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The Story of Man.

PAUL J. RAGAN.

ALITTLE dark, a little light,
A little while and a day;
The years roll on in rapid flight;
Old age creeps slow like shades of night,
And our lifetime wears away.

A faded smile, a sigh suppressed,
Then death and the deepening gloom.
The heart beats not at the troubled breast,
And our weary limbs enwrap in rest
Seek peace in the narrow tomb.

A dreamless sleep, one long cold night,
And the race of Time is o'er;
The soul set free from its earthly plight,
Clothed in the robe of morning light,
Rejoices for evermore.

Study of Shelley.*

FRANK EARLE HERING, LITT. B., '98.

MORE than two generations have passed since Shelley's death. The social and political questions of his time may now be impartially reviewed in history; and the works of his contemporaries are criticised apart from their lives. The places that Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron are to occupy in English literary history are approximately agreed upon, but the fate of Shelley waits on another day. No critic has yet succeeded in judging his work solely on its merit. There is a magnetic atmosphere emanating from his poetry that influences all who come within its field. His life is used to explain his poems, instead of his poems to explain his life. Until this affinity between the man and his work can

be resisted successfully, we can not hope for pure criticism divorced from sentiment. It was to be expected that Professor Dowden's analytical mind would guard against this tendency, but he excuses excesses in Shelley, which are severely condemned in Byron. The difficulty of a just appreciation of Shelley lies in the effort needful to preserve a fitting balance in the mind. The feeling of sympathy or antipathy toward this man is necessarily strong, and taxes the will to keep it subdued.

This sympathy has done much to encircle Shelley with a nimbus of unreality that is artificial. He has been credited by one biographer with a mind that, had it lived to maturity, would have equalled Shakespeare's in universality; and his errors have been softened to moral deficiencies and incapacity for deep suffering. The truth is Shelley's mind was narrow in its scope compared with Goethe's, although more intense; and he was sensitive to present suffering, but incapable of fine ethical discrimination.

In 1792, while France was preparing to embroil the whole of Europe in war, Shelley was born; and the revolutionary spirit that hung over civilization was his birthright. The poet has left us little concerning his parents, and that little is not to their credit. Medwin and Hogg are agreed that the poet's father was not suited to win or deserve the confidence of his gifted son, and Rossetti says "he was ill adapted to be the father of so divine a phenomenon as Percy Bysshe Shelley." Sir Timothy Shelley was a man of mediocre talents, proud of his title, a zealous Whig, and ambitious that his children should add to the family honor in politics or in marriage. His moral nature was not forcible, and his ethics leaned to expediency. He told the poet "that he would never pardon a *mésalliance*, but would provide for as many illegitimate children as he chose to have." Shelley's mother was a timid woman entirely too much under the dominion of her husband. The poet says "she was gentle and tolerant,

* The English medal essay.

but narrow-minded." As she did not understand the nature of children she never had their confidence.

The years from 1800 to 1809 were passed at Sion House School, and at Eton. The discipline of these schools, the relation of Shelley to his companions, together with the books he read, are responsible for his subsequent attitude toward society, government and religion. Mr. Badgehot insists, and rightly, that too much importance can not be placed on the environments that influenced his expanding life. Medwin, a cousin to Shelley, was with him at Sion House, and writes: "Fagging, that vestige of barbarous times," reigned supreme. Shelley was the victim and scape-goat of these petty despots, who used to vent on him their ill-humor in harsh words, and sometimes even in blows.

In spite of his unpleasant life Shelley did good work as a student, and acquired a deep insight into the classics. He took a real delight in Plato, and, what is to be regretted, Pliny the Elder. The chapter "De Deo" impressed him deeply and first suggested his doctrine of atheism. The mind of the poet is influenced always in its first creations by associates and environment. The time passes when everything is accepted as good simply because it exists; and from perfect confidence in God and humanity, the mind, by its potential elasticity, swings to various points along the arc of doubt.

During his last year at Eton the poet wrote the romances, "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne." They are compositions of the crudest kind, and are mentioned only because Shelley afterwards wrote: "These two romances serve to mark the state of my mind at the period of their composition." They are the first evidences we have of Shelley's acquaintance with the principles advanced in the "Political Justice" of Godwin. The doctrine of religious scepticism is vaguely set forth, and the poet's crude ideas of Epicureanism and Godwinism may be gathered from the speech of one of the characters:

"The soul, by its own innate and energetical exertions, must endure forever; no fortuitous occurrence, no incidental events, can affect its happiness; but by daring boldly and striving to verge from the beaten path, whilst yet trammelled in the chains of mortality, it will gain superior advantages in a future state."

The *Critical Review* for November, 1810, justly says of "Zastrozzi": "The narrative itself, as well as the style in which it is written, is so contemptible, that we should have passed

it over in silence, only for the indignation excited by its gross and barefaced immorality."

During the October of 1810 Shelley entered Oxford. "Oxford," says Leigh Hunt, "has not always appreciated the favours of the gods. It repudiated Locke, estranged Gibbons, expelled Shelley."

Students at Oxford were compelled to prove themselves in communion with the Church of England by receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on certain days in the college chapel. But if an undergraduate felt himself unfit to take the Sacrament he had permission to absent himself, with the understanding that he make a suitable contribution for charitable uses. This contribution custom had fixed at a guinea. Shelley took early occasion to denounce this "guinea dispensation," and endeavored to ridicule the custom into disuse through letters which he sent to distinguished prelates inviting controversy. But this method was too laborious and uncertain; besides he was imbued with the spirit of the French Revolution and Rousseau's deification of Reason. In order to define their position, Shelley and Hogg, his friend, wrote, and had published, a four-page pamphlet, entitled "On the Necessity of Atheism." It was an attempt at a logical exposition of atheism, and also contained an abridgment of Hume's "Essays." It sought to show that "the existence of God could not be proved by any of the stock arguments in its favor whether drawn from the senses, from reason, or from evidence." A copy of the pamphlet was sent by Shelley to every bishop on the bench, to each of the Heads of Houses, and with it a letter in his own handwriting. The Oxford authorities apprehended the authors, and on uncertain evidence and with unbecoming injustice and haste expelled them.

No clear idea of Shelley's philosophy, or his attitude toward religion and society, can be obtained without a knowledge of the principles expounded in "Political Justice." The age was mad on the subject of Reason. Rousseau's "Social Contract" had stirred Europe to its farthest boundary, and had been one of the vital forces that produced the French Revolution. The rising generation of English poets, including Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge and Byron, were trying to force conservative England to consider the new system, and in this they were aided by Godwin's remarkable book.

The "Political Justice" drew its principles from many sources. The author had used the materialistic views of Hobbes, Locke, and

Hume, and reinforced them by the more specious teachings of Rousseau. The idea of the irresistible power of reason had been taken from Socrates, the supremacy of duty from Kant, and the Panlogism from Hegel. The caustic Hazlitt writes: "No work in our time gave such a blow to the philosophic mind of the country as the celebrated 'Enquiry Concerning Political Justice.' Tom Paine was considered for the time a fool to Godwin, Paley, an old woman, and Edmund Burke, a flashy sophist. Truth, moral truth, it was supposed, had here taken up its abode; and there were the oracles of thought."

