

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Retrospection.

BERNARD S. MALOY.

**S**OMETTIMES at night when all the world sleeps on,  
Alone I sit—*forlorn*. That silvery light,  
The roving moon in pearly skies, makes night  
Appear like day. Yet all God's things seem wan,  
And sad, and desolate, since she is gone.

And as I gaze through white-capped clouds, my sight  
Becomes bedimmed with tears. I think how bright  
Her smile. 'Twas like the mellow glow of dawn.

'Tis hard to banish dreams of loved ones lost  
For aye. What is't below gives peace and rest?  
The same she has that died in innocence?  
But peace! In after time when I have crossed  
Through golden, jewelled realms—there with the blest  
Of God's fair saints we'll meet where joys commence.

## About Skylarks.

FRANK F. DUKETTE.

"Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

**A**LONG with the nightingale and that unfortunate raven, the skylark occupies an exalted position in the realm of poetry. Of all birds it unquestionably holds the foremost place in our literature, and it is said there has scarcely been a poet or poetaster that has not made this bird his theme. The skylark is heaven's favored interpreter of intense joy. We do not know what may be the object of the lark's happy strains. Many motives have been indicated: such as the fields, waves, or mountains; particular shapes of sky or plain; the love of its kind, or an ignorance of sorrow. At any rate, the lark's elevation is justified by

those thoughts and suggestions beyond description that its life inspires. Shelley followed this bird to heights unreach'd by any other poet, and became immortal. What was so eloquently said of the songster can be fittingly applied to the poet:

"*Thou art unseen, but yet we hear thy shrill delight.*"

The skylark, so celebrated in poetry, is, to descend to prose, about seven and one-half inches in length and fifteen inches in extent of wings; the general color of the upper part in both sexes is a light reddish brown with a darker streak; the foreneck has brownish black spots. This songster has an obscure brownish white band over the eye, the quills and outer tail feathers are edged with white; the iris is hazel colored. That, in short, is the scientific description of the famous bird whose music, says our poetical friend, surpasses the

"Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, clear and fresh."

But this romantic lark is a prey to the professional bird-catchers, and after innocently entering their snares it is destined to live in a cage either the plaything of some small vandal, or, more fortunate, perhaps, the charge of a true bird-lover. Domesticity of this kind necessarily makes impossible those flights through air, "like a cloud of fire," or wanton bursts of song.

We have the statement from good authority that the song of the lark is not finely modulated or mellow; but, on the contrary, it is exceedingly cheerful and prolonged; also that the bird has an extraordinary power of flight. It would be nearly impossible to imitate the lark's song musically.

It occasionally sings while on the ground, but most frequently as it commences to fly;

it never alights on trees. The character of the different strains is such that one accustomed to the song can tell whether the bird is ascending, stationary, or descending. With the lark, unlike most birds, the numbers increase proportionately to the spread of agricultural improvement. The extended breadth of arable land in Great Britain since the beginning of the last century is said to have greatly multiplied the larks in that country.

As the lark nests principally in the growing corn, its eggs and young are protected in a great measure from all molestation. One pair of birds rear several broods during the course of a season. The majority of larks appear to leave their birthplace as soon as they can shift for themselves; but what becomes of them is one of the mysteries of bird-life that has not yet been penetrated. After harvest the young and old congregate in flocks; but the young appear to be only those of the later breeds. In time of autumn, these give place to other larks from the more northerly districts, and as winter succeeds, the greater part vanish.

Well inland, the English bird-catcher sets his nets, and an average number of twenty-five thousand skylarks are annually sent to London. Naturally enough, many persons are outspoken against this ill-treatment, and say that such cruelty threatens an extinction of the species. Those more intimately connected with the lark-traffic claim that if the birds were allowed to continue their migrations a large portion would surely die of hunger before reaching a place that would supply suitable food.

Highly-colored sunsets, troubled lightnings, changeable seasons, moonlit nights, and all the other beauties of nature were, of themselves, incomplete, and the lacking element was incorporated in the creation of the skylark; for the philosophy that teaches us that the greatest joy is tinged with sorrow and the sweetest song tells the saddest thought, is the philosophy that prompts the expressive music of the lark. It may be that the bird conveys happiness to all hearers, because it has no other interpretation for its deepest sorrow.

Through the lark is the vocal expression of nature's varied moods. The glimpse into Aurora's chamber of sublime gold and queenly purple tapestry is the grand synthesis of the beautiful in color and form and variety. The wayside flower, blooming for the bees alone, is a miniature that dull-eyed man often passes

unnoticed. The lark sings, and man listens to nature's voice.

The scent of morning is on the air—a faint suggestion of the freshness of eternity. The tones of animate nature touch the human heart, and the soul rises into the light, illimitable ether after the noble sweeps and exquisite twists of the lark. The Greeks and Romans peopled the groves and fountains with nymphs and dryads. They expressed the sympathy of earth with human interest; but the lark alone *speaks* to man, and he listens.

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### The Drummer Boy.

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FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.

"On to Italy! On to Italy!" The cry was carried through the barracks at Lyons. Napoleon had ordered Marshal MacDonald to cross the Splügen with fifteen thousand men, and in two days they would begin the march. The public square was crowded with women and children. Some were there in idle curiosity; others had come to be near their loved ones of the Legions. On the morning of the third day the bugle sounded.

Little Jean D'Etruet was looking out the window at the passing troops. "O mother!" he cried, "look at the boy with the drum—he is no bigger than our Patrice."

"God pity him!" said the mother fervently as she moved toward the window.

"It is Patrice!" cried Jean. "See! he waves his cap." The mother peered anxiously through the window.

"My God!" she exclaimed, and rushed to the door.

"Patrice! Patrice!" she called, but the boy only turned and waved his hand.

The troops had halted for the midday meal. A woman panting for breath came running to the place.

"Where is he?" she asked distractedly of a sergeant. "Where is Patrice?"

"I shall find him for you, madam," said a soldier touching the visor of his cap.

In a little while a boy came running toward her.

"My poor boy!" she exclaimed, and caught him in her arms. "Why have you done this? Why did you not tell me?" Her voice became drowned in tears; then recovering composure she talked to him in a calmer tone.

He with some other boys was watching the

soldiers drill, when a man came up and asked them to come with him. He brought them to the barracks and asked each in turn to beat a drum; Patrice could beat it better than the others. The man then gave him a fancy cap and a suit of clothes trimmed with gold braid. He danced with joy when he was told he could go with the soldiers.

"You know, mother," he said, "father told me I should be a soldier. It was he that taught me to beat a drum. Father is dead, but I must do as he told me."

The mother heard the simple story, her heart almost bursting with grief. It was useless to plead with the commander. The order for march was given; he must go. She covered him with kisses as he turned to leave; then taking from her pocket a rosary of blood-red stones with a gold cross, the one that was given to her at first Communion, she handed it to the boy.

"Patrice," she said, "pray to the Blessed Mother. She will be your strength. She will keep you for me." Tears choked her. Patrice threw a parting kiss, and rejoined his marching comrades. When he was out of her sight she sank fainting to the ground.

It was late in November. The storms were raging in the mountain passes. The Alps, terrible at any time, were doubly terrible in winter. The soldiers blinded with snow and benumbed with cold, toiled up the steep slippery paths.

Overhead was heard a rumbling noise like the dull roar of musketry. Louder and louder it sounded until the mountains re-echoed with the thunder. The grim warriors of the old guard, who had braved death in the face of blazing cannons, became pale, and trembled. It was an avalanche, and when it had passed, a troop of cavalry lay mangled and dead in the gorge.

