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## In Memoriam.\*

A lonely thrush  
Drifting indolently in the wake of day,  
Sprinkling music on the plumes of drowsy grain,  
Drifting solitary on its skyey way,  
Sprinkling music sweeter for its chords of pain:  
I think of him as such.

It is not given every man to do  
What he has done; but in his sphere,  
However low it be, there will appear  
A task that each may make his own.

\* \*

## The American Indians.†

ANDREW J. SAMMON, 1900.

**A**LL nations have had poets to sing their praises, orators to defend their rights and heroes to fight their battles; but never since Columbus planted the cross on our shores has there been anyone to sing the praises of the American Indians. They have always been conquered, downtrodden, yet rightly acknowledged the noblest of all uncivilized races. That day is past when an Indian was the representative of America, for today, while rivers, towns, cities and states bear Indian names, the Indian has no voice in representing his people. It is so seldom anyone speaks in his defence that I feel confident of attention while criticising our government's unjust treatment of the Indian both in political and educational matters. From the manner in which the remaining tribes are being pushed Westward, the Indian may not maintain a foothold on his native soil for another century, and Indian

rights may soon be settled by a volley from the police and a splash in the Pacific Ocean.

"By virtue of conquest the uncivilized Indian has no rights we are bound to respect," is a verdict pronounced, not only by those whose knowledge has been gleaned from false reports of Indian savagery published in our corrupt press, but by men that should know better. Some include the negro in this verdict, but we have not "imported" the Indian. The red-men were here when we came. Yes; there were four hundred thousand of them roaming our forests and plains in their own happy way, and they were not the beggarly race they are now, but a mighty, powerful people. For this reason, and because nearly two hundred thousand of them are still uncivilized, I mean to show that they have rights we must respect.

Flattering financial reports might convince some that we are magnanimous, but go among the Indians themselves and you will find that while the government intended to deal generously with the Indians, the actual treatment received by the latter has been extremely unjust. They were taught by the government that they had rights entitled to respect, but when these rights were assailed by the rapacity of the white man, the very arm promised in their defence was raised to sustain their aggressors. The whole history of the government's connections with the Indians has been, as an eminent writer has said, "a shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled pledges."

I do not purpose to give details of Indian history; we know how the race is diminishing and that our treatment of them is discussed by the thinking men of the day. Even in our recent war we were told by other nations to settle amicably with our own half-civil, half-starved Indians before we threw up our hands in horror at the treatment of barbarous subjects by our neighbors. From the year eigh-

\* Professor Preston died November 9, 1898.

† Oration delivered in Washington Hall, May 31.

teen hundred and thirty, when all the lands west of the Mississippi were given to the Indians in free right and title forever, we find nothing but broken treaties. I admit that a vast increase in white population has necessitated a change in circumstances; but does this justify our failure to pay for the lands taken from the Indians? We revere the name and deeds of Washington, but, I ask you, do we respect his counsels? Have we fulfilled his wishes concerning the Indians? Was he in earnest when he said: "They are our children and must be treated with tenderness and forbearance; we must aim to conciliate them by good usage; to obtain their lands by fair purchase and prompt payment; to make treaties with them on terms of reciprocal advantages; we must show them that we are just and that friendly intercourse with us will benefit them and ourselves." No, we have ignored the words of our great Father; we have cut off all friendly intercourse with them; we have herded them together under a system of "pasturage," and placed over them a tyrant with unlimited power. The fertile lands beyond the Mississippi we have reclaimed, and any sand-hill is good enough for what we call the "Reservation."

Our constitution is founded on the principles of local self-government, that each locality can govern itself better than any central authority, and we step wide of democratic principles when we introduce anything contrary. This we have done in establishing the reservation system which is wholly bad, because the Indian bureau is a political machine whose offices are always party spoils, and whose commissioners are seldom elected on account of their knowledge of the Indians. If a competent man is found he must retire with his party, and we have often sent ignorant officials to superintend Indian education, and drunken officials to inspire them with sobriety. At first the Indians were allowed to remain on the reservations as hunters and trappers. If they left they were subject to arrest. If they raised crops they could not go outside for a market. The land was owned in common. Industry was unrewarded; idleness had no penalty. All civilization stopped at the reservation borders. Whatever law was administered was in the hands of an agent, who, whether he was ignorant or learned, was as near an absolute despot as could be found on American soil. This system is certainly inconsistent with American principles, for it

denies to the Indian what the Declaration of Independence declares to belong inalienably to all men within our borders.

Let us look at a few of the facts that must be recorded concerning this subject. The Bannock Indians of Wyoming were charged a few years ago with shooting game outside their reservation. The press dispatches read: "Bannock Indians on the war-path--killing of settlers by savages--houses burned to the ground--the government appealed to for troops to stop the fiendish work of devastation and murder of whites by redskins." The Bannock Indians had always gone to this region in search of large game when their rations ran short, as their government treaty allowed them to hunt on any unoccupied government lands. Settlers who acted as guides for white hunters said that their profitable business would be ruined if the Indians were allowed to hunt for something to eat. The facts in this case are: Not one white man killed; Indians peaceably camped forty miles from settlers; sixteen Indians arrested, tried before a judge favorable to the settlers; fined seventy-five dollars each, which they can not pay; relieved of their arms and ponies, and driven like a flock of sheep before a band of armed settlers towards the nearest jail. At a familiar point the Indians break to run for liberty and seven are shot dead in their tracks; others are left in the grass to die of their wounds. The Indian agent recommends that the government exert all its power in bringing the assassins to trial. But do we ever hear further of such trials?

At the Blackfoot Agency in Montana in 1893 over eighty families, whose ancestors had taken up homes there in 1855, were told to move, that they were on the wrong land. When they refused they were told emphatically that if they remained stubborn the Great Father at Washington would send troops after them. They left. This eviction was brought about by a mistake made by the surveyor in locating them fifty years before.

