

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·  
F.X.7.

VOL. XXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

No. 12.

## When Day is Done

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

WHEN day is done, and o'er the sky  
I see the winged darkness fly,  
My thoughts steal out from the cares of day,  
And back through the gloom they blindly stray  
To seek the rest that their toils deny.

I know the voice in the night wind's sigh;  
I here its call in the lost bird's cry.  
My spirit's lulled in memory's sway,  
When day is done.

A vision comes to bring reply  
To hopes that struggle ere they die:  
It bids me wait and stand the fray  
Until my watch has passed away—  
A lasting peace shall then draw nigh,  
When day is done.

## The Philippines.

F. HENRY WURZER (LAW), '98.



It has been said that the commerce of the world is gradually drifting to the Pacific Ocean, and that at no greatly distant day the quiet, placid Pacific will be ruffled by the busy ships that are now plying on the Atlantic. The growing belief in this prophecy, and the remembrance of it are closely linked with the allusion to Hawaii as "the golden key of the world."

This transformation would be but the rule of evolution. We need take only one glance at the richness and the glory of the Orient and its pristine power and supremacy, and then look to where this supremacy rests now, and we have a ready solution of the question of the plausibility of this Pacific prophecy. This may be only theory; but when we observe

the jealousy, the greed and the vigilance of the European powers in grabbing for any point of vantage tending to the control of the Pacific, we come to realize that it must be close to the time when the prophecy will become identified with the fact.

The commerce of a people is their life; and it is but the instinct of self-preservation that prompts the leading nations to seek new markets, and to hold them exclusively for their own trade. But the United States has been blessed even beyond the pale of good fortune in this respect. The tropical gardens and fertile fields of Hawaii came to us with open arms; the strategic island of Guam becomes ours as a result of the war, and for the same reason it seems that we are to acquire the Philippines. We have virtually placed a series of stepping-stones across the Pacific in an incredibly short space of time, giving us the sway of the ocean, and bidding fair to make us the future masters of commerce.

But this sudden progress and golden future is not all sunshine. Grave questions will present themselves, and they are now being revolved in the minds of many experienced men. The possibility of this great future hinges on the retention or abandonment of the Philippines, and we naturally come to the issue of National expansion, and the question of race and degenerated citizenship.

Expansion is a policy that does not seem so palatable to the American statesman at first thought. However great the commercial value of these islands, or however extensive the advantages they may carry with them, it is not to be wondered at that the American people hesitate to leave their time-worn paths of diplomacy, and take up new ones that are apt to entangle them in foreign embroglios.

The commercial advantages are unquestionably great and tempting. These islands are filled with the most useful minerals; they are laden down with coal, iron, copper, lead, marble

and gold that practically remains untouched. It has been stated on good authority that natives have mined as much as one hundred and fifty ounces of gold in one month by the use of cocoanut shells; and this argues well for the unlimited possibilities of the American with his modern inventions. The bowels of Batan and Mindoro can give forth enough coal to float our navies for a century, and Luzon and Mindanao can fill our coffers with gold.

With American control of the trade of these islands would come employment to at least a hundred thousand men, and this number would increase steadily as the civilization and development of these islands advanced. But on the other hand there are industries in the Philippines which would, by reason of annexation, place in competition the skilled labor of the American with the pauper labor of the Filipino. The most important of these are the cigar and tobacco industries.

The strategic value of the archipelago is commonly admitted, and it is no less for this reason than for the reasons of commercial advantage that the powers of Europe, especially Germany, which has experienced these reasons as facts, are so exceedingly anxious to get it, and Spain so anxious to retain it. If the United States are going to take an active part in the commerce of the Pacific the possession of these islands will become more peculiarly valuable to us than to any other nation. We can step from San Francisco to Hawaii, and thence to Guam, and before we lose sight of the Stars and Stripes we reach the Philippines, and find Uncle Sam the gate-keeper of the Orient.

So far we have only dealt with questions of judgment and prudence, and in whatever manner the wisdom of the American people will permit them to settle this matter it is hoped that they will be governed by existing conditions and current events; for the philosophy of events and not theory should govern in deciding questions relating to practical life. America will not stop to regret any position she has been placed in, but will make the best of it.

Among the principal arguments against expansion is the question of a degenerated citizenship. What would we do with the Malays? The former questions were questions of policy, and are to be left to our oldest and wisest statesmen for final judgment; but the latter is a question of fact that can be properly decided by the masses when the evidence is brought before them.

They are not like the Indians, nor are they as uncivilized as the wild man in the children's picture book. It is only necessary to re-civilize them, and, with the kind heart and the liberal toleration of the American, they will soon be fit subjects for self-government.

The Malays were the sailors of the ancient world, and easily the peers of the Phœnicians on the seas. They were not frightened by the weird tales about the Atlantic that enslaved the dwellers on Mediterranean shores. They were not scared away by the tremendous mollusk that was the creation of their neighbor's imagination, and swallowed a dozen ships at a time. Even so late as Columbus' first voyage across the Atlantic that ocean is alluded to as the sea of darkness. The Malays had cut these waters long before; they travelled long distances in the Pacific, and today we find the remnants of this race in a scattering of islands that spread over one-third of the earth's surface. They are in Hawaii and New Zealand, in Madagascar, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Formosa, New Guinea, the Malay Peninsula and South Africa. The Japanese are descendants from the Malays, with an element of the Chinese in them. In the Easter Islands the Malays point with pride to huge statues as the work of their fathers, and in many of the islands are to be found traces of the splendid architecture of an earlier civilization. Borneo's capitol, the city of Bruni, like Venice, is built over the sea.

Three or four hundred years ago, when the English, Spanish and Portuguese began to leave their harbors and dared out into the seas, they came in contact with the Malays. The English Parliament dealt them a death blow by prohibiting them from carrying freight, and treated them as pirates when they failed to observe this law.

A noted Englishman, Rajah Brooks, who has been among the Malays, pays a high tribute to their character. He believes them to be honest and faithful, and, though proud and haughty, brave and strong-minded.

There are between three and four millions of these people in the Philippines; and, knowing their history and native ability, we need anticipate little trouble in the matter of a degenerated citizenship because of the Malays. Whatever disposition may be made of these islands, there need be little fear of grotesque figures in Congress with javelins and shields from the jungles of the wild. Civilization can be taught the natives with little difficulty.

Thanksgiving Day, 1898.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

I.

**F**AIL! Eastern conqueror of gloomy night,  
O'er blissful souls you shed your gracious  
beams;

God! that today, in hardened hearts, you'd smite  
That fetid rocky couch whence Hatred gleams:  
Or whether your soft visitations glow  
In smiles beside a gilded palace door,  
Or eddy round a cottage poor and low,  
I shall not ask you, which you cherish more.  
We have no masters o'er mankind here  
To seek their glory in a human slave,  
We have nor Royalty to hate or fear:  
We have the Independence that He gave.  
And thus this morning as I see you rise  
Aglow in flames unaided by a cloud,  
Save where your darts alone in Western skies  
Have put to flight the night-clouds gloomy, proud,  
You are so much alike to our dear land  
When first it issued from the galling chains  
Of British rule, so nobly grand.

