glycerine.

For the preparation of cultures from tissues, Dr. Abbott gives a method as follows: "Under the strictest antiseptic precaution, remove from the animal the tubercular tissue, the liver, spleen, or lymphatic gland being preferable. Place the tissue in a sterilized petri-disk, and, with sterilized scissors and forceps, dissect the tubercular nodules. Place each nodule upon the surface of the blood-serum, one nodule in each tube; and with a heavy, sterilized, looped platinum needle or spatula, rub it carefully over the surface. It is best to dissect away twenty to thirty such tubercles, and treat each in the same way. Some of the tubes will remain sterile, others may be contaminated with outside organisms during the manipulation, while a few may give the result desired—the growth of the bacilli themselves. After inoculating the tubes they should be carefully sealed up to prevent evaporation and consequent drying. If these primary efforts result in the appearance of a culture of the bacilli, further cultivation may be made by taking up a bit of the colony, preferably a moderately large quantity, and transferring it to fresh serum, and this is in turn sealed up and retained at the same temperature of 37.5° C. Once having obtained the organism in pure culture its subsequent cultivation may be conducted upon the glycerine agar-agar mixture."

These cultures have a characteristic appearance. They appear as dry, flat scales, or as lumps of mealy-looking granules. They are never moist, and sometimes have the appearance of coarse meal scattered on the surface. They are of a dirty drab or brownish grey color when seen on blood-serum or on agar-agar. On potato the growth is similar to that on blood-serum and of the color of the potato. On milk agar-agar they are also of the color of the medium. On bouillon they form a pellicle which may fall to the bottom and another take its place. It does not develop on gelatine, because of the low temperature at which this substance melts.

The bacillus described by Koch as the essen-

tial cause of all forms of tubercular inflammation appears in the shape of very thin rods from two to eight micromillimetres in length, and rounded at the ends. They are straight or curved, and often beaded; they occur singly, in pairs, or in bundles. In the tissues they are found in the interior of the giant cells and within and between epithelioid cells. They are non-motile, and therefore cannot locomote from place to place without assistance. Spore formation occurs even within the animal body, spores having the appearance of clear vacuoles.

The bacillus does not stain by the ordinary methods which characterizes the bacilli from other forms. It will be stained by the solution of the coloring substance with analine oil or carbolic acid. Another peculiarity is that once it is stained it will hold its color even when the strongest decolorizers are used; while other forms—except the smegma bacillus, the bacillus of leprosy, and the bacillus of syphilis, which have other means of diagnosis—will not.

According to Hueppe, "The differential diagnosis between the four organisms depends upon the following reactions: when stained by the carbol-fuchsine method commonly employed in staining the tubercle bacillus, the syphilis bacillus becomes almost instantly decolorized by treating with mineral acids, particularly sulphuric acid; whereas the smegma bacillus resists such treatment for a much longer time, and the lepra and tubercle bacilli for a still longer time. On the other hand, if decolorization is practised with alcohol instead of acids, the smegma bacillus is the first to lose its color. The bacillus of tuberculosis and the bacillus of leprosy are conspicuously retentive of their color even after treatment with both acids and alcohol. But the bacillus of leprosy, because of its rarity, is not so likely to cause error in diagnosis of troubles occurring in these localities."

A great deal is said and written upon the heredity of tuberculosis. Some say that the disease itself is transmitted from the mother to the child before birth; others say that it is only an adaptation for the disease which is hereditary. There is no direct proof for either theory, but the latter seems more reasonable. The transmission of the disease from the mother to the child by means of the ovum is impossible for various reasons. In the first place no record of any case of tuberculosis involving the ovaries has been made; besides, it is absurd to think that a germ cell and sperm cell, both of which are so small that it requires a high

power of a microscope in order to see them, could hold germs. Allowing that it is possible, however, would not the development of the ovum into the embryo be stopped by the growth of the tubercle?

The only other possible source of infection is the blood. It is known to be a fact that bacilli of tuberculosis will not develop in the blood; and as to its presence there, we have a record of only a few observations. Tubercle bacilli have been found in the blood of animals in which the bacilli were inoculated directly into the circulation, or into a wound in direct communication with the blood. So far we have nothing to show that the bacilli are present in the blood of a woman suffering from tuberculosis. If the bacilli are not there, they surely cannot be transmitted to the child. If it were possible for the bacilli to be transmitted to the child before birth, then in all cases where children are born of tuberculous parents they would necessarily die before they reached the age of one year, for this reason: it is an undeniable fact that children have less power to resist disease in any form than adults. Now if tuberculosis was implanted in a child yet unborn, how could he resist the growth when adults are unable to do so? Many persons from the ages of twenty to forty have succumbed to the ravages of this terrible disease; is it not absurd, then, to think that a child could resist it? Now look up the records, and how many children do you find that have died of this disease before the age of one, or even of five?

From these arguments we are led to maintain that tuberculosis is not an hereditary disease. But what is observed to be hereditary is a sort of predisposition for the disease; that is, the lungs of a person born of tuberculous parents are in too weak a condition to resist the development of the bacilli which may find their way thither. This being true, there is no doubt that if a person with this predisposition be exposed to the disease, there is great danger of infection.

There are many ways in which the bacilli may pass from one person to another. It has been proved by microscopical examination that bacilli are present in the sputum of consumptive patients; and if the sputum is thrown on the floor or carpet, and there left to dry, the bacilli form spores which resist both high and low temperature. The floor is swept, the spores rise in the dust, are breathed into the lungs, and there lodge and develop. Again a mother is consumptive; food and drink are brought

to her in the same utensils that are used for the whole family. In her mouth are present innumerable bacilli which are left there by the sputum. Is there any doubt that she will infect the dishes she eats from? You say these are thoroughly washed. Very well and good; but there are some of these bacilli which have formed spores, and these resist very strong treatment. How are we to know that all these have been killed or washed off? We cannot see them with the naked eye. If a child comes into the sick room, and while there wishes a drink, is it not natural that the mother should give her one? And does she think for a moment that there is danger in giving her a drink from the glass she has used? This happens almost every day. A consumptive often drinks from a public fountain. Does he ever think that he is liable to infect others? People are continually spitting on the public streets, and many of these are tuberculous. The same danger arises from this as that which occurs if they spit on the floor in the sick room, only there is a wider scope of infection.