No argument is needed to show the discouraging effect on any man of uncertainty of location. Give a white man the best farm in this state with the understanding that he must forfeit it on demand, and he will put in as little work on it as it is possible to get along with;—and yet we expect more from the Indian! The reservation system, by which we have so generously dealt out his own land to the Indian, can not, nor never will, solve the Indian

question. But despite all proofs, we are told that the deadlock in Indian affairs rests with the Indian himself, who, in the sight of God and all honest men, is the least responsible for his present condition. Land, money or private reservations are not the Indian's greatest needs. He needs Christian education most.

In considering the question of education, we must remember that when the government undertook to support Indian schools by contract, in 1875, Catholic missionaries—the only ones in the field—had established the faith in forty out of the seventy-two tribes; but in the distribution of territory to different religious denominations for missionary purposes, the Catholic Church received the charge of eight instead of the forty tribes that were then in active membership with the Catholic Church. Recently the government tendency is toward a curtailment in educational expenses. The appropriation bill of 1895 called for a reduction of \$92,700 to be levied on the contract schools. A proviso said that all schools turned over to the government after cancellation would be leased. To this several Protestant sects yielded their missionary spirit and \$39,800 annual government money, thus leaving \$50,000 to be taken from the more zealous missionaries. The same officers tell us we must civilize the remaining tribes by a wise educational policy, that the schools already established can be maintained at less cost than by building new ones. But cases are not few where Catholic nuns, who begged to build schools near the reservations, and taught the Indian children successfully for years, lost their contract under the new "shaving" system, and saw their children forced to attend non-Catholic government schools.

As this school question now stands—with all bills for reconsideration pigeon-holed by the Senate—you must admit that if the self-sacrificing efforts of Catholic missionaries among the Indians, from primitive times to the present, has not been successful, then the government's economic policy is prudent; but history proves the contrary. And where are our American Catholics with the courage and manhood to demand from the government that religious liberty its Constitution promises? Most Catholic educators in Indian missions devote their lives to the cause without salary. Some Protestant ministers and their devoted wives do the same, I admit. But I maintain further, that the Catholic Church is justified in opposing any system that takes the Indian

child from her schools, where he loves to hear the word of God, and forces him to attend schools where religion can not be taught. You may ask why? Because the future welfare of the Indian depends on the Christian education of his children, and experience has proven that a transfer such as I have mentioned, simply means replacing the Indian's bow and arrow with a revolver.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I ask you: Is it right for us to stand by in silence and see these helpless Indians driven year after year from the homes and lands they have occupied from childhood? Old and young are forced to leave their cherished wigwams; and have they not hearts and feelings like ourselves? And why should they not love the land of their birth? If you do not understand the Indian character you should study it. We ought, as students and true citizens, to admit frankly the glaring injustice dealt out under our very eyes to the harmless redskins. They were the first audience that greeted the saintly Father Sorin on the very grounds we now occupy; but they have been banished; we care not how. We do not believe our newspaper press on important matters; but we readily swallow all the false reports they publish concerning the Indian's misdeeds. The papers never tell you anything good about the Indians; the avarice of the white man is still blinding him in his greed for the Indian's land, and this is where the deadlock comes in. Unless we take steps to stop these legal robberies of Indian lands, our deeds will cry to heaven for vengeance and go down to posterity as a disgraceful stain on our country's banner. We have today many civil, honest, fairly-educated Indians that are denied franchise or citizenship, though their fathers were born, lived and died within the borders of this land where all men are supposed to enjoy equal rights. The Indian can take up the white man's burden at the plow or in the work-shop, if he is given the proper chance. This is all I ask—the proper opportunity. The question demands our earnest attention if we would not have it said that we deprived the uncivilized Indian of his lands without just remuneration, or that we interfered in any way with his choice of religion. I ask you, therefore, gentlemen, you who are to be the factors, and perhaps the leaders, in our future political and educational systems, not to tolerate contradictory policies. Remember that the keynote to all civilization is the fear and love of God; after this is attained all else will easily follow.

## Varsity Verse.

## THE BROOK.

THROUGH yonder fields a wayward stream  
Goes trotting by so calm and still,  
That it seems to have no right to be,  
But still it turns the old Red Mill.

It steals its way through fifty dykes,  
But never a pond it fills;  
It might have dried, we would not know,  
But still it turns the old Red Mills.

It skirts about a little school  
Where little children "dill"  
And dabble during recess hours,  
But still it turns the old Red Mill.

It circles round that farm too  
That nestles there among the hills;  
And when it might be called a stream  
It simply turns the old Red Mills.

Beside its banks the blue bells grow,  
And every flower that's living still  
Seems but to live upon its wealth  
While still it turns the old Red Mill.

And lovers pass that way I know,  
Not wasting time that true love kills;  
It hears their vows and passes on,  
And simply turns the old Red Mills.

And up and down through all the dells  
It wanders where it wills  
I thought this year 'twould dry away  
But still it turns the old Red Mills.

P. J. D.

## VACATION DAYS.

I can't forget the narrow lane  
That capers round the orchard wall;  
I can't forget the farm yard;  
I can't forget the woods at all.

The berry swamps can tell some tales,  
And Cedar Lake can tell some too—  
The trees I felled, the horse I shot,  
And the friends I met so warm and true.

But Hannah won't forget those days—  
The drives we had through all the dust,  
The shining shoes and negro's face—  
But let them go, if go they must.

We never know how sweet is Time  
Till Fancy coins a pleasant sort;  
I don't know why vacation flew,  
But my! the *hours* grew very short.

That "Garden" too I can't forget  
And Dawson "mog galore."  
And Milford with a thousand friends  
And White Lake with as many more.

I won't remember all I did,  
'Twould surely be a crime;  
You've done the same, I know you did,  
In your vacation time.