"Soldiers," exclaimed the Marshal, as he saw their failing courage, "you are called to Italy; your General needs you. Advance and conquer first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the enemy!"

A drummer boy down in the gorge, dragging himself from the mass of debris that had torn him from his comrades, began to beat his drum for relief. The muffled sound came up from the black cañon and fell on the leaden ears of his brother soldiers; but this was a battle in which each man fought alone. For an hour the drummer beat frantically; then it grew fainter and fainter until it died in the

echo. The columns moved on like a monster serpent. A trail of blood from lacerated feet marked its pathway in the white snow.

The loud barking of the dogs was heard at the Monastery of St. Bernard. Two monks hurried along the pathway. Beneath them on a ledge was a dog standing over the prostrate form of a boy. A drum was lying beside him; in his frozen hands was clasped a blood-red rosary.

One of the monks descended by a rope and fastened it about the body, then climbing again to the path, the two monks raised the limp form and carried it to the monastery. The boy was not dead; but it required all the skill of the good monks to keep the life from going out.

When he recovered consciousness his mind was blank; his voice was gone. In answer to the questions about his parents or his home, he shook his head, he could remember nothing.

The monks cared for him as a guest. He aided them in the light work about the monastery, and when idle his lips were constantly moving in prayer, as he slipped the beads through his fingers.

The years passed. He followed the severe life of the monks, and with mute pleadings made known his desire to become one of them; his infirmity, however, made that impossible.

Brother John, as he was called, although not a religious, exerted a vigilance in the pass that exceeded the zeal of any of the friars. No storm was too severe to keep him from his task.

In the high altitude where the monastery is situated a monk commonly can not remain more than fifteen years; then he becomes a victim of rheumatism, and must be sent to the valley below. Brother John had been there twenty years. He returned one night wearied with exhaustion from aiding two half-frozen travellers, when a distant barking reached his ears. He hastened along the path guided by the sound. A rider had fallen; his dead horse was lying beside him on the ledge. Brother John raised the man in his arms and with difficulty regained the path. The sufferer lay for weeks in an unconscious condition, racked with fever. Brother John spent his spare time watching at his bedside—a strange fascination seemed to hold him there.

Milder weather came with the spring sun, and the passes were safe for travel. The stranger recovered, but his leg was paralyzed;

his horse had fallen upon him. With a passing traveller he sent a letter to his home. In a few weeks a stately, grey-haired woman arrived at the monastery and asked to see the patient.

Brother John was arranging the room when the woman entered. Throwing aside her veil she ran and kissed the white face of the patient.

"O Jean!" she exclaimed, "how thankful I am you were saved."

"Mother," said he, pointing to Brother John, "he rescued me."

She turned to the Brother who was leaving the room.

"Hold!" she called, falling on her knees before him and kissing his hand, "God will reward you—" She stopped. "O Blessed Mother! is it possible?"

The Brother looked at her in amazement. She pointed to a rosary in his hand which he carried there constantly, always in prayer when not working.

The Brother looked at it, then at the woman, and a pained expression came over his face; he turned to go.

"Don't go!" she cried, catching hold of his arm. "Tell me where you got it. It was mine. I gave it to Patrice."

The name,—his memory returned in an instant, and he clasped her in his arms.

"My mother!"—the words broke from the dumb lips of the weeping Brother—"I am Patrice. You told me the Blessed Mother would keep me for you."

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When I Think of it Now.

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JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

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"No," I said, "you had best leave the horses in. It isn't very late, and I'd much rather walk."

"Very well," said Harless, with whom I had dined. "You know best; still it is about an hour's walk to town."

The long summer day was dying. The shadows of the wayside trees had lost their noon-day distinctness and melted vaguely together. A few last swallows circled overhead, and then sank from sight beneath the long row of elms that rose black above the low sun. On I swung, down the dusty road, past the fields of clover, where the air was heavily fragrant, past the little brook—a black thread on earth's green gown—past a field of corn

that rustled and whispered softly in the faint evening breeze.

A few houses loomed up ahead in etched lines and golden. As I came nearer they dwarfed and disappointed me. The mellow softness lent by distance was gone when I passed, and they stood out sharp and white. A lean cur snapped at my heels, a far-off train rumbled faintly, and a man passed with a dinner-pail—everything told the neighborhood of a town. The road rose sharp, and on the hilltop a girl slowly moved away from me against the red sky. As I climbed the hill the red faded until but one cloud glowed above. It burnt ashen gray, and the day went out.

When I reached the end of my climb the town stretched at my feet. A few lights glimmered up from the mist-clad houses, and the boom of the clock told seven.

The girl I had seen,—my poster girl of black and red—was breaking a flowering branch from a tree that overhung the road ahead. Indistinctly—for the mellow dusk and the distance shrouded her—I could see her tear the bough loose with a last wrench and then hasten on. As I passed the tree I looked from it to the ground, and beneath the broken branch I saw a lace handkerchief. I picked it up and hurried after its probable owner. It took me but a few minutes to overtake her, and then I began to speak:

"I beg your pardon—" That was as far as that sentence went, for she turned, and in the little light left our features were plain enough to be recognized by each other. I knew, or rather had known, her until she had ended an acquaintance that, in spite of its bitterness, had still a certain amount of pleasure in it. In fact, when I think of it now it had held more joy than sadness; but I had turned the small end of memory's telescope upon the joy and the large end upon the bitterness.

I did not think of this at the time—I did not care to philosophize—but you will admit that it is awkward, to say the least, when you are brought face to face with—well, this is private history, of course: the girl whose handkerchief I had, was, or had been, engaged to me, and had, for no earthly reason I know of, broken our engagement. Yes, it was embarrassing.

She did not speak. Her silence seemed to force me to say something. I grew smaller in proportion as the handkerchief grew larger. I was frightfully afraid that my hands and that cursed, or no, blessed, little handkerchief would unbalance me. All this time the question

in Miss Manvel's eyes was waiting for an answer. I stammered out at last:

"I—I—I beg pardon, Miss Manvel, but is—isn't this yours?"

"Yes, Mr. Fanshawe, I think it is; I must have dropped it when I was getting these flowers. I am sorry to have caused you so much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Miss Manvel," was my original rejoinder. She drew back a trifle coldly. I saw my blunder. "Oh! I mean I am glad to be of service to you—and then, it did not put me out much." The words meant: if it had he wouldn't have done it. Then I felt I was minimizing what I preferred to magnify.

We walked a few steps without speaking. I could not well pass her, and I did not wish to loiter. That was my reason for staying with her—perhaps it was logically faulty, but its sentiment was right. I was ill at ease, and began by the regular formula:

"Are you staying here, Miss Manvel?"

She looked at me questioningly. I reflected. Would anyone walk into a town at half-past seven in the evening—exceptions in favor of tramps—unless he or she were staying there? No, the question was not silly, but it was, yes, superfluous.

"Yes," she said.

Not very encouraging.

"Lovely town?" I returned. It wasn't, and she knew I knew it wasn't.

"Do you think so?" she said, and I murmured, "Yes."

"I was becoming discouraged, and was thinking of some pretext to leave. Just then she dropped the flowers. I picked them up. Then—mentally of course—I swore at myself. Why had I been so boorish and shortsighted as not to offer to carry them for her? I brushed the dust from my knees, and as I held out the flowers, she unbended far enough to say:

"I seem to have a penchant for dropping things tonight [I'm glad now she didn't drop me]: Perhaps you had better carry them until our ways part."