"Give thanks to God," it first ordains.  
Shine brightly o'er our land today,  
Arouse by each effulgent ray  
The chilly hearts where silent lay  
The harps of Liberty.  
And softly now sweet guidance keep  
O'er grassy mounds, unfathomed deep,  
Where silently forever sleep  
The hearts of Liberty.

II.

O'er winter fields  
Calm nature yields  
Her withered garb, but seems to care  
The tiny seed  
That's left to breed  
The golden prize that Harvests bear.  
Thus was our Nation years ago;  
Her heart was cold as winter snow,  
Yet still she kept alive that seed,  
That God has left each man to feed,  
The flame that glows within his soul—  
The love of Liberty.  
The bugle's blast  
Was heard at last,  
A rebel war was soon to break;  
But ere its close  
A nation arose  
That lives and breathes for Freedom's sake.  
A mighty shout soon issued forth  
To burst the chains that held proud France,  
To worship e'en her monarch's glance;  
To pierce the frozen bulwarks of the North.  
And borne o'er Pacific's waves  
It echoed through far India's caves.  
It flew from sea to inmost lake  
And made the hearts of Empires quake;  
And like the flood that bursts at night  
The massive gates that check its might,  
There rose that cry: "For Freedom's sake  
And love of Liberty!"

III.

Vain is Glory; Vain Renown,  
False is Glory; False Renown,  
That attributes nought to Him  
Who calms the battle fierce and grim;  
Who ne'er forsook the cause of Right  
Too deeply pressed by haughty Might.

IV.

Thus it was our Nation said,  
Ere yet the smoke had cleared from off the plane,  
Where rest our country's honored dead,  
Our thanks to God a thousand fanes proclaim.  
Before the altar incense-wrapped  
The white-haired priest in reverence meekly bows,  
And offers thanks to Thee, O God!  
Who all things guides and nothing foul allows  
Unscathed to pass His chastening rod.  
The fierce tornado's bolts are in His hands,  
And at His word they issue forth  
To bear destruction to the fairest lands,  
Or burst the frozen chains of North.  
He brings to life the dread volcano's mine,  
And bursts the thunderbolts in air,  
And marks the thundering earthquake's foul design,  
And devastation's fiery glare.  
The Furies armed stand within His halls;  
They hear His word and issue forth,  
And on a placid bay a navy falls  
Unknelled, uncoffined at His wrath.

V.

We were not freed by human strength alone;  
For what is man?—a simple tool  
To work a never-changing will—  
To-day he is and lives to rule  
To-morrow dead, forever still.  
We give Thee praise, O Host of hosts!  
We love and magnify Thy name,  
For Thou alone dost guard our coasts,  
And with us may thy hand remain.  
We bend our heads before thy shrine, we praise, we  
laud  
And magnify Thy name, tremendous Host!—Almighty  
God!

VI.

O Columbia! dearer than all on earth!  
Thy glory and thy power was known  
To nations from thy very birth;  
Now stronger has that knowledge grown.  
We did not win by vengeful sword,  
But by that higher strength  
That's marked by God alone;  
And in the heart with honor sown  
And side by side with virtue grown—  
The love of Liberty.

VII.

Go, bear your wreathes to other lands,  
And crown your sons on other strands!  
They've placed your flag where now she waves  
O'er heroes' hearts and heroes' graves  
Who died for Liberty.

'Tis gone, 'tis past;  
 The debt of honor now is paid,  
 And to the root the knife is laid.  
 We can but grieve for who are gone;  
 We *may not* grieve for what is done.  
 Let history show in after days  
 How many other better ways  
 Would lead to Liberty.

## VIII.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts  
 The thought of all Thy gifts,  
 That from our minds there ne'er departs  
 Our obligation to Thy will.  
 But hark! There floats o'er yonder lake  
 The mellow cadence of a hundred bells,  
 That from the frozen woods awake  
 The Autumn day's December knells.

And calls the worshippers to prayer.  
 Shine brightly on, O Sun!  
 And in thy glory witness to our prayer  
 That thus this Day so well begun  
 End free from sorrow, strife or care.  
 Oh! Let us now present our prayers,  
 The Holy One will hear;  
 Arise! the majesty of God revere.  
 Here amid the silence deep with faith sincere,  
 We in our poor, though undisturbed estate,  
 Shall deeply feel and meditate  
 On laws revealed  
 Though disobeyed.  
 On judgments unrepealed  
 Though oft gainsaid.  
 Oh! may this Faith and Love be proved another ray  
 To shine in glory round Thy throne, Almighty God,  
 On this our great Thanksgiving Day.

## On Photographs.

JOSEPH F. DUANE, '99.

For tho' faults were thick as dust in vacant chambers. I can trust your kindness.—TENNYSON.

The present concerns of life engross us, and so imperious are their demands, that it is small wonder our minds seldom revert to the by-gone times of youth. We hurry along, our energies ever bent toward the future; and if in our haste we chance to meet one that in times past had been our boon companion we nod, or perhaps tarry long enough to shake hands and make a few superficial remarks, then resume the eager pursuit of wealth and fame.

Even when the day's toil has loosed its hold upon us, and we feel free to indulge in dreams of the good time of yore, our minds are confounded, and we find that, beyond a few hazy recollections, the past has shut its gates behind us. Our friends and acquaintances too have not escaped this exile, for a decade or so has lifted a barrier between them and our memory. We yearn to see those faces formerly dear, but they have passed away from us, and time has erased impressions we once thought indelible in our memory. Photographs spare the pain of this void even to the poorest of us.

These little reminders of friends of former days are to some persons merely decorations; they look well upon the wall, and add to the tone of the room; but to me, as I sit in my arm-chair in the falling dusk, and the stealing shadows cast their weird forms upon the walls, they seem to become real personages. There in their wire rack they rest, each totally oblivious of the presence of the others, each centring

his entire attention upon me. This does not embarrass or disconcert me. I have become accustomed to it; it is flattering. I used to look upon them all and smile carelessly; but now I have noticed that they never notice one another, and I am convinced that I am the sole object of their fixed gazes. Therefore, I never slight one, but stop at each and try to let our thoughts mingle.

Longfellow, in *Hyperion*, says: "Some faces have a story to tell. . . . Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save, perhaps, a date." So it is with my pictures. I can tell at a glance what this shrewd little person would say if spoken to this way or that. Every feature of this radiant face to the right denotes contentment. I know her life has been one smooth course of satisfaction. It glows and warms the air about her, and makes me glad that I know one such as she.

Another of immobile countenance seems to retire into his dark background and to defy all scrutiny. Yet I delight in trying to interpret his thoughts and to construe his fancies. What would this blithe lad say if he were to speak? Would he pour out his heart to me and act as he did a few short years ago? Or has he changed? Perhaps he has grown away from me; his sphere another than mine. Perhaps—I hate to speak it—we should be strangers. Yet I shall always know him as he is in his picture, and like him for what he was to me in the fresh days of youth when the mouth speaks what the heart is full of.

Another picture I have is that of a little girl; yet it constantly inspires me with ambition. I always feared that girl, though many a task of mine, while in the grammar school, was only completed through her kindly aid. When I look upon her now, I wish that I might again meet her, if only to display my slightly superior learning; yet when I reflect that all these years have also developed her mind, I am vainly glad that our ways do not meet. Yet that kindly little body—God bless her!—ever reminds me of my duty, and is ever a spur to my heedless nature.

