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A Day Dreamer's Query.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

HOW many shall I name the days
I've lost in idle dreaming;
How give account for ill-spent years
Now gone beyond redeeming?

What answer shall I make for all
The precious time I'm losing,—
These golden hours that hold for me
No task but worthless musing?

'Tis true some dreamers never die,
But live in cherished memory,
Yet these were men whose dreams have made
The world's great wealth of poetry.

But I, when longing I look back,
My life was nought but seeming;
I've lived; yes lived—and that is all;
My days were idle dreaming.

Art Schools.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A DREAM of many years seems likely to be fulfilled—no less than the establishing and successful carrying on of art schools in our Catholic educational institutions; and by an art school we mean not a mere "art department," where drawing and painting are taught irrespective of method or the development of the pupil's capacity, merely as a recreation, like embroidery, to result in certain ornamentations of walls or table furnishings, which require copying only. These so-called "art departments" have been the disgrace of our convent and monastic schools, eliciting at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 comments anything than complimentary, and this alongside of a literary and scientific excellence which was truly admirable. Although we

could have counted on the thumb and fingers of one hand those institutions which sent genuine work, either in mechanical drawing or artistic drawing, in charcoal, pen and ink, elementary studies, water or oil painting, yet these few were carefully noted by the examiners and loudly praised; while the rods, we may say miles, of copies in oil and water colors and crayon were passed over with a courteous silence which was astonishing under the circumstances. Some of the schools sent mixed contributions; *i. e.*, some work from life or nature and many copies, thus throwing discredit upon even their genuine work. "If they could do so well from nature, why not stick to it?" every one said.

It has remained for some notable institution to set an example which would show the possibility of a thorough art education in our Catholic academies and colleges; whereas it has always seemed to us that these academies and colleges were the very places which would naturally, almost of themselves, become centers of education. Why they have not been so we leave to others to answer. We are more interested in successes than failures, and are now ready to record the work actually accomplished in two institutions which may be called twins, inasmuch as they were founded and for many years presided over by one hand, head and heart. We must be allowed to go back fully thirty years to the time when Mother Angela called us to Saint Mary's to teach some of her novices and to overlook the academy classes two days each week, as there was a gap caused, if we remember, by the death of an art Sister. This was before the fire of 1871. The summer after the fire we spent part of our vacation at Saint Mary's at which time Mother Angela announced that the old methods were to be given up and the art department placed upon the foundation of artistic methods. The following winter found us in full possession of her novices, the

academy being under the direction of the Sisters. Of our novices we may say never have we had, never do we expect to have, such pupils. There was not the deviation of a line from the prescribed course of study, any more than in the class of Latin grammar or of mathematics, and the capacity of these novices responded in a way to show not only how favorable were their surroundings, but how stimulating. All the motives which had ever kindled the slumbering genius of any religious painter was at hand, but certain conditions were needed which time alone could supply.

From that time not only were the fundamental principles of art studied at St. Mary's, but they were carried far and wide, wherever the Order of the Holy Cross had academic or parochial schools. The four years we spent at Saint Mary's, devoted to the art education of her novices, were years of untold consolation artistically, as well as spiritually, and our frequent visits have assured us that while there might be an ebb and flow of the stream, the fountain head was active, and the experience gained by the Sisters in the course of their teaching, as well as their acquaintance with pictures in the different cities to which they were called, would tell, in time, upon the capacity of the religious to carry on a true "art school."

Meanwhile Notre Dame was building her church, and the windows were in themselves an education, when Signor Gregori was literally "imported" from Rome and domiciled in the university buildings of Notre Dame. He came, bringing with him the piety of a born Italian, as well as the artistic inheritance of his country, the sense of harmonious coloring, the charm of groupings caught from familiarity with all the best of Italy's masterpieces. This was one of Father Sorin's strokes of grand intelligence, those "shots from the long bow" which have told so magnificently upon the progress of his Congregation. The walls of the new church, the ceiling, blossomed into untold beauty under the hands of Signor Gregori. The unique altars and sanctuary lamp came also; all these marvels of artistic and symbolical art harmonizing with the Gothic arches and transepts, giving to the eyes, as one enters the middle portal, a succession of glorious conceptions such as might delight any one familiar with the triumphs of art in the basilicas of the old world; so that when Father-General Edward Sorin lay on his bier, it was as if he had been laid in the mausoleum of an emperor rather

than in the monastic church of an order which had come to American shores only shortly beyond fifty years before. All this could not but kindle the imaginations of those who came within the radius of such achievements.

Meanwhile St. Mary's had erected a church—not Gothic, but of a Romanesque architecture, reminding one of the beautiful Church of St. Agnes on the Piazza Navona in Rome, and by the time the walls were ready her windows were ready also—glorious exponents of the sacred history of Jesus and Mary. Attached as it really is to the facsimile of the holy house of Loretto, from plans brought by Father Gillespie and erected at the cost of his own and Mother Angela's mother, Mrs. Phelan, the scene of the Annunciation makes the altarpiece, and from this radiate the details of the succeeding story. A Sister of the Holy Cross executed, almost to the last one, the Stations of the Cross before her early and deeply lamented death, and thus the convent church at Saint Mary's became another inspiration to Sisters and pupils. And still, meanwhile, the studio had become plural instead of singular, one room leading into another. The treasures collected by Mother Angela on every trip to Europe, especially the Arundel chromos, were framed and arranged as carefully as in any art institute in the land—engravings, lithographs, everything which would educate the eye in form or color, and the studios themselves were furnished with every appliance in the way of blocks, architectural forms, casts from the antique, even to the lay figure, needed for the proper study from still life, while from the windows stretched landscapes in all directions favorable to sketching, and flowers from field or grove or hothouse supplied floral studies.

Still the crowning point had not been reached; and this came only when Father Zahm began to send those beautiful reproductions from the old masters which we have referred to in a previous article. Two of these, "The Immaculate Conception" and "A Holy Family from Murillo," are in the sanctuary of the convent Church of Our Lady of Loretto; the others are disposed in different parts of the convent in a way to make the Sisters and pupils perfectly familiar with their transcendent beauties of composition and of colors; masterpieces which have influenced the civilization of the world from their first existence to the present day; and this, not only for painting, but sculptures of such artistic value as to inspire a true love for true and noble

forms; and all without violating one rule of monastic or conventual asceticism.

To say that the Sisters had been equipped by study and practice and experience in teaching to utilize such resources, is saying a great deal; but the pupils' work, as seen in their exhibition room, shows that their teachers are thus equipped, and it only remains for the pupils of Saint Mary's Academy and for their parents to appreciate these privileges to bring students from far and near to practise in this art school, which was one of Mother Angela's dreams as well as of our own. Teachers can not make great pupils; can not change rose-buds of fashion into angels of contemplation; but any girl at St. Mary's comes under influences which would make her another Margaret Van Eyck or Sabina von Steinbach or Sister Plautilla, if she has the capacity and the mind to become any one of these.

But what of Notre Dame? While artistic studies were encouraged, and while certain students under Signor Gregori gained what entitled them to go abroad for full culture, we can not say that the true foundations for an art school were laid there before Mr. Ackerman revised the course of study and brought in, not only a full course of mechanical and manual training exercises, all the drawing being from the actual objects, but architectural forms and the studies from the antique. Mr. Ackerman is from a family which has given artists of note to the world, while he is himself devoted to teaching and to teaching on those lines which made the studies of a Leonardo da Vinci and a Murillo, both of whom were masters of drawing without being merely anatomically correct; both had imaginations, and used their opportunities in original, not merely academic ways.

