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## The Ivy of the Heart.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

"This rose,—that's all;  
And when its perfume has long fled,  
The withered leaves will hold, though dead,  
Some charms for thee.  
And thus, sweet prince,  
When love is dead and long grown cold,  
May I not hope that you will hold  
Sweet thoughts of me?"

"Not so, my queen;  
Don't speak like this of love that dies,  
For such, I'm sure, can never rise  
'Tween me and you.  
True love must grasp  
The heart like ivy on the wall,  
Grow firm with age, and never fall  
Till we fall, too."

## The Destiny of America

F. HENRY WURZER (LAW), '98.



NOW thyself" said the ancient Greeks, and Brownson, repeating this saying, aptly applies it to the American Republic. That maxim, which is at the same time an exhortation, summing up, as it does, all human wisdom, must ever have reference to the future. Though we study our past, learn of the present and know our surroundings, we learn and know all these only to see in them our future. Once knowing our mission in life we labor more diligently to work out that mission to the best advantage. As every man has a destiny, so every nation has a destiny. Greece was the servant of Providence to labor in the luxuriant vineyard of beauty, and to

shape out of crudest form the first realization of the beautiful; Rome was destined to be the champion of the true in that it sought through righteous laws to regulate the life of mankind according to knowledge; and England was commissioned to mark the straight path to a knowledge of the good, because it learned to see the desirability of all things whatsoever God created. But the destiny of America is to be the master-workman to take up the work of all three, and it shall thus become the first, the greatest, the most powerful nation of the world. We are to equal and then excel the Greeks in the splendor and perfection of expressing the beautiful, be that with chisel, brush or pen; we are to improve, ennoble and christianize the laws, the customs, the government of the Romans; and we are to surpass the commerce, the wealth, the power of Great Britain. To combine all these qualities, and to crystallize them into one ideal that will stand as the proto-type of the political millenium—that is the destiny of America.

We have long since begun to follow the footprints of ancient Greece. On this very day millions of our children bend their little forms over the old oak school bench, and stencil outlines of roses and pansies, or cudgel their brain to express most plainly and touchingly their youthful thoughts. Under every school roof that dots the vast expanse of our broad land, there re-echoes on this day the exhortation that is moulding a nation's career: "Learn to excel in the knowledge of beauty and the art of persuasion."

But I can not speak of education and art without bringing in religion. No one can do that. Art and religion are the truest and noblest aims, and education is only the common means to come to a true appreciation of both. This truth has been misunderstood in the past. The dark nations of Asia never realized any part

of it, while the civilizing peoples of Europe in the Middle Ages gradually rose to an understanding of only half. In America, however, the knowledge of it is happily complete, and it is everywhere applied. From religion we learned that man is free, and as a result of the influence of this knowledge our government was built on the solid rock of liberty. In this we take up the work of the Romans, for we establish the conformity of being to knowledge. We join the development of the beautiful with the development of the true. We have a governing class and a teaching class, separate, and yet harmonizing; and there lies our strength; there is the seed for the future tree—the tree that will branch out and overshadow the nations of that day, and all back of that day to the dispersion of men. It is a beautiful, a sublime thought, one that most touchingly appeals to the better nature of man—that wheresoever men assemble in a town hall, there is also a corresponding edifice dedicated to the worship of God. Not the smallest of the hamlets that dot the valleys and the hills of our broad domain is without its cross-tipped church tower ringing out notes of peace and of joy to the wealthiest merchant as well as to the poorest peasant. This is the truest mark of our greatness, the surest sign of our future supremacy in art, religion and government. We have had our Webster, Clay and Calhoun; our Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes; our Carroll, Sorin and Brownson, and we have had our Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln and Blaine; but these are only the fore-runners of far greater men.

Art, religion and good government are the essential incidents of a truly great nation; but they can only thrive during peace. When the land is bedraggled with the blood of dying warriors, and the roads of commerce are torn up and obstructed by the harrows of grim warfare, then there is no time for peaceful development and self-improvement. But to avoid this we must stand beyond the threats of foreign powers; we must teach the world a moral lesson, and that we are doing to-day. No nation shall dare to trifle with anything that rests beneath the shadows of the Stars and Stripes unless it is prepared to suffer the severest punishment. The other essentials of a great nation being in a state of advancement with us we have yet to become the rulers of the world. How shall we do that? Sir Walter Raleigh said: "Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the

trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and, consequently, the world itself." This is nearly a self-evident truth. Let us, then, resolve to become the commanders of the sea. Here we take up the work of England. The English lords themselves admit that America will wrest from Great Britain her commercial supremacy. No wonder that they are always so willing to lock arms with America.

Up to the present time our people have been so diligently engaged in exploring the West, clearing the forests, opening mines, tilling the soil, erecting factories and building cities that they could devote but few of their moments to the upbuilding of our merchant marine. We have given unto the world the priceless heritage of our age of invention. We have riveted our country from ocean to ocean with bands of steel, and placed on them powerful engines that speed through space with invisible wings. We have veiled our country in a net of copper cord, so that the deeds of San Francisco and New York are resounded simultaneously in every village in the land. One short century of American genius, grit and determination has revolutionized the customs of the world. It is a stride in progress that is unsurpassed in all history. If we have succeeded so well in our internal development, what degree of success can be termed prolific when we turn our attention to our navy and merchant marine? American will-power and tact are in our favor. They alone would be sufficient no matter how stubborn the obstacles that might ruffle the path. But this is not all,—nature itself is true to our destiny. The United States, with its eight thousand miles of sea coast, ranging in every clime from continual summer to endless winter, its navigable rivers and lakes, its fine harbors, its unlimited production and constantly increasing wealth and population, situated, as it is, isolated from the internal disruptions of the powers of the Old World, but still lying in the course of their commerce—Asia on the one side with its six hundred millions of people in need of all the essentials of a higher civilization, and Europe on the other side with four hundred millions in need of the necessaries of domestic life, while the majority of their people are engaged in their country's defense—what can stop us from being the leading commercial and maritime power of the world?

Let us, then, know ourselves. Let us, as a nation, know our future, and in knowing that recognize our duty. I mean not patriotism and

loyalty alone. Thank God, we have enough of that! Even in this hour, how many a loving mother has loyally acceded to the nation's call and given over her only son, though in sorrow, yet without a breath of complaint? How many a sailor's jacket was wet with the bitter tears of wife and children only to be drenched in the blood of Spanish battle? The clamor of the hour, the chafing restlessness of millions to go forth to defend the nation's honor give ample testimony of the fact that if loyalty and patriotism command power we have already conquered the world.

But we must encourage the diffusion of knowledge and religion; we must guard with jealousy the purity and integrity of our government. If we see corruption it is our duty to pluck it out; for he that inflicts the wound seldom attempts to heal it. Horace Greeley's advice of the past: "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," is no longer good advice. Go to the coast and build ships, every one that can, until the ring of the ship-yard anvil vies with the roar of the ocean breakers. Sail out to every corner of the globe and gather in the wealth of the trade with foreign nations until our flag shall be known on every sea. Break through the small barrier at Nicaragua, and let the waters of the oceans mingle, and thus acquire the "key of the world."

