

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•  
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## Lost Spring.

ANTHONY BROGAN, '01.

WHERE thou wert my winsome love  
There nature's pulse beats lightest,  
And softest cooed the meek ring-dove,  
And summer's sun shone brightest.  
There spring first came with daffodils  
To dress the meadows and the hills,  
And autumn lingering loved to dwell  
Till purple clad were wood and dell.

That country lane where oft we've strayed,  
That grass-grown strip of nature's plaid,  
Before my gaze now stretches fair  
As when with you I rambled there.  
The perfumed hawthorns blossom white,  
Still bloom the pink and heart's-delight;  
Bright daisies from the dull sod creep,  
Or half-hid blue-bells shyly peep.

Thy soft hand clasped in mine I miss,  
The good-bye touch, the parting kiss,  
And, love, it breaks my heart when I  
Think in the dull cold clay you lie!  
All nature joys, though I would weep,  
Since closed your eyes in lasting sleep,  
I bless the hastening hand of doom  
That draws me closer to your tomb.

## The Microscope.

WILLIAM P. GRADY, '99.

WHAT eyes would be to the man that is born blind, the microscope is to the man who sees only with his naked eye. It may be called an additional means by which man is brought into closer communion with the smallest organisms. Through its means there is revealed to us the detailed structure of beings whose existence was entirely unheard of before its invention. The

microscope had its beginning before glass came into use. It existed at first in a very simple form. It consisted of a convex lens of some transparent substance, and its use, according to Layard and other authorities, was known in 1500 B. C.

Aristophanes says that globules of glass were sold at the shops of the grocers of Athens, and he speaks of them as "burning spheres." Among the Greeks and the Romans it is tolerably certain that spectacles were in use as early as the thirteenth century before the Christian era; and since these spectacles had glasses of different convexities and consequently of different magnifying power, it is reasonable to suppose that smaller and more complex lenses were made and used in the examination of minute objects. In a passage from Seneca we read: "However small and obscure the writing may be, it appears larger and clearer when viewed through a globule of glass filled with water." Duteus is said to have seen in the museum of Portici, ancient lenses which had a focal length of only nine millimetres, and he is said to have possessed one of these lenses, but of a longer focus, which was extracted from the ruins of Herculaneum. At the meeting of the British Association, held at Belfast in the year 1852, Sir David Brewster showed a plate of rock-crystal worked into the form of a lens which had been recently found among the ruins of Nineveh.

The Dutch and the Italians claim the honor of the invention, but the name of the inventor is unknown. Probably the invention appeared of such slight importance that the men of established scientific reputation did not give it their attention; and an opinion of its merit not being established, the inventor's name was lost to succeeding ages. It is not difficult to fix the period when the microscope first began to be

generally known, for although we are ignorant of the name of the inventor, we are acquainted with the names of those who introduced it to the public.

The Jansens, Zacharias and his son, are said to have made microscopes before the year 1590. Cornelius Drebell brought one made by these men to England, but this instrument is supposed by many to have been a kind of microscopic telescope instead of microscope.

Fontana, in a work which he published in 1646, says that he had made microscopes in the year 1618. This may be true, without detracting from the merit of the Jansens; for even to-day many instances are known of more than one person having made the same invention almost simultaneously, without any communication from one to another. In 1685 Stelluti published a description of the parts of a bee, which he had examined with a microscope.

The history of the microscope has had periods of brilliancy in which it shone with unusual brightness, and was cultivated with extraordinary zeal; and these have been followed by intervals marked by no discovery—intervals in which the science seemed to decay, or at least to lie dormant till some favorable circumstance, as the discovery of a new object, or some new improvement in the instruments of observation, awakened the attention of the inquisitive and stimulated their researches; so that soon after the invention of the microscope, the field it presented to observation was cultivated by men of the highest rank in science, who enriched many branches of natural history by the discoveries made by its aid.

The single or simple microscope was invented and used long before the double or compound microscope. It was with an instrument of this kind that Antou van Leeuwenhoek, Swammerdam, Lyonet and Ellis made their most important discoveries, and by their efforts stimulated others to the same pursuit. The lenses of Van Leeuwenhoek were made by himself. They were double convex lenses of various sizes and curvatures. The lenses were fixed between metal plates, and provided with arrangements for holding the object and regulating its distance from the lens. It was with such an arrangement that Leeuwenhoek in 1677 discovered many of the larger *Animalculæ*, such as *Rotiferæ*, *Vorticellæ*, etc. In human histology, also, he made a study of nerve tissue and capillaries, which led to his discovery of the red blood corpuscles in 1673.

About the year 1665, small globules of glass

began to be occasionally applied to the single microscope instead of convex lenses, and with their aid an immense magnifying power was obtained. Both Hartsoeker and Hooke have been given the honor of this invention; but it seems we are really indebted to Hooke, who gave a thorough explanation of the process in a work published in 1656. The method is similar to that in use to-day with immersion lenses. From this it is evident that Hooke was the first to make use of the principle underlying immersion lenses.

The construction of the single microscope is so simple that it is susceptible of but little improvement, and has, therefore, sustained few alterations; and these have been chiefly confined to the mode of mounting it, or to additions in its apparatus.

Dr. Nathaniel Lieberkuhn of Berlin, about the year 1740, made the greatest improvement this instrument experienced. It consisted in placing a small lens in the centre of a highly polished concave speculum of silver, by means of which a strong light is reflected upon the upper surface of an object, the examination of which is made a matter of ease and pleasure. About the close of the seventeenth century spherical and chromatic aberration began to receive general consideration, and various methods were employed to correct these defects.

Sir Isaac Newton proposed to remove chromatic aberration—a defect common in poorly constructed lenses—by using monochromatic illumination, and declared that the construction of achromatic lenses was a physical impossibility. The incorrectness of this statement was demonstrated by Euler, a Swiss mathematician, who, in 1776, made an achromatic objective. An English optician, John Dolland, improved on Euler's lenses, and succeeded in making an achromatic objective for the telescope by combining a concave lens of flint glass with a convex lens of crown glass. Wollaston, about the year 1815, proposed the use of a doublet, consisting of two plano-convex lenses, which acted as one and gave a very clear field.

With these improvements the simple microscope was almost entirely used in scientific research till about the year 1800. Even as late as 1821 such eminent authorities as Wollaston of England and M. Biot of France declared their allegiance to the simple microscope, and expressed doubts about the possibility of ever perfecting the compound form.

It is quite generally believed that the first

compound microscope was made in 1590 by the Dutch optician, Zacharias Jansen, although the microscopes of Hooke, Divini and Bonani were the first to attract any attention. Jansen's production is said to have been an imposing affair, consisting of a copper tube six feet long, with lenses mounted on three brass dolphins, supported on a base of ebony. It was very imperfect, and for many years was kept on exhibition in London, no one dreaming that the compound microscope would ever be of any practical value.

Galileo in 1610 is credited with having constructed a compound microscope from a telescope which, he said, made a fly look as large as a hen. Fontana of Naples claims to have made the first compound microscope as early as 1592.