DON.

## A Daniel among the Critics.

Of all the nonsensical couplets penned by that insignificant rhymester who won some ephemeral reputation in the eighteenth century, Alexander Pope, the following perhaps is the most utterly and preposterously absurd:

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
And censure freely who have written well."

As if critics had need of knowledge, judgment, talent, taste,—anything, in fact, other than a sublime confidence in themselves and an abiding faith in the infallibility of their own opinions! On Pope's theory, one should possess some elementary acquaintance with the first principles of sculpture and painting before pronouncing authoritatively as to the merits or demerits of a statue or a picture; should have at least a rudimentary ear for music before lauding or condemning an oratorio; should be able to distinguish rhythmical cadence from discordant cacophony before delivering magisterial decisions on the worth or worthlessness of a lyric poem; or should be competent to construct a grammatical sentence before dogmatizing about the style and technique of a literary artist.

The theory is, of course, a thoroughly foolish one. Why, it would confine criticism, in any of the fine arts, to the connoisseurs, "those who know"; and would summarily suppress the innumerable hordes of *dilettanti*, "those who only think they know." Fortunately for the world of letters, especially, Pope's advice has been as sedulously disregarded as though it were good. Byron's dictum unquestionably embodies the real truth of the matter:

"A man must serve his time to every trade  
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

It was doubtless in an atrabilious mood, probably occasioned by a well-merited castigation from the potent quill of some dictatorial penny-a-liner, that D'Israeli wrote: "You know who critics are. Men who have failed in literature and art." In his normal temper, Beaconsfield would have recognized the folly of implying that critics must be presumed to have even attempted achievement in either domain. Our own Lowell with more discernment declares, "A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic." The more absolute and uniform the scepticism (as to authors' merits and the critic's fallibility) the better.

As a matter of fact, the true philosophic basis of all genuinely valuable criticism is the good

old Protestant principle of "private judgment." A standard of taste is really as nonsensical as an infallible pope. This is a free country; one man is at least as good as another; *ergo*, what pleases me in literature and art is excellent,—what fails to please me is worthless. It is the inalienable right of every free-born American youth to drop the pitchfork for the pen, constitute himself the amateur book-reviewer of the district newspaper, and in that capacity deliver in slipshod English oracular opinions on divers subjects about which he knows no more than the brindle cow that he lately drove to pasture. Let it be added that the right is not suffered to lapse through lack of exercise.

It is eminently well that it should be so. True, there are old fogies who still prate about the necessity of a true critic's being endowed with a quick sensibility to beauty, a delicate perception, a catholic sympathy, a taste refined by exercise on the noblest productions of human genius and rendered judicious by its conformity to the immutable standard of good sense,—but all this is mere antiquated drivel. Fettered by such conditions criticism would languish and die; or, at the very least, would be deprived of that element of originality which now constitutes its chief distinction.

A notable instance of this originality lies before us as we write, in the shape of a brief book-notice that appeared in a mid-July number of a Western weekly journal. To the unknown friend who recently forwarded to us a marked copy of the paper, we return, with our cordial thanks, the assurance of our most distinguished consideration. As a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the critique shall be carefully enshrined in the casket wherein repose our favorite literary gems, the editor's private scrap-book. If we suppress the names of both paper and reviewer—for this "ready made" critic signs his criticism—it is in deference to the supersensitive modesty which we feel assured must characterize the Western journal's contributor, as it habitually does, the journal itself. "A Daniel come to judgment," we mentally ejaculated on reading the notice; and, with the critic's presumed permission, Daniel we shall call him.

The particular book on which Daniel brings to bear the plenteous store of his accumulated wit and wisdom is a volume of poems, or, in the author's phrase, "a collection of verses," that received rather favorable notice in the SCHOLASTIC'S columns five or six months ago.

Without being extravagantly encomiastic, our reviewer pointed out the merits of the book and congratulated its author on the general excellence of his work. A cursory examination of the poems, on our own part, led us to agree with our reviewer. Since reading Daniel, however, we have our doubts. While admitting that "there are many exquisite pieces in this volume," Daniel adds: "But at other times — [the author] essays that "which is beyond his strength. The dactyl (dactylic?) is a very difficult measure to handle; every one was surprised when Longfellow succeeded in writing dignified verse in it, and — is not a Longfellow."

The discerning reader will at once appreciate the cogency of the argument. If, to the ordinary mind, there does not appear any strict parallelism between the verses under consideration—short dactylic lyrics, of two or three rhyming stanzas each, and a long narrative poem in prevailing dactylic blank verse, such as *Evangeline*, so much the worse for the ordinary mind. It should forthwith become *extraordinary*, like Daniel's. Having laid down a general principle, the critic proceeds to establish its justice by citing particular instances to which that principle is clearly applicable. And here is where our critic shines. With the serene superiority of conscious inerrability, he calmly details the author's manifold metrical crimes; and his virtuous indignation at their enormity is suffered to appear only in the concise severity of his expression.

"His choice of measures is often very unfortunate, both in unfitness for the subject, and in the reminiscences [which] it evokes. The measure of Prout's 'Bells of Shandon' is quite unsuitable to 'Queen of the World'; the measure in which Boyle O'Reilly wrote his verses on the yacht 'Mayflower' does not suit 'To the Immaculate,' or 'Madonna Mia'; nor is the measure of Moore's *Shamrock* happily chosen for 'A May-Shrine.'"

Could anything be more admirable than the frank authoritativeness of these statements. Dogmatic they may be, and some one has defined dogmatism as "grown-up puppyism"; but when an infallible *arbiter elegantiarum* such as Daniel takes the trouble to form an opinion, why should there be any uncertain sound in the delivery thereof? Not for Daniel was meant the poet's counsel:

"Be silent always when you doubt your sense,  
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

In the first place, our critic's sense is never

doubted, at least by himself; and, in the second, speaking diffidently might imply uncertainty as to his omniscience, which, of course, is obviously indisputable.