It was just at this point that a former student of Notre Dame, of Signor Gregori himself, was seen by Father Zahm in Paris, afterward in Rome, and it needed only the setting forth of his rare adaptability to the organizing of an art school to decide Father Morrissey, President of Notre Dame University, to recall him to Notre Dame as to his *Alma Mater*, and to so place him as to inaugurate, in its full sense, an art school which would be a glory not only to Notre Dame, but prove to us in these United States of America the possibility of making our Catholic educational establishments not only centers of science, of literature, of music, but of art. We shall give the briefest outline possible of this artist, placed so con-

spicuously before American Catholics and of such of the American public as are interested in education in its highest sense.

Jobson Emilien Paradis was born at St. John's, Ontario, Canada, of French-Canadian parents. He began his classical studies at Ottawa College; studied six months at the Ottawa Art School, came to Notre Dame to study under Signor Gregori, completed his classical course at Notre Dame, and worked two years with Signor Gregori; then went to Paris, passed the examination, was admitted as a student at the "Ecole Nationale des Beaux Art"; studied four years in Gerome's life class, receiving criticism at the same time from Bouguereau, Bonnat and Moreau. He followed the very superior courses given at the school on perspective, anatomy, archæology, esthetics, history of art, literature, by the most competent and eminent men in France. The summer of 1894 was spent in Normandy, where he made studies of the sea and of mariners, and became so fond of nature and of life movement that on returning to Paris he found the school uninteresting and exclusive; in fact, narrow, with its uninteresting studies from the nude model. He became anxious to produce original work, and exhibited that same year nine drawings and sketches at the *salon* (Champ de Mars). At this time he received the degree of A. M. from Notre Dame University, after which he had the exceptional opportunity of associating with recognized artists, "and got," as he expresses it, "more good out of these associations than out of all the severe and vapid criticisms of the masters." Subsequent years he exhibited studies of animals, landscapes and street scenes; also some illustrations for Edgar Poe's stories. He studied animals at the Jardin des Plantes (zoölogical gardens) under Fremict, and sketched a great deal in the streets of Paris, so full of life and character. He, moreover, made frequent visits to the Louvre, made copies of Raphael, Murillo, Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Delacroix and others; travelled through Belgium, studied Flemish painters at home, saw galleries at Brussels, Antwerp, Gand, Bruges; enjoying Rubens, who, with Delacroix of the French school, is the greatest painter, Mr. Paradis considers, of life and movement. He was next called to Rome for some copies of the Italian masters, and "was never so strongly impressed," he says, "as on entering the Sistine chapel, that colossal production of Michael Angelo." He returned to Paris, spent one year

there, painting portraits and decorations for a house in New York. After studying seven years abroad he came through London, making visits to the National gallery and the British Museum, to Notre Dame, with a strong wish in his heart that with his great love for art, the experience gained while abroad, and with the best models to be had (casts bought in Paris at the Ecole Nationale), to organize at Notre Dame a good and thorough school of drawing and painting; and who will say that Mr. Paradis does not come fully equipped for his work? Who will say that Notre Dame University, with all that it already possesses, will not give a local habitation and all the surroundings and incentives for a true school of art, Christian art, under so trained a master, his own soul steeped in the traditions of piety, his own imagination fed at the fountains from which have drunk, generation after generation, age after age, those who have made art not only the handmaid of religion, but one of its deepest inspirations?

In fact, when we put all the environments of Saint Mary's and Notre Dame before our mind's eye, we say with a premeditated assurance, that to no art institute or academy can we look so surely as to these twin institutions for the highest results of piety and of technique, or to results so satisfactory to those who regard art as one of the noblest factors of a Christian civilization.—*The New World*.

Bread upon the Waters.

JOHN WESTMORLAND, '01.

"Yes, it is a fine old place, and I am very much attached to it."

The speaker was Col. Peterson, a Virginia gentleman of the old school, and the words were in reply to a remark, concerning the Colonel's home, that was volunteered by a young man who had been the Colonel's guest at dinner, and who now was enjoying with his host an evening smoke before the large open fire.

"My getting the place was the result of a curious chain of events," mused the Colonel, as he slowly puffed his cigar. "My uncle, Major Peterson, was the oldest of his family, and he inherited the place from my grandfather, Captain Peterson, who had served in the Continental Army and who built the house at the close of the Revolution.

"My father and mother died when I was

a boy, and I always made my home with my uncle, the Major. He had a son, George Washington Peterson, a big, strapping fellow, and one of the meanest rascals that ever lived. Washington and his father never got along very well, and finally, about a year after I came here, their difficulties reached a crisis. The boy forged his father's check for a pretty heavy amount. They had a fierce quarrel right here in this room. Washington, I believe, during the dispute, actually struck his father, and it ended in my uncle cursing him and ordering a nigger to put him off the place.

"The next day my uncle rode to town, and that night, after he returned, he called me into his library and showed me a paper, saying that it was his will, which he had made that day, and that he had left the place to me. He said that from then on I must feel that I was his son. Well, from that day on I did feel that I was his son, and he seemed to feel that he was my father. We became deeply attached to each other. No word was ever heard of the disinherited, and the old man's life was very peaceful.

"When the war started I organized a company and went into a Virginia regiment. I heard often from my uncle while I was in the service, and I visited home several times. When Grant's campaign against Lee was well under way and I was on duty at an outstanding post, I received word that my uncle was in Richmond and very ill. The brigade commander gave me a five days' leave. I went to see my uncle and found him dying. He was worrying a great deal about his will. It seems that a short time before, when the Yankee soldiers began to override the country, he got a notion into his head to bury his valuable papers, and, putting them into a strong box, he buried them out there in the grounds. The only person with him was a slave woman we called Aunt Sarah, and consequently he and Aunt Sarah were the only persons that knew the hiding-place. The will was among the papers. My uncle had been taken ill suddenly, and in his hurried departure for Richmond he had neglected to dig up the papers and bring them with him. By the time I saw him his mind was too far gone to remember the exact spot where the papers were buried. But I eased him by telling him that Aunt Sarah would remember. So he cautioned me, again and again, to find her and secure the will so as to prevent his blackguard of a son from getting the place. That night he died.

"When the war was over I returned here and looked everywhere for Aunt Sarah. She had disappeared; gone North, the other slaves said. Before I had time to look far for her my uncle's son came on the scene. He was a middle-aged, drunken lout who still was abusing his father's memory; and, as you may imagine, he was not very choice in his language to me. But he was his father's only child; the will could not be produced, even the witnesses to it could not be found. The law declared that Major Peterson had died intestate, and his son inherited the property.

"Washington did not stay long about here after the dispute was settled. I asked him to let me rent the place, but he replied that he would sooner burn it down than let me live in it. There was no one else to rent it, and it finally ended in his allowing some tenants that worked the farm to use the house.

"Well, sir, in '76 I went up to Philadelphia to see the Centennial. One day I started to go out to Bryn Mawr to see a friend that lived out there. I had to take a suburban train, and it was very crowded. At one of the first stations out of the city, a lady got aboard the train. She was followed by an old darky woman who was carrying a child. Some man gave his seat to the lady, but the poor old nurse stood patiently in the aisle, holding the child. She was near my seat, and I saw that she was old and her burden a heavy one. I was only going a short distance out, so I got up, and said:

"Aunty, you may have this seat?"