And when another century shall have passed away the canvas of the American brush will be sought in the place of honor. The foreign people will seek the American chisel to immortalize their heroes. The oppressed of the Eastern Hemisphere will rise in revolt and demand a government in imitation of our Republic. The Eastern monarchs will envy the freedom of every American. All powers will rival for the favor and friendly protection of America. In every harbor in the world you will then see the emblem of liberty flutter from a forest of mast-heads. In every clime and on every shore you will hear the beat of America's morning drum. In every sea will float the lordly, fearless battleships of America. Our grim and monstrous guns will stare out from over the peaks of Nicaragua and Alaska with open jaws, eagerly searching the skies to eastward and to westward, to northward and to southward, defying any enemy, aye, the whole world, if that need be,—and then can our sons truly say, with increased devotion and fervor,

"Columbia! the gem of the ocean,

A world offers homage to thee."

### A Freak of the Imagination.

JEROME J. CROWLEY, JR.

Paul Draspen was a young man worthy of esteem. He had received a college education, was highly cultured and comfortable financially. Besides these most praiseworthy attributes, he was blessed with an amiable disposition, and was a sober, energetic and peaceful young man in private and public life. Nevertheless, for some indescribable reason, he was strangely unpopular among his fellows.

A few weeks after Paul's initiation into the Stag Club of Hampden, a fashionable society composed exclusively of the leading young men of the town, he strayed into their mansion. The conversation of the jovial group drifted from the old favorites, love and politics, to that of ghosts. Weird stories were vigorously related in rapid succession. All appeared intensely interested.

"Why look!" said one of the boys, laughingly, "Draspen is as pale as a ghost and quivering like a leaf."

"I am not!" shouted Draspen, indignantly. "What do I care for your stories! You couldn't frighten me if you tried."

The suddenness of his response told too well that he had been affected.

"Well! well!" ventured another fellow, I am surprised!"

A titter followed. Draspen was enraged. He had often been placed in a predicament equally embarrassing, but he had never before been called a coward.

"Put me to the test and I will prove my assertion," Draspen said.

He little knew when he uttered the words, "Put me to the test," that he had spoken his own death-warrant.

"Bravo! good!" cried Jack Tolme, a brother member. "Joe Bates and I, if there are no objections, will consider ourselves a duly appointed committee to take the accused in hand and make proof of his claim. Is that your pleasure, gentlemen?" All assented.

"Well," said Jack, "tomorrow at midnight, we, the committee, will meet the prisoner at the entrance to the club. We will take him in hand for two hours; if during that time he succumbs to fear, woe be unto him; but if he sees and does not flinch, we will declare him innocent of the charge."

The following night, just as the melancholy

vibrations of a bell could be heard above the raging storm, striking the midnight hour in the old town-hall tower, Paul approached the club entrance. He greeted the self-appointed committee with a hearty "Hello, boys!" They answered with a strangely murmured, "Hello!" A silence followed. The boys started without a word; Paul followed. The plan was excellently arranged, and the elements appeared to lend aid toward its success. On through the storm the boys walked rapidly. They were all closely muffled, and no one ventured to break the silent spell. They passed through the deserted streets, over the open field, and entered the awful quietude of the cemetery. The night was densely dark, except now and then, when all was weirdly lighted by fierce lightning flashes. This and the deep silence that held sway about and within this strange trio, was sufficient to make the blood freeze in the veins of the bravest. Suddenly they halted at a newly made grave. No doubt the grave, which contained a large wooden box, had been put in readiness to receive on the morrow the remains of some worn traveller.

"Draspen, down into the grave for two minutes!" Draspen shuddered, but with a mighty effort held his breath, closed his eyes, and with a forced laugh, leaped into the hole, as one making the first plunge into a cool stream. The boys stepped aside.

"Joe, this ends the business."

"Agreed," answered his comrade, eagerly. Our friend, the accused, that he might vindicate himself, had, after a terrific internal struggle, stretched himself full length in the open grave; but scarcely had he attained the position he sought, when a sudden, awful crash of thunder rent the heavens and shook the earth. With his eyes popping out from their sockets, his body rigid, his nerves strung to their utmost, he gave a horrible sigh, held his breath and made a desperate effort to rise. He fell back motionless. His companions heard the stifled cry and the dull thud quickly following. They rushed to the grave, calling frantically: "Draspen! Draspen!"

All was silent. Joe jumped into the grave and grasped Draspen's pulse. He instantly dropped the limp hand and staring with horror at Draspen, fell against the side of the grave. Joe Bates became like a stone. The excessive emotion had exhausted him. He was pale and haggard.

"My God! what has happened!" gasped Jack, madly. Joe, still gazing at Paul, who could

be clearly seen by the light, peering through the breaking clouds, livid and motionless, murmured in a voice faint as a breath:

"He is dead! Great God, forgive us!"

The coroner's inquest pronounced the death the result of heart disease. He did not see fit to make known, officially, the following, which was the true cause.

The nervous strain which Draspen had undergone occasioned by the silence, the ghastly environments, the weird lightning, the darkness and the thunder was indeed awful. When it became too intense, mustering all his courage, he made a frantic effort to rise. His coat had become entangled in a broken cross-piece of the box, and he had been jerked back.

His imagination did it all,—excited him and pictured the hand of Death, whom he had wildly defied, striking him down when he dared to steal from his domain. He had been frightened to death.

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#### How We Reached Camp.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

One bright morning toward the latter part of August, a large road wagon well loaded moved leisurely over a dusty, hilly road in western Kentucky. The most conspicuous object in the wagon was a canoe, which extended several feet out of the rear end. This was filled, as was most of the wagon-bed, with flour, bacon, cooking utensils, blankets, and other household necessities. There were three persons in the wagon: "He," Frank and I. "He" and I occupied the seat, and Frank sat half way back with his feet hanging over the side, dangling between the front and rear wheels. The purpose of his sitting there was to jump off readily and lock the rear wheel as we started down a hill.

It is needless to explain that we were going to camp—and "He" was to manage the details of our outing.

"Have you chosen a good place for the camp?" I asked him when we were well on our way, and I saw that our intentions were changing into realities.

"Good place!" he fairly shouted. "What do you want? I don't know anything about the place. Green river is over that way fifteen miles, and we are going there; that's all I know about it. You fellows don't know how to go out for adventures," he continued, as

each of us lit our last cigar—pipes hereafter. "You just want to hitch up and start out, and not know where you are going. That's the time you'll find the right place. Don't do any of this cut-and-dried business; you never will have any fun out of it. You feel all starched up when you go about it that way." Then to the horses, "ee! yah!"

Consistent with his ideas of going camping, he had taught his horses a strange vocabulary, and this phrase translated into ordinary horse language meant "whoa!" This was for the horses to stop at the top of the hill to have the wheel locked. The hill we started down was an unusually high one, and afforded a view of a large extent of country. This, and the early sunlight from a cloudless sky, which took the keenness from the morning breeze, made the prospect an agreeable one. The plentiful rains of the summer months had made all the fields appear fresh, and luxuriant foliage greened the strips of woods near by, and made the wooded ridges at a greater distance appear black. Over in the fields, the ripe corn hung downward under its weight of fruit, and the tobacco was scattered about in large piles where the work of cutting was begun.

Iron-weed and live-forever and ox-eye daisies looked out from among the other flowers of late summer that crowded into the corners of the rail-fence. Some peeped over into the roadside ditches, or up into the sky where now and then a buzzard floated by, or a crow winged diligently along in its straight flight; and sometime, too, a woodpecker crossed overhead as it flew toward a dead tree. But the evening primrose on the other side of the fence modestly hung its folded petals.