How to prevent this infection is what is bothering the health officers in almost every country in the world. So far two ways have been brought forward. One is total isolation, and the other is thorough disinfection of everything connected with tuberculous patients, which in the end is almost the same as the first.

By total isolation is meant, that every person found to be tuberculous should be sent to a hospital, or some such institution, entirely isolated from other people and there treated. If cured, he should pass through a severe quarantine in order to prevent his carrying the disease with him; if not, he should remain there. This seems a very severe way to dispose of human beings; but still it has proved successful in other diseases. Look back a few years to the time when leprosy was as common a disease as consumption is today. It was treated in this manner, and now you very seldom hear of a case of leprosy outside of the places in which it is treated. If this was done with tuberculosis, why could it not be done with tuberculosis? It was not too severe for the people in those days, then why should it be in our day? It is practised to some extent in England, but on so small a scale that no practical results can be obtained.

The second method of diminishing the danger of infection is by thorough disinfection, which is not quite as severe as the former, and would be as effectual if strictly observed. In

the first place, the patient is put in a room separated from the rest of the household. This room should be well ventilated and thoroughly disinfected daily. It is furnished with only necessary articles, such as wooden chairs not upholstered, no draperies of any kind, a bed and washstand, no carpets; nor, in fact, anything that is apt to hold germs. There should be two or three aseptic cuspidors which must be disinfected two or three times a day, never allowing the sputum to dry. They must have a separate set of dishes for food, and these must never be used by any of the rest of the family, and they must also be washed separately. The clothes must be disinfected before being washed. The family must not have too free access to the room, as the germs are apt to be carried by the clothes; for this reason the nurse should be clad in some material which will do away with this danger.

If these precautions are strictly observed there is little danger of infection. The trouble is that people in general do not consider tuberculosis as seriously as they ought. They do not know that it is almost as bad as leprosy, and almost as incurable. They do not consider that the death rate caused by this disease has increased instead of diminishing. If they could realize this fact they would understand the horror medical men have of it, and would unite with them in trying to limit its range. Why should the world at large suffer by the carelessness of those who have consumption? Why should each one run the risk of being infected with this terrible disease? Why do so many countries make it a public nuisance to spit on the streets, and fine the offender heavily? All this tends to the one end—to lessen the danger of infectious diseases. One of these methods must be adopted by the government, or it will not be long before every man will have tuberculosis. An example of the danger to which the country will be exposed may be seen in Colorado where consumption is as common as leprosy was in China. It seems that the atmosphere of those regions to which tuberculous patients gather in the hope of finding relief, is becoming so laden with the germs of the disease that healthy people are very liable to become affected. I expect to see the day when tuberculosis will be universally looked upon as a dangerously infectious disease, and laws passed that will enable us to walk the street without being exposed to a danger greater than that of a hidden assassin; for there is awaiting us long suffering and then death.

Varsity Verse.

MID SHADE AND GLOOM.

I.

BLINDLY over the deep gloomed hills
Gropes the autumn morn,
Unwilling night draws back her mantle dark
That vainly clings upon the leafless trees
All ragged-edged and torn.

II.

Creeping out from the Eastern sea
Comes the cold dull light;
Hard striving 'midst a group of leaden clouds,
Then bursting through a veil of mist and fog,
The sun shines clear and bright.

III.

Thus memory trods a shadowed path
Back to days gone by;
Deep buried 'neath the wreck of passing time,
And dim with age, sweet joys of long ago,
Now half forgotten lie.

P. J. R.

SHELLEY.

The naked Beauty has God's seal.
It is the True; we see the veils.
A painter seeks the Truth, but fails,
For it is God; yet God is Real.

The changing tones of gold-lined cloud;
The shades that stain a tumbling stream;
The foam that flecks the river's gleam,—
These are but semblances that shroud.

So Shelley prayed to see the Real,
And God in mercy heard his prayer,
He saw; but we may never share
His vision; we can only feel.

F. E. H.

BY ONE AFFLICTED.

Oh, Cupid thou art naughty, yea,
To render false the fresh young heart,
To make of love a fickle play,
And so corrupt it by thine art!
That young loves swear their love is true
When 'tis inconstant, naught but folly;
Thou laughest, elf, but thou wilt rue
The day thou first taught love to "jolly."

L. C. M. R.

NO GROUND FOR PROSECUTION.

"No, jedge," said he, "we didn't foight,
'Twas all in fun, ye know,
Oi wuzn't mad at him at all,
Whin oi sthruck him thot blow."

He called me "shanty Irishman,"
As oi wuz possin' by,
And so fer spite oi thought I'd put
A "shanty" on his eye.

M. G. H.

Recollections of Dickens.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

Often, when looking back over the years that have gone, the remembrance of some long-forgotten hour revives within us, and there is a pleasure in endeavoring to peer through the mists of time and live again in the once cherished moments of the past. We clutch at the fleeting memories of happy days that glimmer like tarnished gold in the darkness; and, held firmly in our grasp, we burnish them until they shine with a new lustre. Like Herbert Spencer, there are many men in whom the faculty of retaining what they read and hear is wonderfully developed. There is no need for them to brush the cobwebs from memory's walls. The past is ever present before them as in a mirror. And yet they must lack the keen enjoyment of threading the mazes of forgetfulness, picking a fact here and another there, and piecing them together to form the grand mosaic of by-gone time.

Although many years have come and gone since the time when I first pored over the pages of "Oliver Twist," the impressions that it left on me are still as strong and as vivid as though I had read it yesterday. It was my first acquaintance with Dickens, and, when I had turned the last leaf, I remember how a strange feeling of relief struggled with and overwhelmed my regret at having reached the end. Gloom and sadness, and the tainted atmosphere of crime seem to pervade the whole work; and I would venture to say that "Oliver Twist" has done much to create a dislike for Dickens in many a one who might, with a more judicious selection, have learned to admire and appreciate him.

The statement is by no means true that Dickens is at his best when sketching the happenings of the alleys and by-ways of life; for it is only when picturing the brighter side that his pen is unrivalled. We cannot help recognizing the master-mind that created a Fagin and a Bill Sykes, and gifted them with a living, personal reality; but when the reeking dens of vice and squalor are left behind, and we move in the pure air, amid happy scenes of cheer and comfort, with such characters as old Wardle and Pickwick and the two Wellers—it is then that he appeals far more strongly to us, and strikes the true note of human sympathy.