"Until our ways part!" I made up my mind that it would be at her gate. We were well into town now, but I did not know it; for the moment I was treading primrose paths instead of asphalt sidewalks. At her door our ways must part. Till then I should carry the flowers her hands had plucked. Where did she live? Where would our ways part? My hotel was on the next cross street. We had just passed my street when she said:

"Where are you staying Mr. Fanshawe?"

I made a broad sweep of my arm including all the city that lay before me.

"In a hotel down there. I have forgotten its name."

"How long have you been here, may I ask?"

"A month ago I came down to see the place. I have been here two days now." All of which was true. But there were thirty more days also.

I wondered had she noticed the break in my words. Evidently not, for she went on:

"You have not been here long enough to be disgusted yet."

"No, I have not been disgusted yet."

We were just passing an arc-lamp. I turned to see her face. I always did like her looks. She said:

"I presume you frequently hear from Miss Hodgson?" There was a touch of malice in her voice.

I was surprised, but replied:

"Only when I hear from my brother. You know, I think, that he is engaged to her."

I yet hold she started. Louise denies it; and when she is present I agree with her. At any rate, her manner changed and was not so frigid. We walked a block or so farther when she said:

"I am staying here."

I made a motion to give her the flowers, but it was not seen.

"Will you come in?" she asked.

I went in, glad and sorry of my chance. I sat in a chair on the veranda waiting for her to come out. While I waited I reflected. Jim had asked me during the winter to take Miss Hodgson to a ball one night on which he was unable to go. I went; and Miss Manvel, who had come to the city unexpectedly, was also there. I presume she thought me too assiduous in my attentions to my brother's fiancée,—well she didn't know that last fact. The next week she broke off our engagement. Jealousy? Perhaps.

She came out and held out her hands for the flowers. I looked up and said:

"I thought I was to carry these flowers till our ways parted?"

"Yes," she said, and then turned away with a half-smile, "but won't you be tired?"

My mind works slowly, but it saw the meaning of what she said, and in the next second I held in my arms—well, not the flowers.

I think I stepped on some of those flowers, if I did, I am sorry.



## Varsity Verse.

## THE PEN-NAME.

(Two Triolets.)

I.  
 'TIS the half-hidden light  
 Of love's feminine flame  
 That inspires her to write.  
 'Tis the half-hidden light—  
 Though the author delight  
 To parade a man's name:  
 'Tis the half-hidden light  
 Of love's feminine flame.

II.  
 She parades a man's name  
 And a feminine heart,  
 As her verses proclaim.  
 She parades a man's name;  
 But she fails, just the same,  
 In portraying his part—  
 She parades a man's name  
 And a feminine heart.

C. W. L.

## THE SONG OF THE NORTH WIND

It sings a song of blood and war,  
 Of men that knew not fear.  
 It sings the deeds of mighty Thor  
 And the dauntless one-armed Tyr.  
 The virgins are riding to choose the slain  
 When the north wind rattles the window-pane.

You hear the echo of the fight  
 When the sea with blood was red.  
 That flickering gleam of the Northern light  
 Is the pyre that burns for the dead.  
 And Hella's souls are pleading in vain  
 When the north wind rattles the window-pane.

T. J. D.

## NOT SO EASY.

A smart young boy, handsome and gay,  
 Smiled at himself in a knowing way,  
 And he cried: "Oh, ho, what a man I'll be,  
 Most every girl will be struck on me!"

But the years flew by—and the maidens too,—  
 While this winsome youth to old age's grew.  
 And e'en though many a maid he met,  
 The dear old man is a bachelor yet.

P. J. R.

B. C.—1899 A. D.

I.  
 In olden time along the Nile,  
 Where floats the yawning crocodile,  
 Whene'er a sacred beast had died,  
 His body straight was sanctified.  
 With winding sheet securely bound,  
 And rarest perfumes strewn around,  
 It promised fair to outlive time,  
 Even in that torrid clime.

II.  
 Long years have passed since those old days,  
 And newer customs, newer ways,  
 Have come, and many men would laugh  
 Should one do homage to a calf.  
 With mighty strides man has progressed  
 And reached his climax in the West;  
 But yet, I note with tears of grief,  
 He's still inclined to embalm beef.

T. J. D.

## The Red Hatchet Mine.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

The editor of the *Placer City Call* was sitting in his sanctum, his chair tilted back and his feet upon his desk. It was extremely hot, and the editor was trying to get sufficient energy to find out whether old Mrs. Larkin was dead yet. This was an important item of news in that little Arizona town. Once upon a time, when things were booming, the fact that two or three persons had been shot full of holes would have excited only passing comment. Things were different now: Placer City was "played out," and very little of the old-time bustle was there. Everybody that could had left the place; those that remained did so either because they expected a revival, or they had invested all their money, and were waiting for some tenderfoot to help them out. James Clark of the *Placer City Call* was a combination of these two classes. Enticed by the El Dorado stories, he found himself in Placer City with many shares of mining stock whose face value made him gasp. He bought the *Call* for a nominal sum, and commenced to "boom things." For a time all was well; but it soon became evident that expensive machinery was necessary to develop the resources of that country. As this fact became evident, the crowd of miners, adventurers and gamblers, drifted to newer fields. Clark believed that there was something in the town, and he decided to stay for the "finish."

"Jerry, find out how Mrs. Larkin is. If she isn't dead, see the doctor and ask if she is going to die."

The red-haired "devil" agreed, and slid down from the stool where he was grappling with the mysteries of the case. As he came down a bundle of papers, that he had been using as a cushion, fell to the floor.

"What's that you're sitting on? Well, you young Croesus, are you aware of the fact, that that is a mighty high-priced cushion even for one of your great wealth? There's \$10,000 worth of Red Hatchet there. Hand them over here, please. In future take the *Columbia* or the *Hattie* to sit upon. If times pick up I may get ten dollars for those Red Hatchet shares. That should tempt some one—10,000 shares in a first-class gold mine for ten dollars!"

All this time Jerry was adjusting his shirt sleeves and searching for something to cover

his inflammable hair. Helping himself to some of the editor's tobacco, he deftly rolled a cigarette, and when it was going to his satisfaction, he drawled out:

"Say, boss, if you'd give about 500 shares with each new paid-in-advance subscription, maybe we could get the paper out of the express office."

"Young man, you cover your assignment, and I will look after the interests of the Circulation Department. Git!"

After the young follower of Benjamin Franklin had left, Clark lit his corn-cob pipe and commenced thinking. Now when a man is having an exceedingly long spell of hard luck the worst thing that he can possibly do is to start thinking. Do anything else but brood over your bad luck, and then there is some chance for you. But let your imagination run, and you are lucky if you escape suicide. Probably the only thing that saved Clark from utter despondency was his pipe. Some wise man has said: "Where there is life there is hope." This would be just as true if he had said: "Where there is a pipe there is hope." The world has a rosier hue when seen through the fumes of nicotine.

"I've a good notion to throw the whole thing up, if I could get enough for the shop to pay my fare back East. It will be hard to have to admit that I am beaten. I was altogether too confident in myself. I might be drawing a comfortable salary now, instead of loafing my life away out here, barely paying my board, and the paper for the next edition in the express office. I'd go back in a minute, but—"

That "but" switched his thoughts on another track, much more pleasant if not so practical.

There was in Placer City a Judge Webster,— "Judge by courtesy, if you please, never was on the bench in my life."