It is to be regretted, we think, that either disinclination or lack of space prevented Daniel from reproducing a few lines from the lyrics which he mentions, and thus allowing his readers fully to appreciate the appositeness of his criticism, both as to the unfitness of the measures for the subjects treated, and as to the identity of the metres used respectively by the author under discussion and by Father Prout, Boyle O'Reilly, and Tom Moore. Even at the risk of wearying our own readers, we venture partially to supply his omission. To begin with Moore; "O The Shamrock" runs:

"Through Erin's Isle, to sport a while,  
As Love and Valor wandered,  
With Wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squandered; . . ."

"A May-Shrine" begins thus:

"As harbor lights on darksome nights  
Gleam lustrous through the ocean's glooming,  
In many a row the tapers glow,  
Our Lady's altar soft illuming."

As may be seen, Moore's second and fourth lines are trimeters; the corresponding lines in "A May-Shrine" are tetrameters. No ordinary vocalist can sing both lyrics to the same air, even if we eliminate from the first the refrain.

"O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
Chosen leaf of bard and chief  
Old Erin's native Shamrock!"

O'Reilly's "Mayflower" begins:

"Thunder our thanks to her—guns, hearts and lips!  
Cheer from the ranks to her,  
Shout from the banks to her—  
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships.  
Mayflower! Twice in the national story  
Thy dear name in letters of gold—  
Woven in texture that never grows old—  
Winning a home and winning glory!"

"To the Immaculate" runs as follows:

"Star of the morning, whose splendor illumined  
Shadows that dark o'er the primal world lay,  
Still doth thy glory illumine the sad story  
Angels record of mankind day by day;  
Still art thou shining bright  
Piercing the mists of night, . . ."

The first stanza of "Madonna Mia" is:

"Weak though my praise of thee,  
Feeble my lays of thee,  
Tender Madonna whose mercies I sing,  
Favors besought of thee  
Render the thought of thee  
Sweet as the rose-blooms that perfume the spring."

Now, we can readily understand that these

last lines may suggest the Ettrick Shepherd's "Skylark,"—

"Bird of the wilderness  
Blithesome and cumberless";

and that "To the Immaculate" may recall either Scott's Boat Song,

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,"

or McCann's O'Donnell Abu,

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,"

or Moore's Song of Fionnuala,

"Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,"

or Heber's Epiphany Hymn,

"Brighest and best of the sons of the morning,"

or even Browning's The Lost Leader,

"Just for a handful of silver he left us";

but why either "A May-Shrine" or "To the Immaculate" should irresistibly suggest "Mayflower," from which each differs notably in structure and metrical swing, is, we must confess, beyond us. That, however, is not surprising; Daniel is, we opine, beyond most men of ordinary intelligence.

But what about "The Bells of Shandon" and "Queen of the World"? Do their measures resemble each other as closely as the instances already given? More so; the metres may be said to be absolutely identical. True, the first lyric is written in iambics and anapests, the second in dactyls and trochees, and there is no similarity whatever in the rhyme-schemes of the two pieces; but these are mere superficial differences that do not at all affect the essential identity of the measures, as will be seen by comparing this quatrain from the first beautiful lyric:

"With deep affection and recollection  
I often think of those Shandon bells  
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood  
Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells. . . ."

with this, from "Queen of the World,"

"Sunbeams o'er woodland and dell are dancing,  
Starry-eyed blossoms from meads are glancing,  
Full-throated songsters their notes entrancing  
Carol the livelong day; . . ."

It avails nothing that, on the face of them, these lyrics appear to be written in quite dissimilar measures; you must get below the surface, if you would follow Daniel. Fuller acquaintance with the symphonic subaudition of metrically, or diametrically, opposed cadences, will make it clear to even the dullest intellect that between the two poems in question there exists the most complete identity of contrast, and that in accordance with the basic principles of poetical mnemonics, "Queen of the World" must evoke reminiscences of "The



Bells of Shandon," just as necessarily as "Nearer, My God, to Thee" evokes memories of "The Night before Larry Was Stretched."

The hymn just mentioned, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is, incidentally, a proof that the dactylic measure has not been considered unfit for grave and elevated verse. The Epiphany Hymn is another example. Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade, Hood's Bridge of Sighs, and not a few other well-known poems, seem to establish the fact that the dactyl lends itself easily to most of the moods of which lyric verse is the expression. That it is especially effective in songs of triumph, honor, praise, and joy, will be contested by few who have given the subject any serious attention. We except, of course, critics of the stamp of our friend Daniel. Genius such as his is bound by no ordinary laws; it is a thing apart, to admire, to envy,—it may be to weep over. All the same, Daniel is an original critic; and if we have devoted considerable attention to him, it is because he occasionally—to use his own words—"essays that which is beyond his strength."

JONATHAN FRIEZON.

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#### Pipes and Tobacco.

FRANCIS J. MAURIN.

The sight of people pulling eagerly at pipes, cigars, cheroots, stogies and cigarettes often leads me, and has probably led you, to be curious as to how men lived before the introduction of tobacco. It seems to be part and parcel of most men's lives. There are some men of whom I can not think without immediately associating their pipes with them. Now, Mr. Jerome is the only man that has satisfied this curiosity. For he says that before the use of tobacco man was a knight-errant and fought for the honor of his lady, but now he sits at ease and smokes his pipe, while the ladies fight it out among themselves.