There on the top row a broad-shouldered, handsome fellow gazes steadfastly upon me with his frank eyes; but that high collar and that carefully arranged cravat annoy me. I would far rather see him in that jersey, he usually wore; his hair disordered, and that general happy-go-lucky appearance. This is a fault with pictures that confuses our memory. They show us our friends not in our everyday acquaintance with them, but as we have seen them now and then.

Perhaps I have one photograph I treasure above all the others. How often of an evening, when my books fail to interest me, do I rise from my chair and stride over to where she rests on the wall. There, hands in pocket, I stand and silently look into her fair face. Her gentle eyes reflect my gaze reassuringly. I think of the past summer and of the summer before until gradually recollections follow so close that soon I am lost in the meshes of memory. So I stand musing, until a vagrant breeze rustles the papers on my desk. I start from my reverie, resenting this timid call to duty. But, no more of books for tonight! My heart cries for company, and slowly filling my pipe, I leave to find my fellows.

I have before me one in the very attitude I so much resent. Poor girl! how stiff your neck must have become, and how heavy that hat must have grown. Even to me it would be a relief if you would look straight ahead and not have your head screwed around in so unnatural a posture. But I should not be so exacting. Perhaps she did it to please,—or perhaps she had a mole on the other cheek. But I would not part with a single one of you, my friends,—indeed no. They mean more to me than mere resemblances—do pictures. I like to look beneath your shiny surfaces, and to feel that here, with such friends, I can herald my triumphs, and bemoan my failures without fear of a grudging heart, or a scornful sneer.

### The Leonids.

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

On November 12, 13 and 14, the earth passed through the fore part of the great train of Leonid meteors. In the United States, the late rising of the constellation with which these meteors are identified, denied the sight of the shooting stars to observers that lacked the enthusiasm necessary to keep one from bed beyond usual hours. Besides, clouded skies brought disappointment; and the assuring sight of a few stragglers in the hurrying swarm of meteorites was the only recompense for sacrificed sleep. In this locality, Leo, the constellation of the Leonids, comes overhead in November skies at about six o'clock in the morning. The sky was clouded on the nights of the 12th, 13th and 14th of this month. This bade ill for the chance of seeing the star-shower this year. The night of the 15th, however, was clear; and between the hours of two and four o'clock in the morning, the paths of about twenty shooting stars could be traced to an origin in Leo. Three or four flashed in the small enclosure of the "Sickle," and clearly showed the position of the radiant, the point from which the meteorites diverge. This early morning sight was not impressive, but it gave reassurance of the more interesting spectacle that we may expect next year—the periodic year of the thirty-three year meteorites.

The harmless effects (rather the absence of effects, so far as we are able to appreciate) of these silent streaks of light turn the casual mind from any thought of the misty bodies so common to every sky. Look toward any quarter of the dark heavens, and after a short watch, one of these falling stars is sure to be seen. It appears to come forth from dark nothingness, takes its rapid flight across the sky; then it fades and disappears as suddenly as it came. Compared with the well-regulated and orderly sallies of the stars of the periodic showers, these erratic flights, common every night, seem like stragglers. They move with no apparent regard for order, and take any direction.

To understand the physical character of these insignificant bodies, we are forced to consider the more substantial wayfarers that have reached us from the heavens. Fallen meteors are, perhaps, merely shooting stars of a mass sufficient to resist our atmosphere's

attempts to consume them. In space, the invisible meteor pursued its way in a path that is just as accurate as the paths of the great, bright planets—a path that was pursued just as the earth, unmolested, pursues her way round the sun. Sometimes the earth crosses the path of a meteor at the same time that the meteor, too, is at this same point of intersection; then the smaller body is intercepted and must submit to the dominant force of the earth. The fallen meteor is aglow with frictional heat. Its sudden rush through the strata of our atmosphere changed its temperature from the extreme cold of dark space to an intense, red heat. The shooting stars are meteors of a smaller order. When these small bodies meet the earth they are quickly consumed. We never hear a sound of their flight; they are burned, and leave nothing with us but the disputed products of their combustion. We may consider the relation between meteors and shooting stars as a relation of size merely. The relation “of the huge boulder to the grain of sand” astronomers put it.

The Leonids are a cluster of these particles of matter making their way around the sun. Their orbit is a closed curve, an ellipse; and they make a complete circuit of this ellipse in thirty-three years, hence their visits in 1833, 1866, and 1899. The life history—as much as we know of it—of this meteoric swarm, is interesting. Astronomers identify the path or orbit of the Leonids with the orbit of Tempel's comet. These two orbits coincide. Leverrier, who indicated the location of the planet Neptune before the planet was discovered, brought his great mathematical genius to work upon the orbit of Tempel's comet. He proved that, in a far-off day, in the year 126 of our era, when Tempel's comet paid our system a visit from the depths of stellar space, the comet, and whatever attended it, passed closely by the massive planet Uranus. Too close they came, in fact; for their inferior mass was overpowered by the big planet. They turned, perhaps only slightly, from their path. On they went, disturbed but not destroyed, toward the sun. They reached the turning-point of their path, made their perihelion passage, and started back toward the regions whence they came. But here their new neighbors showed an influence. Instead of passing beyond the orbit of Uranus, the captured planet and its attendants were forever confined to a shorter orbit in the system of our own sun.

Since we see the showers of Leonids for

three consecutive years, it is evident that their train is a long one. The time required for their passing a given point is between three and four years. The earth passes through the meteorites in four or five days. Through all the bombardments that our atmosphere has stood from the Leonids, not one of the missiles has been known to fall to the earth's surface. If this whirling aggregation of infinitesimal stars held more massive fellow-travellers among their vast number, our interest in them would probably be more than mere curiosity. The earth itself could stand the pelting of thousands of meteors; but what of the safety of the earth's inhabitants? We might be like helpless insects moving over a target. The only meteor that has come to us during a periodic star-shower is the Mazapil meteorite which fell in Mexico during a visit of the Andromedes. The Andromedes are thirteen-year meteorites. Whether this body belonged to the Andromedes, or whether it happened to come our way at a time coincident with the visit of the shooting stars, is not known. Perhaps the huge mass of iron was arrested from a path that came from the regions of the unseen stars.

The coincidence of the orbits and periods of comet and meteoric swarm indicates that the meteorites are probably the remnants of the once bright comet. They may be the disintegration of the more massive bodies that are now shed upon the earth. If we look forward into the ages, a future that is millions of years distant, we find the earth grown in volume. The continual fall of the fine powder which must reach us as the product of the combustion in upper air, will, after the long lapse of ages, reduce the length of our day. Such conjecture, though, takes us over a time wherein, perhaps, we may meet a mass more compact than the airy streaks that venture no closer than our farthest doors. The earth, over-confident in the even tenor of its ways, may one day meet a more worthy rival, and suffer calamity therefrom. Far out in the infinity of space, there may be a messenger-comet making straight its way toward our solar system. Its time of flight is marked only by the illimitable ages, yet on it comes. One day the comet arrives and overtakes the earth in its path. Our atmosphere is drunk up by an envelope of deadly gas. Every living thing is consumed. Then there will be no earth. Perhaps another planet will have had the Word of creation passed upon it, and a new order will go on in the working out of another end.