Dickens is essentially a humorist. He pos-

sessed a remarkable ability of closely observing the men about him; and, as had been said repeatedly, most of his conceptions were the portraits of actual persons whose peculiar traits of character he modified or exaggerated according as he saw fit. Yet with all his wit and humor he was keenly alive to the sadder side of the picture. Grief and suffering never failed to leave their impression on him. He seemed to take an especial delight in writing of the sorrows of children. The stories of Paul Dombey, and Oliver Twist and his friend Dick, all testify to the great love he bore them. He is nowhere more pathetic than when telling of the death of her who is the sweetest and, perhaps, the best of his creations,—the child-heroine, Little Nell. His heart went out to her in deep and genuine sympathy; and when we turn the last leaf of this sad, eventful, young life, it is easy to understand how Dumas was forced to weep when the overwhelming mass of rock crushed out the vital spark that had glowed so brightly in the huge bulk of his Porthos.

It is not at all strange that the two extremes of humor and pathos were blended so remarkably in Dickens. His strength of intellect, combined with a more than usual experience of men and things, enabled him to conceive ideals that charm and delight us. He paints life in brighter colors, and at the touch of his pen the most trivial act ceases to be commonplace, and takes on a new aspect. The freshness and vigor of his style maintain an unflagging interest in his works, and the novelty and sprightliness of his conceptions give a zest to whatever comes from his hand.

One day when Dickens happened to be the subject of conversation I remember hearing some one remark: "Whenever I read one of Dickens' novels I fancy myself in a great picture gallery where every type of man is presented, ready for my inspection." The saying is, in a great measure, true; and I believe if we were to search for faults to attribute to him, the fact of his having endeavored to acquire too wide a range for his genius will be met with more frequently than any other.

He did not content himself with a single sphere of action, but sought to gather the fruits of too many fields; and, like those of Thackeray, his characters walk in every path of life. He has left nothing untouched, whether it be found on highway or by-way, amid the brilliancy of gaily lighted halls and chambers, or under the glare of the street lamp. He has

walked through the green fields under a bright sky, as well as in the filth and mire of criminal haunts and misery's dwelling-place. I know of nothing that can redound more to the credit of Dickens than that in the contact with baser things he never suffered the pure channel of his intellect to be polluted; and Thackeray might well say of him: "I think of these past writers, and of one who lives among us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of 'David Copperfield' gives to my children."

Art was never lost sight of in the creation of Agnes Wickfield and Rose Maylie; and to-day, amid the casts of far different models, they stand out as the true types of noble womanhood. In all the vast domains that have been traversed by English novelists, I know of no character that can compare with Agnes Wickfield in sweet unselfishness, in patient, untiring effort, and in the desperate clinging to an unrequited love, unless it be George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver. It would be hard to find wherein the resemblance lies; yet "David Copperfield" always seemed to me to suggest the "Mill on the Floss." The construction of the two novels is somewhat similar; but it was more probably because of the same sentiment that underlies both.

It has often been debated which of Dickens' works is the best. At first thought it would seem easy to decide, but a moment's consideration will suffice to show how hard it is to find an answer to the question. That much-maligned "David Copperfield," the favorite of the author himself, is, without doubt, the most popular of his creations; and yet, with all the quaint beauty and charm that he has lavished upon it, I would not venture to say that it stands alone in the first rank.

"Nicholas Nickleby," the home of the inimitable Micawber, with its world-famous Dothe-boy's Hall, approaches nearest to the strict requirements of the novel. In the "Tale of Two Cities," there is more strength and loftiness of sentiment, and in some passages even grandeur. Dick Swiveller and Little Nell add a new interest to the pages of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and in "Pickwick Papers" we find a fund of humor that is almost inexhaustible.

Dickens seems to have defied all attempts at a selection. He has stamped some of his works with a certain quality of his intellect, and others bear a still different impress of his genius. It is as though he had endeavored to have a uniform equality throughout all; and it

is only in those later years of his life, when he sought to give a new tinge to his creations, that the lack of originality becomes apparent. He had drained the last dregs of that experience that had so long stood him in good stead, and the flame of his genius seemed to flicker lower and lower, seldom flaring up with that brightness that had illumined his earlier works. But he has left us a legacy of pure fiction which has struggled nobly with the vicious tendency of the so-called art of our own day; and no writer has done more to captivate us, and at the same time cherish the old-time ideals of truth and beauty, than Charles Dickens.

In a Chair Car.

FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I have no patience when my train is late; I have another entire hour to remain here! These small country stations are abominable places in which to wait. If it were not for the little enjoyment this cigar affords, I would be— That sounds like a whistle! Surely, it can not be the train! It will not arrive until three o'clock. 'Sure enough, it is! Who would have thought an hour and a half could pass so quickly? I wonder if that pretty girl in the waiting room did not have something to do with it. Her pretended interest in that book was really amusing, and so was mine in the magazine; but we were both caught.

Here is the train now. I'll get a seat opposite her, and the trip won't be so lonesome. Only this seat left in the chair car! How unfortunate! Well, I must yield that to her, and perhaps my gallantry will make an impression.

"Madam, you may take this seat, I will go into the smoker."

The voice of an angel! "Oh! thank you, sir," I can hear it ring in my ears yet, and the modest, coquettish look; she scarcely lifted her eyelids; I believe she blushed a little too.

There is always room in the smoking-car, I can finish my story now, which was interrupted in the waiting room by the discovery that a pair of brown eyes were stealing a glance at me over the top of a book. This story is dead I don't see why magazines publish such things. The idea of a fellow's winning an heiress by rescuing her little sister from a burning barn! Probably he was the coachman. No, the writer has him a stranger that happened to be passing. The story is strained; there is no real dramatic

surprise, such, for instance, as in the case of a fellow who is already in love with a girl in the car ahead of him, and by cursed luck is forbidden to be near her because the seats in that car are all taken, and if he does not see her and talk with her at once she may be lost to him forever.