Godwin's system is built on logic. It places the primary principle in reason, which is "omnipotent." He assumes all religious systems to be false, and affirms that Reason alone is able to guide men. It is the essential force for the regeneration of society and the individual. When a man is wrong, prove his error to him as you might demonstrate a problem in Euclid, and no perverseness would withstand a change to the right. This is the Socratic principle: "That knowing is virtue;" that man can not know the good and despise it; for how can one who seeks his own well-being oppose his own interest? This was what Shelley meant when he wrote, concerning his father, "I will try the force of truth on that forsaken man."

Godwin's ethics followed naturally from his logic. "Morality is the right calculation of consequences;" it is the application of reason to life. The highest virtue consists in action which will produce the greatest amount of happiness. Therefore, promises are immoral; for they bind the unknown future to the past. Vice has its origin in error and ignorance; and knowledge, which is its antithesis, is acquired through Reason. Ignorance, indeed, is the cause of which vice is the effect. Duty is reason in action, and reason is the enemy of vice.

That part of "Political Justice" which has attracted most attention is the section dealing with political and social questions. According to Godwin there have been two great sources of error in the history of the race,—religion and government. He calls government "that brute engine which has been the only perennial cause of the vices of mankind." To punish is against the dictates of reason; for reform is the desired end of punishment, and the end should be reached through argument, not through imprisonment. All government is based on coercion; and since coercion is opposed to reason, gov-

ernment is immoral. "Religion is, in all its points, an accommodation to the prejudices and weaknesses of mankind;" for it is founded on faith that does not draw its essence of being from reason. The bloodiest persecutions have been carried on in the name of religion, and science has found religion an uncompromising opponent.

All sentiments that have their origin in the feelings alone are unworthy of a disciple of Godwin. Filial affection, gratitude, friendship, have no just cause for being. A father does only his duty in providing for his child. He assumes the obligation in the very moment of fatherhood. The son may be able to assist his parents, and should, as he would any other being, from duty; but if reason pointed to a greater obligation elsewhere, no false idea of duty should detain him. There is no place for gratitude in this system. A benefactor only does his duty, and in doing it imposes no obligation.

Since action must always be directed toward securing the greatest amount of happiness, accidental ties are not to be allowed to interfere with this end. If marriage produces discord the bond should be dissolved; for it is opposed to reason to sacrifice happiness to a chance union. Promises should not be given and are not binding; because the individual should hold himself free to follow the demands of reason at all times. "It is absurd to expect that the inclinations and wishes of two human beings should coincide throughout any long period of time. To oblige them to act and to live together is to subject them to some inevitable portion of bickering and unhappiness. The supposition that I must have a companion for life is the result of a complication of vices. Marriage is law, and the worst of laws. As long as two human beings are forbidden to follow the dictates of their own minds, prejudice is alive and vigorous."

Such is an epitome of the doctrines contained in "Political Justice." The book secured a wider reading than it deserved, and numbered Wordsworth and Coleridge, then in young manhood, among its enthusiastic admirers. Shelley first read the book when at Eton, and surrendered himself unconditionally to its precepts. There is something pathetic in the honor accorded to the selfish old sophist by his young disciple. In one of Shelley's early letters to Godwin, he writes: "Considering these feelings (of admiration for Godwin) you will not be surprised at the inconceivable emotions with which I learned your existence and your dwelling. I had enrolled your name

in the list of the honorable dead. I had felt regret that the glory of your being had passed from this earth of ours. It is not so; you still live and, I firmly believe, are still planning the welfare of human kind." A letter written a little later during Shelley's trip to Ireland, reminds one of the invocation of a Greek or Roman poet to some tutelary god. "Guide thou and direct me; in all the weaknesses of my inconsistencies bear with me; when you reprove me, reason speaks; I acquiesce in her decision."

Shelley's devotion to Godwin and his principles may, I think, be ascribed to two causes: the poet's mind was not essentially philosophical, and it lacked an appreciation of the humorous. The poetic and philosophic temperaments are, as a rule, not united in the same person. The faculties that a poet or philosopher exercises in his highest creations are necessarily different. The poet works by means of the imagination interpreting beauty; the philosopher by means of his intellect apprehending the true. Imagination, to some degree, is necessary to the philosopher, but it must always be subordinated to reason. An excess of imagination would appeal to the emotions, and so tend to bias philosophical judgments. A poet is great in "virtue of the keenness of his sensibility to the emotional aspect of every decision of the intellect." No system of philosophy with any merit has ever been evolved or apprehended without much patient and impartial reasoning on abstract questions; and this is just what Shelley could not do, for he lacked patience, and his emotional nature biased his judgment. His mind could not dwell for any length of time on the reality. It wanted the power of continued concentration and rested, while that marvellous imagination bodied forth the shapes of things unknown. Shelley never affected a philosophy of his own invention; indeed his poems, from "Queen Mab" to "Prometheus Unbound," contain fragments of Godwinism almost literally transposed.

It is to be regretted that Shelley lacked an appreciation of the humorous, else he might have seen the incongruity of his relations to Godwin. His life was wrecked in following the revolutionary precepts of a philosopher who lived in unobtrusive respectability.

The two romances, written while Shelley was at Eton, do not contain a page worthy of reading, and the humor of their bombast would have appealed to any one but Shelley. The author describes a person that has fallen asleep, as

"conquered by irresistible torpor," and speaks of a soul "wasting its fervent energies in tasteless apathy or lingering torments." Of a like nature is the letter written by Shelley to his first wife, whom he had just deserted. It is so absurdly ridiculous in the complications it suggests that it seems farcical. While his second wife is sitting by him he writes to Harriet: "To show that I do not forget you, I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at least find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear—by whom your feelings will never be wilfully injured." Charles Dudley Warner asks: "Is this universal love or universal slop?" How Heine or Swift would have satirized this man if they had known him!

Shelley suffered quite as much by taking himself too seriously as by following his impulses. And yet what a noble life he might have lived had his early training led his impulsive nature to feel the beauties of Christianity! How much more valuable would those priceless lyrics be, if they were pervaded by such a faith as Wordsworth had! With all his defects Shelley was immeasurably superior to Godwin. It is sad to see him clinging to the very last to a system which he has tried so thoroughly, and for which he has suffered so much. His life is the greatest proof of the noble sincerity of the man; as it furnishes the strongest refutation of the principles of Godwin.

With this knowledge of the forces that influenced the formation of Shelley's character, an insight into his poems is obtained more readily. But we must determine first Shelley's conception of poetry, in order to judge of the quality of these poems.

What is the general nature of poetry? From the days of Sophocles to those of Tennyson, from the essays of Aristotle to those of Cardinal Newman, poets and critics have defined poetry, limited its province and declared its function; but in spite of the earnestness and erudition of great minds, there is no accepted definition. Every man has his own opinion on the subject, and his attitude toward any particular poet is influenced by them. Nor do poets agree; and in all justness we should be acquainted with Shelley's conception of what his art is before passing judgment on his creations.

Poe defined poetry to be the "rhythmical creation of beauty," and if this definition is vague in its limitations, it embodies the three essential attributes of all poetry. Rhythm is the mould into which the thought is poured, and,

as Mr. Stedman says in his criticism of Walt Whitman, "However bald or formal a poet's own method, it is useless for him to decry forms that recognize the pulses of time, and the linked sweetness of harmonic sound." Creation marks the genius of the poets. Every true poet is a creator; and imagination is his magic wand. Beauty is the alpha and omega of all art. It is its *raison d'être*. A poem is a gem in which rhythm is the cutting, creation the quality, and beauty the pleasure of contemplation.

Shelley's definition of poetry agrees with that of Poe, although not so fully expressed. He says: "Poetry is the expression of the imagination," and whether or not this is to be accepted as a general definition, it certainly characterizes the poet's own creations; and Shakespeare seems to assent to it.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."