Most scientists deem the use of tobacco a flagrant breach of the laws of health; moralists are more diffident. Of course, methodists are not considered. Men of letters are almost unanimous in their praises of the weed. Mr. Barrie has entitled one of his books "My Lady Nicotine;" Mr. Jerome dedicates one to his pipe. Ike Marvel says that smoking eases the mind and leads to contemplative thoughts. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton says: "A great deal of the best literary composition that is

produced by contemporary authors is wrought by men who are actually smoking whilst at work." But none, I think, are more enthusiastic than Stevenson. He speaks, or rather writes, with ecstasy of the pipe he was smoking in the Senators' club-room just before he was invited by three fellow-students to organize a magazine; he also advises a married man to smoke, and he praises the truant who, at least, learns how to tell a good cigar. It just comes to my mind that I recently saw a book advertised that was wholly made up of encomiums on tobacco. The pipe is to tobacco what the body is to the soul. The one is inefficient without the other, and of making them as of books there is no end. There are crooked pipes, straight pipes, long and short pipes, stone pipes, clay pipes and wooden pipes, water pipes but not gas pipes.

Each nationality has chosen his favorite among this category. The pipe should certainly have great weight with the sociologist, and in centuries to come will probably figure in the data of the geologist when he is studying the strata of what may be called the fumigatory age. John Bull is usually pictured with a pipe that has a long straight stem capped by a small bowl. His German cousin has one with a massive meerschaum bowl in which a stem with an abrupt curve at the end is vertically fitted. The creations of Mr. Seumas MacManus are represented with a broken, brown and beloved clay pipe. The fellow-citizens of Tolstoi have not, as I know, a predilection for any sort of pipe. Probably they do not smoke for fear of singeing their absurd beards. The Alpine tribes have taken a fancy to porcelain pipes. They are somewhat complicated, having a cap, string and many decorative pictures. Some of these pipes, especially the Tyrolese, have skilfully carved bowls that represent chiefly hunting scenes. The Danes and Swedes are nicotian heretics, using tobacco in the form of snuff. Such seasoning ought surely to produce pessimistic thoughts.

The American farmer is the most economical, and grows in his corn-patch the greater part of his pipe. The French are usually associated with the cigar, being by nature too aristocratic and excitable to smoke a pipe. The cigarette is the minion of the Spaniard. Turkey is the home of the "hookah" or water pipe. It is an embodiment of the fastidiousness, sensuality and luxury of the East. It is fitted with two or more flexible stems. So we see the Turk is a "polyfumigist" as well as

a polygamist. I shall conclude this list by naming the primitive and original receptical for the smoking of the aromatic weed, the calumet—an instrument used by the American Indians not only for smoking but also in the celebration of various solemn rites.

From the pipe we are easily led to consider the cigar, stogy, cheroot and cigarette and their devotees in America. The cheroot is indulged in by men of a bucolic nature; the cigarette by the small boy, the stogy and the cigar by everyone. Cigars range from four to eight inches in length. Their different brands are cleverly mentioned in a stanza from Mr. Bangs' "Coffee and Repartee."

O Manuel garcia alonzo,  
Colorado especial H. Clay,  
Invincible flora Alphonzo,  
Cigarette panatella el rey,  
Victoria Reina selectos—  
O twofer maddera grandé  
O chonchas oscuro perfectas,  
You drive all my sorrows away!

Much poetry is expressed in the manipulation of the pipe and the casting forth of the smoke. Each evolution the smoker goes through with his pipe and each exhalation carries with it some subtle meaning. For these and other reasons smoking is an unsurpassed adjunct to conversation. It prevents the development of the social monologist, and Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his "Intellectual Life," says: "Most really brilliant conversations that I have listened to have been accompanied by tobacco smoke."

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#### That Other Fellow.

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JOSEPH P. SHEILS, 1900.

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"I don't know what to do about it, Tom. You see, just before Nellie went away on her vacation we became engaged, and now she writes this rot to me about that other fellow. I'm expecting every day that she'll break off the engagement. Here, I'll read part of her letter to you, and tell me what you think of it. She says:

"I heard a great deal about Jack before he came here, but I didn't think I should like him. You know he was staying at Munson's house in Chesterton, and of course Kate told me a great many stories about him. It was he that caught those robbers that night they broke into Munson's house. Naturally, after that little incident everyone in that vicinity

liked Jack, and he was treated well wherever he went. Well, when he came here, I don't know how it was, but we became fast friends at once. We have taken long walks together, and sat by the sea for hours at a time. I always feel safe when Jack is near me: he looks so big and strong. He has a magnificent head and is very intelligent looking too. His hair is black and curly and he has large soft brown eyes. You'd be sure to like him if you should see him. I may bring him home with me when my vacation is over."

"Well, what do you think of that? I can't imagine who this Jack is."

"I think, either you'll have to see Miss Hartford very soon, or she'll 'forget the old love for the new,'" answered Tom with a laugh. "Did she say when she would return?"

"Yes, she said she'd be here in a week at the latest."

"I suppose you can do nothing, Frank, until she gets back. You'll have to grin and bear it."

For the next few days Frank went about his work in a half-hearted fashion, his thoughts occupied with Miss Hartford and that "other fellow." Then he received another letter from her saying she was having such a pleasant time that she didn't expect to leave for at least two weeks. Of course, that Jack was still there or she would not have changed her mind about staying any longer. Frank began to form pictures in his mind of those "long walks together" and those "sittings by the sea." When at last the two weeks were over he firmly believed that Miss Hartford would bring her future husband back with her. As soon as he heard she had returned he called on her. He was not altogether sure that she would receive him as kindly as was her custom before her visit. There was more than one misgiving in his mind as he waited her appearance in answer to the announcement of his arrival.

"Frank, I'm so glad to see you," she exclaimed.

This was much more than Frank had expected, and he felt happy once more.

"Oh! I forgot Jack. O Jack!" she cried.

Frank's heart sank as he heard the answer from another room.

"Well, what do you want of Jack?"

Then her father entered leading a large black Newfoundland dog.