Here is a station at last; perhaps some one will leave the train and I may get the seat. No, sir! not a passenger moved; but two more entered and forced one poor fellow into the smoker. Had I known he would be willing to move I would have given him ten dollars for his place. At any rate, I must get another glance at her, and this stop will serve as an excuse to walk through the car under the pretence of looking for some one. Ah! there she is, a study for the poets; her cheek reclining on her hand, her delicate, tapering fingers and the rings. Heaven! I hope none of them is an engagement ring. What a sweet calm expression. The corners of her mouth droop just a little. She is lonesome—a coquette? Impossible! What a brute I was to think she was trying to flirt with me. As I live! the seat beside her is vacant. If I only had the courage!—I will do it!

"Madam, is this seat engaged? Then I may take it? The odor of tobacco is so strong in the smoker I could not endure it."

She is blushing. Her modesty disarms me.

"As I was saying, the smoker is crowded with smokers, and as I do not smoke myself—"

Good Heavens! she can see the cigars in my pocket. What shall I say? I begin again:

"I see you are reading a book. I adore books. In fact, I read—them—myself—very often. It is very warm. Do you wish me to raise the window?"

She thinks I am an idiot; she is smiling—at my stupidity of course. She is going to speak:

"Travelling would be very tiresome if it were not for the enjoyment one gets from reading," she observes in sweetly vibrant tones. How profound the thought!

"It would indeed, Madam! I have always pitied those who could not read. What book have you?—if I may ask?"

"One of Shakspeare's plays," she answers.

"I must compliment you upon your choice of authors. He is divine. I have read Shaks—Shakspeare since I was a child."

"How delightful!" she quickly remarked, "then I know you will be interested in this new edition I am selling. This book is a sample. There are ten volumes to the set, bound in half morocco and gilt, with three steel engraved

illustrations in each volume. Twenty dollars for the set; one half payable now, the balance on delivery of the books. Just sign your full name on the lower line. Thank you very much. I am sorry you must return to your friend in the smoking car. Good day, sir!"

Books and Magazines.

A glance over the list of writers who contribute to the *Catholic Quarterly Review* is sufficient recommendation of the value of that magazine. Its essays are always from the pens of the most able writers who understand well the topics about which they are writing. The subjects are all of a dignified character, and relate to philosophical, literary, scientific or historical questions. The latest issue contains articles that can not fail to be of interest and profit to every student. "Fact and Fiction in Literature," by the Reverend James Kendall, S. J., answers a question that perhaps every one of us has asked himself. After reading one work of fiction we feel refreshed and recompensed for the time we have spent on the book; after reading another book our sentiments are just the reverse. We ask ourselves why one book pleases us and the other disgusts us; yet we can give no satisfactory answer, as both books may be replete with incident and written in a masterly style. Father Kendall gives us a very clear explanation of this fact. His arguments are all supported by good, strong proofs, such as can leave no doubt in our minds; and his reasoning is so clear that any person can understand it. This article is thoroughly enjoyable even to one reading it for the second or third time. The Reverend Reuben Parsons, D. D., has a long and interesting essay on the "Struggle of Polish Catholicity with Russian Orthodoxy." The first paper, "What We Read," by R. J. M., is a masterly effort to make known many of the errors that have crept into history, books of fiction, biographies and literature in general. It is worthy of more than passing attention from people who are much given to reading. Mr. Bryan J. Clinch has a short essay in which he shows us in what relation Spain and Cuba are at present, as regards the recognized rights of sovereign and dependent states. Among other contributions deserving of notice are the "Expulsion of the Acadians," by Francis W. Grey; and "The Land of Recurring Fancies," by John J. O'Shea.

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—Poetry is rare; and the art of making poetry is a gift of the gods to their favorites. It is no lack of pride or false modesty for us to say that we have not been endowed with that artistic insight into the things of the world and the mind which is called poetic instinct. The most of us are poor, struggling, ordinary mortals who turn out a good sentence by hard labor.

It is well to fix our eyes on the bright star of our ambition; but we must beware of the ditch at our feet. Many, it seems, look to that great planet, poetry, and topple down headlong. We can not write good sonnets; but we may write rondeaux, ballades and light, musical verse, if we work at it. The SCHOLASTIC, it may be said, does not wish poetry, for the good reason that it cannot be obtained; yet we mourn the scarcity of good verse,—light trifles that flash and please when the mind is tired of the heavier work. Triolets are more pleasing to the many of our day than are epics. Being young in the study of life, and inexperienced in the ways of the things of creation, we seldom have a poetic thought worthy of perpetuation; and our awkward hands can not fashion words to hold it.

Let us have verse that sparkles and gleams with airy brightness, and let poetry pass until later,—at least until you are no longer contributors to the SCHOLASTIC's column.

Marion Crawford at Notre Dame.

The Concert and Lecture course of the University has opened with a flash of brilliancy; and, if this good beginning is a true presage of the things that are to follow, we who are to be the audience for the year, may reasonably rub our hands together in the pleasure of anticipation. Moreover, we have been assured that on the list of those whom we are to hear, there are a score of brilliant names and well-known musical clubs, that will make our season a most successful and enjoyable one.

F. Marion Crawford—a favorite at Notre Dame—on Wednesday evening delivered his lecture on Leo XIII. and the Vatican; and that it was a most interesting discourse is unnecessary to be written. As a preface to the lecture he drew for us the political map of Italy at the time of the coronation of Leo XIII. as Pope, to show what obstacles he had to overcome, and what effect this reign had in contrast to the condition of Rome as it then was.

Mr. Crawford—as all others, I suppose,—is an ardent admirer of the strength of mind, skill and personality of His Holiness. The reign of the Popes immediately preceding him were not such as to bring about the unification of the states of Italy; nor were the Popes themselves strong or firm enough to crush out the intrigues of the Italians, though their own subjects were treated with kindness.

In the lecture were given the manners and habits of the Holy Father, and a careful account of his way of life in the Vatican. It would be well for us of the younger generation to follow the Pontiff's example. He is plain and simple in everything he does. Even in his old age, he gives certain hours to study during which he dislikes to be disturbed.

His outward appearance, his strength of character, his habits in the Vatican, those things that he loves,—all these were spoken of by Mr. Crawford. In the end he praised the diplomacy of the great "Prisoner of the Vatican," and gave his view in defence of the fitness of certain advices from Rome to different peoples, which concerned much the affairs of the states of the world.