With full recognition of the necessity and magic of the imagination, we agree with Matthew Arnold that the intellect of the poet must create the moral tone which is an attribute of beauty. There is some poetry, created sheerly from the imagination, which suggests the poet's meaning in a combination of words, that, taken literally, mean nothing.

The relation of the imagination to the other faculties determines the class of the poet. When the imagination is dominated by the intellect, such a work as Pope's "Essay on Man" results, and this can not be called real poetry. When the imagination is extensive rather than intensive, and harmoniously linked to an intellect that contemplates the supernatural, an "Iliad" is produced. When the imagination, the feelings and the intellect are subordinated to a will that apprehends the moral fitness of things, we receive "King Lear." Surely, Shelley was not capable of producing poems akin to any of these. His creations are of another kind. He is the supreme lyrist of our race. His imagination was intensive, unmoral, and destitute of religious awe. It is the vital force of his poems, and so luxuriant that it stifles.

But see where through the azure chasm
Of yon forked and snowy hill
Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden-sandalled feet, that glow
Under plumes of purple dye,
Like rose-ensanguined ivory
A Shape comes now.

This unplumbed sea of imagery determines the greatness and the limitations of Shelley.

A lyric poem is the impassioned rhythmical

expression of a personal experience vivified by the imagination. It is the unfolding of a single thought thrilled by sustained impulse. Impulse and imagination are the essential forces in a lyric. It is a song and appeals to the sensibility rather than to the understanding. But impulse, although a quality to be prized in the creation of a poem, has its disadvantages; and it destroyed the balance of Shelley's emotions, and exposed him to the extremes of joy and despair; to a period of exaltation succeeded by one of despondency.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Charitable Part of a Lawyer's Life.*

"There are those who affect to believe that the word 'charity' is not found to be in the lawyer's lexicon. The poet has satirized the lawyer, the novelist has criticised him, the press, in the exuberance of free expression, has maligned him for alleged imperfections, denoting unrelieved selfishness. The thoughtless, superficial critics, who pretend to an acquaintance with the springs of human action, do not ascribe the instincts of altruism to lawyers. These profound observers do not find the golden thread of charity in the texture of the lawyer's character. Is it true that charity, which gems the soul and refines the heart of the full-bred, genuine man, is an unknown quantity in the lawyer? It may be true that the great, charitable endowments are not the gifts of lawyers. Rockefeller, the lavish doner to educational charity, is not a lawyer. The conspicuous names that stand out on Philanthropy's Heaven-kissed page may not be those of lawyers. The royal gifts to charity that are heralded in the papers and that, by their measure, evoke our admiration, come from the bounty of wealth. Wealth and lawyer are terms never co-related nor conjoined save by antithesis. The avocations of the manufacturer, the merchants, and the railroad man are suggestive of wealth; but the calling of the law never implies the association of wealth. Poverty, not wealth, makes lawyers and inspires their ambition. Charity depends not on wealth; 'it is a virtue of the heart, not of the hands.' 'Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of the virtue.' Charity adorns poverty oftener than it graces wealth.

"Oliver Goldsmith, who monumentalized the

* Toast delivered by the Hon. Wm. P. Breen, '77, at the meeting of the Indiana Bar Association.

beauteous, many-sided virtue of charity in the best novel in our language, was ever an object of charity, and yet was the donor to the poor and the afflicted of that inestimable, inexhaustible and indiminishable fountain of philosophy: 'Draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.' Of this poverty-blessed genius it is told that he once invited a college-mate to breakfast, but at the appointed hour was missing. Upon going to his room, the guest, comical to relate, found Goldsmith buried to his neck in the feathers of his bed-tick, quick to apologize for his absence from breakfast because he had not sufficient clothing to wear, and further explaining that on the previous evening, while returning to his room, his heart was touched by the appeal of a woman with five small children, who was a stranger, alone and destitute, whose husband was in the hospital and that he had given her the blankets from his bed with which to keep the children warm and part of his clothing (he had no money) to sell and procure food for herself and children.

"I need not apologize for alluding here to Goldsmith. He once started to study law. His best years were spent in his rooms in the Temple in London, and, if I mistake not, his ashes repose in the Temple churchyard beneath the shadow of the tenderest and brightest memories of the English bar.

There is a species of charity which relieves mental trouble and mental destitution. Relief and consolation afforded a troubled mind and a dejected spirit, without compensation, involve the exercise of the purest, highest, noblest charity.

The lawyer who gives gratuitously of his talents and accomplishments to any cause which looks to the betterment of man, is imbued with charity. The intellectual, educated man, is a molder of public opinion; and the lawyer who directs and fashions public sentiment in accordance with a purpose for the amelioration of man's condition, in any sphere and receives nothing for his pains, is cultivating the virtue of charity and is entitled to the meed of the world's approbation.

In the great gatherings for philanthropic purposes and charitable ends, who stirs the heart and uncovers its latent charity like the lawyer whose life experience is in constant touch with trouble, anxiety and oppression? Who better than the lawyer knows the wrongs and troubles that weigh heavily on the heart? In all this world, no calling, no profession, no relation, touches the world in closer, more con-

fidential touch than that of the lawyer. Every day his gaze is directed to burdened hearts and troubled souls, and, be it said to his honor and credit, that he gives ungrudgingly of his store of knowledge and advice, and, as every active lawyer knows in the majority of instances, without hope or even probability of compensation. How often are cases begun and fought to the end with all the vigor that learning and study and advocacy can invest the lawyer, who looks only to the right to be vindicated and receives no compensation but the approval of his own conscience.

"How often in a lawyer's office may be seen some strange, poor, ill-clad, tender-faced woman, whom fate has yoked to a brutal husband who, under the influence of drink or hell-engendered jealousy, has bent her spirit and terrorized her soul, and finally hissed at her the demoniacal threat not only to be divorced from her, but to take by law from her custody the pledge of her love: the prattling babe in her arms! As she tells her story to the listening lawyer, and, with affrighted eyes, pours her entire soul into the agonizing inquiry to him; 'Can he take this baby from me?' is not the lawyer a minister of charity who relieves her anxiety, and watches restored confidence dry the tears on her cheeks when he tells her that no law and no judge will ever take that babe from her arms?

"But the world knows not of these things. The law and common-sense have made the lawyer's office a sanctuary not to be profaned by the gaze or inquiry of the uninterested, and have enveloped it with a veil impenetrable and impervious to the world.

"The lawyer is never a miser, and hardly ever a model of economy. If he makes money he spends it freely, and his heart and purse are ever open to the solicitation of charity. How often when the liberty, yea, even the life, of a being has been in peril, does the lawyer, with no other hope of reward than the consciousness of relieving a fellow-being in distress, take up his cause and faithfully, manfully, protect life and liberty! Lawyers alone know the thousands of cases which are daily tried in our courts where the highest and lowest in the scale of the bar work for charity. In the family differences that throng life, the good sense and the good heart of lawyers have excelled in success the efforts of friends and kin in bringing husband and wife, parent and child, sister and brother to reconciliation. It is gratifying to be enrolled in a profession

whose labors not only do credit to the mind, but do honor to the heart. The daily education and experience of the lawyer broadens his heart as well as his mind, and a tender, sympathetic heart can find no lodgment more congenial than in the bosom of the well-bred lawyer."

A Word about Newspapers.

PAUL J. RAGAN.