"The old woman was very deeply touched by my kindness, and as she finally, deprecatingly, took the seat, she remarked:

"Yo mus had a culled mammy raise yo, sur, yo so polite."

"Yes, Aunty," I answered, "I did have a colored mammy, and what's more she looked very much like you."

"A sudden light came over her face, and she fairly shrieked out:

"De Lawd be blest if it ain't Marse Charles!"

"Well, it was 'Marse Charles,' and it was Aunt Sarah. When I came home from Philadelphia, Aunt Sarah came with me, and before long the title to the old place was in my name.

"I had followed the scriptural instruction that day, and with profit. I threw my bread upon the waters, and it came back to me.

"Yes, it does sound like a romance, but that is the way it worked out. Have another cigar, Mr. Brownson."

Sleep.

FRANK F. DUKETTE.

"Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;—
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at ev'n he sets?"

At the close of an eventful day, after the confusion of its many duties, night comes and is appreciated. The refreshed mental vigor of the morning has lost much of its cunning by noon; it gradually follows the sun's course, and with his setting requires rest. Fatigue is inevitable where force has been expended; weariness unavoidable, though it be but the result of continued idleness. The power of the platform has been nursed in sleep, and the eloquent speaker that rules the assembly reaches his conclusion, dismisses the audience, and soon loses himself in slumber. The laughing baby has had his nap; the crying baby is in need of one. From birth until death one-third of man's time is passed in this unconscious state; for man is a creature whose early life is beset with milk-bottles and forced naps, and whose later life is a prolonged struggle to ensnare those naps that were the afflictions of childhood.

Instances may be found where persons have subsisted for a considerable time without food, but none where they lived long without rest. Men have died from the lack of sleep, though madly imploring it while on the bed of a king. Sleep lingers about that time a day when the landscape fades on the sight; when the air is hushed and the weak-eyed bat circles his flight. It is a staunch hut that protects from chill, blistering winds and driving rain; or those

"Soothing groves, gilt lawn between,
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen."

Macbeth murdered sleep, and sleep in turn wrought Macbeth's murder. The absence of the death of each day's life is the presence of the long night that has no dawn. Sleep has been described as the wealth of the poor man, an indifferent judge between the high and low, the prisoner's release, sore labor's bath, and the balm of hurt minds. There are two gates of sleep, says Virgil, of horn the one, by which true dreams go forth; of ivory the other, by which the false.

Though invincible in the strength of morning the weary body craves the night with its

chamber deaf to noise and its sweet bed with smooth pillows dressed. Before consciousness is lost and the film of dreamland covers the eyes, a state of partial sensibility is experienced, likened to a flock of sheep that leisurely pass by one after one; the sound of rain and bees murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas; smooth fields, white sheets of water and the pure sky.

Extremely cultured minds are often nervous and irritable, hence it is that the poets have so frequently and beautifully written of sleep. What a blessing that "death's counterfeit" by its absence taught them its worth. In one of his most pleasing poems, Keats links sleep with poetry, and nothing but his life-devotion to the latter made him speak more ardently of poetry than sleep. He asks:

"What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
More tranquil, than a musk-rose blowing
In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
More secret than a nest of nightingales?
More full of vision than a high romance?"

And answers with this apostrophe:

"Sleep, soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows.
Wreaths of poppy buds and weeping willows!
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
Most happy listener!"

Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar's knowledge of human nature was faultless when he desired fat men about him—

"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

Again Shakspeare is at his best when he says:

"Where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there sleep doth reign."

Insomnia was very prevalent back in the merry times of Chaucer. Occasionally some slight indisposition appeared to disturb the poet's slumber. Maybe it was his luxurious board as squire of Edward III., or as commissioner to Italy. No son of a vintner, however, should have found fault so long as he could "Sleep day out of countenance and make the night light."

Still England's first poet complained:

"As I lay in bed sleep full unmete
Was unto me, but why that I'n might
Rest I ne wist, for there'n as earthly wight,
(As I suppose) had more of heartis ese,
Than I, for I'n ad sickness nor disease."

More than a few modern poets have carried extensive accounts with insolvent sleep, if

"Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe."

Love's adaptation as a favorite theme for

poetic effusion is closely seconded by numerous tributes to sleep. Many of these offerings are complimentary and not a few decidedly unflattering. Though Shakspeare writes:

".... Sleep doth kill those pretty eyes
And give a soft attachment to thy senses
As an infant's, empty of all thought."

Patrick Proctor Alexander in the following appears greatly in need of that prescription:

"Come to me now! O come! benigntest sleep!
And fold me up, as evening doth a flower,
From my vain self, and vain things which have power
Upon my soul to make me smile or weep,
And when thou comest, O like death, be deep!
No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,
More than may come to him that in his grave
Is heedless of the night winds how they weep."

It is in youth that boyish fancies are calmed to sleep by the gurgling eaves, and security is felt in the unbroken sound made by mother's rocking-chair. That time when most frightful and indescribable shapes flit about the bed, and ample protection is found under the covers so fondly tucked by a parent's hand. The age when a boy, though timid and with head covered, is sure to pass on unharmed to dreamless slumber. Again, it is the time of life when days seems ages and sleepy eyes are nightly closed by song. Little wonder then that the lullabies of childhood are deeply fixed on the impressionable mind of youth. For fears of the *black* night were at once dispelled by the sound of mother's voice. When she sang how *brave* one felt. It is her spirit that whispers:—

"So sweet is rest when the day grows late,
But ah! not best;
Better thy drowsy head's dear weight
Upon my breast.
Shadows that pass are the long day's charms.
How should I weep
When at evening-tide in my own glad arms
Thou liest asleep?"

Surely the state of sleep is not exaggerated. The unpoetical mind finds little trouble in sleeping whenever he will, but his more metrical brother vainly craves that balm only to be found in those vast cool cisterns of midnight air. Is it any wonder a new poem results? Sleep is a matter of untroubled mind and sinless heart. It is insured by a certain weariness and a good conscience, not by excessive fatigue. All the sweet drowsy syrups in the world can not medicine sleep to the guilty soul. Nor, in this prosaic life of ours, is rest *always* found,—

"Where cloudlets slowly creep,
And sobbing winds forget to grieve,
And quiet waters gently heave
As if they rocked the ship to sleep".

Varsity Verse.

RONDELETTES.

I.

IN two score years from now
Who knows where all of us will be?
In two score years from now
The strongest form may have to bow.
Like autumn leaves life's joys will flee
Before the blasts of eternity,
In two score years from now.

II.

What matters it, indeed,
How long life's flame yet light our eyes?
What matters it, indeed,
If soon or late from toil we're freed?
The fairest flower often dies
When first its fragrant scents arise.
What matters it, indeed?

J. A. N.

THE HONEY BEE.

Soon we'll hear the humming bee
Softly as he flies
In among the roses, seeking
For his golden prize.
Soon we'll see him flying hiveward
With his treasured gain,
Then he'll store it and return
To the flowered lane.

How he works and hums all day,
With what care he takes
Honey from the souls of flowers—
For my buckwheat cakes.

W. H. T.

POETRY ELEVATES.

The night was dreary, starless, cold,
And weary was my soul;
I sat and read some songs of old
To calm my weary soul.

I read and read with keenest joy,
Yet weary was my soul,
But still I read, just as a boy
Who knows not of his soul.