Everyone, I may say, enjoyed the lecture thoroughly, and we hope that Mr. Crawford will not be long in coming to us again. Mr. William P. Breen, who has been heard often at Notre Dame, will deliver the next lecture, and that it will be good is certain.

Our Pioneer.

Thirty-one days in crossing the ocean from Paris to New York; fourteen days in going by rail and water from New York to Detroit, from Detroit by stage coach to Notre Dame. This is the trip that Brother Augustus made fifty-three years ago. And the Notre Dame of that time, a lonely log cabin built by the side of a lake in a large, wild forest. Indians roamed freely about the woods, and used frequently to walk in where the little band of white men were dwelling, and, without asking permission, take whatever they wished to have.

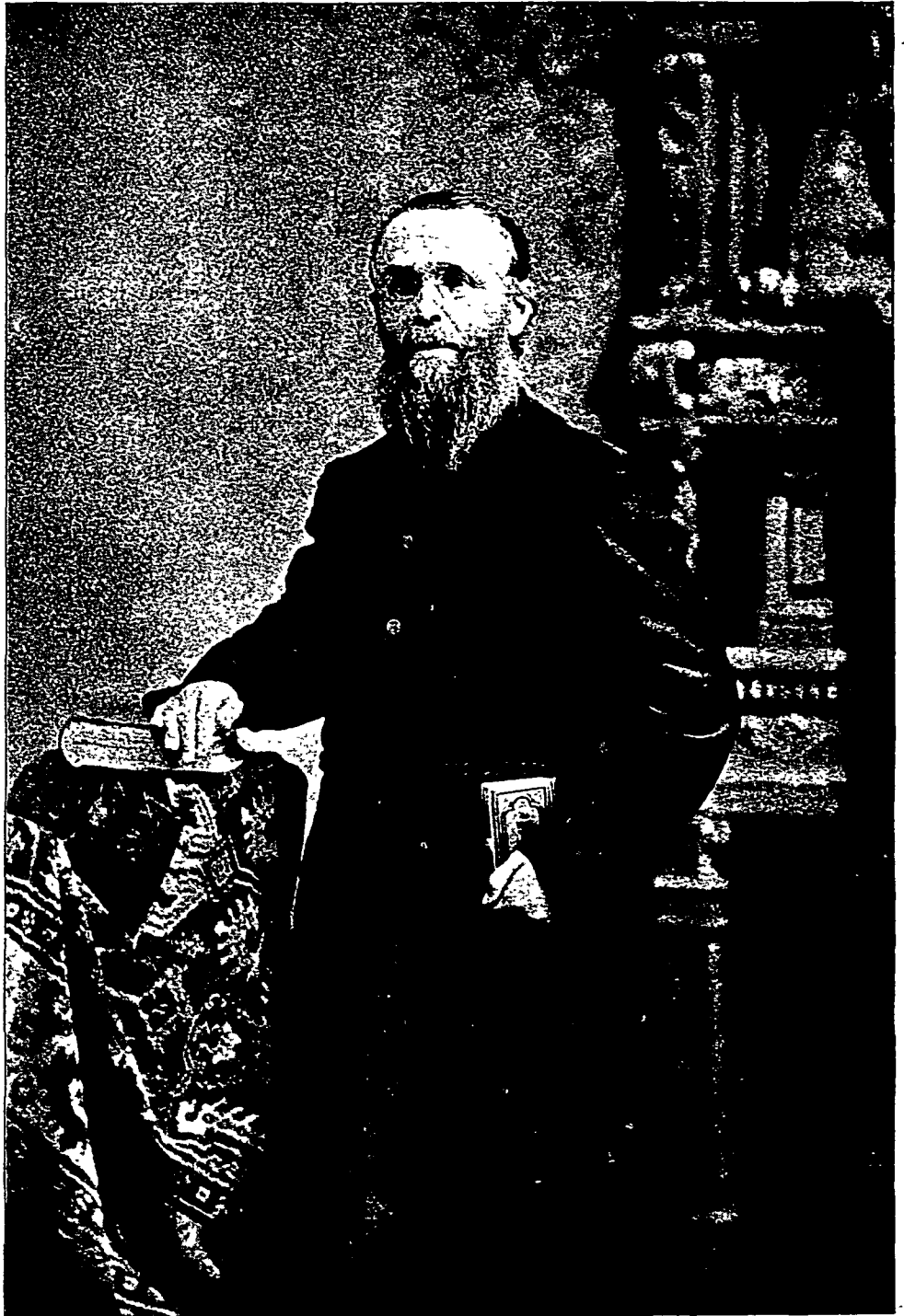
It was primeval America; bears and other wild animals strayed about the little college building, and their presence certainly added very little to the comfort and peace of its inmates. There were five students at that time, two of whom were Indians.

This was Notre Dame as Brother Augustus found it. Since that he has lived here, and his life is very closely connected with the history of our institution. He helped to replace the log cabin by the little frame building, and this in turn by the small old brick edifice now known as the Farm House. He was here when the disastrous fire of seventy-nine occurred, and was one of the men who helped to erect the present college buildings.

When Brother Augustus first arrived, he was but a novice. Three years later, November 20, 1847, fifty years ago today, he made his profession in the little old Chapel of the Sacred Heart. Father Cointet, who was visiting Notre Dame at that time, received him into the Order of the Holy Cross. During the last half century he has led a most retired and unambitious life, yet none the less happy; for in the performance of his duties he has found that peace which they alone have who feel that their

work is for the Great Master. Ever faithful to his promises made long ago, quiet and unobtrusive, he has always been busily engaged with the tasks which stood in the path of his daily life. And these, in the early days of our *Alma Mater*, we may readily infer, were far from being trifling.

The work that the noble Father Sorin had proposed was a great one; and great works are



BROTHER AUGUSTUS, C. S. C.

not accomplished without much toil and sacrifice. Yet the Brothers who assisted our Father Founder were ideal co-workers; without complaint they went cheerfully about the tasks which he had assigned to them, and were never weary until they had completed their work. His aim was their aim, and his word their law.