Dr. Hooke in his preface to "Micrographia," published in 1667, described his invention of the compound microscope as having three glasses—a small object-glass, a middle glass and a deep eye-glass. He used all the glasses when he wanted to take in a considerable part of an object at once, as by means of the middle glass a number of radiating pencils were conveyed to the eye which would otherwise have been lost; but when he wanted to examine with accuracy the small parts of any substance, he took out the middle glass and only made use of the eye and object lenses; "for," he writes, "the fewer the refractions are, the clearer and brighter the object appears."

The microscope used by Divini (1664) consisted of an object lens, a middle or field lens and a compound ocular of two plano-convex lenses with their convex surfaces in contact. The tube and ocular are said to have been very large.

In 1690 Bonani published a description of a microscope made by himself, which was supplied with a rack and pinion for adjustment of focus and a substage condenser for illumination,—evidently the first with these improvements.

Lieberkuhn's invention of the solar-microscope in 1738 created considerable interest. Its vast magnifying power and the grandeur with which it exhibited the minute organisms of nature increased the number of microscopic observers, who were further stimulated by Trembley's discovery of the polype.

In 1774, George Adams enlarged upon previous inventions, and his instrument was in use up to the time of the invention of the achromatic improvement in 1815 by Amici,

who subsequently gave so much time to the investigation of polarized light and to the adaptation of a polarizing apparatus to the microscope.

In 1812 Dr. Wollaston proposed a doublet in which the glasses were in contact, and he says, "with this doublet I have seen the finest striæ and serratures on the scales of the *Lepisma* and *Padura* and the scales on a gnat's wing."

In 1816 Trauenhofer, a celebrated optician of Munich, constructed object-glasses for the microscope of a single achromatic lens, in which the two glasses, although in juxtaposition, were not cemented. These glasses were very thick and of long focus.

Although improvements had taken place in the making of achromatic object-glasses since their first discovery by Euler in 1776, we find even at so late a period as 1821, M. Biot writing that "opticians regarded as impossible the construction of a good achromatic microscope." Dr. Wollaston also was of the opinion that "the compound instrument would never rival the simple."

It was a very imperfect instrument, and even up to the present century the simple microscope, as employed by Leeuwenhoek and improved by Wollaston and others, possessed some advantages over its more complex but imperfect rival. But in 1823, in France, we find Selliques, Chevalier and others improving on the achromatic lenses, and in 1824 object-glasses in compound microscopes were on exhibition in the *Academie des Sciences*.

Jackson Lister in 1829 succeeded in forming a combination of lenses upon the theory proposed by some eminent mathematicians, and effected one of the greatest improvements the compound microscope experienced. An object-glass was made by joining together a plano-concave flint lens and a convex by means of transparent cement. The loss of light from reflection was diminished, and the clearness of the field and brightness of the image increased.

Mr. Ross applied Lister's principles with such a degree of success that so perfect were the corrections given to the achromatic object-glass, so completely were the errors of sphericity and dispersion balanced or destroyed, that the circumstance of covering the object with a plate of the thinnest glass disturbed the corrections. Here was another and unexpected difficulty to be overcome and finally accomplished by Mr. Ross in 1837.

The rapidity with which the compound microscope was introduced was due mainly to

the successful labors of Lister, Ross and Powell, and to-day it is the only instrument used for minute study. A short review of its parts and an explanation of the efficacy of each may be sufficient to satisfy one of its value and the reason for its immediate adoption.

Because of the extreme magnifying power the necessity of a mechanical appliance to keep the lenses steady and at their proper distances was soon evident, and here the stand, or the instrument without the optical parts, plays an important part.

Its utility depends in a great measure upon its solidity and steadiness. Its base is generally that of a tripod, and from this rise upright pillars to which is attached the whole of the apparatus or the tube carrying the lenses, the arm to which it is attached, the stage and the mirror beneath. By means of a hinge joint in the stand the microscope may be inclined at an angle between a vertical and horizontal position—an advantage which can be readily appreciated by those who work with the instrument for two or three hours at a time.

The most important part of the instrument is undoubtedly that which carries the various lenses or magnifying powers. These are contained in the interior of the tube, which is usually constructed of brass, and is from eight to ten inches in length. At the upper end of the tube is the eye piece, which consists of two plano-convex lenses set in a short piece of tubing and at a short distance from each other. The objective—the more important of the two optical parts—is screwed into the lower end or point nearest the object, whence its name is derived. Upon the perfection of this lens almost entirely depends the distinctness of the image, and therefore the value of the instrument.

Attached to and directly connected with the tube are the fine and coarse adjustments. The fine adjustment is slow moving and serves to get an exact focus. It is attained by a fine thread, provided with a milled head, and acts upon the tube either directly or by levers. The coarse adjustment is a provision for moving the tube up and down in adjusting the focus approximately. It is done by a sliding rack and stationary pinion, or a sliding tube in an outer sheath. Extreme sensitiveness in the structure of these adjustments is requisite for accurate study and good results.

The stage is the portion on which the object is placed for examination. It is attached to the arm, and may be either permanently fixed

or revolving. The mirror is beneath the stage and is used to reflect and condense light upon the object. As a rule, two are used,—one plain and the other concave. The former gives a comparatively weak light; the latter concentrates it and gives it more intensity. The diaphragm is a perforated revolving disk attached to the stage. It has apertures of different sizes, so that the amount of light from the mirror may be modified.

However perfectly and accurately the microscope may be constructed, good results in working with it can not be had without some knowledge of its manipulation. The importance of skilful manipulation in the use of the microscope, although subordinate to many higher mental qualifications, is as essential for the successful prosecution of microscopic observation as it is for that of every other kind of experimental science. Without some skill in the use of the microscope we can not hope to extend the limits of our observations or to increase our experimental knowledge.

The microscope is not, as is too often believed, confined to one particular branch of science, nor is it a toy capable of affording only a certain amount of amusement. However much this may have been the case when its manufacture was less perfectly understood, it is now an instrument of so much importance that scarcely any other can vie with it in the interest attached to the discoveries made by its aid.

Microscopical investigation may be undertaken by persons in almost any position in life. The highest attainments in the study of Microscopy must of necessity be the result of accuracy and perseverance. A well-known microscopist says: "It needs no marvelous intellect, no special brilliancy, to succeed in a scientific study: work at it ardently and perseveringly, and success will follow."

Till the discovery of the microscope we saw plants and animals endowed with what we call life, grow and perform certain living functions; but as to the mode of their growth, and the way in which their functions were performed, little or nothing was known. By its means man increases the power of his vision, so that he gains a greater knowledge of the nature of all things by which he is surrounded. It opens a new world to him, and thousands of objects, whose form and even existence he could only imagine, can now be observed with accuracy.

The microscope has, on account of its usefulness, become a necessary instrument in the

hands of the botanist, the physiologist, the zoölogist, the anatomist, and is, in fact, an indispensable adjunct to the laboratory of any diligent worker.

On no department of nature has the microscope thrown more light than on the structure of plants. Indeed in no department of nature has microscopic investigation been more fertile of results than in that of the vegetable kingdom.