The "Judge" was a well-known person in that locality, partly because he had made money there in the early days and had built himself a fine house which was shown to prospective purchasers of real estate as certain evidence that Placer City was destined to be the metropolis of the southwest, and partly because he was the father of Miss Arabella Webster. Miss Webster was the standard for all things feminine in Placer City—dress, hats, etc. She had just returned from San Francisco where she had been "finishing" her education.

People said that they guessed Jim Clark would marry Belle Webster. Sometimes the wind blew these prophecies to Clark's ears.

It gave him a great deal of hope; but still he didn't see how it could be done at present. He'd go back home, but—that's what the "but" had reference to. The corn-cob pipe was beginning to gurgle, Clark laid it down and got up and stretched.

"Guess I'll go and see if Mike has finished that novel yet."

Putting on his hat he sauntered across the road to the little telegraph office, where Mike was on duty days. Mike was about the only person of the masculine sex that Clark cared to visit. They read the same books, and both smoked "corn-cobs." This is sufficient grounds for a strong friendship, especially if you are in an out-of-the-way place like Placer City.

As Clark was opening the door, a smart trap drove up, and a well-dressed young man, evidently from the East, inquired for the telegraph office.

Clark had picked up operating as a pastime, and had become a very good hand at it. He seated himself in front of the desk, while Mike went back to his room for the novel. The man that drove up in the trap entered, took a blank and wrote:

JAMES MCINTOSH,

Park Hotel,

San Francisco.

Come at once. Bring money. Have found a good one.

WARREN.

Paying his quarter, he got into his trap and drove away. Clark sent the message. "Found a good one." What else could that mean but a mine? His reflections were cut short by the entrance of Mike with the novel in his hand.

"Took in a quarter while you were gone."

"That's more than I can say for the whole day. There's that old scoundrel Blake going in to your place. You'd better go over; he might walk off with your press."

Blake was a grey-whiskered, long-haired old miner who had sold useless holes in the ground as paying mines to many a young man just starting in life. His lack of principle in horse trading was proverbial. It was he whom Clark had to thank for the Red Hatchet shares.

"What can I do for you, Blake?" said Clark none too civilly.

"How are you, Clark? I don't suppose your engagements will interfere with our having a little chat," replied Blake in a conciliatory tone.

"State your business quickly, please."

"Well, you see it is this way. I've never felt quite right about that Red Hatchet deal. I know I played you a mean trick in getting you

to buy those shares. You've never had any use for me since then, and I don't blame you for it. I'd feel the same way myself, and maybe worse. I've always been sorry for it, and I made up my mind long ago that I would come around and square myself. You see when a man gets to my age friends are a mighty good thing for him to have."

Clark smiled grimly at the bare idea of anybody being a friend of Andy Blake's for more than three days. Nevertheless, he could not quite understand what Blake was driving at. He never thought for a moment that the old miner was sincere. Curiosity prompted him to say:

"Well?"

"As I said before, I'm sorry for that trick, and I think a lot of you, Clark—honest I do. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy back those shares I sold you at the same price you paid for them, and throw in something for interest."

Blake made a big mistake when he said "I think a lot of you, Clark." That was just what was needed to show Clark that Blake wanted those Red Hatchet shares. Another instant and he thought of the telegram he had sent that day. He resolved to keep the shares and see what would turn up. Assuming an air of indifference, he rattled the stem of his pipe between his teeth for a moment, and said:

"No, Blake, I don't believe that I want to sell. I bought those shares thinking there was money in them, and I think so still. Anyway, I'm going to wait and see."

Blake protested a little, but he knew better than to press the matter, and he soon took his leave.

"Well so long, Clark. If you ever want to sell, remember my proposition. I'll stick to it."

Clark sat for a long time trying to think out what was the reason for the sudden rise in the Red Hatchet stock. He gave it up and fell to dreaming. These dreams all wound around Arabella. She was the central figure in each.

Jerry came in with the information that Mrs. Larkin was dead; but even this startling piece of information failed to dispel the dreams.

"Jerry, if things pan out as I expect you'll have a new suit of clothes and we'll get a new press, and, Jerry,—keep as still as a fish—I shouldn't be surprised if we'd quit boarding out."

Jerry understood, and smiling said:

"I hope so, boss."

That night Clark, Mike and Jerry sat up discussing the matter. All three had an abundance of mining shares of all kinds, so it was a question that affected the three.

The next day the man that sent the telegram walked into the office of the *Placer City Call*, and presented Clark his card.—"Mr. J. Augustus Warren."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Warren. Take a chair. My name's Clark."

"I understand, Mr. Clark," said J. Augustus seating himself, "that you own a large part of the shares in the Red-Hatchet Mine. May I ask if they are for sale?"

"Don't think they are," answered Clark. In fact, I haven't thought anything about selling them, but I'll let you know in a few days." With this Mr. J. Augustus Warren bowed himself out.

"To sell or not to sell, that at present is the question. There must be something in that mine."

"Hello, Clark! has Warren been in here yet? If he wants to buy the Red Hatchet sell it quickly and get out of town. I 'salted' it and got a good price. Good-bye. I've got to catch the train." And Andy Blake, dressed in a suit of "store clothes," hurried out.

Clark's hopes were dashed to the ground by this piece of news. Of course, it would not be considered a crime for him to act as though he did not know about the mine being "salted." He would be called a "hustler." Well, he had been building castles in the air and they had fallen as they usually do. Let it go. He put on his hat and went over to the hotel to save Warren from any more such purchases.

"Mr. Warren, Blake, from whom you bought some shares, has just told me that he 'salted' the mine."

"Of course, he salted it. Any child could see that. I'll be as honest with you, Clark, as you have been with me. There's a mint in that mine and, I have capital enough to develop it. You can sell me your shares, or hold them; suit yourself. I have the prospectus ready to send to the printer."

Placer City is active again; not with the feverish activity of its earlier days, but strong, steady and prosperous. The Red Hatchet pays large dividends regularly, and its stock is rated above par.

The editor of the *Placer City Call* now sits in his office smoking his corn-cob pipe; but it is a daily now, and he can sit idle long; besides there is no Miss Arabella Webster.



## Books and Magazines.

—*The World Almanac* for 1899 came in last week. We have found this book interesting always and very useful. Anyone with patience can gather statistics, but more than patience is required to make interesting statistics like those brought together in the *World Almanac*. The edition has a history of the Spanish-American War in a very compact form.

—Among other interesting and pleasing articles in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a story by Madge Sutherland Clarke that is very clever. "The Twenty-First Man" is the title of the story. It is short but well written, and has for its plot a mistake made by a New York society man that happens to be an artist of some ability, and a romance that follows in consequence of this mistake. "The Actor of Today," by Norman Hopgood, is a review of the stage, actors and plays that have figured conspicuously in the last century of theatrical history.

—In a condensed chapter from his life of General N. B. Forrest, of the Confederate army, Dr. John Wyeth tells in *Harper's* for February the Southern side of the campaign which ended in the surrender of Fort Donelson. His estimate of General Grant may be important when men can write calmly of the Civil War. Julian Ralph's paper on the much-talked Anglo-Saxon alliance, Henry Cabot Lodge's opening chapter on the Spanish-American, and Professor Hart's article on the "United States as a World Power," are the most important numbers of the magazine. William Dean Howells' second installment of his serial, "Their Silver Wedding Journey," and part V. of the "Span o' Life" keep up their interest. There are articles on South Africa and astronomy, five short stories, beside a number of poems and sketches in the Drawer.