We carefully slid downhill, rattled along the level places, and slowly crept up other hills until the afternoon, when we arrived at Green River. On inquiring, we found that we came upon it where there was a town that boasted of two names. The original name of this town was Whitesburg, and the name that Uncle Sam knew it by was the sour, but not altogether unpleasant name of Lemon. So we were informed by a citizen of that place, who was, by the way, the only one. The town consisted of his store, in which was the post office, his dwelling, and his tobacco barn. That this was a steamboat landing also added importance to the place.

By the direction of this man we went through a gateway, and passed over a riverside

pasture toward the river, following the tracks of a log wagon. These tracks brought us in sight of a grassy plot of about a quarter of an acre that was well shaded and overlooked Green River from a cliff-like hill near forty feet above the water line.

We stopped to unhitch the horses near an entrance to this place that was formed by two clumps of trees. Just as we had a trace of each horse loosened, one of these animals, from some cause that was unknown to us, became restless. A vigorous switching of his tail accompanied by a curious twitching of the ears were the first signs of his uneasiness. His evident intention of plunging forward called forth a chorus of "whoas" and "ee-yahs," and was a signal for us to grab his bridle and free him from the wagon as quickly as we could. This work was made unpleasant by his tendency to use his heels as rams, and batter everything in the rear with no regard for the feelings of others or the safety of his heels. It was plain he considered the place entirely undesirable, and gave expression to this opinion by setting out immediately for other quarters. The only direction to his choice was over a steep embankment covered with saplings, brush and vines—and into this he went.

His companion in harness at first eyed these actions with an air of mingled curiosity and apprehension. He appeared doubtful whether to give expression to mirth or take timely warning and act accordingly. Decision was deferred but a short time, however, for a moment later he received like inspiration—or more properly a yellow-jacket's sting—and responded to the impulse. He then acted his part to the best of his ability, even improving on the performance of his predecessor in pain. These antics were emphasized by an accompaniment of suitable remarks on our part.

When quiet was restored, which happy event was the fruit of a long struggle, the horses stood about ten feet apart with a rein stretched from bit to bit. One horse was down among the tangled brush, and the other on the bank above; both were well braced and kept a steady, gentle pull on the line, with their heads stretched out and their backs straightened. Between them was the wagon with swarms of yellow-jackets in undisputable possession.

"Hi," "He" shouted from near one of the horses, as he daubed mud on a sting in his finger, "hi! isn't this great? Here we are in camp, and its name is Camp Yellow Jacket." And so it was named.

## Varsity Verse.

## WINTER.

GLINT of gold upon the sky  
 Where gloom the snow-clouds gray;  
 The wild winds sigh and sadly die,  
 Out o'er the bay where the sea-gulls cry,  
 And bleak is the winter day.

## SUMMER.

The sunlight shimmers on the lake  
 Where the ripples flash and toss;  
 The sedges in the south wind shake,  
 And softly the tender foam curves break  
 On the shingle green with moss.

J. F. F.

## WHEN SPRINGTIME COMES.

When spring-time comes the flowers fair  
 Awake in fragrance everywhere;  
 All nature in resplendent hue  
 Exhibits all her charms anew.  
 In perfume dreams the morning air,  
 The dew-drops mimic jewels rare;  
 The robins and the blue-birds bear,  
 In song, glad tidings unto you,  
 When springtime comes.

So joy that follows after care  
 Like spring's return some time we'll share.  
 Not thorns alone our path bestrew,  
 The patient eye sees roses too;  
 And brightest blooms will blush fore'er  
 When springtime comes.

J. A. N.

## LIFE.

Out of the darkness into the light,  
 Like a storm-driven bird on the sea,  
 On earth a moment sad or bright,  
 Then back to eternity.

T. J. D.

## FEARS IN ABSENCE.

The twilight turns my thoughts again  
 To you; and the sun-kissed skies  
 Fill with light the earth that lies  
 Below; and the lonely train  
 Of evening noise and sound  
 Fills my weary soul and sends  
 An anxious feeling over me, that blends  
 With fear as they gather round.

Are you the same to me as on the day  
 I left you at this same time  
 Of evening? Or has the tide  
 Of ever-drifting time made way  
 For another in my place? The chime  
 Of vesper tells me "Let hope abide."

J. L. C.

## OLD GAME FOR HIM.

"I draw the line on kissing, sir,"  
 She said in accents fine.  
 He was a football player,  
 And so he "hit the line."

R.

## In the City of the Dead.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK, '99.

And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
 I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

They met in the ball-room and strolled into the dimly-lighted corridor. He, bold and impetuous; she, reserved and silent. For years they had been friends—from boy and girl they had grown, side by side, into man and woman. And the man loved the woman. To all his protestations, pleas and promises she had turned an unwilling ear, her only reply, a sad, indulgent smile.

The flush of terrible consumption was on her cheek. But what cared he? Would he not make her happy while she lived? Did he not need her? Now that Death had signalled to her, he loved her the more,—loved her with a fierce, physical love. She was cold as ever. Tonight was his only chance—the critical time. He clasped her delicate fingers in his own strong ones and hoarsely begged her to reconsider her cruel words. He offered her wealth, power, broad lands, deathless love—everything.

In forced, measured accents she answered him: "I can not, I must not, wrong you. My life will run out in a few short weeks; you must make yours live for ages. Leave me. Think of yourself. Put yourself in the hands of God."

"There is no God," he said bitterly. They parted.

They met again in the grim old graveyard, with the mocking wind shrieking through the solemn pines above them. He, standing in muffled cloak beside a new-made mound; she, lying cold and motionless in her narrow couch beneath him.

The heartless rain beat pitilessly upon his feverish brow—she knew it not. Vivid flashes and rumbling thunder in the deadly war of the elements could not waken her; they maddened him. He flung his cloak open to the fury of the storm and the lightning gleamed on polished steel. The great earth shook. A night-bird flitted swiftly past. The man's whitened lips sobbed brokenly: "There is no God." He raised the revolver to his temple and fired—falling headlong across the grave, his fingers clutching desperately at the fresh sod.

## The Wheel of Fortune.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

When Bob Whelan came to live with us, I was somewhat struck by the half-sad expression of his face. Jack and I had been married only a short time, and, using ourselves as a criterion, I could not understand why our friend was apparently so unhappy. Bob was very reticent about his love affairs, for I had already divined that he was in love. With a woman's instinct and curiosity, I wanted to sift the matter thoroughly, so I questioned Jack. He, of course, denied all knowledge of Bob's affairs. Bob and he had been chums at college and had been in many a pretty squabble, I have since learned. I persisted, and after many anxious pleadings Jack confessed all he knew; a confession he bound me under pain of anathema to keep a secret.

It was the same old story: love and its rocky road. He and a girl were the only kinsfolk of a rich old banker; both were orphans and had been raised by him. With a pleased eye he watched them bloom into maturity—a gentlemanly young man and a sweet-faced woman—then a strange fancy took possession of him. Why not unite those two survivors of his race in matrimony and keep his fortune intact? He brooded over the thought and determined to make it a reality; Bob tried to reason with him. In vain he pointed out the unhappiness of such a union. The old man burst into a passion.

"Is this the harvest of all my goodness—ingratitude? I have raised you, clothed you and sent you to college, and this is how you repay me? Either do as I request you, or go!"