The humblest tribes of plants have had for microscopists an attraction unequalled by that of any other department of nature. It was by means of the microscope that Prof. Schleiden brought forth the great truth that the "life history of the individual cell is the first important and indispensable basis whereon to found a true physiology of the life history of plants, as well as that of the higher orders of creation."

Before the use of the microscope became general, the difference between animals and plants was well established; but since this instrument has been able to penetrate to the very unit of life—the cell—and to show its organization and structure, and even to point out to us that there are organisms in nature that consist of nothing more than single cells and that these cells exhibit in some cases the phenomena of plant life and in others that of animal life, the difference between animals and plants, particularly in the lowest forms, has become a much-disputed question.

In the brewing and vinting industries the work performed by the microscope is indisputably great. Today no brewery is equipped without its microscope and microscopist for the purpose of studying its yeasts and obtaining the proper pure culture of appropriate species for fermentation. This application of the microscope, although of great importance, is today hardly appreciated because it has become so thoroughly a matter of course. If fermentation were dependent upon experiments, liable to go wrong, the great breweries of today would be impossible; and many of our bacteriologists go so far as to say that the gigantic breweries of the present are possibilities only because the microscope makes their operations matters of absolute certainty.

It affects the dairying industry in a similar manner, and consequently the manufacture of a high quality of the modern dairy products of butter and cheese is just as dependent upon the use of proper bacteria species as is the production of a good quality of beer dependent upon the proper species of yeasts.

To point out in detail the discoveries made through the employment of the microscope in histology would be to give a history of modern biological science; for there is no department of this study which is not grounded, more or less, upon the facts and teachings of the microscope.

In the medical world, also, its advantages have been appreciated. Not many years ago a hospital rarely possessed more than one or two microscopes, and these were generally kept under a glass shade, more for ornament than use; but today every student of medicine has to provide himself with one, and become practically acquainted with the ultimate structure of every organ and tissue in both health and disease.

To medical practitioners a good knowledge of the use of the microscope becomes of greater importance year by year; and there are, it need scarcely be said, many diseases the nature of which cannot be accurately determined without its aid.

In medico-legal investigation this instrument has its uses. During the past few years it has gained prominence in expert testimony along several lines, as for instance, in determining the nature of blood stains, and in showing erasures or alterations in legal papers. The chemist finds it indispensable, and our medical officers of health employ it for detecting adulterations. It is, therefore, not only one of the most intelligent means of recreation, but it is also invaluable in many duties affecting our immediate comfort and welfare.

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### At the Hour of Triumph.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE.

The curtain slowly arose. It was the opening night of the Du Lan Grand Opera Company, and a vast audience had assembled to witness the Barber of Seville, with Mme. Lepanto as the leading soprano whom all the musical critics of Europe had declared to be the greatest singer of the century. The first act was in progress, and the manager walked up and down behind the scenes greatly alarmed, for it was almost time for Mme. Lepanto to appear, and still she had not reached the theatre. A messenger approached the manager, and informed him that Mme. Lepanto had been dangerously injured on her way to the theatre and would not be able to appear.

The manager became bewildered. What should he do; where should he look for some one to take the part of the absent soprano? One of the dressing maids hearing of the dilemma, rushed up to the almost distracted manager and begged that her daughter might attempt the solo.

"And who are you?"

Then the woman, who still bore traces of remarkable beauty said with a sigh:

"I am Nerlon, the once famous soprano, and I pray you will let my daughter take the part."

The audience were waiting for the famous singer to appear, and what was their dismay on being informed that, on account of an accident, Mme. Lepanto would be unable to sing, but that the rôle would be taken by the daughter of the once renowned singer, Mme. Nerlon.

From the very entrance of the beautiful young singer, the audience held their breath. Never had they listened to such music before; never had the sweet tones of a singer affected them as did the voice of this angelic creature. At the end of the first act she hastened to her mother and clasped her in a fond embrace. In the love song in the next act she seemed to transport her listeners to some fairy-land, the abode of cherubim and seraphim, and held them there until the last sweet notes had died away. At the end of the last act the audience seemed to awake from the heavenly regions into which the singer's melodic tones had carried them, and began to show their appreciation, as only an American audience can: the gentlemen threw bunch after bunch of flowers, and the ladies snatched their bouquets from their corsages and hurled them upon the stage. The curtain parted, and the beautiful singer appeared before her admirers smiling and bowing in signs of gratitude. The applause now became greater, and cries of "the mother, the mother," were heard, until finally the entire assembly joined in "the mother, the mother." Again the curtain parted and the daughter appeared, leading her mother before the footlights, amid showers of flowers.

When they reached the dressing-room, the mother stumbled and would have fallen to the ground had not one of the attendants caught her. With her head resting on her daughter's breast she died, at the hour of her daughter's triumph; and the vociferous cheering and wild delight of the audience were a requiem for the dead woman.

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE BIG BELL OF NOTRE DAME.

PEAL out, O bell, thy tones sublime  
Upon the fragrant air!  
And may they ever upward rise  
Like wingéd thoughts in prayer.

Peal on with sweetest melody.  
Thine heavenly notes ne'er cease;  
While in our souls the ardent fires  
Of Faith and Love increase.

Thy sounds to us are angel songs  
Which Heaven's gladness brings  
From choirs celestial, chanting praise  
To Him, the King of kings.

Thou speakest of a grander day,  
When Time shall cease to be;  
And all the good are gathered home  
For all eternity.

Too soon, alas! thine echoes cease  
The trembling air to sway;  
Yet thou hast brought a calmer peace  
Unto our hearts to-day.

E. T. A.

#### TO THE EAGLE.

Mixed iambic, anapest, trimeter,  
Oh! bird of mien imperial  
Sublime art thou to men,  
While soaring in regions ethereal  
Or pausing by stagnant fen.

On history's earliest pages,  
Thy name with glory is told,  
Thy figure wrought through ages  
In iron, bronze and gold.

F. M.

#### THE SAILOR'S HOPE.

What hope is there to the sailor true;  
What happiness and glee:  
His wants are few,—aye, only two,  
A ship and a rolling sea.

G. H. K.

#### A GAME.

Out on the field in a crowd they went,  
All intent, intent!  
Out on the field in a crowd they came,  
Intent on winning the game.

The crowd on the lines opened wide for them;  
Of course, the dear girls sighed for them,  
And all their friends took pride in them  
As out on the field they came.

Off from field in a crowd they went,  
Ill content, ill content;  
Off from the field in a crowd they came,  
Not content with the turn of the game.

When the crowd on the lines had cheered them last  
The other team then had feared them last.  
'Twas their own dear friends that jeered them last  
As off from the field they came.

J. P. S.



## The Obedient Preacher.

The court-room was crowded. An interesting trial was in progress, and everybody seemed to be greatly concerned in it. The defendant was accused of poisoning his wife. There was another woman in the case, and about all the evidence that could be procured was that the defendant had winked at this woman over his wife's coffin. Two ministers were present at the funeral, and one of these was a witness for the prosecution.

"You say," asked the lawyer for the defense of this minister, "that you saw the defendant wink at this woman over his wife's coffin?"

"I did."

"And now, you will please state to the jury how it was possible that you could see this action of the defendant."