Old students will remember Bro. Augustus

as a Prefect in the Seniors. Many a time with him as their leader, they forgot their studies for awhile, and roamed about through the woods and neighboring country. Even now when the students of those days return to their *Alma Mater*, their greatest pleasure seems to be to meet their former Prefect, and talk about old times and old comrades, who have long since passed away. After serving as porter for four years, Brother Augustus was appointed as superintendent of the tailoring establishment. There we find him today; no one would suppose on seeing him, as he puts in the last few stitches, or carefully presses out every wrinkle from the cloth, that he is the patriarch of Notre Dame. Yet such he is since the death of Brother Francis Xavier. With the same genial good nature of his younger days, he still goes about his daily tasks in such a manner as to win the admiration and respect of all his co-laborers. It is the delight of the students to call on him at the shops, and listen to the romantic tales he has to tell of the early days, and of the men who founded and moulded our college home. He has a kindly smile for all, and no one has ever yet heard him utter a cross word.

Brother Augustus is the sole survivor of the second band of colonists—heroes, I might say—that came to Notre Dame. His comrades are all resting in the little cemetery near the lake. Over some of them the grass of many seasons has grown, and the little cross that marks their resting-place is loaded with the rust of time. This is the only bit of gloom that shades the life of our pioneer. His old friends are all gone, and the faces and forms of those he loved are no longer to be seen. The tangled forests by the lakes, the discomforts of the old winters, the little log cabin that once was Notre Dame—these, too, are gone. Otherwise his old age is a happy one. He is still strong and hearty, and fifty years have made but little impression on him. His whole heart is in Notre Dame, and it is a pleasure for him to look back through the long avenue, and see the little log hut growing steadily into our beautiful college of today. Taking this auspicious event—the golden anniversary of his profession—as a milestone in his career, and looking backwards, he sees a life well spent; looking forward he sees useful and happy years to come. The SCHOLASTIC extends to him its heartiest congratulations, and wishes that his latest years may be the happiest of his life, and that he will remain long with us, as a last link between the present and the past.

P. J. R.

Something New.*

In the long calendar of the saints there is no name more known, more loved or more honored than that of St. Anthony of Padua. Very few indeed of the heroes of the Church can approach St. Anthony in the profound veneration, the generous impulse and the large endeavor with which he inspires the vast multitude of his clients. As in his lifetime, so in the centuries since, his gentle power over the human heart has ever been irresistible. During his life he was the popular idol of all Italy and Southern Europe; he wielded greater personal influence than almost any other man of his time. He was revered, not only by the masses, but by the representatives of all classes, from the peer to the peasant. He was fairly adored by all. This affection was not misplaced. The benefits conferred by the humble religious on his fellow beings can not be too highly estimated.

It is not too much to say that St. Anthony, together with St. Francis and St. Dominic, did more than all the rest of mankind besides to secure the victory of Christianity, and all that Christianity implies, over neo-paganism; to consolidate the enlightenment, the humanizing and the harmonizing of the hordes of the Middle Ages. Nor do the saint's services stop here. The vast amount of good, material and spiritual, that he has been instrumental in bestowing on individuals and communities all over the earth, from the wonderful shrine in his beloved Padua where his ashes rest, to the remotest hovel where his picture hangs, almost exceeds belief.

The authentic record of these wonders reads like the story of a dream. From long ago such characters as his were beloved of artists and poets, in those where art was truth and purity. Hence it is that the poet, painter and biographer have found inspiration in the legends of this pure life. The composition of this little volume has been approached with the reverence, delicacy and tenderness that the subject demands, accompanied with that charm of manner which permeates everything that comes from the gifted pen of Charles Warren Stoddard. The publishers of the *Ave Maria* have presented us with a neat and pretty little book fit to gain the approval of the most careless.

* The Wonder Worker of Padua by Charles Warren Stoddard. *Ave Maria* Press. Notre Dame, Ind.

Exchanges.

The exchange-editor of *The Xavier* is evidently not in love with bicycling, and from the tone of his remarks about the young ladies of St. Xavier's, we are inclined to think that he does not favor any healthy exercise that tends to make strong men and beautiful women. At the end of the paragraph he says: "We are even entertained with an account of a century run by moonlight!" Horrible, horrible! We imagine, however, that bicycling will go on just the same at St. Xavier's, and at several other places notwithstanding the *Xavier* man's position.

* * *

Artistically considered, *The Yale Record* is the best college humorous paper that we have yet seen. In Mr. Raymond M. Crosby, the *Record* has a pen-and-ink artist that compares very favorably with some of the men on the great humorous weeklies of New York, and he certainly has no peer in college journalistic circles. His drawing is admirable; and although his composition is faulty at times his work, as a rule, is very clever. The work of the other artists is well done, too, especially the work of Mr. Howes. The jokes are nearly all new and good, and the editorials airy and entertaining. Altogether, the *Record* is a very creditable paper, and one that we are always happy to welcome to our sanctum.

* * *

"Facts are stubborn things" is a bit of wisdom that should have been borne in mind by the editorial writer of *The Fordham Monthly* before he began his editorial on Mr. Caspar Whitney. Instead of proving to Mr. Whitney that he was in error when he accused Fordham of "unhealthy" athletics, he contents himself with telling him that he "has accumulated sufficient knowledge about athletics to last him over night," and also that he is a "has been." Remarks of this nature will not have the slightest effect upon Mr. Whitney's attitude toward Fordham. Now Mr. Whitney *does* know something about athletics—a great deal, in fact,—and we doubt very much that he is a "has been," whatever that may be. His intentions are good, too; but unfortunately he makes mistakes at times, and he is, undoubtedly, prejudiced against Catholic colleges. That he publishes communications without investigating their truth is evident from an article in a recent copy of *Harper's Weekly*, in which he makes charges against a member of our Varsity team,

which are wholly without foundation. We did not content ourselves with calling him a "has been," however, we wrote him a letter instead which showed him his error; but unfortunately the letter did not reach New York until after Mr. Whitney had started on his trip round the world. The editor of *Harper's Weekly* assures us that he will attend to the matter upon his return. Whatever Mr. Whitney's faults may be, they will not be corrected by calling him a "has been." The *Monthly* writer should substitute "facts and arguments" in the line

"Sticks and stones will break my bones."

The change will injure the metre, but the effect upon Mr. Whitney will be much greater.