Frank looked at Miss Hartford; Miss Hartford looked at Frank. Both smiled, and Jack came over and stood beside them wagging his tail joyfully.



## The Bobolink.

HARRY P. BARRY.

By the month of May most of the migratory birds have reached their northern homes. Wild ducks and geese have long been preening their feathers in the waters of Hudson Bay and in the Great Lakes. The robin and the meadow lark have their nests built, and the swallows are looking for crevices in chimneys and sheds wherein to build their nests. After the arrival of all these birds the "chink!" of the bobolink is heard some warm day in May.

The first bobolink that arrives stays only a short time, for it has not reached its destination. It sings a few songs like a travelling musician, and then goes on. Soon others are heard in the prairie. These have come to stay. As soon as the sun begins to get warm it sings as if it would burst its little throat. Three or four alight on dried weeds and form little circles. One begins, "chink, chink, bob-o-link," and after singing a series of tones and semitones the song ends. Another takes up the tune, and when it has finished another or perhaps two continue the song making a chorus. The song of the bobolink is a series of many staccato notes. It is musical and merry. This bird builds its nest in a bush that grows in a tuft.

The young birds are hatched and are able to fly by the first of July. As soon as they can fly well the old birds gather them into flocks. After the young ones are able to fly they appear not to know their own mothers. Sometimes five or six young birds try to get a grasshopper from the old bird. They all appear to be one family.

If a stone is thrown into the flock they will fly toward the South. After flying one-half mile, or perhaps less, they will alight again until something else disturbs them. By the tenth of July they have all left for the southern rice fields. Not a trace of them exists except the memory of their merry songs.

## Books and Magazines.

—The articles in this month's issue of the *Cosmopolitan* are in keeping with the name of the magazine, for they touch on a diversity of subjects, and present them in a very clean-cut manner. There is less fiction than usual, and

as the writer passed over this part of the journal, we can not express any opinion on the merits or demerits of the stories. Of the other articles, Mr. Vance Thompson's "Paris Exposition," Commander, U. S. N. Webster's "In the Engine-Room of a War-Ship" and Pres. Arthur T. Hadley's discussion of "Modern Education" are the most interesting and instructive. The latter article is one of a series that the *Cosmopolitan* is running, and various professors in American universities, as well as men of letters, have been engaged to work on it. President William H. Faunce of Brown University will contribute the next paper on this subject. These articles should be of special value to students, teachers and all persons interested in the system of instruction used in our schools.

—*Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, published by Benziger Brothers every month, is out in its sombre November covers with many good things between them. Father Finn's serial and the Indian Sign language will be interesting to most boys.

—*The Deaf-Mutes' Friend Family Library*, published four times a year to support the poor deaf-mutes of St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wis., is undoubtedly a child's paper. Its stories and illustrations are instructive and varied. In subscribing for this book you help a good cause and procure interesting reading for the little ones.

—As the *Caecilia* appears upon our table month after month, the temptation to review it regularly is very strong. For there is usually something worthy of noting in every number. Lack of space, however, forbids such a regular review. On that account, we must content ourselves with but an occasional notice of the good things it publishes.

In the current number, we are not surprised, then, to find, among other things exceptionally good, two articles on the organ in the concert hall and in the church respectively. The latter is especially noteworthy, and will remain timely as long as there remain organists who play accompaniments as solos. That there are such is unfortunately too true. We know several whose choirs, it seems, have no other reason for being than that they furnish the organist with an occasion for a display of most elaborate technique. To these and their ilk we recommend the present issue of the *Caecilia*. As to the musical supplement, it need but be said that the *Caecilia* has, from its very inception, been a synonym for good music.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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*Reporters.*

—Mr. Louis Reed, for two years one of our reporters, and last year a member of the Board of Editors, has severed his connection with the SCHOLASTIC to accept a position in South Bend. He takes with him the best wishes of his fellow staff members, who, while regretting his loss from our board, feel assured that he will meet with all success in his new field of labor.

—One of our students remarked the other day that he considered it the first duty of every Catholic young man at Notre Dame to learn as much as possible about his religion. While greatly admiring this gentleman for stating his convictions in so straightforward a manner, we assure him that we fully agree with him on this point. The more we know of our religion, the more we realize its truths and the more we are attached to it. The idea of learning the fundamental principles of our professed faith is not to be ridiculed. It is regrettable that there are young men here that will stand up and say: "Catechism classes are good things for the 'kids.'" That may be taken as the philosophy of a fool or a confirmed atheist. Anyone really believing in religion and wishing to live up to it in a practical way, must

first learn the principles of his religion and lay a foundation on which to put them in practice. This is not children's work; it is the work of earnest Christians; and if we are to measure the true Christians among us it must be by the standard of the love they show for their faith and the desire with which they seek after its truths. There are many at Notre Dame that will commend the example of their fellow student mentioned above. These are the typical and true Notre Dame men, and when they leave us we shall have no fears for their course in after life.

—Mr. Coach McWeeny, Captain Mullen and gentlemen of the Varsity, you have a hard game ahead of you next Saturday. Nevertheless, we say in all confidence, that you shall come home victorious. As a matter of precaution let the training in the meanwhile be earnest and hard. The reward will not be small; its value you know is measured by its cost, and in this case the cost price means the exertion of all your best endeavor. Take the SCHOLASTIC's advice: perfect your team work; players, give good heed to the instruction of your coach, work in unison, and let every man take the part assigned to him. When the game has been played you will realize the truth of this, our prediction: the championship banner will float over the gridiron at Notre Dame

—However England may settle her present trouble with the Boers, and however deftly our diplomats deal with the Philippines, the rising generation may be sure that they will leave us some intricate questions to handle. In view of what lies before us, why is it that so many attending our colleges seem to care little how they will be prepared to meet the great problems that are continually thrown out for men of thinking minds? Is it that we are always to be willing to shoulder the leadership on other men? Is there any reason why we should not feel as though we would like to be at the helm ourselves? There is none whatever; for it is not a sign of wild ambition for one to desire to raise his voice and be heard in forming stable and salutary governments, and in working harmony among the nations. Let every man at Notre Dame shake off idleness, and learn to get at the bottom of things. Lay to, all you students of history, economics, and international law, for the time of your appearance will soon be ripe.