"You see," said the minister turning to the jury, "my brother minister was praying, and I made it my business to take a peep at the defendant, for all along I noticed that his actions were very strange."

"Good!" retorted the lawyer for the defense. "You did what was proper. The Bible says to watch and pray. You watched while he prayed. Call the next witness."

The spectators roared.

J. CLYDE LOCKE.

## "Essays in Little."

## "RED ROCK."

Thomas Nelson Page is, no doubt, the greatest writer of Southern literature now living. He has written numerous books relating to the South; and the Southern people regard him as their own author. He knows the habits and customs of the Southern people; he knows the negro and his dialect perfectly, and he can be humorous, picturesque or poetic.

His latest book, "Red Rock," was one of the greatest books of the past year. In it are depicted scenes of Southern life just as the war broke out. These scenes are so well described that our sympathy is entirely with the Southern inhabitants of the "Red Rock" plantation. The tyranny of the Northern provost marshal, who did not know much of anything, and who wanted to fill all the important positions with negroes, is at last overcome—much to the satisfaction of the reader.

Throughout the book a love story, which is neatly woven in, also attracts our attention, and we finally find ourselves more interested in that than in anything else. The characters, noble men or pretty girls, are well described and easily remembered. The character of pleasant Aunt Thomasia is probably the most skilfully described of them all. This smiling, old-fashioned lady always has a good word for everyone, and the reader soon begins to like her.

The movement of the book is rapid, with bits of excellent description scattered here and there. The interest is kept up till the end, and we can safely say that it is an excellent book.

THOMAS A. NOONAN.

## JULES VERNE.

Jules Verne has admirably succeeded in amusing the reading world with his skilful tales of travel and adventure. Few writers of modern times are comparable with him for fertility of resource, ingenuity and versatility. His inventive powers seem inexhaustible, and his pen as productive as his mind.

Verne's peculiar line of writing is that of describing the improbable as probable. He puts living figures in a locality of which we have never heard, clothes it with natural characteristics, and presents it to us like a photograph.

He has mastered the art of making fiction appear as true facts, and has used many branches of science as material. In his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" he leads his readers to believe that he has explored the vast depths of the ocean, and while we read we scarcely deem it improbable. In his "Around the World in Eighty Days" he makes time, geography and railway lines minister to the wants of his hero. Without stretching our imagination a great deal, we can believe this story, for inventions of modern times have made this almost possible.

He uses science to advantage in "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," and "From the Earth to the Moon." Science and invention have done so much within the past few years that some of Mr. Verne's stories have become true to fact, and, doubtless, before many years have passed he will be considered as a man who foretold future events and inventions, instead of a man with an imaginative brain.

GEORGE W. HOLMES.

## THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.

Without doubt, the most popular and the greatest American novelist is Nathaniel Hawthorne. His writings are so distinctively and delightfully original that they rank him with the great English masters of his time.

"The Blithedale Romance" is that same weird style of tale in which Hawthorne delights. The characters may be said to be realistic, in a way, and yet some of them, Zenobia and Priscilla and old Moody himself, for instance, are so vague that they really seem partly hidden under that mysterious "white veil" which has so much to do with the story.

This tale is partly founded on fact. The Brook Farm, in which Hawthorne and other literary men of the day were interested, served as a foundation for the tale. With his great inventive genius and power of using the mysterious in his work, Hawthorne has succeeded in developing a romance of wonderful power.

As in the "Scarlet Letter," "Marble Faun," and "House of Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance" has to do with a crime. While crime in his other works is not of an uncommon order, it is, in "The Blithedale Romance," a weird affair—a mysterious power that one person exercises over the mind of another. This power is somewhat akin to modern hypnotism; and it is by means of this that the man who possesses this remarkable influence, succeeds in ruining one person and very nearly another.

Though not as strong as other works of Hawthorne, nevertheless, "The Blithedale Romance" impresses a person as being the work of a man who had a peculiar realm of his own wherein he reigned supreme.

The ending is pathetic indeed. The lament of the whole-souled, rugged Hollingsworth for Zenobia, his cruel disappointment in the character of the woman he had loved, is faithfully described by the author. Then, too, Priscilla's tender devotion for Hollingsworth and her great affliction on hearing of Zenobia's suicide, the ghastly search for Zenobia's body in the river, there in the moonlight, are described with a tender pathos that would touch the heart of the most indifferent reader.

Withal, "The Blithedale Romance" is a tale that is strong in its plot and development; a romance, which, for its true earnestness and portrayal of life and crime, is but characteristic of Hawthorne.

LINUS O'MALLEY.

## "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

Before saying anything about the merits or demerits of "David Copperfield," I should say that it surpasses any other work of fiction I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

In "David Copperfield," Dickens displayed an extraordinary knowledge of human nature. I doubt if any author has ever touched such tender chords of love and pathos as did Dickens in this book. There are places where he may have become too pathetic; but these only tend to leave a deeper impression, a greater love for David in the reader's mind.

The descriptive portion of "David Copperfield" alone is a masterpiece. The fault that stands out most prominently in this book is that too much time is spent describing unimportant details. This is done with such grace and ease, however, that the reader finds it almost impossible to omit even trivial parts.

The great success of "David Copperfield" proves that a novel in order to be successful does not need to have the scene laid in the realm of society.

PETER B. LENNON.

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## "THE LADY OF LYONS; OR LOVE AND PRIDE."

"Love and Pride" is a fine piece of dramatic work. Lytton, it seems to me, wrote it in a most artistic way. He holds the attention of his readers from beginning to end, and he does this by keeping at the point all the way through. He does not drift from the subject, like some writers do, but he carries the story on from beginning to end, just as if it were all one paragraph.

Another good characteristic of "Love and Pride" is, that it is written in such very simple language that anyone that is old enough to do any heavy reading can understand it. Lord Lytton uses but few, if any, "flowery expressions." He contents himself with simple, every-day words.

"Love and Pride," I think, is one of the best of Lytton's productions, and I would advise everyone to read it. Another of Lytton's productions, "Money," is also very good, but it doesn't end so well as "Love and Pride." A good ending leaves a good impression on the mind of the reader, whereas a bad ending leaves a bad impression. If a story is dry in the beginning, and the interest is worked up as it progresses, and then the end comes,—a very fine ending,—it leaves a good impression in the mind of the reader. He drops the book contented.

JOSEPH E. MULCARE.



## Books and Magazines.

AT LAKE MONONA: A SUMMER-SCHOOL EPISODE. By M. A. Navarette. McBride & Co. publishers.

The scene of this short novel is laid, for the most part, in Madison, Wis., and the characters are attendants at the Catholic Summer School. The hero, Mr. Vane, is a non-Catholic and falls in love with a young lady, whom the author introduces to us as Alicia Murray. Miss Murray rejects him on the ground that he is not a Catholic. Things become more complicated. But as happens in most cases, in the novel, the young man is converted by witnessing a real miracle out in mid-sea on his way to Lourdes.