This is how Bob came to live with us. When he explained the circumstance to Jack, Jack was only too glad to offer him a home. Jack would say to me:

"He will have a home with me until everything is settled."

But Bob was of excellent mettle. No imposing for him. He insisted upon paying his way wherever he went. When he offered me board money I demurred; but that look in his eye was so independent, that I accepted it.

His tastes were literary, and I have heard Jack often say that at college he was regarded as an exceptionally clever writer. The first work he attempted was writing short stories for magazines. His return mail was usually as bulky as that he had sent out. Shortly after-

ward in going into his room I saw lying on the floor a half dozen of those little printed cards so familiar to literary geniuses in the embryo.

At first the returning manuscripts did not seem to bother him—he merely turned up his lip and smiled; but after a short time his actions changed. I have heard him talk very strongly of the stupidity of some editors. At first when he came to live with us I remarked to Jack: "What an inveterate smoker he is;" but of late he appeared to have given up that habit altogether. He paid his board bill the same as ever, but I could not help noticing that his clothes were becoming both threadbare and shabby.

One day he said to me that, owing to circumstances, he was a little short of money and if I would wait he— With a woman's heart I chided him for mentioning so trivial a thing, "for who was Jack's friend was mine, and if he ever needed anything all we had was at his disposal." He thanked me courteously, but would accept nothing. Things went on the same as usual: Bob working hard in his struggle for existence; taking long walks in search of poetical ideas and brooding over love sonnets until suddenly everything was changed. A letter was the cause of it all—one of those black-bordered, ill-omened messengers of death. I saw his hand tremble when he took it—yes, his relative was dead and he was summoned home.

The distance home was fully three-hundred miles. After he had a chat with Jack he started. What took place in that interview I never could learn; but we did not go to the opera that week, and shortly afterward Jack remarked that we must economize.

The reception Bob received and the consequent events Jack soon afterward told me. Arriving at his destination he found lawyer, doctor, kinswoman, and all necessary for the reading of the will, awaiting him. After the salutations were over the lawyer brought forth the will, and in a deep bass voice, which lawyers like to assume, read it. The entire fortune valued at about two millions of dollars was left to Bob if he married his kinswoman—she had promised to accept him—but if he refused, he was disinherited.

Jack told me that it was an awful struggle for Bob. Two great passions struggled hard within—love of money, place and honor, and love of his sweetheart. Two pictures stood out clearly in his mind's eye—one of prosperity and power, the other of paupery and serfdom;

but his love—the love of a true heart—conquered.

"I can not accept the conditions," he said, "I would not be doing justice to myself or to my God."

He was moving toward the door; he had crossed the threshold, and in a minute would be gone, when the lawyer called after him. With bowed head he retraced his steps.

"When this will was drawn up," said the lawyer, "there was attached to it a codicil which I was directed to read, should Mr. Whelan refuse the stipulations of the will."

The contents of the codicil were that "if Bob showed true and manly courage and accepted the girl of his heart in preference to the money, the fortune was to be equally divided between him and his kinswoman."

When Belle, his sweetheart, heard of the sacrifice he had made for her sake, she declared she would steal him; and as it was leap year, she kept her word.

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#### Pickereel Fishing.

VITUS G. JONES.

Pickereel are deep water fish. They live mostly at the end of long points of land, and in deep eddies. They are seldom found along straight shores. It requires patience to find pleasure in fishing for them, because they bite reluctantly, and are very fastidious about the bait. They can not be caught at all seasons of the year, nor do they bite as well on some days as on others. Many old fishermen say that at certain times the pickereel have a "sign" in their mouth that indicates they will bite well; but experience has taught me to doubt the truth of this saying.

The pickereel's most favorable baits are: the small perch, shiners, horned aces and a certain kind of grass. There are many kinds of odorous oils used on worms and flies to attract the fish, but they are useless as they wash off. Young perch from four to five inches in length are the best bait that can be used. The other fish die too soon after they have been hooked, while the remaining baits are not liked.

Dark and grass-colored lines are the best to use as the pickereel can not see them so easily. A large white line seems to frighten them. I have seen two lines, one white and the other grass-colored, thrown in nearly the same place. On the grass-colored one there

were three pickereel caught in less than half an hour, while at the other one there was not even a bite. The lines were changed to see if it made any difference. The fish left the place where they were and two more were caught on the green line. There should be four or five inches of wire near the hook to keep the pickereel from cutting the line with their sharp teeth. A bob is unnecessary unless the grass in the lake is long. The line should reach thirty or forty feet from the boat, for the least little noise will scare the fish, and they will not bite. There should also be ten or twelve feet of loose line for the pickereel to carry out before he is hooked.

The pickereel bites differently from any other fish except the gar. He takes the perch by the tail, and slowly carries it out two or three feet, and then drops it. If the line has been pulled he will not touch it again; but if it is still slack he will swallow the perch head first and run the line out very fast. After he has gone five or six feet he should be jerked to make the hook fasten in the side of his mouth.

After he has once been hooked he must be held with a stiff line so that he can not unfasten himself. If he is very large he must be allowed to swim around until he has exhausted himself, or he will break the line when he is pulled up to the boat. As soon as he is tired out he must be drawn up, and lifted from the water by placing the hand in his gills or the fingers in his eyes. All pickereel have a peculiar flop, and they can unhook themselves, almost every time if they are allowed to make it. When they get loose they will remain by the side of the boat for a short time and then swim away very slowly.

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#### The Chicago River.

Comedians and humorous editors have frequently drawn forth great applause from the public by their puns, poor jokes and queer statements concerning the Chicago River. That the public may not be misled in regard to the river, I intend to set forth a few facts concerning it.

The bricks of which Chicago is built are made from the river, cut into sections and baked. These bricks have various hues, but yellow and green predominate, since these are the usual colors of the river. The Chicago River is one of the immortals; it has a personality. Some persons claim it is wet, but rather



than exaggerate, I will say it is only damp. A flock of ducks plunged into the river one day and to their great astonishment they rebounded into the air. A man once fell from the Clark Street bridge and broke his leg on the surface. Various kinds of wild animals are to be found in its depths. One of the proprietors of a large hotel in Chicago declared that he could not make an oyster stew as the animals in the water ate all the oysters.

A short time ago, many persons in Chicago became ill, and the physicians blamed the river. The city council at once took action, and next day the following notice was posted about the city: "Boil the water." Some wag added: "If it will not boil, fry it."

One of the false statements often promulgated is, that the river runs up hill. Now as there is no hill in Chicago this proposition seems strange. The rumor, however, spread to Washington, and Congress ordered the W. S. Coast Survey to detail an engineer to investigate the rumor, and, if he found it to be true, to discover the cause of the phenomenon. The gentleman arrived, planted his apparatus in the river, and began his investigation. While his back was turned his costly instruments sank and could not be recovered. He telegraphed this report to Congress: "The Chicago River does not run up hill. It does not run at all. It stands still. It has no bed like other streams; its bottom is always on top. It has no banks except the Illinois National and Union Trust. The merchant marine and all other boats are sailed up this river on roller-skates."

Some of Chicago's brilliant aldermen once proposed an ordinance in the city council asking to have the river macadamized. They failed in this, but proposed a street railway down the middle of the stream. The latter ordinance was "put on the table," and I have never heard the result.