—The current number of the *Medical Record*, a weekly journal of medicine and surgery, not only contains matters invaluable to the profession, but also interesting reading for the layman. The original articles are scientific in treatment and real contributions to the literature of the science. The clear and distinct illustrations are real helps to the ready understanding of the subject-matter. "A Contribution to the Therapeutics of the Emotions" is a readable and valuable study in Psychology. "Flies and Typhoid Fever" gives the results of a number of experiments, in-

tended to show what part the fly played in killing our soldiers at Chickamauga by carrying the germs of the disease on their feet from sinks to the food in camp. The editorials, notes and correspondence, acquaint the reader with the researches and progress making in the medical world. The *Record* has not only its established reputation, but the inherent excellence of its reading-matter to recommend it.

—The Cathedral Library Association of New York has engaged in a very praiseworthy enterprise which gives evidence of becoming very beneficial to those that are given to studying the history of the Middle Ages. Somewhere in the days that are past the world found a rather contemptuous name for this epoch of her existence, and the modern scholar is taught to refer to those years as the "Dark Ages." Just why this title should be attached to that period of history, or the appropriateness of so doing, is not worthy of research. It is a matter deserving of every student's attention to see what was the condition of the peoples of that age and to see what agency was most instrumental in doing away with the barbarous customs and usages that have won for it the name referred to above. Biassed writers have not hesitated to lay on Catholicity all blame for any misdemeanors or crimes that were committed. Without attempting to explain how it was that the peoples of the earth freed themselves from the darkness they were in, these writers sit very complacently at their desks and scribble large explanations of how monks and clergymen were responsible for the lack of light. The Cathedral Library Association, recognizing this fact, is endeavoring to put before the reading public a true statement of the condition of the peoples of those ages, together with an account of how our present civilization was evolved from those so-called unenlightened times. The work of the association is to secure men of ability and intelligence, that may be relied upon to have made a thorough study of those days, and have these men write articles on subjects appertaining to the "Dark Ages." These articles will be published in neat pamphlet form and put before the public. The first of these pamphlets was recently issued. It contains an article by Rev. Eugene Magevney, S. J., on "Christian Education in the 'Dark Ages,'" taken from the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of October, 1898. The article in question is well worth careful study, and we take pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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} Reporters.

—Everybody get in the glee club and push it along. At the first meeting last Saturday evening it was discovered that there are many good voices at Notre Dame, and behind these voices are men of enthusiasm, determined to make Notre Dame's glee club the greatest in the West. Mr. McLaughlin, President and director, Mr. Dukette, Secretary, and Mr. Kegler the Treasurer, are officers that will further anything that tends to improve the club or make it pleasant for its members.

—Come out, gentlemen, come out, and try for the teams. The outlook for athletics is very bright; we have a large number of candidates, but still there is many a stander-by that could do good work in a baseball or running suit if he would only succeed in convincing himself that it would be a good thing to try. With trainer Engledrum in charge of the track team and Coaches Powers and Hering at work on the baseball men, we should get all our teams in the pink of condition before the season opens. However, this can be secured only by hard practice and close competition. You that are standing idly in the gymnasium with your hands in your pockets might make some of

the candidates that are now practising work with renewed effort and double energy if they wish to hold their positions. It is not a foregone conclusion that the men that are now practising are the ones from whom the Varsity will be chosen. Our team will be picked from the best men of the University; and to secure the best men we must have all that can handle a baseball, all that can run, jump or put a shot, report to the trainers. We hope to see the gymnasium crowded; for we think that as far as coaching and training goes, we are better fixed than ever before, and, moreover, we have good material for the coaches to work on.

—It is a pleasure for the SCHOLASTIC to announce that after the literary treat afforded by Dr. Spalding's lectures (elsewhere mentioned in this edition) is over, the next thing on the program of the lecture and concert course will be a treat in the musical line. Professor McLaughlin is to give a piano recital in Washington Hall next week, and after that we will be favored by an entertainment which is to occur on Friday, February 3. Those in charge of the lecture and concert department have secured for that day the services of the Jubilee Singers. This company has never been at Notre Dame before, but nevertheless, it is well known in musical circles, and we may look forward to a pleasing concert next Friday evening.

—While you, dear reader, are scanning these columns, our husky trio, Captain Powers, Corcoran and O'Brien of the track team, are straining their muscles to keep up the reputation of Notre Dame in the great athletic carnival at Milwaukee. When these three men left the University last evening with the Gold and Blue fluttering on their breasts there was not a student that did not feel that our colors would be ably taken care of in the events that come off today. O'Brien and Corcoran are going in the races to cross the tape ahead of all competitors, and Captain Powers in the pole vault and high jump will make the other athletes get up in the air pretty high if they wish to equal him. Next week the SCHOLASTIC hopes to tell you more about these men and to add to our columns a list of the events they enter and the number of points they win. Success to them all and may they come back covered with glory!

Dr. Spalding's Lectures.

Dr. James Field Spalding's second course of lectures at Notre Dame began this week. Last year he spoke of American writers; in this course he deals with Tennyson, Browning and Newman,—he will consider the literary part of Newman's writings.

There is a remarkable thoroughness and originality in Dr. Spalding's work, a complete and firm grasp of his subject. This is grateful when so many public lecturers are mere herders together of foreign criticisms lifted over all borders. A large majority of the ordinary lecturers on Browning, for example, do not read two-thirds of his poetry, and they give even their compiled criticisms on faith. There is not a little of this strange composition done in high places. A few years ago I heard an enthusiastically received lecture on Pindar delivered in one of the leading universities of the East, and I had read the original remarks in an obscure book the very morning of the lecture. All tillers of paper sow old grain, and some critics are crows that steal the seedling wheat, others are honest husbandmen that reap wheat sown by others. I call these farmers honest because the earth has changed the planted corn. Now and then in criticism the planting and reaping is done by the same man—there you have the true critic. Dr. Spalding is of this last class. His lecture on Browning is unusually genuine, one of the best papers, from a Catholic point of view, that has been written in a long time, especially in its estimate of the poet's religious belief. Browning's strong dislike for the Church, evinced in his invention of material rather than by direct attack, is not in Dr. Spalding's plan of presentation: the lecturer in that part of his paper wished rather to show how tenuous is the claim of those that would make Browning a Christian poet.

The lecture on Newman will be given next week, and we await it with pleasurable anticipation. The broad understanding of a subject held out by Dr. Spalding makes us wish for a treatment of our own Brownson who is so disgracefully neglected merely because he is too noble for the groundlings. A course of lectures on Bishop England, Brownson, and Shea would be of great value coming from so competent a writer. A study of the lives of Archbishops Carroll and Hughes would also be useful, but such study would necessarily leave the limits of literature.

Basket-Ball.

We have started the athletic season of 1899 in a glorious way. The first contest with an outside team was played last Wednesday evening, and resulted in a victory for the Varsity. The new gymnasium was inaugurated by a good showing on the part of the men that work daily within its walls to secure quickness and agility in athletic contests. And what a fine place it is for a basket-ball game when compared with the little old court in the Carroll Hall recreation room where the games of other years were played! The audience is not compelled to double their feet up in under them in order to make room, and the players are not smashing into a brick wall about every time they turn around.

The basket-ball team representing the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend made its appearance on the grounds last Wednesday, and were immediately taken in charge by our University team and highly entertained, so far as the game of basket-ball is concerned. Captain Powers of the home team showed them many a clever trick that needed no explanation. He kept his opponents jumping up in the air, while he deftly twisted the ball around their feet and ran with it whichever way he liked. Before the first half was over he had the opposing centre rush well-nigh fagged out. Of the nineteen points scored for Notre Dame, ten of them are credited to him. McNichols and Fennessey played in fine form while in the game. O'Shaughnessy put up his usual strong game of last year, while the new men, Fleming, Hayes and Daly, were in the game for all they could get.