The purpose of the story, we suppose, is to show how much may be effected by a Catholic girl who adheres to her principles. But, perhaps, the author had a secondary purpose also: that of making known to people at large how much good is being done by the Catholic Summer School at Madison. We are far from finding fault with such purposes—doubtless they are very laudable in themselves. And yet we can not help doubting whether such purposes have been attained through the story in question. Were we asked to summarize our objections to it, considered merely as a story, we should be inclined to do so by stating simply—it wants life. The characters are not human enough; they are not personal enough. We could be more specific; but in a short review we can do no more than deal with generalities.

LONGMAN'S ILLUSTRATED FIRST FRENCH READING BOOK AND GRAMMAR, Second French Reading Book and Grammar, Conversational French Reader.

These are three text-books which we received some time ago and examined carefully. Without wishing to pass a final judgment, we must confess that we have been very much interested in reading them. The method used in them is simple and practical, though accurate, not tiresome. It seems to be well calculated to learn rapidly with a teacher how to speak the difficult language of "la belle France." The many illustrations which embellish the text are attractive, the stories short and sprightly, and the grammatical remarks sound, clear and precise. "My First Visit to Paris," which is the last lesson and the gem of the Conversational Reader, can not fail to create a certain enthusiasm among advanced students,

especially during the year of the "Exposition universelle." The text has been conscientiously revised, is neatly printed, and but a few slight mistakes mar its purity. We gladly recommend the series to the attention of the French teachers.

—The *Catholic Home Annual* for 1900, published by Benziger Brothers, is out. Like its predecessors it is indispensable to the Christian household. Besides containing the authorized calendars of Feasts and Fasts of the Church it is replete with stories, anecdotes, and interesting pictures. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

—The September number of the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia contains several good articles. "The First Missionaries in the New World," by Reverend Ambrose Sanning, is particularly praiseworthy. The leading article in the magazine is by Lawrence F. Flick who tells the story of Matthias James O'Conway, a distinguished linguist of the early half of the present century.

—The *Cosmopolitan* for September is up to its standard of attractiveness. The titles of most of the articles are suggestive of good things that are in store for the reader. Prominent among the contributors is Brander Matthews, who has something excellent to say about "The Study of Fiction." So far as Notre Dame folk are concerned, "The Art Gallery of the Great Lakes," by Charles Warren Stoddard, is by all odds the most readable. The SCHOLASTIC regrets that he does not contribute more frequently to the monthly magazines.

—The latest issue of the *Medical Record* has reached our table. It is needless to say that the *Record* is always warmly received. Its articles pertain mostly to medical and surgical subjects, but on account of the excellence of their reading matter they are interesting to the layman as well as to the medical man. Among the original articles in the latest issue is a contribution on "The Practical Treatment of Typhoid Fever." It contains many important and valuable suggestions concerning the treatment of typhoid patients, which the writer forcibly emphasizes. An article entitled "Floating Liver and its Clinical Significance" is a valuable paper and freely illustrated. The editorials and society reports are especially interesting, and these help to take away the technical air that one would naturally expect to find in a strictly scientific journal.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Board of Editors.

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—The formal opening of the University was instituted last Sunday with Solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by the Reverend Vice-President French; Rev. M. J. Regan acted as deacon and Rev. W. R. Connor as subdeacon. The ceremonies were imposing and must have filled the new students, who were present in large numbers, with admiration for Notre Dame and enthusiasm for the work now at hand. The vestments and chalice used for the sacred service were the ones presented to Rev. P. P. Cooney on occasion of his recent jubilee.

The Reverend President Morrissey preached the opening sermon, which was intended for the students and which outlined their relation to the University. His text was: "Teach me, O Lord, goodness, discipline, knowledge," and he showed that these three factors were essential to a liberal education. He declared it to be the purpose of the University of Notre Dame not only to develop the intellects of the students but to improve their moral and spiritual natures as well; and he made it clear that this result could be obtained only by strict adherence to the rules that have been laid down to regulate the discipline of the institution.

This policy, he asserted, was not limited to the boundaries of this institution, but was the guiding principle in many seats of learning throughout the country; and educators, he said,

are coming more and more to recognize that this is the fundamental tenet for the acquirement of that education which is the broadest and the best. He quoted from eminent protestant divines to substantiate his claim, and made it evident that that knowledge which is directed by a firm moral purpose is the hope of the world, and that this purpose religion alone can supply.

The matter of his discourse alone must have induced belief among the student body; but when to this was added that wealth of voice, with the directness and sincerity of delivery, which anyone that has heard Father Morrissey can not fail to remember, little room was left for doubting the truth of his words; and however far the student body may hereafter wander from the straight and narrow path which he directed them to follow, it is certain that as each student left the church, with the mellow thunders of the pipe organ still resounding in his ears, he had moral rectitude in his heart, and in his mind a determined purpose to study and to obey.

—With a promising outlook for athletics, so far as the teams are concerned, the SCHOLASTIC is glad to note a still more promising outlook in regard to the financial side of the games. The inclosed field is now a certainty. The lumber is already being hauled, and workmen are busy putting the field in shape and erecting the fence. Heretofore, with nothing to keep the on-looker from free entrance to the grounds, whenever he chose to walk that way, it was our unfortunate experience to have more than half our spectators working the "dead-head" scheme. The discouraging feature of it, too, was that this did not apply to visitors alone, but to the student body. Those that sat around and told the manager of his mistakes, and, incidentally, had a complaint to make about the coach, the captain and all directly concerned with running the team, were invariably in the rear with their subscriptions. Now that these "loyal sons" have a chance to prove their metal, we hope to hear from them in the near future. Meantime, let us wait and see. The prophecies of many will be overturned and the old saying that "a barking dog never bites," will lose its significance if there be none of our friends found wanting. However, the days for trial will be soon at hand, and we shall sit at the bench and watch each person be his own witness and lawyer at the same time.

## Call for Musicians.

## An Opening Talk.

If there is anything traditional about good jolly times at college, it runs back and begins with the glee club and musical organizations. Music makes mirth and joy and life; music takes away the idle feeling that comes when time runs dull and wakes one to laugh and be merry. Good music has always been associated with college organizations, where, as is generally supposed, are gathered the talented, the accomplished and careless merry-makers of the land. It is almost proverbial that a glee club of some sort is a necessary adjunct of college life, and that the college campus should ring with songs of old *Alma Mater* and the athletes that struggled to uphold her honor.

Here at Notre Dame we have failed miserably in keeping up these traditions. And why? Because of lack of talent? or of opportunity to cultivate talent? No, not because of either, but simply on account of lack of interest. Men of more than ordinary talent will not attend band rehearsals, will laugh at the idea of having a good glee club or of doing anything above the ordinary in musical lines. For years past it has been the plea of students and faculty alike that some one write a good college song that we can call our own. Yet we can not stir up enough enthusiasm among our verse writers to make the attempt.

With the opening of the term the SCHOLASTIC wishes to advocate a stirring up of interest in our musical societies. We are ready to organize for the ensuing year, and it is hoped that we shall eclipse all work done in the past. Every student is cordially invited to hand his name to Prof. McLaughlin for membership to some of the organizations. We must have a good band, an orchestra, a mandolin club, a glee club and a good choir. Nothing should be more edifying to us, as Catholic young men, than to form a choir to sing the services on Sunday a manner that will be inspiring rather than detracting.