W. H. T.

#### Books and Magazines.

—The *Ladies' Home Journal* for November has much that will be of interest to readers of both sexes. The opening article by Mr. Henry W. Stanley throws a new light on the line of conduct pursued by him in regard to the inhabitants in the African jungles, and gives the uninitiated a glimpse of the hardship endured by the explorers in their pursuit for continental conquest. The anecdotal side of the life of Mr. Mondy, the evangelist, is full

of bright repartee. The short sketch of Miss Crosby, the hymn composer, will strike a sympathetic chord in many a devotional soul. "How Richard Wagner wrote his operas," and "The Talk about Men" are well worth reading, especially the latter article.

—"Erin," is a tale pathetically told of an Irish orphan girl who, at the request of her dying father, is brought as a legacy to her uncle from whose door she is ejected. Through the kind intervention of the parish priest she is taken care of by a poor family. In after years young Erin becomes through her relative dying intestate an heiress to a large fortune which she judiciously administers in behalf of the suffering poor, especially those who were her friends in need. The novel is by M. E. Frances and published by Benziger Bros., N. Y.

—The paper on "The Friars in the Philippines" in the November number of the *Rosary Magazine* will be quite a revelation to those who have maligned the religious orders and their work in these islands. The article on Father Ryan, like the preceding ones, puts the reader in touch with the sympathetic heart of the noble poet-priest. Those who are of a philanthropic nature will enjoy reading "The Problems of the Poor in Great Cities."

—Mr. C. D. Gibson's drawings, under the heading of "A New York Day," are one of the attractions of *Scribner's*. Captain Chadwick writes instructively about the part played by our navy in the war, and Mr. Davis gives a vivid description of the Porto Rican campaign. Senator Lodge is continuing his historical essays which are to be concluded in the December number. This time he contributes an article on the "Story of the Revolution."

—The variety of matter in *Harper's* makes it one of our most popular magazines. Stories, sketches, verse and essays by reputable authors fill the November number with matter interesting to all. While our peace commissioners are settling with the Spanish representatives concerning our late acquisitions of territory, the reading people should peruse the essay of Archibald Colquhoun on the "Eastward Expansion of the United States." Those that have never seen torpedo boats can learn much of their construction, use and worth by reading Lieutenant J. C. Fremont's paper entitled "Torpedo-boat Service." Sidney Whitman has a very carefully prepared estimate of Bismarck's character. Frederic Remington has some fine sketches with his article on life with the Fifth Army Corps.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Let us shake hands now and congratulate ourselves that they are all over. First examinations have no diploma tied to them, but, for all that, they are not the stuff that *idle* dreams are made of. They have come and gone, and we are none the worse for having met them. The first lap of the year has been run successfully, and before we realize how many theses we have written, or how many times we have consulted our Latin dictionaries, shadows of the Christmas holidays will be falling upon us, and the bugbear of the next examinations will be lost in the glow of Yule-log's flame.

—When the hustle and excitement of competition had subsided last Saturday evening, books were laid aside for a while and the students began preparations for retreat. When Tuesday morning came and it was all over, we felt satisfied that one of the most successful retreats in the history of the University had just passed. Dr. Nugent, who had the exercises in charge, succeeded in winning the hearts of his audience the first night, and from that time on it was a foregone conclusion that his

lectures would be most enjoyable. Practical and common-place in illustrations, thoroughly familiar with his subjects, and possessed of a fine strong voice, he is one of the ablest pulpit orators in the Catholic Church today. The students will long remember his instructions as the most pleasing talks that we have been privileged to hear.

—“And all the explanation we have for the defeat is that we were out-played.”—*DePauw Palladium*.

That's the way to talk. The best thought that one can entertain after a victory is that it was won fairly and squarely; and when it was thus won, the most honorable thing for the vanquished opponent is, to acknowledge the prowess of the conqueror. Games may be, and often are, won on flukes; close contests, too, may be wrongfully decided by an impartial official. Too often a defeated team makes use of this fact to explain a loss by adding a lot of “ifs” and “had nots” to their side of the case. Last year our game with DePauw was as close as it could be, as the score was only four to nothing in our favor. The *Palladium* wrote it up as a “fair, clean game and an honorable, though hard-earned victory.” So it was; and though our victory this season came easier, it was gained by the same fair and square playing that won last year's game. We are not in the game for flattery and applause; but we admire the sportsman-like spirit shown by our Greencastle friends in writing their accounts and giving what belongs to us. Some colleges in southern Indiana that never saw our athletes, have been bold enough to charge us with “dirty playing.” We do not know what may have been their motive for doing so; furthermore we do not care. Our track team showed our prowess on the cinder path by bringing home the state championship last spring; the baseball question was never in doubt, and we have only Purdue to reckon with in football. It may, then, be a case of sour grapes with some of our southern friends, and we can therefore pay no attention to them. This is the third time we have met DePauw, and they have no complaint to make about how we treated them. We will return their compliments, and satisfy them as much as we can by doing up Indiana this afternoon. The Varsity is badly crippled, and we may not score heavily, but we expect to record a victory over the Bloomington men.

## An Acknowledgment.

It is not long since I wrote about the olden days, and I think I was led to say that we had not changed, but the times are different. You are right, my dear Charles, in calling my attention to this, for surely I was mistaken. It was kind of you to notify me of my blunder, and pass so lenient a criticism on my apparent thoughtlessness. I wrote in one of those peculiar moods so characteristic of me. You know how a slight bit of melancholy leads me to fall into a brooding disposition. Quite frequently I am carried back to the early days so vividly as to forget that we have passed the midday of life's journey and are now making a shortcut toward the Great River. One *will* get into that humor at times, and I, of all men, seem particularly addicted to it. Perhaps it is because I love to dote upon and muse over the things that were. They do, indeed, present themselves to us as trifles now, but once they were the all-important affairs. You may remember when we would become highly indignant at our good old fathers, and think them unreasonable if they did not allow us to place nuts on the kitchen roof to dry, because that process rotted the shingles. I find pleasure and a vast amount of amusement in calling to mind these wondrous troubles that we had. I deem it my own right to do so, and since you, the *dimidium animæ meæ*, do not blame me for it, why should I deny myself this privilege?

To return, however, to what I started to tell you; you are right, and we are indeed changed individuals. Only the other day I walked back to make a little visit at our old home in boyhood, and—do you believe it?—I was not recognized. As I approached the place everything looked familiar, and I felt sure that I should find myself right at home with many an old friend to greet me. At many places I saw things that we ourselves had made and left there. Around the fishing ground and out near "Cook's old barn," I found old relics that seemed as much my own as does the chair in which I am sitting. I approached with a familiar air, as a man naturally would, and was about to examine them. In this I was disappointed. Many of the villagers had gathered around me and looked with amazement and some show of displeasure at what I was doing. At last one of them, the largest, and perhaps most influential, informed me that I was an intruder. I soon discovered that I was not known, and

furthermore that my acquaintance was not desired. Strange that one should be so treated in a city where he spent so many of his days! I can account for it only in one way, and that is, that I have greatly changed—changed beyond recognition at the old haunts of my early life.