Varsity Verse.

MY COLLEGE PILLOW.

THAT dainty thing of gold and blue,  
 Redeemed a promise made with laughter  
 In June. Sad thoughts arise anew,  
 For joy comes first, regret comes after.

My college colors gleam upon it—  
 That dainty thing of gold and blue—  
 Although it's worthy of a sonnet,  
 A madrigal perforce must do.

When wild leaves of gorgeous hue  
 Were swept from maple, elm and willow,  
 That dainty thing of gold and blue  
 Was made—my promised pillow.

I scarcely dreamt that you'd remember  
 That pledge. The gift that comes from you  
 Is one bright spot in gray November—  
 That dainty thing of gold and blue.

J. F. F.

TO AUTUMN.

Thy lavish hands a golden treasure ope,  
 And soft-inclining fields of drooping grain,  
 That lie in valleys fair or mountain slope,  
 A deeper gold and fairer growth attain.

A fuller voice, thy gift, to babbling brook  
 That lazy frets along its winding course;  
 A deeper shade to pleasant summer nook,  
 Where waters dash with more impetuous force.

The hills, whose verdant sides thy forests hide,  
 Where mighty torrents leap with rumblings loud,  
 And gather force thro' gorges deep and wide,  
 Thy silver mists from distant view enshroud.

And thou, O Autumn, hast thy music too:  
 The woodland rivulet that runneth on,  
 The swallows' twitter 'neath thy skies of blue,  
 The meadow lark with its enchanting song.

V. D.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

On bended knee he swore that he would love her,  
 Would worship her unto his dying day;  
 And the wind that lightly swayed the boughs above  
 her

Whispered: "Loving in the same old way."

L. C. M. R.

PHANTASIES.

They are not idle dreams, these phantasies of ours,  
 And the moments of their visits are to us our richest  
 dowers;

For that moment's very precious when a noble thought  
 is born,

And our phantasies are often but the glimmer in the  
 morn

Of our highest aspirations, and they bring us thoughts  
 of gladness,

Flooding our awakened souls with a joy part tinged  
 with sadness.

Z. M.

A Bird's-Eye View of Thanksgiving.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

"Oh! how kind of you to come out here in  
 the cold to feed me," said the turkey that was  
 domiciled in a barrel in the barn.

"Yes, this corn and these crumbs are very  
 palatable, and your solicitude for my welfare  
 is very touching. Five or six times a day you  
 feed me, and each time you show great concern  
 about my plumpness. Do you think that I  
 shall weigh twenty pounds?"

"Yesterday a little shock-haired boy came  
 in with you, and in the course of your con-  
 versation he said that he hoped pa would give  
 him the gizzard. What do you think he meant  
 by that? I've been thinking for some time  
 about the rest of our family, that you took  
 away in a crate. I wonder where they are now.  
 I presume you took them to a warmer climate,  
 but that you could not bear to part with me.  
 I understand that you are going to have a  
 family reunion in a few days. I hope there  
 won't be any little children. Last spring I  
 developed considerable running abilities under  
 the direction of a little boy that was here.  
 Yes, thanks! I'll have a little more corn.

"These sudden attachments are very queer,  
 aren't they? Now, last summer I didn't have  
 the faintest idea that you would favor me in  
 this manner, but I think that you were watch-  
 ing all the time, and just waited until it got  
 cold so that I should appreciate your efforts.  
 I assure you that I do. But, say, could you not  
 arrange it so that I might have a little exercise  
 and fresh air? I feel somewhat cramped, and  
 besides the scenery in this barrel is getting  
 decidedly monotonous. But I grant I ought  
 to be satisfied. A little while ago my old  
 enemy, the dog, was sniffing around here. He  
 tried to be sarcastic. When I remarked during  
 a lull in the conversation that it was cold, he  
 emphatically informed me that I would be  
 warm enough in a short time. I wonder if the  
 weather is going to change. I hope so; it would  
 be easier for you to come out here.

"Do you know that dog tried to scare me?  
 he said that he would be chewing my head out  
 in the wood-shed in about a week. Now, I'll  
 ask you as a personal favor to keep that dog  
 out of here; his remarks bother me, especially  
 when I am asleep.

"The other day when your husband went to  
 town the last thing you told him was 'Don't for-

get the cranberries!' What do you want cranberries for? I remember one day when I was a youngster, my mother almost fainted when she heard that word. It was a Saturday afternoon; the next day there was a crowd out here, and, by the way, that was just the day my uncle disappeared so mysteriously. Strange coincidence, wasn't it?

"Oh no! I'm not afraid to eat out of your hand, not a bit. I pride myself on being a good judge of faces, and do you know I like your's very much. It is all kindness; there is not the least trace of guile or deception there. I can't say that I think much of your son. The way he looks at me makes me nervous, and besides he has so strange a way of puckering up his lips and saying, 'yum yum,' but your face is so innocent. You are modest too; I notice that you are blushing now. Yes, just leave the corn where I can reach it. Good-bye. Don't let the dog come in as you go out."

For some time the turkey communed exclusively with himself. Then his thoughts went back to the days of his youth; to the time when he had no ambition for tail feathers. Oh yes! those were happy hours. He imagined himself to be in the same plight as a poor boy that has grown to be a millionaire. Here he was in a nice straw nest in a warm barn, with all the food he could possibly eat, yet he was far from being happy. There was a vague something hovering over him all the time, and, strive as he would, he could not shake off a foreboding of evil.

One evening he was taken out of the barrel and brought outside. The winter sun was just diffusing its last rays, the long spectral shadows of the trees were crossing and recrossing one another. How refreshing the air! What does the man want that hatchet for? To fix another nest for him probably. Away idle fears, I wish my friends could see me now. Wouldn't they be jealous of the favors shown me. Well, maybe I deserve them. I'm a pretty good turkey as turkeys go. I've always behaved myself to the best of my ability, and I hope that I am not vain glorious or proud, now that I am appreciated, and while the turkey was thus musing he was thrown in the wood-shed. The kitchen door was open, and a flood of light fell on him as he lay on the floor. His curiosity became excited, for all this was strange and new to him. Decidedly something extraordinary was about to happen. That night the dog dined on a turkey's head in the wood-shed, and the next night the shock-haired boy was ill.

#### More about Boys' Town.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

Some boys thought our yard a big one to be so near the middle of the city. But the yard next to ours was bigger and twice as good to play in, because there were terra-cotta sewer-pipes there that we could hide in when we played "I spy." We called it "Bannon's" yard, and it was behind a large house that was used partly as an office and partly as a storehouse for pipes and plaster figures and other things of this kind that are made in terra-cotta works.

There were doorways leading into the cellar of this house, but no doors were in them; so you could go down into the cellar and almost lose your way in the dark passages between the piles of pipes. This was a good place for cats. Almost any time you could scare out a big "tiger" cat and have a throw at him. The common missile was half a brick, and if you threw anything smaller you were suspected of not trying to kill the cat. This sentiment, no doubt, saved a great many cats the inconvenience of a sore rib, as it usually took some time to find a piece of brick massive enough, and when you did find one, the cat was nearly out of sight and you missed him.