Now, gentlemen, new students and old boys, let us get together and work. We have been idle too long. There is plenty of talent among the students for the making of good musical organizations, if it be only cultivated in the proper manner. A little enthusiasm is all that is required. Let's get even with other large universities and have a glee club; let's have some good music, and above all let's have a good song.

HENRY PECK.

As we are already nearing the third week of the present session of school, there is no doubt that all the professors in the various departments have made plain to the students what will be required of them during the year. Now the SCHOLASTIC has something to say, and would like to inform you that it also requires some work from the students. Of course, there is nothing dictatorial or commanding about our little discourse. We claim neither obedience nor respect, except in a limited manner. What we *do* call for is loyalty. Why we call for it you already know,—simply because the paper belongs to you and to everyone interested in pushing Notre Dame to the front, and therefore you should feel an obligation to support it.

How do we expect your support? "By subscriptions," says some one as he smiles at his wisdom; but this is not what we wish. Leave that part of the work to us. Right here is where we request you to dip in your oar, namely: if you get your hands on a good piece of verse, prose, story, essay, editorial or anything that will be likely to claim space in our columns, kindly forward it to the editors' desk, provided the matter so handed in for publication is strictly your own and not something you have plagiarized. We want copy on hand, and we invite and expect every student who thinks he is capable of furnishing copy to make an attempt to do so. Don't be discouraged, but bring what you have, whether it meets your idea of the fitness of things or not. There may be hidden merit in it that you have completely overlooked. It often happens that men place too little appreciation on their own work. We beg to get a glimpse at your material before it goes to the wastebasket, and if that uncoveted goal be the reward for your writings, you lose nothing by reaching it through our hands. Our request is very modest; we do not ask for epics or finished stories; we want simply what ordinary effort will enable you to produce. If we can use it we will be pleased to do so; if we can not, we will be obliged to you in the same measure, and perhaps we may be able to offer a few useful suggestions. At any rate, we insist upon your trying; bring what you have written, and help us to quiet that infernal cry of "copy" that has caused so many bald heads in the editors' kingdom. P. J. R.

## A Sunday Morning Scene.

The pleasantest day of all the week at Notre Dame is Sunday, sluggard would say, because there are no classes. But there are no classes on Thursday, and yet Thursday to most students is a long, gloomy, good-for-nothing day, and its night-fall is welcomed.

"Give me a Sunday morning with plenty of sunshine, a Sunday newspaper and a good cigar, and I want no further pleasure," said a student one bright Sunday morning. And, excepting the student cynic, we all agree with him.

The very dawn of Sunday at Notre Dame seems to bring with it a calm and quietness that is refreshing and fascinating. The air breathes a peace and rest, that the believer in "don't-work-hardness" welcomes, and even the weary grind puts aside his book and relaxes his brows.

I think that if a savage were to stand out on our campus on a Sunday morning and watch the sun rising above the fringed-topped trees that border the fields east of *Alma Mater*, and feel the soothing breath of the morning air, he would instinctively lay down his javelin and give up his unbelieving soul to rest.

It is a familiar sight at Notre Dame on Sunday mornings to see a large crowd of students on their way to breakfast standing around an old white horse and wagon where the Sunday newspapers and magazines are sold. The hustling agent and his youthful assistant are kept busy handing out the papers.

Usually after morning services the Sorin Hall men gather on the iron benches under the trees in front of Sorin Hall, and the Brown-

son students on their recreation grounds to await the morning mail distribution. On these occasions they put aside the weightier thoughts, entering usually upon the all-momentous question among college students—athletics. Or, perhaps, Captain McDonald and his team, or Capt. Powers and his invincible track athletes happen home after winning glory for the gold and blue on other fields, and then a general hand-shaking follows.

Sunday afternoons are quiet—very quiet. "Where are all the fellows?" says some one. They are here and there and everywhere. Some have ventured across the "Stile" with



boxes of bon-bons or something sweet for cousins and sisters; others have gone up the road to the historic Hotel De Haney, or for a walk along the country roads, while many may be found in their rooms studying, reading, or entertaining their friends. And I, recluse like, sit alone in my room of modest proportions and listen to the man across the way playing the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." But I am not lonely, for Sunday at Notre Dame is not a lonely day. It is quiet; but who does not wish for one day in the week when he can be alone with his thoughts?

R.

## Exchanges.

The SCHOLASTIC extends to all exchanges best wishes for a prosperous year. True, there were many clever composers at the various boards last year who will not give us any of their pleasing contributions during the coming season. Yet with a "when went there by an age" hope, we content ourselves that this year will not fall below the past standard in college journalism.

\* \* \*

The prize essay on Joseph Conrad, in the *Red and Blue*, by Daniel Martin Karcher, the winner of the Philomathean contest, is one of the most interesting articles reviewed by us this week. This essay acquaints us with the life and writings of Conrad in a very clever and original manner. If we knew nothing of Joseph Conrad, this article would certainly induce us to read his works.

\* \* \*

In reading number seven of volume twelve of the *Tennessee University Magazine* we find a very entertaining article called "The Devil in the Pre-Shakespearean Drama." The part played by the evil one in our early English dramas is carefully reviewed. The article shows how the early playwrights, by a system of evolution in characterization, "got rid of the notion that the evil one must be an actual, tangible devil." The purpose of having the devil in the early plays is very well commented upon, and the evolution of the evil one from a serpent in the play called "The Creation and Fall," to Shakespeare's personification of evil in the person of Iago is remarkably well shown.

\* \* \*

As well as the other interesting reading furnished by the last number of the *Sibyl*, "An Eastern Legend," class verse is especially worthy of mention. Not only for its rhythm and purity of diction, but also for its originality in thought, "An Eastern Legend" is among the best college verse reviewed by us this year. It is a story founded upon the Biblical parable of the kind master, his faithful servant, and the latter's reward.

\* \* \*

The writings of Maurice Francis Egan are reviewed in the June number of the *University of Ottawa Record* in a very clever manner. The writer has made a thorough analysis of Mr. Egan's works; and the article in the *Record* reflects both honor and credit on its author.

## Personals.

—Mr. Thomas Connolly of Chicago paid a visit to his son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. George Krug of Dayton, Ohio, was the guest last week of his son, Mr. Albert Krug of Corby Hall.

—Rufus Ramine of South Bend, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Kelchner, were the guests of Rev. Father Stoffel.

—Among the visitors at Notre Dame for the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Cooney, Mr. D. Storrs of Chicago, and Mr. A. Stephan of Scales Mound, Ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rodgers of Chicago were among the recent visitors at Notre Dame. Mr. Rodgers graduated in the Class of '84. He has watched the progress that Notre Dame has made since his time with a keen interest. He holds the position of sub-treasurer of Chicago, and regretted that business matters shortened his stay.

—Mr. Joseph Naughton of New York has renewed his subscription to the SCHOLASTIC. In one of his recent letters he says: "The SCHOLASTIC gives me more pleasure than any other paper I take. I am always anxious to see it, and often I read it over and over so as not to miss anything in it." Joe has always taken a lively interest in the University. He has entered in business with his father, and from reports is doing well.