Perhaps it is better that we did not notice the change coming over us. I fear many of us, had we realized that we were pulling out of an Utopia into a hurly-burly workaday life, would have moved reluctantly. As it is, I think the change is good. Besides we can not say that we are dissatisfied with our present condition. Assuredly not. Have not all our old friends and acquaintances come with us? And is there not a great deal of comfort to be found in this old world after all? Youth is gone, to be sure, but we have many a day yet. What need we care if we missed the beauty of last evening's sunset? It is not the only bow that Sol had to make to us, and hereafter we will be more ready to receive him. And so, if we have changed, and some good times are passed, why let them go, and look forward for more to come. When went there by a day, no matter how much trouble we had, that we could not say: "It will be well for us yet; God knows best, aye, and we shall see later. Contentment is not only the balm of the soul, it is life, it is love; love, because it leads us to be grateful; life because it gives us chance to enjoy the good around us."

In one thing I was right. I said the times are changed; so they are. For if we are changed, the times must be changed, because we ourselves are the times. What idle talk is it men have about the abstract times! 'Tis all nonsense. Man himself, his actions, his likes and dislikes, are the times and they change with us. The main point is that we are growing old. Be it thus, friend, we are doing so with ease, and let it be the least of our troubles. It is all that we get without some little effort on our part. Daylight and dark go by us like small shadows on a June day, and before we know it, another decade is added to our list of joys and sorrows. Even as the breath of a first-blown rose is mingled with the breeze and wafted away, so are we carried by our days. New hopes, new loves, new joys and new fears are ever falling around us. None can gainsay this; we are measuring fresh plans in the ruins where our last one failed. And as I look on the panorama, I am more forcibly struck with the meaning of your words, and I say "God help us! we *are* changed." P. J. R.

### Indiana Weather.

Almost everybody that visits northern Indiana for any length of time becomes disgusted after a few weeks with our changeable weather. In the morning, it is said, you do not know what will happen at noon. Today there is rain, warm and agreeable, tomorrow you may have a snow-storm, and the next day the weather is so pleasant that you almost forget you are in the winter months. This is a very correct program especially early in spring and late in fall. Of course, we have to take the weather as we get it, and even refrain from blaming the weather-bureau. Still there must be a reason for all this, and it might be well to know something about the subject.

In the first place our geographical position accounts for our weather in a general way. It is well known that countries in Europe in the same latitude as America are much warmer than the American States. Western sides of continents are, as a rule, milder, owing to ocean-currents. Mountain-ranges by their position affect the climate of countries. It is asserted that if an earthquake threw up a mountain-range north of the Great Lakes, we should have tropical weather here. Italy and Greece are warm to a great extent, because the cold winds that sweep down from the Arctic Ocean are stopped by the Alps, the Carpathian, and the Balkan mountains before they come to these countries.

The direction of air-currents affects temperature and climate even more markedly. South America and Africa are cut by the equator to about the same extent, yet the former is moist, the latter dry. The reason for the difference is that the dry winds from the Sahara cross the Atlantic and take up all the moisture they can, and then drop it as rain on the South American continent. All this, however, does not account for our changeableness of weather.

At Notre Dame we are only a few miles from the boundary between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence drainage systems. A short distance from here a raindrop falling on one side of a cottage roof may find its way to the Gulf of Mexico through the Kankakee, Illinois, and Mississippi Rivers; while another drop that happens to fall on the other side of the same roof will finally flow into the Great Lakes, and thence in the course of time may possibly come to the Atlantic at Newfoundland! This romantic course of a raindrop

seems to have nothing to do with the question, but we must remember that the winds and air-currents also take part in the complication.

There appears to be here a continual wrestle of winds. The air-currents from the Mississippi Valley are warm, and hence bring warm weather. Here they meet the winds coming from the Arctic Ocean over the Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay, and then the contest begins. If the south winds prevail we have a few days of warm weather, and the contrary takes place if the wind blows from the north. As we are situated just where this contest takes place, our weather is then as vacillating as the fortunes of two fighting armies.

It may be objected that this conclusion could only be arrived at by great observation and study of air-currents; but other evidences, apparently insignificant, point to the same conclusion, and the whole is very simple. If we examine carefully the plants north of St. Joseph River and those a few miles south and west, we find two flora quite different. I have found flowers in the groves west of South Bend that are not seen here, and others that are abundant here are not found there at all, or are but rare. Moreover, flowers of the same species in both localities may differ in such minor details as size of leaves and petals, intensity of color, and the like.

Trees, too, show a tendency to differ, though this is less marked. Maple groves are very common south of the river, here we have only occasional and single trees. Beeches, too, are more plentiful, while here sycamores prevail. I have noticed also that along the St. Joseph River for miles yews are abundant. West of South Bend they are more scarce. The general aspect of both localities, moreover, is such as to contrast very markedly.

There is another fact that can not fail to be noticed. Flowers of the same kinds bloom earlier in and around South Bend. I have found that last spring maples in the city were in bloom fully three weeks before ours. They may have been accelerated by the heat that comes from the houses of the city, yet this is not altogether true; for the same thing takes place on the Sumption Prairie and near the Kankakee Lake several miles from the city.

It may be noted that the vicinity of a large body of water, such as any of the Great Lakes, has influence in making the weather more mild and even. We are, however, situated just far enough away from either of these not to enjoy these conveniences.

## The World beyond the Gates.

## Personal.

China seems to be awaking from its slumber of centuries, and apparently is bestirring itself. Indeed, the recent reports that the Empress Dowager had eloped with Li Hung Chang had a very late-day sound—much the same as our own standard joke about the young lady and the coachman. If China really has awakened and will open its eyes and look about, it may yet frustrate the plan of the nations to divide among themselves the land of the Celestials.

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If a novelist these days wishes free advertisement all he need do is to bring Catholic doctrine into his story and the critics will do the rest. Mrs. Ward has followed this plan, and as a result "Helbeck of Bannisdale" has been more talked of and written about than any novel produced during the last year. Magazines such as the *Nineteenth Century* invite contributions upon the subject, and such men as Father Clarke, S. J., and the distinguished English scientist, St. George Miart, have engaged in controversy as to whether or not Helbeck is a true type of the Catholic.

Not many years ago the grossest misrepresentations, in novels, of Catholicism caused no comment, but now the slightest inaccuracy starts an argument. The novelists, I imagine, do not object to this change.

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In North Carolina the scenes of Reconstruction times are being re-enacted, and a most alarming race war seems imminent. The city of Wilmington is the chief battle-ground, and the citizens are organized and armed for a conflict. It is claimed that in that city the whites pay all the taxes and own all the property, while the negroes fill all the offices. The contest is resolving itself into one against universal suffrage. Restrictions of suffrage are not very popular and seem un-American; nevertheless, under conditions such as are said to exist at Wilmington, a wise and equitable restriction is the only solution of the difficulty. The negroes are in the majority, and they will put persons of their own race into every office; the whites refuse to be entirely governed by their former slaves, and then comes the bloodshed that now is threatening in Wilmington. A restriction, such as property requirement, could be established; it should be just, should apply to whites as well as blacks, and thus only can trouble be averted.

—Mr. Edward J. Mingey, of last year's class is doing graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. A. L. Askanas, of Kansas City, spent a few days at Notre Dame and entered his son in Carroll Hall.

—Mr. J. H. Duggan, of Creston, Iowa, was the guest for a few days of his son, Mr. Duggan of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Owen Sheekey, of Braddock, Penn., who is visiting in South Bend, spent Tuesday afternoon at the University.

—Among the guests on Tuesday were the Misses Ryan of Hancock, Mich., and Miss Quinlan and Miss Rose who are graduate students at St. Mary's.