In the last decade of years much has been written and said about our newspapers. Judging from the encomiums as well as the criticisms that are passed upon them, it is hard to decide whether the free press is a benefit or a curse to humanity. Time was, when the newspaper could be relied upon to furnish its readers with truthful reports. It is sad to relate that the man that places confidence in what he sees in his daily paper now can only be looked upon as a crank; sad, too, that a man will buy and read with interest such lies as are invented merely to fill space. There is nothing too sacred for the reporter to tamper with in order to fill his copy; nothing of a sensational nature too vile for the publisher to print to enlarge his circulation. It would seem in some cases as though the paper were only a mockery, or a clever canard to amuse the public.

There are many causes for this. First of all, newspapers are too large. The eight big pages that make the average daily must be filled each day, no matter whether the sun goes down or not. Perhaps all the news of interest or value could be crowded into two of these pages. Battles are not fought every day, nor are kings and queens dying to furnish material for the editor's pen. The result is obvious. Any article of importance that might be accurately and carefully told in one column of the paper, is drawn out to fill four or five columns. To find some subject that will permit amplification, and thus, at the expense of language, style and, in many cases, truth, fill the sheet or furnish "copy" for an "extra," seems to be the primary work of the reporter.

Another and perhaps greater cause for the unreliability of our newspapers is that they are the organs of political factions. In my opinion this is a very deplorable position. It takes away from the newspaper its mission; and makes it the servant not of the public but

of a few party leaders. No matter what principle the party has endorsed, nor what the character of the candidate may be, the paper is pledged to uphold them. It often happens that the publisher himself is opposed to what he is printing. His own sentiments may be just the contrary of those he advocates, yet, with him, it is a case of "party first; all else afterwards." This is very injurious to the poorer and illiterate class of people. They often depend wholly on their newspaper for instruction, and read its articles with as much confidence as though they were gospel truth. In this manner they are misled by being taught to look upon the man that would befriend them as a grasping politician, and to throw their support to one whose only aim is self-elevation.

At the present time there is much comment on the position taken by the newspapers in regard to the war. Those in favor of the Republican party have naught but words of praise for the administration and its method of conducting hostilities. Papers affiliated to other parties are bitter in their condemnation of the war policy. As a result the people outside the military camps know very little about the conduct of the army. Whether, as one party contends, the soldiers have been carefully looked after, and the large number of deaths an unavoidable calamity, or whether there have been gross neglect and incompetency as charged by the other side, will never be known until the volunteers return to tell their own story.

With all these defects, however, there can be no doubt that the press is in many respects, a boon to humanity. There is never a sheet published without some bits of valuable information in its columns if one only takes pains to discover them. Newspaper reading is like everything else; a great deal of good may be derived from it if it is done properly and by the right persons; if poorly and with an eye to every baneful sentiment expressed, it were better not done at all. Only the idler will waste his time in reading trash; only the injudicious will be deceived by its falsehood; only the weak will be led astray. Careful and intelligent readers are able to sift the bad from the good, and so read their magazines or dailies with profit as well as with pleasure. Such as our papers are, we have many things to admire in them; of their faults, let us hope that they will be eliminated in a new and better era of journalism.

Our American Soldier.

ARTHUR T. SIMPSON, 1901.

At no time in the history of the world has there been peace between all nations; kingdoms have fallen, boundaries have changed, and men have died for the honor of their country. The grandeur of Greece and the power of Rome were achieved and promoted by force of arms; and it remains today as it was of old—national power and national splendor are maintained by army and navy.

America, our country of power and wealth, has risen step by step and broadened mile by mile from the little territory on the eastern coast we knew as Virginia. Her people have felt the oppressing heel of despotism and the terrors of sectional strife; she has been united and divided. But now America is a power of the world, and we may pause for a moment to consider the secret of our success.

I will unhesitatingly say it is our soldiers. We have heard from boyhood those wondrous stories of the courage and fortitude of Leonidas and his band at Thermopylæ, of the heroes of Marathon; but where in history is there shown such bravery, such perseverance, as at Valley Forge? Barefooted, hungry and half-clad American soldiers, weak from cold and privation, spurned the offer of British gold, and suffered and died for the cause they loved.

The names of Washington, Jackson and Lee are enscrolled on the pages of history as men of iron courage and true hearts, and no more valiant soldiers ever upheld the legions of Rome. Who does not remember that eventful day of '75, when the red-coats of the British swarmed through Lexington on the way to Concord? Then did the true nature of our American patriots show itself. From every wayside wall and bush and tree they poured the deadly fire, advancing step by step upon their foes until the last regular was forced to retreat, and the conquest of the Yankee had not yet begun. From that battle American successes and triumphs have sprinkled the pages of history. Our soldiers and our sailors emerged from the war of the Revolution with brilliant records; and in the hard-fought battles that closed that memorable struggle for independence, the "Yankee" soldier was known throughout the world.

The recent answer of our troops to the President's call and the glorious records made

by them at El Caney and Santiago, together with our naval victories of this year, are achievements that may well be added to the annals of our army. It may safely be said that in the battle just closed, the one distinguishing characteristic of the American soldier was plainly brought to light. I feel assured in calling it an American characteristic, because, so far as I know, it has been shown only by our soldiers. This trait of which I speak, is the ability to take up arms without any previous experience, and rush forth to do courageous, skilful and victorious fighting. The call to arms is not suggestive of child's play; in most instances it has been obeyed with reluctance, and in many cases force was necessary to obtain the required number of men for an army. In America the present war, no less than the Revolution, has proved the readiness, courage and ability of the ordinary citizen to pull on a uniform and give honorable service at the front.

I would not have it inferred that the average American thirsts for war, rather let me say he loathes it. Yet when matters reach a crisis, such that his manhood prompts him to shoulder a gun and defend his country, then he is ready to act. The countries of the Continent had long pointed to us as a nation without an army, a country without a navy. Not so now; the Spanish-American trouble has proved that every well-bodied citizen in America is a soldier, every man a sailor if there be need of his services as such.

May we not be justly proud of our soldiers and our sailors? They have made us what we are—a country of wealth and prosperity. Broad lands and sunny fields, men of moral, physical and intellectual attainments are ours! May they ever uphold the honor of our country—"The land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Books and Magazines.

—"The Saint of Ind." is the title of a serial story begun in the September number of the *Rosary Magazine*. Miss Helen F. Pursell writes the story, and in a manner that shows its author to possess power of portraying scenes and characters with grace and delicacy of touch.

The Greek Theatre is an interesting and instructive article picturing the theatre in the days of Pericles. Another fiction serial is

"The Felon's Wife," a story that promises continued interest. The Problems of the Poor in Great Cities, The Rosary and The Holy Land, and several of the other articles will repay attentive reading. There are also many interesting illustrations and much good verse in this number.

—The place of honor in the September *Ladies' Home Journal* is given Wilhelmina, "the girl who will rule a kingdom," and the insight given into the life and character of this interesting young lady makes the article a noteworthy one. In the same number Mr. John J. à Becket writes entertainingly of a visit he made to "Blind Tom," the negro musical prodigy. "Blind Tom" for some years past has so sunk from public notice that he is generally thought to be dead, but that he is still very much alive and still in possession of his wonderful talent, the article in the *Journal* bears proof. "When Louis Philippe taught school in Philadelphia" is filled with reminiscences of the French exile's experiences in the City of Brotherly Love that read like romance. Among other things the writer has Louis Philippe asking Thomas Willing, the Philadelphia financier, for the hand of his daughter, and Mr. Willing replying: "Sir, should you ever be restored to your hereditary position you are too great a match for my daughter, if not, she is too great a match for you." Possibly this can be substantiated, but certainly at first blush it sounds very much like fiction.