—Mr. Charles Foley, a student from '94 to '98, paid us a short visit during last week. Owing to an unforeseen accident to his father during his vacation he has been obliged to give up his classes for the present year. We sympathize with Mr. Foley in his unfortunate accident, and hope for his speedy recovery. Charley will go to Philadelphia next month to manage his father's exhibit. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him success in his work and hopes to have him with us next year.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, A. B., '95, LL. B., '96, spent several days of the past fortnight at the University. His old friends among the Faculty and the few students whom he knew were glad to welcome him at Notre Dame. He is now engaged in the law business, being associated with Mr. J. S. Hummer, a prominent Notre Dame alumnus, who has attained distinction in the Chicago bar. During his years at the University Mr. Murphy was the most popular of the students, and was frequently honored with the highest offices in the athletic and other associations. In athletic matters he still takes a deep interest, and as an official of the Notre Dame University Association of Chicago he is in all respects heart and soul with Notre Dame. Mr. Murphy was the gold medalist of his class and was known as an eloquent speaker.



## Local Items.

—FORBING.—“Why is a crow?”—KEGLER.—“Caws.”

—Well, fellows, what's the matter with Mc-Weeney? He's all right!

—The first case in the University Moot Court will be tried tomorrow.

—Let every student turn out to the game next Wednesday and cheer the Varsity on to victory.

—What a sad awakening there will be when some of the Western football teams collide with our Varsity.

—With the exception of one member of the pitching staff, all last year's Varsity baseball men have returned.

—“Stoody” Lins came all the way from his home in Illinois this time without being worked by a confidence man.

—Several boxes of Indian relics have been presented to the University museum by Father Lindesmith of New York.

—Corby Hall was not on fire yesterday as was supposed. The dense smoke issuing from the building was simply from the ex-Carrollites' pipes.

—The *silver*-tongued, or rather, the sliver-tongued orator from Illinois, has returned and will address the Parliamentary Society at its next meeting.

—Bro. Leander is wearing a very unique G. A. R. pin made of anthracite coal. It was presented to him by Mr. Charles Baab of WilkesBarre, Pa.

—The football coach is in a quandary. After spending two months in the mountains, tackling mosquitoes and Covington society notes, Wynne has actually refused to don a uniform.

—The first inter-hall football game of the season took place Thursday afternoon between Brownson and Carroll Halls, and resulted in a victory for the Brownsonites by a score of 16 to 5.

—Professor Van Funk, leader of the famous Sgt. Band, is negotiating with Banda Rossa for the release of his leading cornet player to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. Steiner.

—Now is the time to get together and learn the college yells. The Varsity has several hard games at home, and nothing will cheer them on to victory better than good, earnest rooting.

—Our park is so beautiful at present with its rich growth of grass, fine shrubbery and flowers that the students wish Jack Frost would postpone his visit to Notre Dame for at least a fortnight or two.

—“Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other side,” said Dupe, as he toppled

over the back of a chair in a vain endeavor to look over Dalton's shoulder while the latter adjusted his necktie before a four-by-six mirror.

—The SCHOLASTIC wishes to see a large number of students enrolled on the lists of the various college societies. Good societies, good music, good entertainments, and good theatricals mean good times during the coming year.

—There is an element of suspicion in Shag's tardiness in returning to the University. He was known to have in his telescope several unsold copies of *The Squirt*. Can it be that he has sold these and gone to Paris with the proceeds?

—The faculty has requested that a copy of the *Squirt* be used to start the first fire in the new boiler house. The matter is being considered, but owing to the scarcity of back numbers it is doubtful whether the request can be granted.

—Band rehearsal next Sunday morning at 9:30. All persons desiring to become members of this organization are kindly requested to report. Students wishing to become members of the college orchestra will please be at the band room at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning.

—After a search of fifteen years, Professor Edwards has finally secured for the library a copy of the first catalogue ever issued by the University. It is an eight-page pamphlet and was printed in 1848. Reverend Father McGean of St. Peter's Church, New York, was the owner.

—Have you seen McKeever's and Jones's waste-paper basket? Capacity four bushels, *dry* measure. Jones thinks it isn't large enough as he intends making a specialty of epic poetry this year; but Mac says a ten-bushel basket served him last year, and besides, he got this one at a bargain sale.

—Not as a matter of politeness or repertorial etiquette, but for the convenience of type-setters, our reporters are requested to write on only one side of their paper. The SCHOLASTIC will furnish you with all the pads you need for your notes, so do not be too economical in the matter of giving plenty of room to your copy.

—Any student of any hall that has had some experience in a military company may come to a meeting of the officers of the military department at the Adjutant's office immediately after dinner on Monday, Sept. 25. Officers for the coming year will be appointed. The office is in the southwest corner of the new gymnasium.

—The department of Electrical Engineering desires to thank the Vindex Electric Company of Chicago for one of its transformers sent here to be tested. The students of the department will conduct a series of tests on transformers of different designs as soon as they reach the subject of alternating currents in the course of their regular laboratory work.



**H**—Waldo Healy, who was a student of Brownson Hall the year before last, is with Admiral Dewey on the flagship *Olympia*. In a recent letter to his father, who lives in Chicago, he tells of the enthusiastic welcome that is accorded the brave admiral and his crew wherever they go. Mr. Healy will be one of the favored ones when the *Olympia* reaches New York.

—Martie and the golf sticks came early in the week. Already active preparations are being made for a royal welcome to Shag the elder, "Golf Champion of Missouri." Shag practised in a stubble field all summer, and at present he is competing in the Newspaper Men's Tourney. As soon as he gets here, lovers of the sport will be seen lounging around the old links back of Sorin Hall.

—The game of football played Thursday on Carroll campus between the Anti-Specials of St. Joseph's Hall and George Weidmann's team, was a very inreresting contest. Though the former team outweighed the latter by nearly 150 pounds, the final score, 11 to 0, was in favor of the feather-weights. The victory was due to the running and tackling of Grover Davis, John Quinlan, John Hoffman and the captain himself.

—The captain still finds time to play on the old violin. Last night John was sitting in his room playing the pretty strains of Cavalleria Rusticana. Outside his door a large crowd of new fellows gathered to hear the famous virtuoso. About that time Teddy the Rough Rider came up the stairs and saw the crowd. Like a madman he rushed to his room, put rosin on the bow and sawed off a few yards of rag-time. The crowd left John and sought the source of the rag-time. And now John is still murmuring "Oh! when will people learn to love classical music."

—Glynn and Wrenn got into a heated debate over a certain paragraph in the Bible, and as one could not convince the other of the truth of his argument, they decided to lay the matter before John Svensden and abide by his decision. Glynn approached John who was leaning against a corner of the gym, smoking his pipe and looking extremely wise, laid the matter before him, and asked his opinion. John thought a moment, took the pipe out of his mouth, and began: "Well, I'll tell you the truth, gentlemen, I'm a stranger in these parts and don't know much about it."