When I was done, 'twas midnight time,
Then happy was my soul;
For spirit dwells in thoughtful rime
And happy makes the soul.

M. A. S.

THE CLOCK.

Talking, talking all the day,
With a never-ending clatter;
Yet you know not what you say,
Talking, talking all the day.
You're a woman in your way.
Will you ever cease your chatter?
Talking, talking all the day
With a never-ending clatter.

P. E. F.

A CATASTROPHE.

Our Willie studied chemistry;
He'll study it no more.
What Willie took for H_2O
Was $H_2 SO_4$

W. H. T.

Evolution in the Atmosphere.

J. W. FORBING, PH. C. (B. S., 1900).

N. R. GIBSON, PH. G. (1900).

The large amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere of the Carboniferous Age would permit, as research and experiment have shown, of only the lowest forms of life. Plant life, on the contrary, owing to this condition of the atmosphere, and the temperature and fertility of the soil, was rendered more luxuriant and productive. Geology and chemistry tell us that through the decomposition of this vegetable matter were formed the immense bogs of peat which eventually produced the so-called coal deposits of to-day.

It is a familiar fact that plant life was a great factor in purifying the primitive atmosphere. This purification was brought about by the extraction and decomposition of the atmospheric carbonic acid gas, the released carbon atoms forming the beautiful and complex flora, the character of which is disclosed by their fossil remains imbedded in the primeval strata of the globe.

As the carbon atoms were extracted to become the principal constituent of plants, so were those of oxygen liberated to become the active ingredient of the atmosphere. By this process the atmosphere was rendered suitable for the higher forms of life which were to follow.

As carbon dioxide was necessary for the formation or growth of plant life, so was oxygen of the utmost importance for the maintenance of animal life. The animal, by means of its breathing organs, the lungs, inhales the atmospheric oxygen, which enters into combination with the waste carbon of the body, and again forms carbon dioxide. Hence, it is the function of animal life as an oxidizing process, and of plant life as a reducing process, to keep up a continuous cycle of atmospheric regeneration.

Now as coal (a compound the greatest percentage of which is carbon) is the result of the extraction of carbon dioxide from the air through the operation of plant life, and contains the carbon of the primitive atmosphere, it represents, therefore, approximately, the amount of that gas in the atmosphere previous to the Carboniferous Age. From Le Conte's calculations on the present amount of coal on the earth, we deduce the following formula for the composition by weight of the

atmosphere previous to the coal formation (assuming nitrogen to have remained constant).

Nitrogen.....77 per cent

Oxygen.....22 per cent

Carbon Dioxide.....1 per cent

An atmosphere of the above percentage would represent a pressure of 14.82 lbs., differing .12 lbs. to the square inch from the present pressure, and equalling, approximately, 48,000,000,000,000 tons of carbon dioxide to 1,342,000,000,000,000 tons of oxygen. Whether or not animal life could maintain itself for an indefinite period in an atmosphere of the above percentage of carbon dioxide, is a question. According to Berzelius, ordinary air containing $\frac{1}{20}$ of its volume of carbon dioxide can be breathed without producing any serious effects; yet from Mr. Angus Smith's later experiments it appears that when air contains only 0.2 per cent of this gas its effect on lowering the action of the pulse is rendered evident if the respiration be continued for about one hour.

In comparatively but few years coal, owing to the ever-increasing consumption, will have been exhausted; in other words, converted into carbon dioxide. Now the question presents itself, will the present vegetable kingdom absorb the enormous surplus of this gas; will the so-called cycle of atmospheric regeneration still continue unaltered? Our calculated amount of carbon dioxide, due to the burning of coal, represents but a small fraction, according to Lord Kelvin's figures, of the total amount of this gas which is continually being evolved through the combustion of such organic substances as peat, coal, wood and gas.

That vegetation is on the decrease is an undeniable fact. Civilization removes the forests. Farmers exhaust the land. Poor city government permits the waste of many by-products which would serve as excellent fertilizing compounds, and thus economically restore the plant ingredients again to the soil.

With the decrease of plant life and the increase of animal life, the cycle of atmospheric regeneration becomes an impossibility. Instead of our present oxygenated atmosphere we will have substituted an atmosphere of carbon dioxide. According to the evolution theory, this displacement of oxygen would bring about a complete change in the organization of the animal. In place of lungs for breathing oxygen, we would have to supply ourselves with organs which could, in some way, decompose the carbon dioxide, or we would have to change to some highly organ-

ized form of plant. The prospect of either alternative not being very pleasant, man must look for some means of preserving his bodily identity. Engineers realize that the present sources of energy, due to combustion, are not without limit, and are seeking for new sources of power. Chemists should speculate on the possibility of manufacturing an atmosphere. With improved electrical appliances, sand (silicon dioxide) might be used as a source of oxygen. Improved apparatus and new compounds might be substituted for plant life as a factor of atmospheric purification.

As another alternative, we might discontinue the burning of carbon compounds, and have recourse to other sources for energy. President Lee Mees, of the Rose Polytechnic Institute says, that "power can be obtained from water, wind, and perhaps from solar radiant energy. The energy in the Niagara Falls amounts to nearly 3,000,000 horsepower. The energy of the tides might be directed to the use of man."

The Parlor Match.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

He looked strangely out of place in that luxurious Pullman car; he surely ought to be riding second-class. The conductor was on the point of telling him so, but his ticket showed that he had paid for his privilege.

He was old and weather-beaten; his tattered Stetson hat appeared as though it had withstood the rains and winds of many seasons. The coat bore like evidences of long service. The faded blue of his overalls was in harmony with the plush on the seats. Evidently a miner on his way East to enjoy the returns of many years of hardship. So thought two well-dressed, talkative drummers. When the news agent came through the car on his tour of robbery, the old man bought a cigar, and in payment tendered a bill of a large denomination. After a somewhat lengthy inspection of his cigar, the old man retired to the smoking compartment in the rear of the car.

The two commercial travellers, alert for fun and material for stories, followed him. The railroad furnishes matches to those that wish to smoke. To prevent the matches from being scratched on the woodwork, they are so made that they can only be lighted by scratching them on the box.

When the commercial travellers entered the smoking room they found the old man vainly endeavoring to light one of these matches in the time-honored way, *i. e.*, on his overalls. Here was good fun. For a time both were silent, but there was a look of supreme enjoyment on their faces. Neither dared look at the other for fear of bursting into laughter. Finally, one of them could stand the strain no longer.

"I say, Pardner, you can't light those kind of matches that way."

"Pardner" took no notice of the information, but continued doggedly to scratch away, in a very lively manner, only stopping when the match broke or when the head was entirely worn away. At the rate he was going it was very evident that he would have to wear an overcoat to be at all presentable.

By this time there were several persons in the smoking compartment, each enjoying the old man's exhibition.

"That's a new kind of a match they've gotten out. You won't light it that way in a thousand years. You've got to scratch it on the box."

The old man laid his cigar on the window-sill and carefully placed a broken match beside it.

"Young man, I was lighting matches when your mother was bragging about your first tooth. I've been lighting them ever since. I've lit them on the Black Hills; I've lit them on Pike's Peak; I've lit them in Lower California, and I think I know how it is done."

"That's all right, old man, you may have lighted matches in Kamchatka, for all I know; but I'll put up one hundred dollars that you can't light that match that way in a week."