—The Rev. P. J. May, of Pittsburg, the Rev. F. X. Shulach, S. J., of Chicago, and the Rev. Martin Port, S. J., of Toledo, Ohio, were among the visitors at the University during the past week.

—Mr. Horace Wilson, for several years a member of the Class of '97, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame. Mr. Wilson is studying law at his home in Red Wing, Minnesota, and, judging from his successful career at Notre Dame, he will have little difficulty in becoming a very learned jurist.

—Mr. John Reinhart, of Independence, Mo., called upon the President last week. Mr. Reinhart was a student in '66 and was an enthusiastic member of the band and other musical organizations of his day. Notre Dame has changed very much since Mr. Reinhart was a student here, but it is still Notre Dame, and he enjoyed very thoroughly the visit to the scenes of his boyhood.

—James B. Quinn (LL. B., '96) is the first Notre Dame student to try for admission to the Illinois bar since the establishment of the three-year rule. He had little difficulty in passing the examinations. In writing to a friend here he says: "I feel safe in saying that no better system of teaching law can be found than the one practised at Notre Dame." We are glad to learn of Mr. Quinn's success, and expect to hear more from him later.

—Mr. Charles Niezer is a member of the University of Indiana team which plays here this afternoon. Last year and the year before Mr. Niezer was very prominent in our own athletics. He was an energetic, active member of the Athletic Association, and at different times managed several of our teams, among them the track team that carried away the banner last spring at Indianapolis. Mr. Niezer's many friends are glad to see him again at Notre Dame, even though he now wears colors other than the Gold and Blue.

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 Card of Sympathy.
 

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The students of Sorin Hall wish to make use of this column to express to their fellow-member, Mr. Jacob Kraus, their cordial sympathy for his loss in the death of his brother. Mr. Kraus received the sad news on Tuesday morning, and immediately left for his home in Pittsburg, Pa.

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 A Note of Thanks.
 

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The University is greatly indebted to Mr. James O'Shaughnessy for the presentation of a flag that was taken from the Governor-general's house at Santiago. Mr. O'Shaughnessy went to the front as a reporter, and was with the men when the flag of truce was replaced by the Stars and Stripes on the executive mansion. Having secured the flag and brought it to this country, he remembered Notre Dame,—as he always does—and thus we came into possession of this valuable souvenir of the American-Spanish war.

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 Temperance Society.
 

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On the evening of the first of November the local temperance society was reorganized, officers were elected, and a plan of work was outlined. The number of students that attended the meeting and took the pledge was very large. With more than a hundred young men thus united at the very start, the society can not fail to increase rapidly in membership and in power; and by continuing to keep alive the enthusiasm which was so spontaneous in the beginning, these ardent advocates of the cause of temperance will have reason to feel that the work which they have begun will have far-reaching and highly gratifying results. Success to their labors! Success to the cause!

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 Local Items.
 

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—The "coon" is happy because "niggah" is back, and the two are preparing for a grand cake walk to be given soon.

—In St. Edward's Hall the "Carlisle Indians," "Princeton," "Yale," and the rest, are preparing for their big games.

—"Willie" Fehr saw a great many funny things in Chicago. One fellow let him go all

through the City Hall and only charged fifteen dollars.

—Captain Hickey's team defeated another Carroll Hall eleven Tuesday—9 to 0. The good work of Manion, Davis and Captain Hickey was the feature.

—Bro. Hugh had the bushy trees removed from the front of the gym, and it may now be seen from the west side. This is a great improvement to the yard.

—All members of last year's Varsity Nine are requested to meet at Room 13, Sorin Hall, tonight after supper, for the purpose of selecting a captain for next spring.

—Jim Herbert guessed the score exactly of the Chicago and Penn. game last Saturday. Harry Revels guessed 50 to 0 in favor of Penn. Harry lives in Pennsylvania, you know.

—Lottie Collins is of the wood-chuck species; he wagered with Pete Crumley that he could gnaw off a tree quicker than Mike Dailey could cut one of similar size. Pete lost the bet.

—GRADY: "Don't you think you need some one to set a pace for you occasionally, Father?"

FATHER R. "O just wait until I meet you out of bounds some day, then I *will* follow your pace to your sorrow.

—An old-fashioned bonfire on the campus has been the cause of much mirth and jollification. Dillon showed much fecundity in storytelling, especially while O'Shaughnessy's pantaloons were burning.

—In Moot-Court Wednesday the Patterson case closed. The plaintiff, represented by Messrs. Steele and O'Malley, secured judgment for \$500. The defendant's attorneys were Messrs. Murphy and Medley.

—PROF.: Mr. Hartung, what was Munchley's definition of International Law?

MR. HARTUNG: I can't just exactly remember his words, Professor, but he looked at it about the same way as other blokes do.

—When Mike Powers arrived the other day and told about the distillery just outside of the ball field at Louisville, "Jamie" immediately got a ball and started practice. He is going to try to make that team next year.

—Students should not resent being called to a realization of the right when they are giving vent to their exultant feelings in the reading-room. It is very annoying at times, and many of the students of Sorin Hall are displeased.

—The Carroll Specials were defeated for the first time this season in a very exciting game, on Nov. 3, by a football team from St. Joseph's Hall, the score being 6 to 5. The score would have been a tie if it were not for McDonald's missing a very easy goal.

—The Anti-Specials of Carroll Hall were playing a football eleven from St. Joseph's Hall last Tuesday, Nov. 1, when a decision given by the umpire proved unsatisfactory to the

Carrollites, so the game was declared off. The umpiring of Bernard Maloy was particularly praiseworthy.

—The fall examinations are of the past. The student body is, to a man, one in admitting that they were thorough, but fair and just. The many pleasant countenances that beamed with unexpressed joy Saturday evening, told, better than common language could, the result of the few days preceding.

—A team of bantam weights from Brownson Hall defeated the Carroll Hall sprints last Tuesday by a score of 6 to 5. Carroll Hall made their points by a "fluke." A drop kick was tried from the 15 yard line, and it missed goal by 3 feet, but it was allowed. A second game will be played Sunday.

—At last Æolus has, with his apparatus, fled to the time of the "Rough Rider" into his dismal lodging. The Indian summer affords a last opportunity for us to appreciate scenic Notre Dame and to store our memories with pleasant landscape, until gentle spring unfolds her hidden beauties once more.

—It might be of interest to some of the old students to know that "Mike Blaha," of SCHOLASTIC fame, is reported dead. He is said to have been taken with yellow fever while travelling as foreign correspondent for the SCHOLASTIC, and, being of a delicate constitution, succumbed. Frank O'Malley was the only mourner at the grave, and it is said that "he is all broken up."

—The toughest game of football which has been played on Carroll campus for some time, took place on Tuesday last between the Specials of that Hall and eleven of the choicest "sluggers" from Brownson Hall. At the end of the second half the score stood: Carroll, 5; Brownson, 0. The Brownson men claim a touchdown which was made after time was called.

—The following officers were elected at the first meeting of the Temperance Society last Sunday evening: President, J. McGinnis; Vice-President, John Farley; Corresponding Secretary, John Fennessey; Secretary, F. X. McCollum; Treasurer, H. V. Crumley; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Svensden. We feel certain that the society is entrusted to competent hands. Father Quinlan has charge of the work for the year.

In the Carroll Hall branch of the Temperance Society officers were elected as follows: President, A. McDonnell; Vice-President, W. Bellinger; Secretary, O. Carney; Treasurer, J. Mulcare; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. Groogan.