For the C. A. C. team, Wagner and La Pierre did the best work, the former securing four goals out of seven chances on fouls, the latter making their only goal from the field. The other men were completely out-classed by their opponents, and could make but a poor showing. The umpiring of Mr. Markle was very strict, too much so toward Notre Dame's men. In the course of the game he called no less than twenty-one fouls on our players, though many of them were questionable.

The most pleasing part of the game was the fact that it drew a good audience. For the first time in the history of basket-ball at Notre Dame we had an attendance of more than two hundred persons. From the enthusiasm displayed we may expect even a larger

crowd at our games in the future, and if we can take last Wednesday's game for a criterion to judge from, there is little doubt that they will get their money's worth. The team from Rush Medical College of Chicago will be the next to play here, and this will, perhaps, be the greatest game of the season. Rush's team is composed of nearly the same men that beat us last year, and they come here with the expectation of doing so again. Our men will be in good shape, and we can look for an exciting contest.

One thing that ought to arouse every student in doing his best to be present at these games is the fact that the proceeds will be devoted to the building up of the track and baseball teams. It requires small expense to support a basket-ball team, and the money taken in at the door need not be devoted to that department. The athletic treasury, however, from which funds for the various departments must be drawn, is none too flush, and we must call on the different teams to contribute. Happily, the basket-ball team is in the best shape to help this cause along. A few games like that played last Wednesday evening will enlarge our finances, so that the remainder of the scholastic year may be well filled with athletic contests on the track, the field and the diamond.

It is to be hoped that every student interested in athletics will be found in the gallery when the game commences. The following is the line-up of the teams for last Wednesday night:

Centre—C. A. C., Elbel; N. D. U., Powers,  
Forwards—C. A. C., La Pierre and Stover;  
N. D. U., Daly, O'Shaughnessy and McNichols.

Backs—C. A. C., Lowrey and Wagner; N. D. U., Fleming, Fennessey and Hayes.

Umpire, Markle; Referee, Hering; Score, C. A. C., 6; Notre Dame, 19.

#### The Dust-Mote.

Two angels met in outer space, and their minds conversed together.  
And because their wings were poised motionless, the sighing of the night-winds was stilled, and the face of the ocean moved not.  
But a dust-mote on the brow of one angel was felt, and gently he flicked it away.  
And that day the earth was rent and riven, and men called out in terror: "Behold! God strives to kill us! Behold! an earthquake!" J. F. F.

#### Exchanges.

The December number of the *Aloysian Quarterly* is a very beautiful and interesting number. It contains much good verse, many short essays and several exceptionally well-written bits of fiction. "A Christmas Sketch" is a very pretty little translation from the French that is illustrated by a local artist.

\* \* \*

In the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, the young gentleman that presides over the local columns gave warning to our readers that the locals must not be taken too seriously. We thought at the time that the warning was unnecessary, for the humor of the local columns is of such a rich and overflowing quality that one would imagine that it need not be labelled. Now, however, we have changed our mind, and we acknowledge that the warning was timely. For a South Bend paper, and a very wide-awake paper at that, has actually taken as serious a delicate bit of humor that recently appeared among the local items, and, as a consequence, the Mishawaka police are looking for a suspicious character wearing a large diamond and a he-that-laughs-last-laughs-best smile. Yes, the warning is timely, and for the sake of the Mishawaka police we hope that in the future it will be heeded.

\* \* \*

The undergraduates of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute put aside their technology long enough to write some very good literature for the last number of their magazine. We have noticed that in the issues of this paper there is very little flavor of the shop; and we have been struck by the fact that the *Polytechnic* is technical only in name. While it is but natural that a college publication should reflect the work done at the institution from which it comes, yet too much technology grows tiresome, and it is a pleasant change on opening a paper like the *Polytechnic* to find some clever prose and a bit of verse instead of the expected treatise on pin connected and otherwise connected bridges.

The last number of the *Polytechnic* contains an interesting story entitled the "Sun of Gold," which recounts the experiences of a young physician in London. A young gentleman that writes under the rather unromantic pen-name of "Ham," contributes a clever sketch, and the editorials and Polywogs are well prepared.

Another Priest Dead.

On Tuesday last all the friends of Notre Dame were grieved to learn of the death of Father James D. Coleman, C. S. C. Although his death was no surprise to the residents of the University, still it was only a few days before it occurred that it was looked for, and in mourning his loss a part of the regret is that it should come so soon. Young, rugged and healthy as he was only a few weeks since, Father Coleman's death is untimely. He was still on the farther side of the midday of life; and when the students bade him good-bye only last month, when they were leaving for the Christmas holidays, there was not one that would not prophesy for him a long and active life.

The deceased was born August 4, 1864, in Fairfax Co., Virginia. In his boyhood he exhibited a great desire to study for the priesthood, and when eighteen years old he received the cassock on September 17, 1882. He was ordained April 9, 1888. During the years of his priesthood he filled many missions up until the fall of 1897 when he came to Notre Dame to assist as a teacher. When Father Kirsch left for Cincinnati last summer, Father Coleman was appointed his successor as parish priest of the College Church.

Father Coleman was an earnest, zealous and exemplary priest. Always ready for labor when duty called him, he was nevertheless cordial, genial and pleasant to all that knew him. One always found him in the same humor, whether on the campus, in the classroom, or at work in his own study. He was a friend to all that had the pleasure of meeting and knowing him, and in return commanded the admiration and respect of his acquaintances. To his bereaved mother, his sisters and brother we extend heartfelt sympathy. His mother was detained on account of illness from being present at the funeral.

The obsequies were held in the College Church on Thursday morning at 9:30 a. m., all the students and many friends from South Bend attending. Rev. James French, C. S. C., celebrant of the occasion, preached a touching and impressive sermon over the remains; and when the last rites and blessings of the Church had been administered, they were laid to rest in the Community cemetery near St. Joseph's lake. Peace and eternal rest be to his soul!

Personal.

—Mr. Martin J. Costello, A. B., '97, holds an important position with the Illinois Steel Co. of Chicago.

—Mr. George Covert, student '90-'93, is at present in the employ of Dunscombe & Co., of Toledo, Ohio.

—Rev. John Desmond O'Shea of Kalamazoo, Mich., a former student at the University, was a visitor at Notre Dame during the week.

—Mrs. M. Kidwell of Chicago was at Notre Dame for a day or two of the past week, and she entered her son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. Charles Sweeney of Spokane, Washington, has been the guest for several days past of her son, Mr. Sweeney of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Hugh Murphy, of Omaha, was at Notre Dame on last Thursday. He was accompanied by his son, who has entered in Brownson Hall.

—Brother Marcellinus, the Principal of St. Columbkille's School, Chicago, attended the funeral of the late Father Coleman on last Thursday.

—Mr. William Iverson Morrison, B. S. '90, was married on Thursday, December 29, to Miss MacHenry of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison will be at home after February 1, 1899 at Fort Madison, Iowa.

—Mrs. Pim, of St. Louis, and her daughter, Mrs. A. Hayden Kay, of Chicago, were the guests for several days last week of Mr. Pim of Brownson Hall. Mrs. Pim was accompanied by Mrs. A. J. Moriarty of St. Louis, who was the guest of her son of Brownson Hall.