The old man's obstinacy angered the travelling man, and \$100 is no small sum.

"I'm nigh on to sixty years, my friend, and I've never in my life overlooked a bet or took water from any man. Put up. The brakeman'll hold the money."

The money was soon in the brakeman's hands.

"Now young man, kindly hand me a match."

The old man took the match, gazed at it for a time as if calculating his chances. Putting the cigar in his mouth he drew the match along the leg of his overalls and calmly lit the cigar.

The travelling man gasped; the brakeman handed over the money, and the old man counted it, made it into a roll, and put it into his pocket. He had taken the precaution to sew a piece of emery paper to his overalls before setting out on his journey.

Books and Magazines.

—The *Literary Digest*, without question, is the best publication of its kind in America. Its title does not express the broadness of its scope, for it is much more than a literary digest. There are departments of Arts, Religion, Science, Education, Politics—indeed, all the important happenings of the day receive mention in the *Digest*, and its pages reflect the best thought of the world. We know of no other publication that of itself so well enables one to keep abreast with the thought of the times as does the *Digest*. Further, it is published weekly, and, consequently, its "happenings of the day" are not happenings of a month before.

—In *Harper's* March number there is an abundance of good verse. Arthur Springer's three stories in metre are some of the best verses we have seen in the latest issues of the magazines. Sarah Piatt's "Heart's-Ease over Henry Heine" is also very good. Of the stories, that of Sarah Barnwell Elliott, entitled "Without the Courts" is perhaps the best. Brander Matthew's article "On the Steps of the City Hall" does not strike me as being a story, but rather in the nature of a study. It is not so good as Mr. Matthews usually writes. The rest of the articles are varying in interest, but all instructive and pleasing.

—The *Ladies' Home Journal* is interesting to everyone, but to ladies it must be doubly so. Aside from its value as a literary magazine, it has an up-to-date and pleasing manner of keeping its readers in touch with all the latest styles of dress and fashion. The pages devoted to giving pictures of the "Prettiest Country Homes in America" are very good and will give one a fair idea of what styles of architecture find most favor with the upper classes of society. The page with photographs of fireplaces and mantels is also useful to show the taste of the fashionable people as exhibited in the arrangement and settings of furniture in their drawing-rooms. The editorial page is entirely taken up in paying a beautiful tribute to the late Mrs. Mallon who for more than ten years wrote for the *Journal*. Readers of that magazine will remember her as the author of the "Ruth Ashmore" articles, given in the form and nature of side-talks with girls. The tribute paid to Mrs. Mallon in no way exaggerates her great personal worth. Nor is there anything lacking therein.

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—Whatever may be the resolutions taken for the season of Lent by the students, it is certain that they will be very materially aided in keeping them, if the course of Lenten sermons continues to be so instructive and thorough as the first two were. Last week Rev. J. W. Clarke of St. Patrick's Church in South Bend, a man well known for his force and earnestness in pulpit oratory, opened the series with a sermon that was telling and impressive in many ways. He kept his listeners thoroughly engrossed in his subject, and delivered his words in such a manner as to produce lasting effects. Last Wednesday Father French mounted the pulpit, and of his sermon we need not speak.

—As we go to press, the world—at least the American world—of readers is rejoicing over the news that our most popular writer is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Mr. Rudyard Kipling may not be classed among the great authors; his works may not possess the intrinsic worth that will make them last for centuries or even for many years; yet it would be a severe loss to readers if he were to die now, when he may be said to be at his best. We have all read his tales of the

jungle, and in his stories we find characters, such as Private Mulvany, that are as unique and consistent in their acts and words, as perfect in creation as those of Dickens. The verse of Mr. Kipling is in a class by itself—a class, we may add, that finds much favor with the public. Smooth running, simple and commonplace in subject-matter, it reaches many persons that would be unable to appreciate poetry of a high grade. Mr. Kipling's latest works indicate that he is gaining rather than losing strength in his literary endeavors, and his readers live in hopes of receiving from him work cleverer and better than any he has hitherto accomplished. Small wonder is it then that thousands of persons whom, through the influence of his pen, he has made his friends, should be solicitous in watching for his recovery.

—In this edition, the SCHOLASTIC does itself the honor of reprinting from *The New World* Miss Starr's article on Art Schools. We feel highly complimented by the notice she has taken of our Art Department, since so great an art critic as Miss Starr is highly fitted to speak in an intelligent manner on artists and their work, and we know that persons familiar with her labors in the cause of art, will feel sure that she made a just and appreciative review of the work at Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

It is particularly gratifying to us to have her speak in praise of our Art School, since it is only in recent years, and through the efforts of our Reverend President incumbent, Father Morrissey, that this department has been put on the high footing that it now occupies. The more common class of persons may not realize what an amount of work it takes to build up and equip a studio with casts and models for doing good work in drawing and sketching. They forget, too, that it is no easy task to secure instructors capable of educating pupils along the right lines in order to insure success in their work. However, persons that have given this subject any deep study, and persons that are interested in the development of true art, will not fail to know what obstacles our President has had to confront in order to make the Art Department at Notre Dame what it is. Now that it is successful, and that it has received the approval and encouragement of Miss Starr, a lady thoroughly familiar with fine art, we have reason to expect even greater things than have been accomplished in the past.

The New Gymnasium at Notre Dame University.

The Faculty and students of Notre Dame University are united in the determination to bind the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of athletics together much as they were in the days when Pindar sang. Athletics is come to be a recognized department in the curricula of Notre Dame. To be sure, it is held subordinate to morals and the attainments of the mind, but its functions are positive,—insistent. In order to encourage physical culture and insure robust manhood, a gymnasium, original in its plan and modern in its equipment, was in building during the past year. The structure is completed, and the preparations that are being made for its fitting dedication are interesting not only to Catholic colleges, but to the great State Universities of the central West.

The formal dedication will take place March 11. The nature of the exercises will emphasize the position that Notre Dame will hold in the future concerning the relations of intellectual activity to physical culture. During the afternoon athletics contests, running, jumping, hurdling, pole vaulting and shot putting will obtain between the students of Notre Dame and students representing the Universities of Chicago, Michigan and Illinois. No student shall be allowed to enter the athletic contests unless his general average in class work is 75 per centum or above.

The building that is to be dedicated with these interesting and instructive ceremonies is unique among gymnasia. It is one of the largest college gymnasia in the United States that is devoted solely to athletics. The dimensions of the building are 110x225 feet. The intention of the designers, who are members of the athletic faculty of Notre Dame, was to plan a building suitable for all kinds of sports; to provide some form of athletics for every student. Among the games beneficial to and

engaged in by American college students are baseball, football, track athletics, basket-ball, bicycle riding, tennis, gymnastics and hand-ball. The Notre Dame gymnasium provides for the practice of all these. The building is properly in two sections, with a hand-ball alley adjacent to the track room. The first section is two stories high. The lower floor contains the office of the instructor in athletics, the office of the drill master, two large dressing rooms, a training room, six shower baths, bath tubs and lockers. The second story is a large room 40x100 feet. This room is fitted up with the most improved physical apparatus, furnished by A. G. Spalding and Company. The room is devoted entirely to gymnastics under the supervision of a competent physical director.