Alfred J. Henry, of the United States Weather Bureau, with the aid of an interesting series of photographs, shows us how to foretell the weather by the clouds. Whether there will no longer be need for the government weather bureau as a result of Mr. Henry's lesson we hesitate to say. The fiction in this number is very good, and the departments devoted to the ladies are of usual interest and value to them.

—In the September *Cosmopolitan* Mr. C. Frank Dewey gives us a delightful picture of Tyrol and the Tyroleans. To him Tyrol is a land of fairy beauty, an Alpine park nestled far up away from the busy world, a "pleasure ground where in summer all the weary world may find fresh air, rest, recreation and a scenery unsurpassed." It has its history too, its tales of great and brave men and its romance and traditions. The Tyroleans Mr. Dewey shows us are a noble race, proud of the blood of heroes

that flows in their veins, proud of their beautiful mountain home. They are a hard-working, sturdy and practical people, but their life, though filled with earnest toil, is yet idyllic in its simplicity. The article in the same number on the modern battleship will repay careful reading, for it gives facts in regard to the construction of a battleship, its various parts and their uses that are of very great interest; the article is well illustrated. Other articles to be noted are those on the Modern Newspaper in War Time, and on the Equipment of Gladstone. Gloria Mundi, the serial by Harold Frederic, continues, and Brander Matthews again attempts, but with little success, to write a story. Ella Wheeler Wilcox contributes a sonnet which, while not of the best sonnet form, is yet graced with a very apt and pretty thought. The illustrations are numerous, those from photographs taken at the front being especially noticeable, and the regular departments as usual are bright and entertaining.

—The September number of *Harper's Magazine* is strong in information that is new, interesting and timely. "Days in the Arctic," which heads the articles in the present number, is a bright description of a three years' sojourn around the eightieth degree of north latitude. The paper is profusely illustrated. There are three articles dealing with the United States,—one on our new fiscal policy, another on our experience in foreign military expeditions, and a third, which is by far the most important as coming from the hand of a man extremely well versed in the theory of statecraft, on the policy of the United States in the present unfortunate difficulty with Spain. Mr. Boyce fails to see sufficient advantage for this country's extending its boundaries. Mr. George W. Smalley contributes his second paper on Gladstone. The subject is well treated. "The Turk at Home" is another paper that might well repay reading. A British officer tells of social life in the British army. Mr. Julian Ralph begins in the present number what promises to be a very readable story, "An Angel in a Web." Margaret Deland contributes another of her "Old Chester Tales." "Justice and the Judge" proves as homelike and calm as the preceding ones. An article that demands more than usual interest, in view of the recent assassination of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, is that entitled "The Romance of a Mad King." "The Drawer," as usual, discloses choice bits of wit and humor.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The recent death of ex-Governor Matthews is deeply regretted by his many friends at the University. In him we recognized a man of sterling qualities, an able politician and a conscientious executive. His whole life, from his boyhood on the farm till in more mature years he graced the governor's chair, was marked by honesty and uprightness. At the Golden Jubilee of the University three years ago, Mr. Matthews was present to deliver an oration. The Faculty and students of Notre Dame sympathize with the commonwealth of Indiana in the loss of one of her ablest and greatest men.

—The SCHOLASTIC is pleased to see the old boys back again and likewise glad to welcome new students. In extending to all our wishes for a pleasant and successful year we desire to take advantage of this opportunity to offer a suggestion. Many young men come here at the beginning of a term without any definite idea of what course they are to pursue. By way of experiment they work along one line of study for a few weeks, then grow tired of it, and change to another course. Perhaps after a little experience they grow weary of their latter choice and seek another change. The old SCHOLASTIC has seen a great many such trials and has noted with regret the disadvantage of them. For this reason, and with the best intentions, we tender this our suggestion:

First of all, choose the right course you wish to follow, and then stick to it like a man that means business. None of our courses are outlined with a view to offering a young man a pleasant pastime; they are intended to give opportunity for good, conscientious work. You can not find any more chance for idling in one than in another. The University does not care for scholars that are looking for a "snap;" active and earnest young men are what we need. If you are taking the classical course you may find Latin and Greek dry; certainly, they are dry if you make them so. For that matter, Law, Mathematics, Science and all studies are dry if you have not the pluck to work at them. But bear this in mind: the quicker you select your course and the harder you work at it, the sooner it will become enjoyable and profitable. Do not be lagging behind. Start right now with the class that you wish to follow and stay with it to the finish; this is our suggestion.

—The dust of last season has been brushed away from the corners of the sanctum, the editors have shaken hands with each other and told all about their summer girls, and now we are away for another year. To those that knew the SCHOLASTIC and worked for it in days gone by, we modestly bow and offer our efforts for the coming year. You have won a high place for the paper and may watch our work with perhaps a little too much scrutiny, and a grain of partiality for the old verses and stories that appeared in the days when you reigned at the editor's board; yet bear with us, for we are not vain. We have admired your work, and though we do not hope to equal or excel your writing, we are going to do our best, and so far as good will and earnestness go, we have an abundance of both.

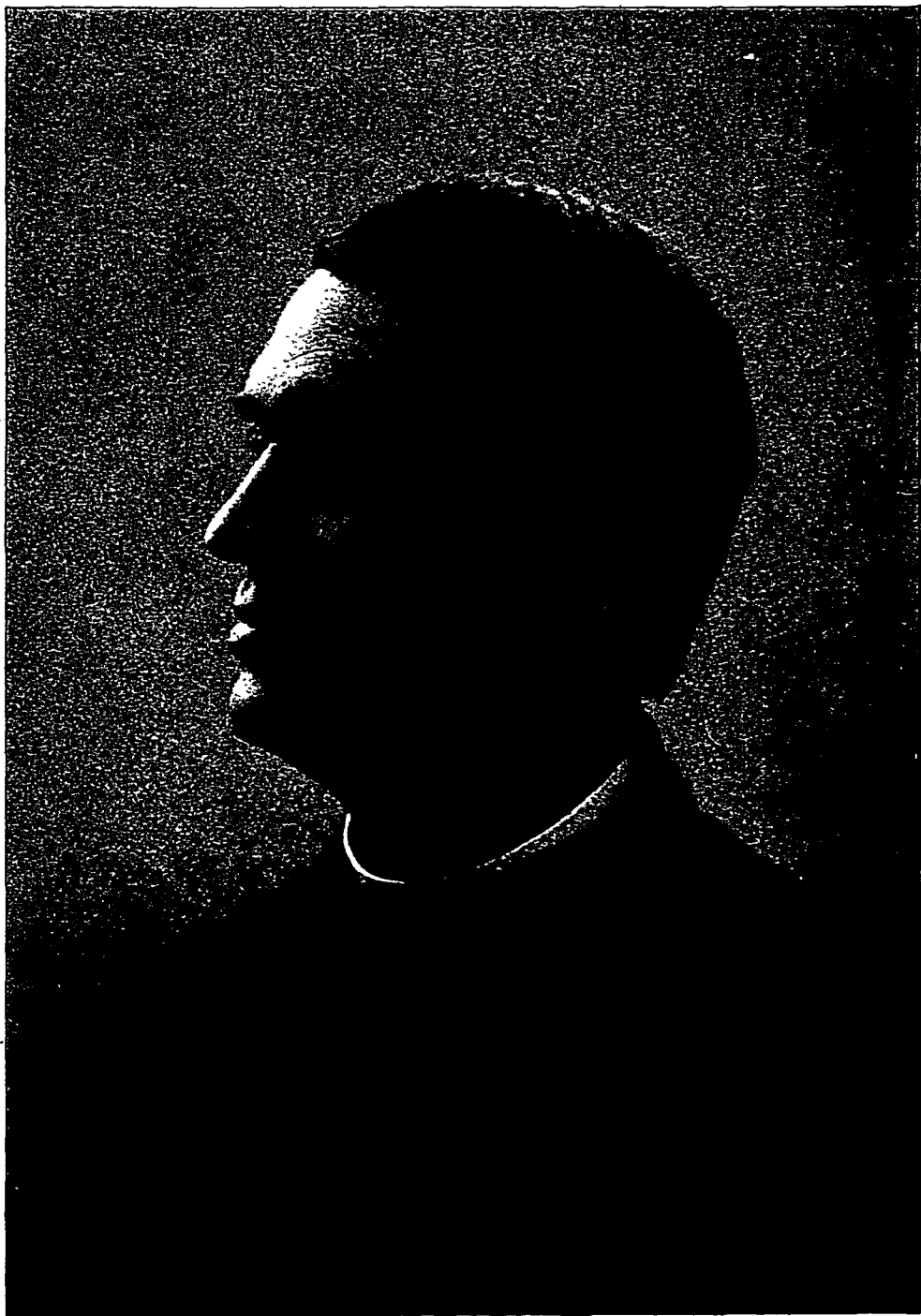
To our many readers, a word may not be out of place. We are amateurs as yet, and so, many imperfections may appear in our pages that more experienced writers might avoid. However, we hope to present you with many little articles that will have their good qualities as well as their poor ones. And so, if you but give us the same kind support that the paper received in days gone by, the new Board of Editors pledge themselves to do all in their power to make the SCHOLASTIC of '98 and '99 a worthy follower of the ones that preceded it.