## Our Art School.

The art department at Notre Dame is in no way limited, as many would suppose, but is in itself a school well equipped for thorough instruction in all studies adopted by the leading schools of art. It is conducted under the direction of a painter that made a complete course of studies in the famous schools of Paris and Rome, worked for four years under the celebrated master, Gerome, and was in close touch with such artists as Bouguereau, Bonnat and Moreau. He has mapped out a course at Notre Dame to meet all the requirements of those wishing to acquire proficiency in drawing and painting as well as those that desire to make art a profession.

Considering the great lack of artistic training that prevails in American educational institutions, we can not insist too strongly upon the suggestion that more attention should be devoted to it. It is a regrettable fact that Americans visiting the old country are looked upon as ignorant because of this lack of artistic training, so very apparent in their criticisms of the works in European museums and galleries. Why it is that persons otherwise well educated pay so little or no attention to the arts of painting or sculpture is a question not easily answered. Literary men especially, and those scribes that edit the columns devoted to art in magazines and Sunday newspapers, should be able to judge the worth of a painting.

We desire to see more attention given to work in the art department at Notre Dame. Not enough students have availed themselves of the splendid opportunities offered them in these studies, so we will give a brief outline of the work to be done, in the hope that many more students will visit the studio and learn how to handle the brush and the pencil.

In the first place, the *Sketch Club* that meets every Thursday morning ought to be encouraged by everyone that can draw. The object is to learn sketching from life and to do illustrative work. A half-hour lecture is to be given on this branch of the work at 5 p. m. on Thursdays. The *Elementary Class* takes up students not having previously studied drawing, and while they are given the elements of free-hand drawing and perspective work, they also have an opportunity to get the benefit of criticisms and lectures given to advanced students.

Students in the *Antique Class* work from plaster casts, heads, busts and full figures. They are also taught to study and work on the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture. Incidentally we may mention here that the collection in our studio is a very remarkable one. They are the best models to be had, many of them having been brought from Italy by Signor Gregori, and more of them coming direct from the Ecole Nationale at Paris, where they were purchased by Prof. Paradis. In this class, still-life drawing and occasional sketches from life are given to the students; studies in color, perspective, anatomy, history of art and landscape work. The *Life Class* does work altogether from life, drawing and painting historical compositions.

*Class of Decorative Design.* This is a new department to be initiated in January of the next term. The object is to prepare students for professional work in decorative designings of all kinds. They will take up the study of historical ornament and will be taught the general principles of the arrangement of design, and from personal sketches of plants and flowers will be shown the art of making original designs for wall-paper, book covers, stained glass, carpets, interior decorations, metal plates, etc. At present there is much demand for this kind of work in the world, and it is a pleasing as well as practical way of applying one's natural taste for art. It is especially recommended for those that do not intend to go through the long and difficult training required for portrait, landscape or historical painting as a profession.

This is a very brief outline of the work that is carried on in our art department. All the classes are under the direction of Professors Ackerman and Paradis, lifelong students of drawing and art, and both men that are entirely given up to their work. They are prepared to offer exceptional advantages to persons desiring to avail themselves of them, and will welcome any new additions to their classes. No previous work is required for admission to the elementary class or to the class of Decorative Design. New students are free to come if they bring with them only a desire to work honestly. The SCHOLASTIC suggests that as many as possible give their attention to this work and avail themselves of the opportunities offered them. We must send away from Notre Dame artists that can match skill and taste with those of any art school in America.

HENRY PECK.

## Professor Paradis on Art.

Thursday evening at 5 p. m. a large number of students and members of the faculty assembled in the St. Cecilian room to listen to the first of a series of lectures that are to treat of art. Those that were present had reason to congratulate themselves, for the half hour was well spent. Professor Paradis, though he had at first intended to address only the members of his class, was gratified that others took occasion to be present. He even said that he desired to see the students take a larger interest in art. He showed what an elevating thing it is in education. As an introduction to the definition of art—which was the subject of this first talk—he said that in the first place man was naturally gifted with a sense for the artistic; out of this sprang the idea of religion, and from the contemplation of both came science. Moreover, he said that this new nation of the West should not imagine that art belongs to Greece and Rome alone. America is not behind the times in the production of reputable works of art. He called attention to the fact that America has already a large number of eminent artists, and that more than one-sixth of the annual exhibit in Paris is the result of the labors of these men. The American youth, therefore, should regard it as part of his education to learn something about the things of art.

It is not necessary that a person should paint well in order to judge well of a picture; even so, this defect of practical skill must be made up for in some way or other. The power of the critic in painting as well as in literature usually depends, not upon his own proficiency as a painter or writer, but upon his acquaintance with the principles which govern either of these arts. It is well, indeed, to have acquired ease in the use of the pen. It is well, also, to have learned something regarding the use of pencil or brush. The ability to sketch is well worth fostering in anyone who has even an occasional holiday to spare. There are many things which it is well to learn, be they intended only as accomplishments. Such a thing, for example, is music. There is more than one thing in this world to broaden life. There are many ways of making of ourselves more than mere merchantmen. Art is one of these things that tend to make men noble, and men at times half forget the fact, if we may judge by their indifference toward artistic training.

## Notre Dame, 17; Rush Medical, 0.

The men from Rush Medical put up a strong article of football against our team in their game last Saturday, but were unable to score. There is no telling how many points the Varsity would have made against the doctors, had she not been handicapped by the absence of three of her best players—O'Malley, Eggeman and Captain Mullen. Cartier Field was in splendid condition considering the heavy snows of Thursday and Friday.