Another good thing about "Bannon's" house was that the window frames of the second story were out, and you could throw "rocks" into the back rooms and hear the noise they made by striking against a board partition that was inside. If a great noise was made Mr. Bannon would come out and you had to run. We always thought Mr. Bannon did not know who threw stones into his windows.

Our yard was better than Bannon's to play marbles in, and a big boy that worked there used to come over to play. There were two principal games of marbles: "Cincy," named from Cincinnati, I presume, and "Boston." To play Cincy you drew an ellipse on the ground, and laid the marbles on a line drawn through its greatest width. Each player first shot hard from taw, which was about twenty feet from the ring, and then lagged from base, about the same distance on the other side. After that you shot hard or lagged whichever you pleased.

"Boston" was deemed a better game than "Cincy," which was looked down upon as a sort of baby's game. It was played in a ring about twelve feet in diameter. The marbles were bunched in the centre of the ring, usually



in a shallow hole, and you shot from the edge of the ring. You could "hunch" a little at the edge, but if your taw stopped inside the ring after knocking out another marble, you had to hold steady when you shot from where your taw stopped.

Marbles were changed the same as money. The white ones were called "four-timers"; they were worth four "commies." Commies were small, yellow marbles, and were seldom used or even seen. They were taken only as a unit, like the American mill, and when you did win any you gave them away or threw them up into "Bannon's" window. The dull brown marbles were "eight-timers," and the shiny ones twelve. You could change an eight or twelve-timer for four-timers as readily as you could a dime for "nickles."

One season a great change took place in the value of brown marbles. All brown marbles were declared "eight-timers." Nobody knew how the change came to be made, or who first refused to give three "four-timers" for a "twelve-timer," but the new order of things went into effect for all that, and caused a great many discussions in which important laws of economics no doubt were evolved.

Some time about marble season we would begin going for sods. The nearest place to get sods was about a mile away where were some vacant lots. We called these the commons, and the walk to them seemed ever so long. The first thing was to make a wagon. This was to be a good, two-wheeled wagon with a long tongue to pull it by, and a box large enough to hold a great many sods. Usually, the only fault with it was in the wheels. You could pull it along very well for a short distance, but then one of the wheels would push the tap off, and you had to stop to fasten it on again.

When we dug the sods they would not roll like those we saw men use, but broke up and had to be put into the wagon in pieces. About half way home the wagon would break down, and we would have to dump nearly all the sods out and take turns in helping to carry the wagon the rest of the way home.

If we would not succeed with the sods, we had better hope for the hole that we usually dug in the back yard about this time of the year. We dug the deepest hole every time, and always talked about the Chinese on the other side of the world, and wished we could dig all the way through and see them. An axe and shovel were good tools to dig with.

According as you dig deeper, the sides slanted toward each other more; then if you wanted to make the sides go straight down, you dug at them, but the clay you chopped off nearly filled the hole again and you got discouraged.

Between our house and "Bannon's" there was a tall slender tree that was dead. You could shake it, and it would bend like a long fishing-pole. It was just the kind of a tree to play George Washington with because it was too light to kill any one when it fell. When we chopped it down we were going to build a log-cabin, and play "The Two Thievish Indians, Ragabagbag and Banglebay." It was easy to chop at first because the wood was soft outside; but when we got toward the heart of the tree, the wood was sound and we could hardly chop it. At last the tree began to topple over. It went very slowly at first and we began to cheer; but the top caught in a chimney on our house and knocked the bricks off a corner; then it caught in the gutter and pulled that down too. With this disaster we ran.

Across the street from our house there was a church with a high steeple. On a day when clouds were passing swiftly overhead, you could see the steeple fall if you stood still and looked steadily at the cross on top of it. Some distance below the cross there was a door that a man came out of one time when the church was painted. At the base of the spire there was the porch with four little pinnacles at the corners; the clock was just under the porch, and below the clock were the shutters, and under these again the round window. This window had one of the panes of glass out for the convenience of pigeons. Under the round window was the big window where you could see the man pull the bell whenever he went up at night and brought a lantern with him.

In our yard we had an acting-bar put up between a post and a tree. This acting-bar was in some way connected with watching the stars come out at evening. There is a vague recollection of sitting on the bar with several others, and trying who could see the first stars out. At first, only two or three could be seen, and then eight or ten. After awhile so many would come out that you could not count them. The one you could see first was Vega; they said the evening star came out before Vega, but the houses were in the way and you could not see it. Sometime the moon would come out, and then nearly all the stars would go in again.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 26, 1898.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at S. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

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—We have lost one of our oldest friends in the death of Mr. Patrick Sheekey. Few persons in South Bend were as well known to the University as Mr. Sheekey was, and many an old student will regret to hear of his passing away. To his family we tender our regrets, and for the departed *requiescat in pace!*

—In the latest issue of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Caspar Whitney, referring to the conditions of athletics at Notre Dame and Beloit says: "It is time for somebody on the faculties of these two active colleges to take hold of things." Very well; Mr. Whitney is considered an expert football and athletic authority. His position has never been questioned, so far as we know. We thank the learned gentleman for the advice so kindly offered. It is no small favor to have him look after our welfare. In regard to Beloit, we have nothing to say. To reward Mr. Whitney's kindness toward us, the SCHOLASTIC desires to grant him a return favor by way of imparting a little information to him. Be it known, therefore, to Mr. Whitney, to all athletes and to whomsoever these presents may concern, that *somebody on the faculty*

of this active college has taken hold of things; that we have a regular faculty board of control; that a clause in the constitution of the Notre Dame Athletic Association provides that there must be a faculty board of control, which board shall have full power to decide upon the eligibility of any athlete to take part in any of our University games. Furthermore, the SCHOLASTIC desires to state that we are determined to stand on even ground with any other college. We are going to abide by amateur rules, whether we win or lose.

—Thanksgiving day passed with festivities and rejoicings; and when the first shades of night began to lower, the football season of '98 was over. The bright moon that shone last Thursday shed its beams on many a gridiron where brawn and muscle, endurance and courage, have been coupled together to decide many a fierce struggle. College students—the most enthusiastic, the real rooters,—will lay aside their megaphones until the closing days of April bring out our base-ball heroes. The typical American college game has had its season for this scholastic year. Now, that it is over there are the usual regrets and excuses to offer for lost games; likewise the victorious war-whoop from supporters of winning teams.

To Harvard and Michigan,—champions of the football world, we send greeting. After successive defeats in past years, it is no more than right that they should come up this year and secure the plum. Victory long-sought and hard-earned is always the sweetest and most appreciable. Both Michigan and Harvard have fought honestly and fairly for the prize, and deserve the congratulations of all football admirers.

We desire here to affirm a statement made in these columns more than a month ago. The SCHOLASTIC asserted that it would stay with the Varsity right down to the finish. The season being now over, we would say that we have stayed with them. Our only regret is that we have to part now. Each and every man has done well. The practice was honestly and manfully kept up; the training was careful, and the result,—all that could be expected. To the reserves and Varsity we give heartiest commendation. There are some that would begrudge the small remuneration of thanks that our players get for all their hard work. Not so with us, the best in the place is none too good for the gentlemen of the Varsity.