Another of Notre Dame's Benefactors
Passed Away.

Commencement week of the last scholastic year, with its excitement and anxiety, was just dawning when we received the sad news of the death of Father Carroll of Oil City, Pa. In his demise Notre Dame loses one of her truest friends, Pennsylvania one of her most patriotic sons and the Church a devoted, zealous and high-minded priest. His closing days marked the end of a life well spent,—a life of ambition, love, charity and sacrifice. To his Notre Dame friends the news of his death was cause of special regret, for aside from the esteem that we had for his high personal qualities, and the warm friendship he always exhibited towards us, the University owed much to his benevolence. Only three years ago the hill back of the Community house was nothing but a bare, brown mound with an old willow and one or two poplar trees. Yet in this, Father Carroll saw a spot on which to add to his long list of good works,—an opportunity to enhance the beauty of Notre Dame. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin led him to select this spot as a fitting place to erect a Grotto of Lourdes to her honor. The money was soon advanced and the work of erection rapidly progressed. In a few months the shrine as it now stands was complete,—an ornament to Notre Dame, a grotto specially dedicated to the Mother of God and an everlasting monument to the generosity and devotion of its founder.

In connection with this Grotto, it may be said that it was owing to a suggestion made by Father Corby that it was placed where it is. During one of Father Carroll's visits here, he and the late Provincial were walking from St. Mary's Academy to the University. On the way over, during their conversation, Father Carroll signified his intention of building a

Grotto to resemble the one at Lourdes. When they had reached the hill back of the Provincial's residence, Father Carroll remarked about the beautiful scenery and splendid view the hill commanded. Then Father Corby turned toward the hill and said: "I think, Father Carroll, this would be a most fitting place for the Grotto of Lourdes of which you spoke. Here in the quiet of the grove so close to the Church of the Sacred Heart, is a location



THE REV. THOMAS CARROLL.

suitable in every respect. Let the Grotto be built here, and let those that visit it say a prayer that God may grant us both a happy death." The Grotto was built there; and now, three years afterward, Father Corby rests in the little cemetery not three hundred yards away from it, while Father Carroll sleeps in his sepulchre in St. Joseph's Church at Oil City. That their petition for a happy death

was heard and granted seems evident. Father Corby passed quietly away surrounded by his faithful co-workers and priests at the University; Father Carroll breathed his last in the midst of friends in whose behalf he had worked for a quarter of a century.

Later on when Father Carroll felt that his earthly days were drawing to a close, he again remembered the Western university. Out of the wealth that his business like methods enabled him to acquire, he founded the *first* scholarship at Notre Dame. In doing this he

and the first man to help along any work in their behalf. Aside from the kindly advice and words of cheer, of which he always had an abundance, he was ever willing to render assistance in a pecuniary way. In addition to the scholarships which he founded for poor student, he donated largely to the building of hospitals, charitable institutions and schools. The only regret is that he was called away before he could add more to his good works and see the benefit of his good example. The society of Knights of St. John that he organ-



THE GROTTO.

built for himself another monument that time can not destroy. No one knew better than he the need the Catholic young man has for education and no one was more willing than he to help the good work along. The scholarship at Notre Dame is only one of many that he directed to be founded in this country, in Italy and in Ireland.

The end of this good man's life marked a fitting close to his career. Always charitable and kind he was the firm friend of the poor

ized now bears his name, and is known as the Carroll Commandery Knights of St. John.

Nothing need be said by way of encomium. To his parishioners who mourn the loss of a beloved pastor, to his fellow clergymen of the diocese of Erie, as well as to his numerous friends we extend our cordial sympathy. We waste no idle words or tears over his departure, but at the Shrine he built, many a fervent prayer will be offered for his repose. *Resquiescat in Pace.*

A Warrior of Notre Dame.

The Spanish war has raised up new groups of heroes to adorn the military annals of American history, and Notre Dame is not without her sons in the valiant category. One of them, Captain J. P. O'Neill, of Company D. Twenty-fifth Infantry, United States Army, visited the University last week as he was returning home on a furlough from Santiago. He was a student here from '79 to '83 and was graduated in the Science Course with the Class of '83. While a student he received an appointment to West Point, but through some mistake the place was given to another. The matter was taken up, and he was given the choice of another appointment or a commission as Second Lieutenant in the army. He accepted the latter position, and qualified for the place at the Officer's Academy at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He served in two campaigns against the Cheyenne Indians in 1894 and 1896. When the war with Spain began he was stationed on the Pacific Coast. His Regiment was hurried through to Tampa, and embarked for Cuba with the Fifth Army Corps under General Shafter.

The Twenty-fifth Regiment was in the bloody charge on the hill of San Juan, and Captain O'Neill, then 1st Lieutenant, distinguished himself for valor. How well he performed his duty is attested by the double bar on his shoulder-strap that now ranks him as a Captain. With his men he was in the trenches from the 1st to the 17th of July, enduring the hardships of exposure and hunger. "Three hard tack a day was a feast," he said, when speaking of the rations. The men in the trenches dared not expose their heads above the embankment, except during the days of truce; and in their cramped position they had to remain for days and nights. A burning sun heat during the day, and cold beating rain at night that lasted for hours. They had no shelter no blankets; nothing more than their blouse coats. Some days, he said, he stood in water waist high, but his rugged health was not shaken.