The remainder of the building is occupied by the track room. This room was ever the

important consideration in the building of the gymnasium. The room is 169 x 100 feet with walls 25-feet high. The roof is supported by semicircular iron trusses, ten in number, which rest upon the side walls. Light is admitted through



skylights of translucent glass. The floor of the room is dirt, clay and cinders. There are no posts or pillars in the room. A fine track, thirteen laps to a mile, is next the walls. This track has been carefully surveyed and graded; the curves are mathematically correct. Professional bicyclists, that have tried it, declare it to be unsurpassed by any indoor track in the country. A gallery with a seating capacity of 700 persons depends from the west wall. It is entered through passages leading from the physical culture room.

Adjacent to the eastern wall of the track room is the hand-ball alley. It is the only regulation college alley in the country. The walls are cement. A gallery with a capacity of 300 persons overlooks the alley. During the recreation hour of an afternoon everybody at Notre Dame goes to the gymnasium to exercise or to look on. In the physical culture room the director is conducting classes through

graded gymnastics; in the track room a regulation outdoor baseball diamond is laid out, and the candidates for positions on the '99 Varsity are at work; at the same time track and field athletics, such as jumping, running and vaulting are in progress, and at the east end a baseball batting cage 70x18 feet is suspended from girders. Hand-ball enthusiasts occupy the alley, and streams of spectators wander from one athletic event to another. It is safe to say that no other college gymnasium in the country presents such varied games during the recreation period as that at Notre Dame.

The athletic management is excellent. The faculty advisory board has jurisdiction in all matters pertaining to finances and the amateur standing of athletes. The President of the University is chairman of this board. The students' athletic association elects a committee, whose chairman is appointed by the President. This student committee elects the managers of the different teams, and requires to be informed at its weekly meetings of all negotiations that are undergoing with other institutions. At the head of all athletic instruction and coaching is the Instructor in Athletics, who is a member of the Faculty, and is directly responsible to the President of the University in all matters relating to the athletic department.

During the afternoon of March 11 students representing three of the great Western Universities will struggle for supremacy in eleven track and field events. These are: 40-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, 1 mile run, 40-yard high hurdles, pole vault, shot put, running broad jump, running high jump and mile relay race. Competing teams will be limited to ten men, to be entered in such manner as the respective captains may decide. There will be a first and second prize in each event.

The building of the Notre Dame gymnasium has roused a great deal of interest throughout the Middle West in matters pertaining to athletic supremacy of college students. The Faculty of Notre Dame realizes the important part that athletics plays in the college work of the future. March 11 will emphasize their position; but at the same time it will emphatically declare that scholarship is the fundamental condition of all participation in athletics, and that no student may represent Notre Dame in the lists unless he is fitted to represent her in the class-room.

A Demurrer to the Reply.

Mr. Westmorland is a good deal like a jack-rabbit—he is hard to corner. You think that you know just where he stands, but when you go after him he suddenly bobs up in a most unexpected place.

In his article on genius, Mr. Westmorland announced for his proposition that the older the world grows, the scarcer become the geniuses. When I controvert this statement, he answers that I did not read his article intelligently, that the point I selected to controvert really had nothing to do with the case, but that some other statement was the important proposition. When I suggest to him that half a dozen propositions, each contradicting the others, tend to make his position indefinite and illogical, he replies that entitling his article "Some Notions about Genius" gave him full license to be as contradictory and illogical as he pleased. Perhaps it did.

Mr. Westmorland says that the question he really asked was: "Why does not the world to-day produce a literary genius"? If this was all that he wished to know, then why on earth did he consume two columns talking about the utter lack, for the last two centuries, of all sorts of geniuses? If Mr. Westmorland knows what he is driving at he should endeavor to impart that knowledge to his readers.

The trouble with Mr. Westmorland seems to be that he has not fully determined just what proposition he wishes to prove. If he has decided on any position he has certainly failed signally in making that proposition clear. His original article was a muddle of uncertain and contradictory statements.

In view of this fact, it will be impossible for us ever to join issues. I therefore suggest that we cease this arguing at cross purposes, and bring this controversy to an end.

Before having done with my adversary I will say to him, frankly, that he has proven himself a very interesting young man. He, of course, has just reached that stage of adolescence when to him all the glories of the world seem of the past. He will hold like notions when he becomes very old and enters into second childhood. Between these two periods, however, there will come rational maturity. Then, I feel sure, Mr. Westmorland's notions about genius will be modified, and his ideas upon many subjects, doubtless, will be sensible and sound.

LAW '99.

Exchanges.

The exchange man of the Niagara *Index* expresses the fear that the "*Scholastic's* ex-man has *the la grippe*"—the italics are our own—and, incidentally, he asks us why our neighbor, the *Chimes*, has failed, for so long a time, to make its appearance in the *Index* "sanctum." He adds, referring to the *Chimes*: "Remind them of our fraternal anxiety." The *Chimes* may be pleased to know that it is missed by the *Index* man. But I am inclined to think that it will resent his assumption of fraternal anxiety. For, I am sure, neither the *Chimes* nor any of its editors would consent to be even a sister to a man that was guilty of such a combination as "*the la grippe*."

The Boston College *Stylus* and the Holy Cross *Purple* seem to have their press work done at the same establishment. Their appearance is strikingly similar. There is also marked similarity in their contents. Each of the two papers gives the leading place in nearly every issue to lengthy and very uninteresting "Reminiscences." These "Reminiscences" are illustrated by numerous half-tone engravings of alumni, and are interspersed with letters from the old boys, telling how Jim Dolan, or some one else, used to land in "jug," or some such undesirable place. Following the "Reminiscences" there usually is a poem, written upon the occasion of somebody doing something; then comes a learned article on the problems of life, or the reasons for studying the classics. As a rule, there is a second poem, about a storm at sea and a shipwrecked mariner. The sea, of course, turns out to be the sea of life, and the mariner some poor sinner. Turning from this heavy feast of reason, we ask for the wine and cigars, and are given some Society Notes.

Now, the preparation of magazines of this sort may require a good deal of labor; but to my mind it is misdirected labor. A college paper is supposed to be prepared by college men for college men. The papers in question are prepared by college men, but one would imagine, from the character of the work, that the readers whose tastes are consulted were a lot of Christian Temperance Association old ladies. In short, these papers are too staid and solemn. They lack live, modern spirit. Some light verse and a little fiction should be given a place in the *Stylus* and *Purple*.

Personal.

—Mrs. E. J. Quinlan of Chicago spent a day of last week at Notre Dame.

—Mr. James Coll, student, '89-'90, is a successful dentist in Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Gibson of Chicago was recently the guest of her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Charles Piquette, B. S., '98, is studying medicine at the University of Michigan.

—Mrs. Baackus of Toledo was the guest for the past week of her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Geo. C. Richardson of Leavenworth, Kansas, was a recent visitor at the University.

—Mrs. L. Rotchford of Chicago was at Notre Dame last week visiting her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Casper, of the Durand Casper Co. of Chicago, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of his sons.

—Mr. Joseph V. Sullivan, A. B., '97, is reporting for the Chicago Press Association, and is thoroughly enamored of his work.

—Mr. X. James Elitch of San José, California, was the guest last week of his brother, Mr. Charles Elitch of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. Gentle and the Misses Taylor of Benton Harbor, Mich., spent a day at Notre Dame, the guests of Mr. Frank Dukette.

—Rev. Charles S. Lane, Assistant Pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of South Bend, was a visitor at the University last week.

—Mrs. O'Donnell and her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Dee, of Chicago, were at the University last week. Mrs. Dee entered her son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Miss Cooney of Toledo has been a very welcome visitor at Notre Dame during the past week. She has been the guest of her uncle, the Rev. Father Cooney.