Our Friends.

—Mr. Michael Hart of Chicago visited his son in St. Edward's Hall during the past week.

—Mr. J. M. McDonald, one of our old students, has acquired an extensive law practice in Independence, Iowa.

—Mr. George W. Lowrey, who was a student here in the seventies, is engaged in the grain business in Lincoln, Neb.

—Mr. A. J. Erhart, one of our old students, is now engaged in business in Erie, Pa., with the firm of Joseph Erhart.

—Mr. Otto A. Rother, '92, is now cashier for a large firm in Louisville, Ky., a position of trust that he is filling very creditably.

—Mr. Charles E. Finlay, student '85-'87, has a lucrative business in Kansas City, Mo., where he is an insurance and real-estate broker.

—Master J. J. Abercrombie, of the Minim Department, received a very pleasant visit from his father J. J. Abercrombie of Chicago.

—Mr. W. Burnett Weaver, '97, is studying medicine at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Weaver's work in biology at Notre Dame has enabled him to enter the sophomore year of the medical school.

—Mr. William C. Daly is fast becoming a prominent member of the Indianapolis bar. The same qualities that gained the Mason Medal for him when a student at Notre Dame are rapidly bringing him success in his chosen profession.

—Mr. Charles H. Spencer, student '82-'89, is rapidly making a name for himself in Indianapolis. Mr. Spencer is now Secretary of the Department of Public Works, a position that he is filling with honor. Mr. Spencer's friends at Notre Dame wish him all success.

—Mr. John A. McNamara, '97, has entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., where he will study for the priesthood. Another member of the Class of '97, Mr. Walter B. Golden, has entered Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. We wish them success in their chosen vocation.

Local Items.

—Frost is always associated with turkey and cranberry sauce. We have had the frost.

—In the midst of life, there is death. (Fitz and other star Biologs dissecting "Jack.")

—Treasurer Eggeman is doing nicely, and many a little ten-cent piece is reluctantly forfeited these days.

—We regret to announce that Mr. Frank Dukette, who left for his home last week on account of illness, has not improved.

—Herr Bluestherburg Stoner (anticipating Christmas Exams.)—"I say, Jamie, have you got a horse for astronomy?" Jamie—"Well, I guess. A regular *Star Pointer*."

—PREFECT—"What in the world is that unearthly noise in that room?"

STUDENT (after a moment's pause)—"There's nobody in here, Brother. I'm down stairs."

—Brother Cajetan took his army of Minims to the shoe-shop last week and had them fitted out with athletic shoes. The gymnasium was opened, and the indoor sports for the winter was begun.

—STUDENT (to young lady friends): "Yes; Miss ——— roasted me awfully the last time I saw her."

YOUNG LADY: "She ought to learn to control her feelings like we do."

—SHAG (addressing the defendant's attorney. Quoting Dickens): "We can refute assertions, but who can refute silence?"

GUILFOYLE (awaking): "Wait till I get that goldurn Irishman outside."

—Bro. Hugh is pushing the work on the athletic field. If the weather is favorable it will be completed this year. The remaining games of football will be played on the Carroll field, so that the work will not be delayed, and next year the baseball diamond and gridiron will be perfect.

—MOTT: "What are you tramping up and down your room like a madman for?"

GRADY: "This blame study is awful. Say, is a monospermous monocotyledon monopetalous?" MOTT: "Well, no. In fact, I haven't seen him today."

—Tom Dooley is conducting a series of outing exercises, and he performs the duty well. He has carefully studied the map of St. Joseph County, and knows all the scenic routes and points of interest. His tally-ho rides are becoming famous.

—In Moot-court Wednesday, the trial of John Brown for the larceny of a mocking-bird and cage was in progress all the afternoon. For the State, Weadock and Hoban are conducting the prosecution, and Kearney and O'Shaughnessy are defending the prisoner.

—Mr. F. Marion Crawford was much pleased

to hear that his books were the most tattered and dog-eared in the library, and that a new set had to replace the old which was falling to pieces. The novelist is indeed very popular at Notre Dame, and his visit has served to increase this affection.

—PROFESSOR:—"Mr. ——— I will appoint you on the next debate."

MR. ——— "Well, I tell yer, Prof., I'm a new guy here. I just come. But if you'll hold de reins a jiffy till I get onto de ropes, I'll take a debate out o' any guy in de joint."

—It is said that Landers and Franey have entered into a wager. Landers is to see how long he can keep on the billiard table without getting thrown off, and Franey is to see how many nights he can go out to the pump and get water for his friends without freezing his fingers.

—On Monday the Mozart Symphony Club, which some of the elder students have heard before at Notre Dame, will open the Concert Course. The players are skilful musicians, and have received the highest commendations for their playing.

—DUPE: "What made you pull in so late from that Niles ride? The last I saw of you, you were trying to get across the river. Did you take a steamer?"

CINCINNATI PETE—"No, I took a ferry (fairy). That's why I was late."

—Bob is going to the dogs. The other night he winked a knowing wink, and said: "There'll be a hot time in Sorin Hall tonight." Of course there was down in the boiler-room, but there was no high degree Fahrenheit in Bob's room. Just what he meant we don't know.

—The Brownson gym is a merry place in the evening. The boys congregate there and make the welkin ring in the good old-fashioned way. Their games may be a little rough at times, but there is no vicious intent. It is sport of this kind that makes college life a happy reminiscence.

—As the football season draws to a close the interest in basket-ball brightens. A score of candidates will contest for positions on the Varsity, and the Hall contests will be more exciting than last year, as Sorin and Brownson Halls will have much stronger teams. The Carrolls may not equal their last year's team, but they will be in the race.

—The following are appointed promoters to the Sacred Heart devotion. Carroll Hall: Bro. Albeus, P. A. Curtis, George Kasper, Dominic Padden, Frederick Kasper, Leo Kelly, James Morgan. Brownson Hall, Bro. Hilarion, Charles Mulcrone, A. J. Kasper, David A. Naughton, John A. Dillon, Alfred J. Pendleton, Thomas J. Dooley, Francis P. Dreher, M. J. Flannigan.

—Tom Donald the trainer had an exciting contest with a coal oil-stove in the athletic room last Saturday. The stove exploded, and

was playing havoc with the furniture. Donald tried to quench the flames with a mattress, but was unable to do so. He called in the aid of some workmen and the fire was put out. Several uniforms and a Varsity sweater were destroyed.