After the surrender of Santiago Captain O'Neill was on the staff of General McKibben, the first military Governor of Santiago. In speaking of the severe hardships of the campaign, Captain O'Neill said that the athletic training he got at Notre Dame stood him well in hand. He asked to see the SCHOLASTIC with

the report of the Field Day of '83. In the events of that day he won first place in the broad jump, the hop, step and jump and the mile run; second place in the 100-yard dash, and a place in the three-mile run. As a record of endurance at least it has not been equalled since on the college field. Nor has he lost any of his youthful ardor for field sports. He has in his company a foot-ball team that holds the championship honors of the regiment. In a hard game he goes into the play himself, "just to feel young again," as he says; but the dash and energy that he displays on these occasions go far to disabuse one of the idea that he is a retired athlete.

Captain O'Neill comes of a family of fighters. His grandfather and father were officers in the U. S. army; his half brothers, Pierce Murphy, B. S., '92 and John B. Murphy, B. S., '96, both graduates of Notre Dame, are following in his wake. The former is Second Lieutenant of the 7th Cavalry, the latter a Cadet at West Point. The captain presented two interesting relics of the campaign to the University War Museum, one a Cuban machete the other a Spanish medal for bravery. The medal was given to him by a private in his company after the bloody fight of July the 3d. The inscription on the medal reads: "España al valiente ejercito que pelea in defensa a la Patria, 1873." Translated reads: "Spain to the valiant army that fights in defense of country." These medals were given to the Spanish soldiers of certain regiments that distinguished themselves for bravery in the severe Cuban campaign of 1873, which was the most formidable uprising Spain had to contend with on the island prior to the present war. It may also be interesting to note that it was in this Cuban insurrection of 1873 that General Maximo Gomez became commander-in-chief of the Cuban forces to succeed General Agramonte. Gomez has held the position since, and his persistent warfare brought on the late trouble. It was in the same year that the affair of the Virginius occurred that caused at that time a breach between Spain and the United States that almost led to war.

The University has undergone many changes since Captain O'Neill was a resident of its halls. Only a few of the old professors remain, and many new buildings have been erected on the grounds. Yet he did not find himself a stranger. The few persons that recognized him greeted him so cordially that it soon seemed like the old place again.

Our Friends.

—The new paper of Michigan chronicled during the past week the death of Reverend Louis Baroux, Manistee, Mich. The Reverend gentleman was an old friend of the Founder of Notre Dame, and took great interest in the educational work of Father Sorin. We solicit from our readers a passing prayer for his soul.

—We are pleased to announce the marriage of Mr. Hugh O'Neill (LL. M. '93) to Miss Regina O'Malley of Crescoe, Iowa. Since he left the University Mr. O'Neill has been making rapid strides toward the front ranks of the legal profession, and today is a prominent member of the Chicago Bar. Mrs. O'Neill, a highly accomplished young lady, is the daughter of Mr. P. F. O'Malley, one of the best-known business men of Iowa. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the newly-married couple success and happiness.

—Col. Wm. Hoynes, of Notre Dame, was a welcome caller at *The News* office this forenoon. Notwithstanding the important duties devolving upon the Colonel as dean of the law department of the great University, and the demands upon him in numerous complicated legal cases in Chicago and elsewhere, he is the same genial, courteous gentleman as of yore, always taking time to meet his friends and greet them with a cordiality that betokens the high character of the man. He is one of the ablest men in the state; strong in politics, loyal in friendship, and nowhere could he be given a more sincere welcome than right here among his hosts of old-time Michigan City friends. Col. Hoynes went from here to Laporte this afternoon, and after remaining there over night will return *via* this city and the boat to Chicago.—*Michigan City News*.

—On Sunday, August 21, a small party of Notre Dame students were heard shouting a number of their college yells in front of the City Hall at Detroit. At the same time the Michigan Naval Reserves were marching by to be formally mustered out by their commander. The college yells were a puzzle to many, and their appropriateness was questioned. In the crowd of tanned and weather beaten "jackies," however, there were three young men in whose ears the cries rang as a hearty welcome. After four long months of hardships and dangers in the face of Spanish gunboats and forts in Cuba and Porto Rico, it was pleasant for them on their joyful home-coming to hear the old Notre Dame cries, and to know that their fellow students had recognized their valor, and in the warm friendship born of college associations had gathered there to welcome them with the cry of their *Alma Mater*. These three young men were Messrs. Louis H. Wurzer (LL. B., '96), Harry Jewett (C. E., '90) and Edward Jewett, all gunners from the U. S. S. *Yosemite*.

Local Items.

—"Lobstah" is back!

—Hello, old man! Glad to see you back!

—Willie's eating and talking at the table amuses the boys greatly.

—Basket-ball is played in the Carroll division of the gym. every night.

—The *ever genial* Coach McDonald has his old seat in Paradise Alley.

—The football goals are up on Carroll campus. No excuse now for not playing.

—All the classes have been resumed, and by Monday everything will be in running order.

—There are so many new faces around Sorin Hall that Walter did not know the place when he arrived.

—The Brownson study-hall faculty is again entrusted to two Belgians,—Crunican and Farragher.

—Brownson Hall campus has a twofold interest for Carrollites—first the apple trees and second the field sports.

—From the present outlook we will have even a larger school this year than last, which was the largest in ten years.

—The Bullet Stoppers are in need of several players. McDoodle, Deckackack, Dunkenslack and others have sent in their applications.

—It is reported that Crunican and Farragher, the new study-hall faculty shave eight times a week to keep in touch with the dignity of the position.

—There are many candidates for Captain Bob's job as water hustler. Gilbert winks knowingly, and assures his friends that he has a cinch on it.

—Many new students have imbibed the right spirit, and every day, with a canvas suit on, they are wrestling with "Big John's" shin guards trying to make positions on the varsity eleven.

—The editor heard a big cloud of smoke walking up the road one day last week, and on looking out the window saw Jake Kraus coming up the avenue with one of those Pittsburg stogies in his mouth.

—What has become of Brownson Hall's society of last year? The coterie seems pretty well scattered, but Phillie assures Cholly that "the summah has been too horribly giddy to think of digging again."

—The work on the new gymnasium is being pushed along as rapidly as possible. The building will be unique in every way when complete, and our athletes will have training quarters of which they may be proud.

—It seems hard to get down to work again after enjoying the pleasures of vacation time.

But we will soon become accustomed to it; and, then, anyway, we will have her letters to comfort us during the long winter.

—Jamie blew in the other evening. Of course as usual he was excited—due partly to his anxiety to get out to the University as soon as possible, and partly to the “hurrah” with which he was greeted by his old friends.

—Pulskamp and Stuhlfauth, the Irish comedians are with us again. They have a very clever new speciality, entitled “One night with a Pretzel,” which they will present at the Roof Garden Theatre over the post office building.

—A large number of old carpets are located in the bicycle room at Sorin Hall. Anyone wishing a fine Moquette, Persian or Turkish rug, a valuable Brussel or Ingrain carpet, is respectfully invited to call and help himself.

—As usual at the beginning of the year, we see many new and strange faces and miss many old ones. George Wilson’s wasn’t a very old one, however, and yet—well, we hope he and Burke will occasionally call down to see us.

—John J. Maloney, an expert bicycle rider from Chicago, is with us this year. His record is 1.59, and he has defeated some of the fastest men in the country at Chicago, St. Louis and Indianapolis. He will be a valuable man for our track team.

—Mr. Louis C. Reed left the University yesterday with fifteen tablets, four quires of writing paper and a dozen lead pencils. He is on his way to interview Lan Johnders, and the many friends of the humorist are anxiously awaiting his return.