## Does College Education Pay?

In the November number of the *Forum* Professor John Carleton Jones of the University of Missouri, in an article so entitled, clearly and positively answers this question. He starts out with two quotations from the *Cosmopolitan* that lean to the negative, and then sets himself to the task of disproving these statements.

"If people despise the college-bred man, young men will naturally hesitate to enroll themselves in this class. . . . If it is surprising how few college graduates are to be found in the halls of legislation, young men, ambitious to serve their country, may well hesitate before they make the investment of energy and time and money necessary to complete the course of any respectable college. They may well ask themselves the question: 'Does College Education Pay?'"

Then, totally disregarding, for the time being, the intellectual and moral advantages that come with higher education, he proceeds:

"I propose to bring higher education down to the lowest level, and let commercialism measure it by her own standards."

The selfish question, pure and simple, "Does it pay?" is answered in a manner most convincing. He follows the male population of the United States until he sees them pass through the age of college education, and finds that only one per cent. actually leaves the college or university with a degree. He cites "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" as containing fifteen thousand names. Over five thousand of these are college graduates, leaving ten thousand who are not.

"Then, if we count the graduates in our country since the beginning of our history at one hundred and fifty thousand, the non-graduate males of graduate age number fifteen millions. Of this vast multitude only ten thousand have done such work as merits recognition in an encyclopædia of biography. Only one in every fifteen hundred of the non-graduates has attained distinction, while one in every thirty college graduates has been equally fortunate."

The only conclusion is that the boy who submits to college discipline and training increases his chances of success fifty-fold. Then he shows the relative influence upon our national life of the one per cent. of college graduates and of the ninety-nine per cent. of non-graduates.

It must be very clear to any mind, that if the college graduate were only on a level with the non-graduate, in other words, that his education and college training go for naught in the practical world, you should expect to find only the relative and natural proportion, or one per cent. of college men, in the successful walks of life or among distinguished men. And if—to go that step further—he were despised you could not expect to find even that one per cent. among the distinguished men of the land. But his figures plainly prove that not only is he not despised, but even stands far above the normal.

Of thirty-two speakers in the House, fifteen, or 46.8 per cent., have been college graduates, while the average per cent. of college graduates in the House during its whole lifetime slightly exceeds 34 per cent. Both these percentages are constantly on the increase. John Hancock, the President of the Congress that passed the Declaration of Independence, was a graduate from Harvard. Jefferson and Adams, who prepared and drafted this Declaration, were both graduates. Among our peace commissioners after the war for Independence were John Jay, a graduate of King's College, and John Adams of Harvard, and Benjamin Franklin. Madison, Hamilton and Monroe, who were the abettors of our present Constitution, were college-bred men. The constitutional convention consisted of fifty-four men, of whom twenty-three, or 42.5 per cent., were college graduates. The three principal agitators who urged the adoption of this Constitution were Madison, Hamilton and Jay—all college men. Prof. Jones truthfully says:

"I may remark here that if higher education had done nothing for the United States beyond furnishing these men, who rendered such distinguished service, this country would still be its debtor; but we shall see as we proceed that these men form but a small fraction of that large number of college graduates that have served the United States with fidelity and honor."

Then he shows the proportion of college men among our presidents, vice-presidents, cabinet officers and justices of the supreme courts from the beginning of our career. In conclusion he summarizes his paper, showing that:

1. "The 1 per cent. of college graduates in our male population of graduate age is furnishing 36 per cent. of the members of Congress; and has supplied 55 per cent. of the presidents, 54.16 per cent. of the vice-presidents, nearly 55

per cent. of all the cabinet officers, nearly 69 per cent. of the justices of the supreme court, and 85.7 per cent. of the chief justices.

2. "The proportion of graduates increases in direct ratio to the importance of the office, if we consider elective and appointive offices separately.

3 "More college graduates than formerly are being chosen to the presidency, to the House of Representatives, to the most important positions in the Cabinet, and to the Supreme Bench."

This is, indeed, an able marshalling of valuable information for which college-men will ever remain indebted to Professor Jones.

The one conclusion that it must bring home is that the college graduate has a permanent place in public life; that he is an important

factor in civil government. It has been said that the only danger lies in the growth of an intellectual aristocracy. There should be no fear of that if the student takes an active part in politics. The college political club, which is becoming a permanent fixture among college organizations, is rapidly dispelling any such fears, and is mingling the student with the people till his identity is lost in them, and his influence alone is felt. President McKinley once said to a vast gathering of students that "There is no such school for political education as the college and the university. What is inculcated here penetrates every corner of the country where the college man goes. He goes everywhere, and wherever he goes he is a mighty force in making and molding public sentiment."

#### The Albion Game.

The Varsity had an easy problem to deal with last Saturday. Following the example of Harvard in the Pennsylvania game, they scored a touchdown just ten seconds after their kick-off. Albion had some heavy men in their line, and some that had plenty of pluck; but, as a whole, the team lacked coaching. Captain Jacobs played a fine game at tackle, and was the only man to cause our men any trouble in going through Albion's line. Flem-

The ball was fumbled in the first play, and Captain Mullen dropped on it for a touchdown. Fleming kicked goal. Score, 6-0.

Albion kicked thirty-nine yards to Macdonald and he ran back twenty yards. Mullen went five on a tandem, Kuppler ten around left end, Lins fifteen through tackle, Hayes twelve around left end, Mullen five around right end, Macdonald five through the line, Kuppler twelve, Monahan eleven and Mac-



NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898.

ing gave the best exhibition of goal kicking ever seen on our field. Out of ten trials he sent the ball flying squarely over the centre of the cross-bar every time. The one exciting play of the game was McDonald's run of ninety-five yards for a touchdown from a kick-off. Winters played right guard in place of Murray, and Lins played Fortin's position at tackle.

At 3:15 Macdonald kicked fifty-three yards to Grosenbough who was downed in his tracks.

Donald, three to the second touchdown. Fleming kicked goal. Score, 12-0

Macdonald punted back from the next kick-off, followed the ball and secured it in the centre of the field. Hayes made four at end, Macdonald 8 at tackle,

Kuppler five, Mullen three, Hayes eight, Macdonald fifteen and Monahan the last twelve. Fleming made the goal. Score 18-0.

Hayes ran back ten on the next kick-off. The "guards back" play gave eleven yards. Hayes made eight, Mullen eight, Kuppler eighteen, Monahan fourteen, Hayes six, Mullen seven, Monahan five, Lins thirteen to the fourth touchdown. The goal kick was successful. Score, 24-0.

After the kick-off, Macdonald punted, and

Albion got the ball for the first time. They made their first five yards, were given ten for offside, then lost on downs. Three minutes later Macdonald was over the line for Notre Dame's fifth touchdown. Fleming's goal-kick made the score 30-0.

There were still nine minutes to play. It took five of them for Kuppler to score a touchdown, and when the half ended, the ball was on Albion's twenty-five yard line. Score, 36-0.

Only fourteen minutes of the second half were played, as it was too dark to continue. On the first kick-off of thirty-five yards Monahan ran back twenty-five. It took eight rushes to put the ball over Albion's line. Fleming kicked goal. Score, 42-0.