—Sorin Hall and the Community building are now under better protection from fire. The mains have been extended; and a hydrant sticks out of the sod so near the Hall that it would be quite possible for that fire company to lift a stream high enough to wet the feathers of that immortal bird which Sorin Hall possesses, and of which so many tales have been told that it is tail-less.

—"Just before the show began," said Fred to a crowd of the boys the other night, "the manager of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' came out upon the stage and announced that little Eva was very hungry, and he asked if any one in the audience had a loaf of bread. But just then the curtain came down with a rôle."

N. B.—And still there are those who don't believe in "rough housing."

—Wednesday evening, the University Band marched up to the rotunda in the main building and played a series of marches for Marion Crawford. That it is a good band there is no doubt; but it makes the members feel prouder than usual to have such a wide traveller as Mr. Crawford say it was the best college band he had ever heard. Some one in authority says the band will soon give a concert with a program on which is the Anvil Chorus, Rossini's Stabat Mater, Suppé's Light Cavalry Overture and other interesting numbers.

—"He that shies eggs and such like must dodge brickbats." This isn't a quotation from Artemus Ward. Nevertheless, it might be true. In the realms of a certain building—I don't say which—that is a dormitory building, that is not Brownson or Carroll or St. Joseph's or St. Edward's Hall,—there reside certain fellows who wish to make life merry by raising a corrugated mansion, as it were. Some day these "real devilish" boys will come to grief, and the whole "caboodle" will find themselves bruised and sore, lying out under the stars, out in the clear, pure, snowy cold.

—That dormant, hibernating and summer-nating old fire company has *woken*. Of old its sloth was the subject of certain sundry, jocose remarks, and those immense enervating helmets and coats and boots seemed to overpower the wearers, or, better, seemed to be poured over the wearers. That old chemical water-thruster, a relic of war times during which it was foolishly not exploded as a bomb lies in peace in the shed. Those sturdy members that shut their eyes and winked, muttering the day will come, have proven their prophecy. The day comes at six o'clock every morning. Thank heaven, fire has not the same regularity, and does not rush about with the alarm-

ing wildness that possesses that torch in the buck-skin gloves of the company.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE LAW DEBATING SOCIETY held a debate last Saturday the subject of which was "The rights of negro suffrage." The contestants were Messrs. Hartung and Duperier for the affirmative, Haley and Guilfoyle for the negative. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. The judges were Messrs. Barry, Campbell and McCormick.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held a meeting last Sunday night. Each member spoke briefly on the condition of the temperance cause in the town where he resided. A reading by Alfred Duperier and a song by Mr. Crowley enlivened the meeting. The talks were interesting and instructive, and will be continued at the next meeting.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY held their fourth regular meeting Thursday evening. Mr. Adam Kasper opened the entertainment program with an humorous reading, entitled "Bald-Headed Men." Mr. George Wilson read a clever essay, entitled "The adventures of a life-saving crew." A debate, the subject of which was "Resolved, That intercollegiate football promotes the best interests in colleges," was then presented. Messrs. Gilbert and Taylor upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Touhy and McNichols the negative. Messrs. Dalton, Hubbard, V. Dwyer, Tomlinson and Sullivan were elected members of the society.

—We have decided to devote each week a portion of the Local Column to the publication of "Poetry." Verse will not be accepted. We must have poetry or nothing. Among our contributors will be such well-known lights as Hon. Robert Franey, Judge Lankester Landers, and others. The following touching bits of poetry have been contributed to "The Poets' Corner" this week:

I have a little hat
Of which the boys make fun;
But I don't pay no attention
To no son-of-a-gun.

Jamie.

I toot my flute on Rue-te-toot,
I'm tooting the live-long day.
If the toot of my flute don't suit very goot,
You can already move away.

Herr Steinerowski.

MY SEGAR-SNIPE.

You raise your eyes and scrutinize,
And wonder how I got it;
Don't think me cruel-hearted,
When I say I simply *shot* it.

William.

—The SCHOLASTIC, ever awake to the entertainment of its readers, recently propounded the following questions to some of the great men of the University: "Are you glad you are on earth? If so, why?" We print below a few of the answers received:—

Wm. S.—: Am I glad I'm on earth? Sir, you

talk like a fool. Of course, I'm glad I'm on earth! Where else do you suppose I'd be glad to be on? This earth is the best place I ever struck. Life is easy, calm, peaceful and every old thing. If I don't like my job, I can quit. The only thing is that I can't get it back again. I have sought to make this communication logical and yet simple, so that the youth of our great land may profit thereby. Does she seem that way to you? Now that I have answered your fool questions let me spring something to you. "Do you chew? If you do, why not, and where?"

F. O'S—: You ask if I am glad I'm on earth. Emphatically, yes. I'm afraid I'll never strike a better place. Here I am at liberty to wear a red necktie that I'm sure would not be tolerated on any other planet or in Chicago. Oh, I do so love life! I love to roam the hills with Martie (and you bet I do it now since I'm study-hall faculty). I love to sing, to dance and plow the fields. So does Martie. Good-bye.

—He that lives in 77 is the subject of this monody. He stood in front of Sorin Hall leaning up against himself; all others had fled. "I am he," the rasping, assassinating, cauterizing tones of his voice rushed into evening. "I—am—the—man," now more horrible and then most horrible; never decreasing in horribleness. The fire company awoke. The big bell gave three toots. Mingey in his excitement threw himself out of the window instead of his trunk. (He afterwards went down and picked himself up as he was the only one he had). Landers stretched himself to the roof-garden and made a bridge for his comrades to pass over to safety. Still the tones came "I—am—the—world." Powers stopped talking. Raymond Giles wasn't himself; he began to work. The voice grew louder and stronger; words fail to express its intensity. It brayed like a muley cow whose left eye was being hammered by a golf-stick. Eggeman shook himself and Sorin Hall, looked out of his window and said: "Well, I'm blowed!" For, as he looked, the great swell of voice yelled, "I—am—Willy!" Silence reigned in Sorin Hall until next morning when Willy hummed a little lyric that broke the windows near the dome.

Roll of Honor.

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