—Yockey announced the other day that an excursion train from his town would be in bringing half the people of the village. The train arrived Friday with six men, two women, five frogs, eight cattle, two musk rats and a mud turtle aboard. We accept his word about its being half the population.

—Giles the Genius was about the first man to arrive at the University this year. When “Stoney” saw him alight from the train he swallowed his cigar from sheer astonishment, and it is said that at the University several prostrations occurred. Giles said nothing, but the fact remains that he is about three weeks ahead of time. The question now is: “What struck the genius?”

—Mr. Anthony Secor, whose extensive peach orchard is located at Lagrange, Mich., presented to each member of the Staff last week a basket of his choicest Alberta peaches, and without any intention of punning we can say they are just what the word implies—“peaches.” It may be interesting to note that during the summer the University purchased for its use four hundred and fifty bushels of peaches.

—Those who visit the Sorin Hall reading

and billiard rooms will find Brother Gregory down there working the same as ever, polishing up the picture frames and adding new pictures to the large collection that already adorns its walls. Only last year the reading room was enlarged, and the pictures from the old one made but little showing. Owing to Brother Gregory’s labors, it is now one of the finest and neatest rooms at the college, and the students of Sorin Hall owe him much for his kindness.

—“Klondyke” Willie left his old quarters in Brownson Hall and “Chilkoot” Tom and “Yukon” Heine were afraid that their famous company would be broken up. There was much dejection and very little hope for a bright future. Now, however, the sun finds a tittering smile on the lower part of their facial extremities, for “Klondyke’s” place is to be filled to overflowing. A new man that promises to be the find of the year, has rolled in in the person of “Silly Willie.” Those that know say he is a wonder. His hair is of bright roseate hue that sparkles like a newly painted spoke in the wheel of an omnibus. The only defect about his face is that he can not wink one eye at a time.

—The boys never returned to find the park in front of the University buildings looking more beautiful than it does now. The copious rains that fell during the month of August give the lawns a fresh and bright appearance that is a pleasing contrast to the brown sun-burned spots that were to be seen in other years. The trees present themselves covered with foliage as green as when we left here in June. Over in front of St. Edward’s Hall the little garden intrusted to “Mike’s” care, is a beautiful spot that the eye never tires of looking at. The flowers are artistically arranged, and their richness, variety of species and color would charm the most fastidious admirer of plants.

—The SCHOLASTIC has a great deal of business on hand, but nevertheless we have matters of our own to look after before we publish the wants of our friends. And so we give out in this edition

THE SCHOLASTIC’S WANT COLUMN.—WANTED:

About 10,000 subscribers.

Every student to support his college paper.

Every staff member to do his duty.

Any quantity of short stories, essays, locals, editorials, personals and verses.

Every one that can write to contribute to its columns.

Some good, new and original jokes that have never been heard before.

A clever, hustling reporter in every hall.

News from old students, friends and patrons of the University.

—Fennessey and Cornell had troubles of their own last Thursday. A man with a load of

watermelons stopped near the post office and they went down to buy one. The man offered to sell them one for five cents, and that started the trouble. How they were to come out even on that deal they didn't know. Each one was willing to pay two cents, but where was that extra penny coming from? Finally Fennessey agreed to pay three cents on condition that "Runt" should carry the prize to the hall. They gave the man his price and Fennessey started on the lead toward his room leaving Cornell to bring the melon. John was up stairs licking his teeth and letting out his suspender buckles in anticipation of the feast when Cornell arrived at the front steps. "Runt" thought he had done his share by bringing the melon that far, so in order not to be hoodwinked by doing too much, he placed it on the sidewalk and went after Fennessey to help carry it upstairs. About this time John Eggeman came along with a hungry smile, put the melon in his pocket and proceeded to his room. When our friends returned they saw Bro. Crispian going down the walk with a basket, and now they have an everlasting grudge against him.

—Those in charge of Sorin Hall are full of apprehensions for the residents of that erstwhile quiet home of peaceful study and wisdom. Reed, Duperier, McCollum, Ragan and Wurzer, who shook the leaves from the trees with their powerful voices last spring, are all quartered there; Kegler and Steiner, with their little German band, are there too in the old place at Rue Maison Reuf; Brucker has decided to let his whiskers grow again; Haley and Dowd are preparing for another contest in vocalism; James Murphy is at work on a poem that he will read in the smoking room; Steele, too, has a few new jokes up his sleeve, and we may expect to hear a hearty good laugh at any time; Eggeman and Cornell are in training for a twenty-round glove contest; Gibson has a large number of chemicals in his room, and will start making experiments as soon as the last tack is put in his carpet; Walsh will continue his course in applied elocution, and the president of the Law class will soon be elected.

—Bauwens had his mustache nearly chewed off at Hudson Lake. He explains the catastrophe thus: He, Corcoran and Burke went on a fishing trip. When they reached the centre of the lake they discovered that they had no fishing material whatever. After much consultation it was decided between them that they would put a rope around Felix's feet, and let his head hang down in the water. It was supposed that the fish would bite at his mustache for a bait, and then he would catch them with his teeth. This was tried for a few minutes when Corcoran, who was holding the rope to which Felix was attached, fell asleep wrapped up in one of the sails. About three hours later he was awakened by a terrible jerk at the

line. He hastily pulled Bauwens aboard expecting to find a big minnow dangling between his teeth. He was disappointed. Bauwens came up looking different than when he went down, and there was nothing between his teeth but a few feet of water. He had a great deal of experience, and the fish had his mustache.

—After "Studie's" exhibition trip at Hudson Lake we do not think he would be a valuable or suitable man to chaperon any of our young ladies on a sail boat trip. Felix accompanied the amateur sailor on his expedition, and when he tries to tell of their blood-curdling adventure his teeth chatter so violently as to shake loose his gold front. This is the story as near as we can make it out from the scattered fragments that are told us:

Felix and "Studie," both inexperienced in the management of a sail boat, started on a trip across the lake. The wind carried them across the waters so nicely that the spray dashing up at the prow of the boat and the waves joyfully hugging each other put Lins in a rather musical mood. In a rude attempt at singing he bawled out a few lines of his favorite song, "Tell Her that Her Love for me is True," to which Felix, with his swan like concert basso, replied: "I Don't Care if we Never Come Back." All this time the frogs were tickling each other and giggling quietly; but whether it was because of the singing that was going on, or because of the surprise that was ahead for the two musicians, we can not say. At any rate, when the boat reached the far end of the lake and was just passing a little indentation along the shore, "by gum, the pesky thing just steered right in there against the wind." Here there were two inches of water and twenty-four feet of juicy mud, just the kind of mud that you can almost see through. The boat ploughed into this, and then stuck fast. The singing on board stopped with a long-drawn note. "Studie" clambered to the top of the mast and swore for three hours, but the only effect was that the mud changed to a light blue color and grabbed tighter to the boat. They were there eight hours and it was near night. Great chunks of hunger were gathering on Felix's shirt bosom, and Lins was hastily swallowing a few oaths. Then "Studie" decided to lay aside his coat and boots and walk to shore. Putting his best foot first he jumped overboard and immediately sunk in the mud clear up to his collar bone. The turtles gleefully pulled at his whiskers, and tickled him under the chin while he screamed for Felix. With a lightning move Felix grabbed him by the jugular vein and hauled him back on deck. Then while Felix was digging the mud from his frame and sprinkling a few barrels of water on him a farmer appeared on the bank and hurried to their rescue. They were brought to the hotel in a wheel-barrow and have vowed never to sail again.