—On Friday morning the sad news of the death of Mr. Henry Corley of Milwood, Missouri, was telegraphed to the University. The deceased was the father of Messrs. Emmet and John Corley students of St. Joseph's Hall. Both boys left the University at once for their home. They are very popular not only among residents of their own hall, but with the students of the various departments of the University as well. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to join with their many friends in extending sympathy to them in their great loss.

—There are a number of Notre Dame men in Cuba and Porto Rico. Mr. Christopher Fitzgerald, C. E. '94, is with the army in Cuba as a 1st Lieutenant in the engineering corps. Mr. E. Rolland Adelspurger, '90, is also an army engineer. Mr. Frank Dexter is General Manager and Attorney for Cuba Pan-American Express Company with headquarters at Ponce. Mr. Arthur Arpin, student '95, is conducting a large saw mill at San Juan. Mr. Thomas Ryan, student, '82 a captain and quartermaster in the army, is stationed at Manzanillo. Mr. Daniel V. Casey, Litt. B. '95, is the Chicago *Record's* correspondent at Havana, and Mr. Thomas D. Mott, LL. B., '95, is practising law at Santiago.



## Local Items.

—A friend in need is no friend to heed, if you have any tobacco.

—PREFECT.—Joe, have you been smoking?  
JOE.—No, by Niles! it was the cigarette.

—It is a sad case—the prefect went hunting over at the stile for Boer and Wolfe, and he got Schott.

—“Yes, man is indeed the noblest work of God,” said Pulskamp, as he stood gazing deliciously into the mirror.

—“See how the seasons follow each other,” said Dalton, as he saw the Winters come out of the study-hall followed by Summers.

—McGinnis, the anti-fire-water man, when asked what the principal virtue in a great commander should be, unhesitatingly replied: “Temperance.”

—1st CARROLLITE.—Why are all those boys standing around the billiard table?

2d CARROLLITE.—Because Werk is playing an exhibition game with Du Brul.

—PROF.—“Yes, Hercules tied Prometheus to a rock, and every day an eagle came and tore out his liver.”

HAYES (innocently).—“Didn’t he die?”

PROF.—“No, he was a long liver.”

—Last Monday the candidates for the Special Baseball Team of Carroll Hall held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers. Mr. Murray was unanimously elected Captain; Mr. Moxley, Manager; Mr. McDonnell, Treasurer, and Mr. Sinnott, Mascot.

—They say: that living on an iron-clad vessel is a hardship.

That some people are heavy drinkers, while others weigh very little.

That in taking out a life insurance policy, “Honesty is the best policy.”

That some people have exceptionally good luck, while others have 175.

—Teeney had a little dog,  
Its feet were swift to go;  
Leeny had a little cat  
Which wasn’t built just so.

The dog saw the kitten,  
And snarled, “you’d better go;”  
The pussy saw a maid,  
And the maiden *saw* the snow.

—J. J. Sullivan will let his hair grow until after the meet, March 9. Bro. Hugh needs a number of good-looking boys to act as ushers, for many fair visitors are expected. Bill Dalton refused to act, but offered to buy two rods of gold and blue ribbon to decorate Sullivan’s hair. The beautiful black locks will be delicately entwined with gold and blue. He will be the Apollo of the day.

—In Moot-Court this afternoon the case of the State *vs.* Samuel Brown will be finished. Brown is charged with larceny, and is represented by

Messrs. Yockey and Weadock, Messrs. Ragan and O’Malley appearing for the State. The case of the Indiana Glass Company *vs.* the City of South Bend is on call. The plaintiff’s attorneys are Messrs. Steele and Hartung, the defendant’s Messrs. Weadock and Haley.

—The glee club has been organized for 1899. There are about sixty voices; and, under the able management of Prof. McLaughlin, its success is unquestionable. There is a prospect of the club making a tour, but the realization of this prospect depends on the energy of the students. Meetings will be held for rehearsal Tuesday and Friday evenings at half past seven in the music-room of the main building.

—“Of course you can never be like me,” said Teddy as he impassionately scraped his bow over the white twine strings of his strati-fario. “O me! Pat,” he exclaimed, “to have a soul so saturated with music, so completely devoted to that heavenly art, is better, far better, than to wear fame’s brightest laurels.”

“Ah, yes!” said Pat, “all this is too true; but play again, child of the Muses, that sweet refrain, ‘How the cabbage cooked too long.’”

—Mr. L. C. M. Reed, in a few very enthusiastic remarks at a meeting of the parliamentary society on Wednesday last, voiced a sentiment that has for a long time been dormant at Notre Dame. He touched upon the idea of having a new college song; and said that while Notre Dame was doing great things the students overlooked this little affair, and the song has never been more than a mere postulation. Have we no student who will apply himself to this task? “Wake up, St. John!” Sing the glories of your *Alma Mater*, so that Notre Dame will have a song to cheer its few lone-some hours and relieve the atmosphere of carrying those monotonous strains of a “Hot Time,” and “Johnny get up, get up.”

—We have never made any pretences at culture and gentlemanly qualities since we entered the journalistic career, and are therefore able to publish a part of the contents of a little note-book we found. The note-book certainly belonged to a romantic individual—evidently a football player with long hair, each lock of which curls in sweet embrace around his fellow, and eyes as soft as the pit of a watermelon. This is the contents of a page of this famous note-book:

“’Twas on the strand in the promised land,  
And we watched the blackbirds fly;  
We talked to each other with hands clasped together  
Till we heard a ‘blackbird’ cry.”

And now the author sadly ends I wish I never was born.

—The class of 1900 held a meeting Monday evening for the purpose of electing officers. After some pertinent remarks by the old President the following officers were elected: President, Mr. James McGinnis; 1st Vice-Prés., Mr. Francis B. Cornell; 2d Vice-President,

Mr. Francis McCollum; Secretary, Mr. Dorley; Treasurer, Mr. Norwood Gibson; Poet, Mr. St. John O'Sullivan; Orator, Mr. Peter Follen; Historian, Mr. Joseph P. Shiels. The election of candidates was close at times, and much wire pulling was evident. The class referred the selection of their color and pin to different committees. They decided, moreover, to wear no gowns this year, but only the cap which will, very likely, be hung with the class color. The law class of 1900 had their representatives there, and endeavored by long-winded orating to secure an affiliation of the two bodies, but all in vain. The collegiate men were not in favor of joining the Classes, and so the shrewd diplomacy of the lawyer was entertaining, but not in the least effective.

—Perhaps you have often wondered how it was that Maloney's beard had that sweet, jet-black color which is so characteristic of it. Well, this is the story so far as we could learn from a saga, composed by Bard O'Shaughnessy. It appears while Maloney was walking along a romantic walk in old "Kaintuck" with (O never mind who by his side) he looked wistfully at the moon, and began those famous lines of Shakspeare: "See how the moonlight sleeps upon the bank;" but she looked into his eyes. Carried away by the poetry of Maloney, two large tears trickled down her cheeks, and she asked him if he wouldn't die for her. Full of Southern chivalry, he said he would, and when he reached home he commenced his conquest with this stanza:

"I'd die for you," I often said.

"I know it," she'd declare.

"But when she asked me to be dead,  
I dyed for her my hair."

Yes, this is the way Maloney's beard got its black color, and why it retained it.