Albion kicked forty-five; Hayes ran back forty. Three minutes later another touchdown and goal was recorded for Notre Dame, making the score 42-0.

Albion kicked forty to Macdonald. "Mac" packed the ball under his left arm and ran ninety-five yards, the best play of the whole game. After the next kick-off, Notre Dame pushed the ball to the fifteen-yard line, then changed centres. "Big John" went to right half. Fleming passed him the ball, and he went smashing through the Albion line for the last touchdown. Score, 60-0. Time called on account of darkness.

THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		ALBION
Hayes	Left End	Marshall
McNulty	Left Tackle	Jacobs (Capt.)
Bennet	Left Guard	Agnew
Eggeman	Centre	Hamlin
Winters	Right Guard	Kyes
Lins	Right Tackle	Moore
Mullen (Capt.)	Right End	Strehl
Fleming	Quarter Back	Frost
Kuppler	Left Half-Back	French
Macdonald	Right Half-Back	Grosenbough
Monahan	Full Back	Grocock

Umpire, Wagner, Purdue; Referee, Potter, Albion.

Beyond the Gates.

In a recent address before the British Association, Sir William Crookes formally avowed his belief in thought-transference or mental telepathy. He said that "confirmation of telepathic phenomena is afforded by many experiments," but added "that a formidable range of phenomena must be scientifically sifted before we effectually grasp a faculty so strange and so bewildering as the direction of mind

on mind." Until recently the scientists have classed thought-transference with "fake" spiritualism; but since hypnotism has been accepted, the skeptic must admit that one mind can impress another through other than the recognized channels of sense. There is much investigation to be done along the line of hypnotism and telepathy; and if the scientists will follow the lead of their distinguished colleague, Sir William, they may reach some very interesting conclusion.

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Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston, who recently died at Baltimore, was a delightful type of the old school Southern gentleman. Mr. Johnston was a Georgian and by profession a lawyer. He was well into middle life before his friends succeeded in persuading him to write for publication the charming stories he often told in conversation. His stories were all founded on his own experiences,—stories of country judges, lawyers and clients, and they had a simplicity and touch of truth about them that made them genuinely picturesque. Mr. Johnston's stories, like their author, were the production of the times; and as the quaintness of the old South fades away, and the race of men, such as Johnston, disappears, so does fiction like his, unpretentious and simple, cease to adorn and make characteristic the literature of our country.

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The aim of modern materialistic philosophy has been to explain the ultimate nature of life, and with this end in view the disciples of this school have done some wonderful work in science, and have carried their scientific research astonishingly far. Now, however, the greatest of the materialistic thinkers are pronouncing the task hopeless. A recent address of Professor Japp, in which, on the theory of chemical structure, he insists that organic nature could not have developed from inorganic nature; has brought forth a letter from Herbet Spencer. Mr. Spencer, while not fully agreeing with Professor Japp yet announces his firm belief that the problem of life is insoluble, and that in its ultimate nature life is incomprehensible. This is the conclusion that the greatest of the materialists reaches after a life of work and study, and it is almost pathetic to find such a worker and student as Mr. Spencer acknowledging, as his life draws to a close, that he is no nearer his ultimate goal now than he was when the race began.

## Death of Mr. Sheekey.

In the death of Mr. Patrick Sheekey there passes away a figure that for many years has been a familiar one to students and visitors of Notre Dame. Mr. Sheekey was an old and well-known citizen of South Bend. He was born in Ireland; but about thirty-five years ago he came to America. Shortly after settling in South Bend, Mr. Sheekey started a hack line between that city and Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and although he later conducted a large livery and drifted into other business he always gave his personal attention to his first enterprise, and many are the students and visitors that Mr. Sheekey has conducted within the gates. He was an old and tried friend of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and always was faithful and loyal to both institutions. Mr. Sheekey was a staunch democrat and took part in local politics, and for a time was police commissioner of South Bend. His funeral took place Thursday morning from St. Patrick's Church, and he was buried in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

## Personal.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Ft. Wayne, spent a day or two of the past week at Notre Dame.

—Mr. D. H. McBride, of the McBride Publishing Company, spent Sunday at Notre Dame visiting his sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, of Indianapolis, have been visiting the University during the week, the guests of their son in Brownson Hall.

—Word has reached us of the death at St. Paul of Mr. John M. Grace. Mr. Grace was a former student at the University, and those here that knew him are shocked and grieved to learn of his demise.

—Mr. George Pulskamp, Litt. B., '96, has purchased the Mercer County *Bote*, one of the most widely circulated German papers in Ohio. Mr. Pulskamp has hitherto worked on the *Celina Standard*, the editor of which expresses regret at losing the services of George and prophesies for him a brilliant career as editor-in-chief. George's success is no surprise to those who knew him at Notre Dame.  
*Hock!*

—A recent issue of the *Dubuque Globe-Journal* announces that Mr. Will Ellwanger has been elected a Director of the Dubuque High Bridge Company, and remarks that "Will is one of Dubuque's most promising young business men, and is thoroughly competent to occupy the position as one of the directors of the company. Mr. Ellwanger is a Notre Dame man, and the SCHOLASTIC is pleased to hear of his success.

## Local Items.

—Eggeman has lost that scared look that he wore during the football season.

—The ex-Minims defeated a picked team from South Bend Thanksgiving by the score of 27-0.

—We are glad to see the charming countenance of Prof. Ewing so often over among the students of Sorin Hall.

—A large crowd of students went to South Bend to see the C. A. C. team play the Physicians and Surgeons last Thursday.

—Visitor.—"Why does the centre rush in a football game always look so pleasant?"

Dukette.—"Because he has a *snap* of it."

—It is rumored that the gate receipts being unusually large this year, have placed the athletic association on a strong financial basis. Very promising work will be the result.

—His Sister to funny student.—"When your side is going to punt the ball, why does your full-back always look so cross?"

Funny student.—"Oh! that's because he has a *kick* coming."

—LOST—A green sock with a hole at the toe and one at the heel. The hole at the heel is somewhat larger than the one at the toe. Will the finder please return to Pat Diskin and receive a reward?

—Thanksgiving brought its joys and also its corresponding sorrows, as the faces of many students readily testified. Eating is all right in its own place, but there is no use in spoiling a good thing.

—Some one must have remembered Willie Grady this Thanksgiving. The other day he was seen coming out of his room with his face and hands covered with jelly and a large, well-developed smile on his face.

—WATCHMAN (entering smoking-room at midnight)—"Heavens, man, what are you playing hand-ball at this unseasonable hour for?"

SORINITE.—"Can't help it, old man. The never-tumble gang monopolizes the alley all day."

—Last Tuesday, while Holland was "all dressed up," we had a blizzard. Whether he dressed up because the blizzard came, or whether the blizzard came because he was "dressed up," is hard to tell. Local philosophers favor the latter view.

—A very close and exciting game was played on Nov. 20 between two elevens, one of which Britt captained, the other Hanner. At the end of the second half the score stood 5-5. Crowley's seventy-five yard run for a touch-down was especially praiseworthy.

—Students possessing any interesting news should not be backward in making it known to SCHOLASTIC reporters, provided it is suitable

for publication. It is impossible for reporters to hear all the facetious remarks, or see all the daring deeds accomplished during the week.