—The football team from St. Joseph's Hall won a forfeited game from the Carroll Anti-Specials on Tuesday last. Repeated line hits by the St. Joe's were too much for the weak line of the Carrollites, and the St. Joe's were held only once for downs. During the early part of the first half the ball was forced up the field, and a touchdown was made and a goal

kicked. Score, 6 to 0. The Carrollites refused to play further for some reason, and the game was declared forfeited. Score, 11 to 0, with only part of the first half played.

—The genial dean returned the other evening with a satisfied smile about his face that nobody understood until a day or so later, when we received a copy of the *Warsaw Times* and found the following notice in the editorial page:

Col. William Hoynes, head of the law department of Notre Dame University, near South Bend, passed through this place Monday evening on his return to that place from Chicago. Col. Hoynes has increased in avoirdupois very perceptibly since we last saw him. Always a good looking gentleman, his present portliness is only an improvement in his appearance. Col. Hoynes is regarded everywhere, wherever known, as a fine lawyer, an able jurist, and we all know him to be one of the most pleasant and agreeable of gentlemen. Professor Hoynes gave this office a very pleasant call, and all hands were pleased to meet and greet him again.—*Warsaw Times*.

—THE PHILOPATRIANS.—The meeting of the Philopatrians, held last Wednesday evening, Nov. 2, was very entertaining. Mr. Ellwanger's story, entitled "A Pair of Kids," was very amusing. Mr. Maloney's song, "Eli Green's Cake Walk," was much appreciated by the members. Mr. Swan favored us with a recitation called "The Crippled Veteran." Several members being absent the debate, "Resolved that the United States should annex the Philippine Islands," was postponed until the next meeting. Mr. Best told a story the name being "My Mudder-in-law. Messrs. Crowley and Walsh were admitted to the society. An interesting program has been arranged for the next meeting.

—Brucker was sitting in his room the other day with one foot in his bucket and the other in the waste-basket. "Good morning, Mr. Brucker," said our reporter, "may I ask you this morning, for your opinion on whiskers?" "Ah, my dear sir," quoth he, "you may. In view of the fact that I myself have worked in the garden "where," as the poet says, "the sun can not shine upon the dimple in your chin," I think that I may say a good deal to you on this subject. You will have to call around about a week later, as my notes on the point in question are all scattered, and moreover, I deem the subject too important to speak on without much forethought. I may say in passing simply, that whiskers make a great change in one's appearance; for when Reed shaves his off he is taken for Bill McKinley, and when I shave mine off, I am frequently taken for Billy Mason. It is wonderful, sir, simply marvellous! Dorley is a fine looking man since he has that jungle on his face."

—Her photograph came the other day, and Willie has been having troubles of his own ever since, if we can believe the scrap of a letter he had written but forgot to mail. A reporter found the following little note under the pine tree:

DEAR ETHEL:—

The ten thousandth person has just left my room, and I have been busy talking and writing with both hands explaining all about the picture. People come in crowds to see it. I have not had anything to eat or any sleep since it arrived. I had to tell them that your hair was blue, not black; that the dimple in your chin belongs to you; that you have feet though they do not show in the picture; that the large aperture directly under your nose is a flower-bed of tulips and that you are not as cross as you look. Some fellows swooned at sight of it; others rubbed their handkerchiefs over the back of it to keep them for souvenirs, while more of them inquired after the health of the photographer. Hanhauser asked me to give it to him; he won't do it any more. It is a howling success; you will excuse me from writing more just now as I must nail the photo to my radiator. "Au Reservoir."

Yours with both feet,

WILLIE.

P. S.—A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

—Mrs. Potter Palmer was unavoidably absent from her box, and President McKinley was obliged to send his regrets, but for all that the Grand Peace Jubilee cake walk at the Crescent Club the other night was a winner. Col. Theo. Roosevelt sat with his legs crossed on the billiard table and stroked his mustache with a Cuban Machetê, while the orchestra played selections from the "Rough Rider." General Shafter had a special seat prepared of marsh grass, palm leaves and jungle brush, and rested his elbow in the cuspidor with a "glad I'm back" look, while he talked of the Cuban campaign. Commodore Schley was present with a large diagram and a bottle in his pocket which he used to explain the Santiago victory. The diagram was to show where Sampson wasn't at the time of the fight, and the bottle was to show the brand used by his men. Admiral Sampson walked around and looked admiringly at the pictures of our athletes. He thinks Gibson looks like Gen. Blanco, and was greatly surprised not to find a picture of himself here, as he won third place in the 440-yd. dash at our field day in 1869. Hobson did not care much about the cake walk; he came to have a game of checkers with Van Hee. They had played four games together some ten years ago, Van winning two and Hobson the other two, so the other night they tried the "saw-off." Van had no trouble in "bottling" Hobson, as he was on to that old *Merrimac* track, and it didn't work against him.

The grand cake walk started sharply at nine o'clock, Señor Pnigcerva Meyers, Uncle Samuel Grady and Señor Sagasta Funk leading the long procession. It had been learned before hand that many hundreds would participate in the event, and therefore, that it would be a

hard matter to decide. For this reason Gov. Tanner was telegraphed to come and act as judge, for his ability in this line has been long established. Some of the steps were most intricate and decidedly novel. Spectators had predicted that Uncle Samuel Grady was the most graceful and accomplished, and therefore that he would win the sandwich. However, the judge had a grudge against Uncle Sam for not giving him a colonelcy in the army, and his decision was in favor of Señor Pnigcerva Myers. The crowd disbanded thoroughly satisfied that Dewey's golf trousers were very appropriate for the occasion.

—There is a fad arisen in Sorin Hall which assumes the nature of chin dingling spinage. This fad has fallen on all in a surprisingly effective manner, and now it is a rare occurrence to meet a Sorin Haller unless he has this halo of spiny, twisted sprouts encompassing the under portion of his physique. Many of those whose inestimable pleasure it is to have sterile jaws, but alas! who do not realize it, are constantly eulogizing in grandiloquent English on the manliness of those who have this chinuba outgrowth. Some say that it foreshadows power, others that it is symbolical of courage, but the wise man passes by and mutters to himself: "All that glitters is not gold." Now there is our friend "Josh," the sheriff, that has a reasonable excuse for thus appearing in public because his sandy appendage is his striking characteristic. Take away this growth, you take away "Josh," and *vice-versa*. But who, out of his illimitable cistern of thought, can divine an excuse for Runt? A person would think that he would have to be on his guard constantly lest his feet should become entangled in the long filaments, and give him several downs. Then there is that Pulskamp. Why, the other A. M. when he came from his boudoir, a kind friend informed him that he had better return to his apartment and remove the cobwebs that were beautifully intermingled among his seldom sprouts. He relentlessly grasped his small hatchet, and the shrubbery fell like weeds before fire. Of course, everybody knows how the moths played havoc with Dowd's, and then abandoned their work leaving the playground very much resembling a faded plaid horse-blanket. Now it is the current opinion that Giles has a creditable bunch of stalks in the place referred to above, and I will take the liberty to inform that audacious biped, who said, "I think that that stuff stickin' to Ray's jaws is a species of blue mould," that his vision is quite delusive, for I have heard from reliable authority that he actually has produced some real colored hairs and that they are plainly visible and may be counted. Louis C. M. stands pre-eminent among this association of bearded boys, and is executing his duties as promoter in a unique manner.