—The SCHOLASTIC is pleased to acknowledge a very kind compliment from Studebaker Bros. Co., of South Bend. During the past week, the Messrs. Studebaker have been entertaining their agents and dealers from the western states. On Wednesday afternoon a banquet and reception was tendered to these gentlemen at the Johnson House, and the SCHOLASTIC was kindly invited to have a representative present on that occasion. One of the Board of Editors accepted the invitation, and has nothing but words of praise for the cordiality extended by the gentlemen in charge of the entertainment. After the banquet was finished, the salesmen guests, about two hundred in number, repaired to the Auditorium annex to enjoy their cigars and listen to an interesting program prepared for them. Elbel's Orchestra and the Studebaker Male Quartette furnished the music for the occasion. A special and appropriate song, entitled "Studebaker," was prepared and well rendered by the Quartette. Among those that made speeches were the managers of the different departments of the Studebaker Manufacturing works, Hon.

Clem Studebaker, President of the Company, and Col. George Studebaker. When the program was finished, an invitation was extended to the guests to visit Notre Dame, but as it was necessary for them to take an early train, it was impossible for them to get out to the University.

—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOUSTACHE.—(Written by His Aunt):—"Gentlemen, I am a student of human nature," said the moustache one evening, taking the eyebrows into his confidence, "and my life has been a long series of adventures. When first I was, I sat supreme upon the humble lip of an excellent pedagogue who brought me to Notre Dame. Dillon saw me and took me unto himself; he forced me out in spines, and I bristled on his lip like the bayonets of a serried regiment. He abused me awfully—rubbed me down violently every morning with a blue bandanna—until I was forced to flee and take up my abode with Crunican. What treatment I received from Crunican is stored up in heaven. I was coddled, teased, gently stroked, and had the privilege of admiring myself in a mirror whenever I passed one. Ah! gentlemen, Crunican is a humanitarian of excellent parts. Life with Crunican had become so devoid of incident that I wished for a change, and made the acquaintance of Bouza. How I wished that I had never forsaken Crunican! for Bouza would put me on the end of an enormous musical instrument and blow until tears stood out on my eyes and my strength became weak. I could not stand life of this kind, so I made a bow to Murphy, but he, poor weakling, turned up his nose, and refused to recognize me.

"I kept house with Farley, Baldwin, Kehoe, and O'Reilly; but all these gentlemen treated me with so violent discourtesy, that I was obliged to seek protection with Kafton. My strength was so far gone when Kafton took me under his nose that I grew very slowly. Lemonade was my daily nourishment, and every morning I was felt to see that I had not been lost. Whenever the gentle zephyrs blew with undue strength, Kafton held me firm. On an evil day Dillon recognized, me and then began anew my troubles and tribulations. Jealous of my desertion of him, and filled with a morbid desire of revenge, he searched deep into the bowels of English literature to find expressions strong enough to express his venom. How my pride suffered when he said I resembled a Dakota dwarf tree!—there must be some truth in this statement, for Dillon knows, being an inhabitant of that barbarous land.

—O time! at last you behold the grandest literary production of the age. Bow, all ye other literary journals, and salute your king; for the great floodgates of light and truth have been opened to you. The "Sq—t," that condensation of all that is beautiful, comes as

a guide into the world. Its mission is the complete reformation of all mankind. Oh! to think that we have for our perusal a concentration of the great thought emanating from the colossal intellects of the mighty trio. Remember, indulgent reader, I am neither a Shakspeare nor an O'Shaughnessy, and consequently can not eulogize as I would upon that great beacon light of the nineteenth century, throwing its luminous rays from the pyramids of Egypt to the icebergs of Alaska. But I would that my little literary powers were ten thousand times mightier than Shakspeare's, and then "perhaps" I might be able, in a small degree, to give this Heaven-inspired work its just desert. I would also that there were ten thousand other worlds where its golden words, expressing heavenly ideas, could be read to rejoicing souls. Oh! indeed, it is sorrowful to think that such a work can soothe the hearts of only a few hundred million beings. Oh! why do not the stars tremble, and the earth reel, and the graves send forth their dead, when the great principles of this work are being thundered from continent to continent? Why do not the peoples of the earth come together and raise the statues of the renowned editors until they impede the natural course of the sun? Nothing would be too great; they deserve it all. Yea, were every drop of water in the great oceans turned into singing cherubim, and every cherub with fifty tongues, they could not begin to sound the joyful pæan in an appropriate manner. And then, students, to think of these colossal, monumental, Olympian powers dwelling in our very midst! Why, we are like ants among elephants. We are astounded, dazzled by the splendor of their brilliancy, "and crawl about under their huge legs to find ourselves dishonorable graves."

Then, may this little journal continue on its great mission of enlightenment; may it be an exhaustless fountain of pure water in a vast desert; may its centre, pure and great, radiate to the very ends of the earth the light of truth, and may its incomparable exponents in time be worshipped as literary gods! (Is this what the Sq—t editors desire? One would have thought, to look at them, that they had outgrown this rubber-nipple stage and arrived at boyhood's door; but when we see them crying because Johnny said a naughty word to them, we quickly change our opinion. Think of grown-up boys—did I say boys? Excuse me.—preferring flattery to plain truth. To keep them from crying the SCHOLASTIC has devoted this much space, and we hope the little ones will soon dry their tears.)

—The SCHOLASTIC wishes to gather in all the news and keep its readers informed of the doings and progress of all its friends. A large number of our supporters are living beyond the limits of our municipal jurisdiction, and

thus it happened that in the past many interesting articles concerning them have failed to appear in our columns. In order to prevent this from occurring again we have engaged a special man of remarkable talent and cleverness, a wide-awake, eagle-eyed, quick-witted, alert, active, courteous and cultured fellow, who will preside over the department of "Country Correspondence." His position demands that he walk the streets of the town, watching for an interview with every ruralist that makes his appearance, and when time permits he takes long walks through the country in search of any news that may be appreciated by the thousands of subscribers that await the publication of each number of the SCHOLASTIC. In choosing our manager for this department we feel that we have made a wise move and a wise selection. We know that our readers will all agree as to the fact that we have a competent man when they read the interesting and well-written, the bright and newsy articles, that he has collected for this edition. We give here his items for this week, and feel certain that each of our readers will read them at least six times.

*Country Correspondence.*—Silas Treetops, Editor. James Geehogan was in town last week.

Mr. Peter Wynne is building a rail fence around his barnyard.

Martin O'Shaughnessy of Granger is ploughing on the Crumley Farm.

T. Cornfodder Dillon, the well-known populist of this vicinity, is a candidate for township supervisor.

Sawbuck Kegler has moved his sawmill into Delaney's woods. In addition to his present force of three men, he finds it necessary to hire two more. McKinley prosperity is causing orders to come in faster than he can fill them.

Squash O'Riley entertained very felicitously last Thursday night at a husking-bee in honor of his guest, M. Axlehub Donahoe. Mr. Ax-handle Mulcrone was the lucky man to find the red ear.

G. Lins is on the sick list. He is reported to have caught a severe cold. Last Monday his large white pig made its way over to the neighbors, and Mr. Lins had an hour's violent exercise in running before he could get it home. When the animal was finally landed in the pen, it was perspiring, so its owner kindly took off his coat and put it on the pig to prevent an attack of pneumonia. While walking to the house in his shirt sleeves he contracted the illness that now confines him to his kitchen.

Brother Duperier will hold a revival and prayer meeting at the home of Brother Yockey on the Bertram road next Monday evening.

Bill McKinley of Canton, Ohio, is visiting with Bill Fehr. "Mac" thinks the country is very nice around here, and talks of buying a farm and settling down to business. There is no money in living in Washington