—Rev. S. Clement Burger, A. B., '91, who for several years has been assistant pastor of the Church at Lancaster, Pa., is now pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at New Oxford, Pa.

—Mr. E. Frank James, who was known as one of the finest tenor singers at Notre Dame, during the years of '94 and '95, is at present making a great hit as first tenor and director of the Rush Medical vocal quartette.

—Mr. Edward E. Brennan, Litt. B., '97, left the ranks of the volunteer army only to join the ranks of the Benedicts. He was married on February 9 to Miss Esther King Pickerill of Indianapolis—"To the brave belong the fair." Mr. Brennan, who, by the way, is the first '97 man to marry, has many friends at Notre Dame, and they all join with the SCHOLASTIC in sending him heartiest good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan will be at home at 430 Capitol Ave. North, Indianapolis.

Local Items.

—Dogma Examination Monday morning. Prepare well.

—HAYES.—“That fellow seems to think that because he drives the bakery wagon he is college bred.”

—The annual banquet of the boat club that was postponed last fall will be given next Thursday afternoon.

—ADMIRAL Sampson.—“Eggs are 60 cents a dozen.”

ADMIRAL Shley.—“I wonder if shells will go up.”

—After Baer had listened to Baldwin's voice vibrating melodiously about 2:30 p. m. the other day, he said: “That man is a howling success.”

—Since Sylvester has left us for a few days Scheubert is not so attentive to the picture above his heart. Constancy, old man, is a cardinal virtue.

—Students desiring to enter the Oratorical Contest should start to work at once, as they will be required to present copies of their orations on April 1.

—The biography of Mr. Treetops is not completed, so we will ask our readers to hold their breath for another week until we have this great work ready for them.

—Prof.—“Yes, they use electricity to ring all the bells around the College.”

Ralph (innocently).—“Professor, do they use electricity on the belles at St. Mary's?”

—Bro. Hugh received the additional circus seats Thursday morning. However, it is yet feared that there will not be seats enough for use in the gymnasium to accommodate visitors at the March meet.

—EGGEMAN.—“What do you think of that association of ideas?”

LEO BELGIUM.—“It comes in real useful during examinations, but it might as well have been called an interswopping of ideas.”

—Since his chauncies began to sprout with thorough Illinois vigor, Ahern is seriously thinking of becoming a utilitarian. Collars are a nuisance, he says. Now it is his intention to stretch a string from one chauncey to the other, and attach his tie to the string.

—The society of antiquarians are very desirous to receive all the curiosities which have seen service in the late war. Gibbons and Pim's rough-rider hats, Maloney's red tie and Brown's military coat would be very acceptable, if these gentlemen could be induced to part with them.

—The students all express their sympathy for Mr. John Meyers whose illness has necessitated his leaving school. Especially his fellow law brothers are sorry to lose a man

whose standing among them was indeed creditable. The SCHOLASTIC hopes that Mr. Meyers will recover health rapidly and be able to resume his studies at an early period.

—In Sorin Hall there dwells a man,
You know him well, if not you can
Inquire from the students there,
And they will introduce the fair
And smiling visaged Monahan.
He is a little stouter than
His whiskered friend; who, like the ram,
Have goateed chins to wave in air
In Sorin Hall.

—Very Rev. Father Provincial has enriched the Lemonnier Library with the following works: Storia della Litteratura Italiana, Tiraboschia, 16 vols.; Annali d'Italia, Muratori, 31 vols; Virgil, ———; Evolution, Le Conte; Gospel of Christianity, Davies; Santo Thomas de Aquino, Padre Valero; War and Peace, Abp. Ireland; Proceedings of the Fifth Annual Meeting of Liberal Congress of Religion, and several religious and scientific pamphlets.

—The programme for the opening meeting of the Oratorical class was very interesting, and commanded close attention. The class promises to be one of the most instructive in the college curriculum, if the students keep up their end. To have a person's name appear on the programme and then not be present is an insult to the society, and every member should be conspicuous in strongly disapproving of an absence unless a very worthy excuse is given.

—These few rimes were found in the notebook of an individual who had written 2000 lines:

“I take a ‘skive’
When our prefects sleep.
Where maidens thrive
I take this skive,
And there I strive
To be good and sweet,
Where I skive
While our prefects sleep.

“But when they wake
My ‘reck’ days cease,
With ire they quake
When they awake
And firmly break
My time and peace;
When they awake
My ‘reck’ days cease.”

—We would like to have our readers understand that when a person is mentioned in a ludicrous manner, or when any “roasting,” as the expression goes, is done in the local columns, it is never done through malice. So do not be too irritable when your doings are mentioned in these columns. Your name or reputation will never be impaired by anything that may be said through these means. Then for charity's sake do not misinterpret the remarks of our plodding reporters. They have their own troubles.

—As a result of the practice that is done by the students of the various departments, we may expect some interesting races when it

comes to a contest for prizes. The Varsity men will have their glory; there are others too. Thursday afternoon, when the Carroll Hall boys had the gymnasium to themselves, it was observed that Tom Murray and Joe Mulcare are quite speedy in the forty-yard dash. A close contest may be expected when these two and Joe Clyne toe the line together. There are others whom the SCHOLASTIC may think fit to mention in the near future.

—We are doomed to disappoint our readers again. We hoped to throw some light on the great question of the difference between "Battle axe" and "Piper Heidsic," and for that purpose had secured the services of a great genius known as Louis Tabac Weadock. Unfortunately, Mr. Weadock is at present suffering from a malady known as "Haven't a Bit," or "Just Out," as some men call it, and can not write for us this week. He informs us, moreover, that his acquaintance with "Piper" is so limited that he does not feel able to deal with that subject.

—It appears that all efforts to produce a college song are futile. The remark has been made that modesty is the only barrier keeping many from giving us the needed poetry. Be assured that any student wishing to submit the words can keep his name from this or other journals by informing the editor. And if perchance some one might think there was not enough credit attached to it, let him also speak to our affable editor, and he shall receive what is generally termed a "puff." At all events, let some one undertake the work. What will "Baldy" do if he has no new song to while away those beautiful spring afternoons?

—Preliminaries to decide who will be the men to represent Notre Dame in the Inter-collegiate debate with the University of Indianapolis, are being held now. At the first one last Wednesday night there was a large audience, and the men that took part in the debate showed by their speeches that they had been making earnest preparations. Judging from the frequency with which candidates for the team are seen in the library, it is safe to predict that the fight for the finals will be a hard one. There are twenty-eight men trying, and every one is determined to win or else make the man that beats him show conclusively that he has a better right to the place. We are surely going to have a strong team. Last Wednesday, Messrs. H. P. Barry, Brucker and Ahern were the successful men.

—Baseball practice is being carried on in a lively manner at present. Under the guidance of Powers the men are doing good work, and the prospects for a "crack" team are very gratifying. The spacious court in the new gym affords excellent facilities for in-door practice, and the men are almost as well off there as they would be on the out-door diamond. Powers will certainly do all he can to get the

boys in good shape before he is called to his summer work with the Louisville team, after he leaves, the team will be in condition to work by themselves. Manager Paul Ragan is arranging a good schedule, and no doubt if his efforts in getting games are successful the students may look forward to one of the best baseball seasons in Notre Dame's history.