—Neville suggests that speaking tubes should connect all rooms with the chapel, so that instead of hustling around for prayer when the mornings are somewhat disagreeable we might turn over in our cozy cots and answer from our rooms. This is one of the few suggestions that has met with the approval of the entire student body of Sorin Hall.

—Now that Thanksgiving is of the past and the glare of the ball-room lights no longer turns your paste diamonds to glowing suns, steady your nerves, that were so agitated by the intense excitement of the week, and begin to work for the Christmas examinations. Remember that yours is the welcome of the prodigal son providing your bulletin touches Papa in the right way.

—THINGS SORINITES SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR:—That Haley *has* learned a new song; that the smoking-room is still as attractive as ever; that the "Bucket Ordinance" has been passed; that the weather man was kind enough to give us one pleasant day last month; that the salol did not prove fatal to Medley, and that he had the conscience to vote; that the S. M's are still as good as in the days of Boru.

—The meeting held by the Philopatrians on last Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, was a very interesting one. Mr. Trentman's reading about "Don't cher know" was very amusing. McDonald's story about the "Swede" was very interesting. Kasper wrote a story about "Old Black Joe;" Brehenen sang a song; Best read a choice selection from an elocution book; Bellinger entertained us with a recitation. An interesting program has been arranged for the next meeting.

—Thanksgiving is always welcome. But when it comes to the college man without ribbons, and horns, and yells and touchdowns it loses one half of its true worth. This is one of the very few years Notre Dame has been without a football game on Thanksgiving, and the students realize the fact that they have been deprived of much of their usual pleasure. However, we judge that Manager Schillo has done his best, and no blame can be laid to our progressive manager.

—The students of the University that have, or think they have, any dramatic talent, should come together in the near future and organize the Stock Company. Notre Dame has ever boasted of having in its midst some dramatic organization, and the students should look to it that this year shall not become conspicuous for the abandonment of this society. We certainly have the talent. What we need is energy; and if we have this a good stock company will be the result. The organization is always a great source of amusement for the students, and it is an honor for a stu-

dent to say: "I was a member of the Notre Dame Stock Company."

—Where has our old-time enthusiasm vanished? The interest in the yelling at the games this year has fallen off considerably. In consequence of this fact our athletic teams do not receive that encouragement and wild incentive that has hitherto cheered them on in all their contests. The college yells are as unfamiliar to many of the students as dress suits are to tramps. This should not be. Every student should avail himself of the earliest opportunity to learn the different war-whoops, and shout for his *Alma Mater* as loud as his vocal apparatus will allow. This should not be overlooked, students, as it is an important factor in the winning of most every college game.

—The write-up of the Sorin-Brownson football contest of last Thursday was decidedly unfair. Evidently the reporter is connected with the Sorin Hall team or else imagines that the SCHOLASTIC is an organ of Sorin Hall. While most of the students here saw the game and realized from the side-lines that Brownson played clean and fair football, it is no use to make any protest, for we realize that the article referred to would have no more effect on local sentiments than a cup of water would have on a drowned cat. For the information of those friends and persons outside, that did not see the game, it is only just to Brownson Hall and the members of her team to make this protest. We think the members of the Sorin team will bear us out in saying that it was a fair and manly game from start to finish.

—The regular meeting of the Columbians was held Tuesday evening, Pres. Carmody in the chair. After the usual preliminaries of the roll call and the reading of the minutes, Mr. Crunnican opened the program with a select reading which was very well executed. Mr. Crumley then followed with an impromptu address, and his boldness of delivery marked him as one of our future orators and coming statesmen. Owing to the inability of some of the members (who were appointed on the debate) to appear at the meeting, we decided to have an informal discussion on the question. Mr. Wazeleski kindly volunteered to favor us with a declamation that proved him a speaker of exceptional ability. Mr. Barry followed with a very clever recitation in which "Mr. Brown had his hair cut." Prof. Carmody concluded with a very pleasing declamation which adjourned the meeting in high spirits.

—Could you believe that our friend John Byrne is carrying on so extensive a correspondence with the different female academies and seminaries throughout the land? His mail recently reached the enormous sum of eighteen articles in one distribution. The SCHOLASTIC sent a reporter to interview Mr. Byrne, and learn if possible the cause of this rush on the

governmental traffic. The reporter drew from the remarks of that gentleman that he had advertised for a partner in life. To some this news may be startling, but to many it will not cause the slightest surprise. The SCHOLASTIC hopes Mr. Byrne will be successful in drawing an associate that will make his life a loving wheel of happiness, success and domestic joy.

—A Thanksgiving story. Introduction. Band expected to play in Sorin Hall.

Act I.

Father Ready buys a box of cigars

Act II.

Band fails to appear.

Act III.

SCENE.—Smoking-room.

1st student.—“Who’s got the tobacco?”

2d student.—“How about those band cigars up in the rector’s room?”

3d student.—“Let’s all go up.”—*Exeunt omnes.*

Act IV.

SCENE.—Rector’s room. Enter Schillo, Eggeman, O’Shaughnessy, Ragan, Johnson, Powers, Sr., Powers, Jr. and Funk.

Schillo.—“Good afternoon, Father Ready, you’re looking well. I congr—”

Eggeman.—“Father, it is customary to —”

Powers, Jr.—“I believe Sorin Hall is better than it ever—”

Powers, Sr.—“I came to see the rector and express my—”

O’Shaughnessy.—“This Thanksgiving finds me happier than—”

Ragan.—“Many happy returns of the—”

Johnson.—“I am delighted, Father, to have the pleasure of—”

Funk.—“I think, Father, that box of Havanas is the best I ever—”

Act. V.

All.—“Who’s got a match?” “Many thanks.”  
Smoke.

*Curtain.*

—Haley was walking across the campus the other day with a bar of buttermilk soap in his mouth. Tom Medley was walking the other way with a real devilish thought in his mind. Between the two fellows was a distance of about a hundred yards and also a large bunch of snow. Tom giggled a few smiles to himself, stooped down and picked up several chunks of the snow and squeezed it into a nice round ball. Then, just as Haley closed his eyes to wink at a carriage coming up the avenue, Tom sent the snow ball flying, as it were, with the rapidity of lightning straight towards Haley’s cranium. The snow forced its way between Haley’s teeth, and lodged about the soap, then melted to an aqueous solution of watery material. The vibration of Haley’s tongue against the soap and water was by no means pleasing, and in two minutes he was foaming.

### Abroad and at Home.

There are customs quaint and curious to be found in foreign climes,  
There are strange, outlandish fashions that you’ll meet with lots of times

If you chance to be so lucky as to cross the ocean’s foam,  
But you’ll often note things just as queer while staying right at home.

For instance, take the various styles of driving to be seen

In Spain or France or Russia or the Isle that’s well named “Green.”

The coachmen guide their prancing steeds with four lines, three or one,  
And the donkey boys full often get along quite well with none.

Yet in any of those countries when the coachman drops his lines,

He never o’er the dashboard in excitement wild inclines,  
Nor grabs the caudal pendant of his steed while turning pale;

’Tis only South Bend drivers steer their horses by the tail.

R. U. INTR.