—Prepare for some good singing on the campus every evening now. The famous quartette of last year—Pim, Collins, Donohue and Wynne—are all here. Pim says that he has had his voice cultivated under the direction of the celebrated Prof. Von Heinrich Funk, lately of this country, but now of Italy. Donohue reports that his voice has changed slightly, but this is possibly due to the small change in his pocket. Wynne spent his time practising

on the top of a mountain in New Jersey. Now the mountain has become another Vesuvius, and Collins says the Mayor of Boston refused to give him a permit to sing.

—The Corby Hall members of the boat-club met in the reading-room Wednesday evening and organized two six-oared crews. The *Minnehaha* will be composed as follows:—F. L. Schött, Captain; J. Atkinson, Leo Burg, Fred Kasper, F. Langley, H. O'Neil, Ralph Elwanger, Coxswain.

The following young men make up the crew of the *Evangeline*:—E. McCarthy, Captain; Harry Drueke, Joe Haefner, J. McCarthy, J. Powers, C. J. Tennyson, E. Warder, Coxswain. These young men represent some of the best energy and endurance to be had in Corby Hall, and great things are expected of them.

—September 27, the Varsity football team will play its first game with Englewood High School of Chicago. The game will be played on the new field which is now being put into condition. The men that are putting up the fence and grand-stand have the work well under way, and all will be in readiness for the opening contest next Wednesday. As yet the exact line-up of the team has not been decided upon; still we feel assured that Coach Hering will bring out an eleven that will prove both strong and fast. Judging from the interest the students take in the daily practice of the candidates, a large crowd may be expected at the game. Tickets will be put on sale at the different halls and in South Bend today.

—The editor is beset with the usual number of questions that are sure to arrive from old students at the beginning of the year. We give some of them below together with our answers.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—Would you please let me know if Runt Cornell has grown any, and if he is wiser?—STUDENT '75-'79.

EDITOR:—No, he has not grown in height, but has lost somewhat, as his shoulders have taken a decided droop. In regard to his wisdom I have noticed no perceptible change.

MR. EDITOR:—What will you do to fill up your local columns, now that I have taken my whisker away from Notre Dame?

Yours, etc.—S. J. BRUCKER.

We shall interview a new friend of ours that arrived from Mexico with a luxuriant growth of spinage on his features.—ED.

MR. EDITOR:—I feel that I am getting more than my money's worth from the SCHOLASTIC. Do you consider it a serious ailment, and can you suggest a remedy?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Circusly; the disease you complain of is likely to prove fatal to one with a tender conscience. However, an easy and always reliable remedy is to forward us a five-dollar bill once a month.—ED.

We can not attend to any more queries this week, but in the near future we shall try to give each inquirer the information he seeks.

—Under the leadership of King Butler and partly under the leadership of Marty O'Shaughnessy, a few members of the track team went on a cross-country run last Thursday morning. Butler led the party most of the way, and was smiling sweetly on himself as he thought of how glad Her Majesty, the Queen of Halifax and England, would be when she heard of his new achievement. But his smile was quickly changed to a look of despair as the gallant O'Shaughnessy, by a still more gallant spurt, placed himself far in the lead. Connors says that Shag's spurt was due to the fact that Marty espied a place up the road that looked like home, and that he became so excited he lost control of his propellers and thus gained the lead. But it happened that at the same time Shag espied the house that looked like home, the ever-faithful watch-dog espied Shag, and a minute after they were embracing. After becoming entangled from each other, Shag discovered a piece of his running pants still in the embrace of the dog. He wisely decided to allow the dog to keep it as a memento of his visit. This is where Butler's head work displayed itself. While the other runners were picking up the remnants of Shag, Butler sprinted on and arrived long in advance of them with the same sweet smile on his face. He immediately wired the news to Her Royal Highness, but as yet has not received an answer.

—The students of St. Joseph's Hall missed the kind old face of Brother Boniface on their return this year. Bro. Boniface was director of the hall for six years; he is now at St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati. St. Joseph's Hall is directed by Rev. Father Gallagher under whose supervision many improvements have been made. Besides a general overhauling in every apartment, a pretty chapel has been arranged, and holy Mass is said in the building every morning. The reading-room has been fitted out newly, also, and the daily news and magazines will be secured so that the boys may spend their free moments in pastime that is both pleasant and profitable.

Everything seems natural enough, and a little too natural for some of the old boys. For instance, the bell sounds just as loud along the corridors as it ever did; but if you don't fully realize you are back on the old stamping grounds, listen the first still night to the squeak of the pump over by Sorin Hall, and hear the melancholy clang of the old tin cup as it falls into the water trough. If it does not sound natural to you write home and tell your folks you are dead.

The St. Joseph Debating Society was re-organized Wednesday evening. Mr. Charles Benson was elected President of the society and Mr. Nicholas Furlong, Secretary. Interesting programmes will be arranged, and debates will be held every Wednesday evening. The society promises much good work.

—ONLY A FAIRY TALE.—Jack M. and Teddy R. are rival musicians. Both make more noise on the violin in one hour's practice than four score years of brimstone in the hereafter will atone for. The other day Teddy was wielding the bow with his customary vehemence when Jack M. entered his room.

"Bet I can play a fiddle better than you," said Jack, with a fricasseed smile composed of four parts envy and one part contempt.

"Oh! I don't know," drawled Teddy with a sarcastic smile that made the bust of Beethoven cough three times.

"Well then, take a fall out of the box and prove it," said Jack, as he shoved his hands into his trousers' pockets so violently that the bottoms came out.

Teddy tucked a handkerchief in his collar, picked up the hard-worked instrument, put a little rosin on the bow, and rolling his great black eyes ceilingward, began to play a quick, airy little thing, increasing the *allegretto scherzando* until a pair of old shoes under the bed began to beat time, and even Jack unconsciously tapped his fingers *istesso tempo* on the freshly-painted bed post.

Teddy had it arranged in his mind to graft the catchy air to a most dolorous one, and he did it with all the skill and grace of his art. But Jack did not know that this was booked, and with Teddy's skilful *decrescendo* it came upon him as tenderly as the brush of a kissing bug's wing.

Teddy lingered long and lovingly upon these notes, and had the bow been long enough he would still be lingering. Then slowly the tones increased in volume and majesty until Jack felt a peculiar sensation in the suburbs of his spinal cord. Truly, Teddy was inspired! His body swayed to and fro like a large regularly appointed pendulum, and he seemed to draw the bending bow across the strings with ever-increasing fervor. His eyes grew moist, and great twin tears rolled down his cheeks and suspended themselves on his chin. Others followed, twins and triplets, and soon they were gushing out at a great rate.

Jack began to show some signs of restlessness too. He wiped his nose, coughed, cleared his throat once or twice, and generally made a pitiful attempt to look disinterested; but it was of no use. He was affected deeply, and despite his efforts, many little inklings of his feelings asserted themselves.

By this time Teddy was sobbing bitterly. A flood of tears had washed the paint off his violin and loosened and deadened the strings. But he kept on playing until the piece was finished, and then he dropped in a heap into his trunk which had been left open. A minute later he picked himself up and turned around to apologize to Jack for his lack of composure. But Jack was gone! Never could he compete with Teddy.