—Local prophets who have anything to say regarding Notre Dame's future in athletics would do well to take note of the performances of the Minims. It would seem that there is excellent material among them for a fast track and field team; and, what is better still, the little fellows are making an effort to develop that material. One thing which is especially noteworthy is that they are trying to do things according to "form." Among those who have made a good showing so far are Walter Blanchfield, John Ervin, Oscar Fleischer, Wallace Hall, Grover Strong, Bryan Taylor and Robert Williams. Blanchfield does well for his age in short distance running and in the broad jump. Taylor has attracted the attention of the larger boys by his correct way of doing the hurdles and by his neat, easy vaulting. Williams, besides being a fast sprinter, is good in the high jump. We shall keep track of the Minims, and from time to time tell what they are doing in athletics.

—The games on March 11, will eclipse all other athletic carnivals held at Notre Dame this year. The Universities of Illinois and Chicago will match strength with Notre Dame, and each team will endeavor to hang a new banner in its trophy room. We will not be presumptuous and say Notre Dame will come out first, but we may feel positive that we will follow as a close second. No doubt, there are many among us that have high hopes of our pinning the banner among our own collection, but we leave this to our energetic athletes who will decide the question one week hence. We can rely on them. They will do their best to bring the victory into our own hands. The students in general have a corresponding duty to perform, and that duty consists in lending your college spirit, your highest enthusiasm entirely to the events. There should be no time during the course of the meeting when the interest may wane. It is very encouraging to the contestants to hear the cheers and yells of anxious friends spurring them on to victory; so we hope that every student will contribute his share to making the meet a grand success.

—WEATHER REPORT.—The chairman of the Weather Bureau announces the following idiosyncrasies for the coming week:

SUNDAY.—Pretty cold wave from the exterior.

MONDAY.—Pretty colder wave from the South.

TUESDAY.—No more signs of snow than yesterday.

WEDNESDAY.—A brand new wind-storm cut

on the bias; will be decorated in soft snow *a la iceberg* with trimmings of frosted hail-stones.

THURSDAY.—A cross between a blizzard and a sou'wester. Everybody drinking ice-water—after.

FRIDAY.—Fair. A warm wave will extend nearly to St. Louis, and that's as far as good weather is supposed to go.

SATURDAY.—Promises fair for Sunday-school picnics in the United States and Canada. A whirlpool in the Missouri Valley threatens to wash off lightning-rods. Farmers are notified to pin tissue-paper on all windows facing the East, as a terrific wind may be expected from that direction if Congress gets to work this week.

—New copies of the following works have lately been secured for the Lemonnier Library: Impressions of Russia, Brandes; Ave Roma Immortalis, 2 volumes, Crawford; Scrapbook of French Revolution, Latimer; History for Ready Reference in 5 vols., Larned; 2 vols. of John L. Stoddard's Lectures; Pastels in Prose, Merrill; Literary Studies, 3 volumes, Bajehot; Dante's Divine Comedy, Carlyle; Aristotle's Treatise on Rhetoric, Buckley; Morley's English Men of Letters Series; John Dryden, Saintsbury; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Trail; Edward Gibbon, Morrison; Thomas Carlyle, Nicholl; Francis Bacon, Church; John Milton, Pattison; Richard Bently, Jebb; Sir Walter Scott, Hutton; Thomas B. Macaulay, Morrison; Jonathan Swift, Stephen; Daniel Defoe, Minto; Charles Dickens, Ward; Henry Fielding, Dobson; Geoffrey Chaucer, Ward; Joseph Addison, Courthope; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Oliphant; Percy Bysshe Shelley, Symonds; Alexander Pope, Stephen; Thomas Gray, Gosse; Nathaniel Hawthorne, James; John Lock, Fowler; William Cowper, Smith; Sir Philip Sydney, Symonds; David Hume, Huxley; William Wordsworth, Myers; John Bunyan, Froude; Edmond Spenser, Church; William M. Thackeray, Trollope; Laurence Sterne, Trail; Walter Savage Landor, Colvin; Charles Lamb, Ainger; Lord Byron, Nicholl; Oliver Goldsmith, Black; John Keats, Colvin; Robert Southey, Dowden; Thomas De Quincy, Mason; Samuel Johnson, Stephen; Edmund Burke, Morley; Robert Burns, Shairp; Thiers, De Rémusat; Thoughts of Novalis, Hope; Montesquieu, Sorel; Turgot, Say; Madame de Sévigné, Boissier; Madame de Staël, Sorel; George Sand, Caro; Bernardin de St. Pierre, Barine; Victor Cousin, Simon; Lucian's Dialogues, Williams; French Dramatists of the 19th Century, Mathews; Virginibus Puerisque, Stevenson; Memoires and Portraits, Stevenson; Eminent Authors of the 19th Century, Brandes; William Shakspeare, 2 vols., Brandes; Sonnets of Milton, Pattison; Sonnets of Shakspeare, Dowden; Scott's Poems, Chambers; Poetical Works of Bryant; Light of Asia, Arnold; Come-

dies of Goldoni, Zimmern; Personal Sketches of Recent Authors, Griswold; Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, Skeat; Wisdom and Destiny, Marterlinck; Modern Italian Poets Howells; Philosophy of Literature, Brother Azarias; Talks with Mr. Gladstone, Tollemache.

THE PIE—A TRAGEDY.—BY SHELLEY'S ROCK.

SCENE:—Dining room; ringing of bell; shuffling of feet; medley of voices; licking of chops—various comments on the excellence of the pie.

Shaunessie (from the end of the table in a bassetto voice).—"Keep your eye on the chef, Tom. Look, he's close to the President's table. An entire lemon cream pie is left. I got a peep at it a moment ago. The cream is as thick as the foam along the seashore."

Delunne.—"Yes, I see it. He has taken it off the table,—the rep—! No, no, he's putting it into the stand. We'll charge on it, Marty, after he leaves the table."

Shaunessie.—"He's leaving the table. Now is our chance. There he goes over toward the window. My kingdom for the pie." (Electric lights go out. Light thunder; occasional flickering of gas lights. Nearly everybody has left the refectory except Hayes, Crumley, McNulty, Fitzwilliams and a few other conspirators who are located near the door, ready to give assistance if necessary.)

Hayes, 'the Black Prince' is keeping his eye on Delunne and Marty. "Can't somebody sneak up behind him and use an ax. Mac, you've got the largest stomach, do something for your share."

Fitz.—"I wish my leg wasn't sore."

Mac.—"Get out."

Shaunessie.—"Stand between me and the Black Prince, Tom."

Delunne.—"I am: Hurry up, old man—he's looking in this direction. Why in heavens don't you hurry up!"

Shaunessie (Reaching into the stand and rattling a few dishes).—"I've got her Tom, she's a peach."

Delunne (Under his breath).—"Stick her under your coat—quick—he's trying to head us off."

Delunne and Shaunessie strike out diagonally across the refectory. The Black Prince tries to head them off. Shaunessie stops at the end of a table and begins to examine a glass. The conspirators close in. Mac holds the door open. There is a rubbing and bustling; the Black Prince is conquered. Shaunessie starts off at a bee line for the door, the conspirators close behind. The door is passed—His Highness is chagrined.

Conspirators in a chorus.—"The pie, Marty, the pie!" (Marty opens his coat; his vest is covered with lemon and cream—in disgust he drops the pie onto the floor. All in strong disgust).—"You ought to be hanged."