Duncan, Farley and Hayes did excellent work in carrying the ball for Notre Dame, the latter at one time plowing through the line for a gain of twenty-two yards; dragging with him three of the opposing tacklers. McNulty and Wagner on several occasions broke through the visitor's line and brought the runner down before he was fairly started. In the early part of the first half, Schraeder was sent around our right end, making a run of thirty yards before he was tackled by Farley.

The spectacular feature of the game was Macdonald's place kick for a goal from Rush's twenty-five yard line. There was some little delay in placing the ball, and the men in the formation deserve much credit for the manner in which they kept the visitors from breaking through.

Rush Medical won the toss and took the west goal, which gave them the advantage of having a strong wind at their backs. Macdonald kicked off forty to Farr who was brought down with a loss of one yard by Duncan. The center of our line was tried by the visitors without a gain, and then Schraeder was sent around left end for his long run of twenty-five yards. On the next down the ball was fumbled and secured by Hayes. It was Notre Dame's first down, and our backs were soon circling the visitor's ends and hurdling their line for big gains. Hayes was given the ball, and he followed a splendid formation of interference around left end for seventeen yards. Wagner made five yards through the line, and the next play sent Hanley into the left tackle for three. Monahan and Farley circled the ends for five and eight yards respectively, bringing the ball within one yard of the doctor's goal. At this point Rush's line played low, and Duncan failed to gain an inch in his attempt between left guard and tackle. The next play brought Hayes through the right side of the line for a touchdown; but the umpire would not allow

the score on account of holding in the line done by our guard, and the ball was brought back and given to the visitors. Tobin punted thirty yards, and the ball was again brought back and fifteen yards given the Medic's for offside play. Schwindener was sent against the line, but failed, and Schraeder's attempt round left end yielded fifteen yards. Gardner gained a yard through the line, but on the next play the ball went to Notre Dame for holding.

Hayes went ten yards around the left end, but again the ball was brought back and given to R. M. on the same offense. Schwindener went through the line for two yards, and then Tobin was forced to punt; the ball going twenty-five yards and out of bounds.

Farley circled right end for fifteen yards, Duncan securing ten at left tackle, both plays being repeated for five and three yards respectively. The ball was given to Rush on offside play, Lamberton going around left end for fifteen yards before he was brought down by Macdonald who made a splendid tackle. R. M. held in the line on the next down, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Farley was sent around right end, gaining twenty yards; then Hanley made a wide opening in the line for Hayes who went through, making his splendid run of twenty-two yards. Monahan behind fast interference went the remaining distance around left end for Notre Dame's first touchdown. Macdonald kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Rush Medical, 0. Time, fifteen minutes and thirty seconds.

Tobin kicked forty yards to Hayes who by clever dodging and twisting succeeded in returning thirty. Monahan made a small gain around left end, and Macdonald punted twenty yards; the ball was brought back and given to the visitors on account of holding in the line. R. M. tried a fake-kick play with a loss of five yards, and the pigskin again changed hands owing to an offside play. Macdonald and Tobin exchanged punts, and the first half closed with the ball in Notre Dame's possession near the center of the field.

Moore of Rush Medical started the second half, kicking forty yards to Farley who, assisted by splendid interference, succeeded in returning thirty-five. After Duncan had made eight at right tackle, Rush found she was playing with only ten men, and the missing gentleman was quickly brought into the game. Kuppler failed at left tackle, Duncan and Hayes making the required gain at the right side of the line. Monahan went around left

end for three yards, Hayes securing eight, around the same end on the next down. Duncan and Hanley were then sent into the line for gains varying from five to eight yards, while Monahan and Hayes alternated around the ends for small gains. An offside play gave the ball to the visitors who were forced to punt. The oval went twenty-five yards to Macdonald, who called for a fair catch, and being tackled by Lamberton, was allowed fifteen yards. Hayes hurdled the line for two yards; Duncan failed to gain at left tackle, and Macdonald signalled for a place kick. Amid loud applause from the side lines the ball went flying over the goal, making the score 11 to 0.

Moore kicked thirty-five yards to Farley who returned ten. Macdonald then punted thirty yards to Tobin, who was brought down by McNulty after he regained twenty. The doctors tried our line and left end without a gain, and Tobin was forced to punt. The visitors were given the ball on an offside play, and Tobin again punted fifteen yards to Farley who returned five, and on the next play secured fifteen around right end. Duncan went through right tackle for three yards and repeated the play, making a gain of eight yards. Wagner got seven yards at right guard. Hanley failed at left tackle, and Farley was sent around right end for ten yards. The ball went over for holding in the line, and the Medics failing to gain, Tobin punted twenty-five yards to Farley who returned five. Macdonald punted thirty yards, Monahan securing the ball on Tobin's fumble. Farley circled right end for ten yards; Hayes and Duncan the other end for twelve.

A series of line and end plays by Hayes, Wagner, Duncan and Monahan brought the ball within three yards of Rush Medical's goal, from which position Duncan carried it through the line for Notre Dame's second and last touchdown. Macdonald kicked goal.

NOTRE DAME	LINE-UP	RUSH MEDICAL
Monahan	R E	Schraeder
Hanley	R T	Moore
McNulty	R G	Bland
Winters	C	Nicholson
Schneider	L G	Gardener
Wagner	L T	Farr
Farley, Daly	L E	Lamberton
Macdonald	Q	McKirahan
Hayes	R H	Lamping
Kuppler	L H	Schwindener
Duncan	F B	Tobin

Score, 17-0. Touchdowns, Monahan, Duncan. Goals from touchdown, Macdonald (2). Goals from place kick, Macdonald. Umpire, H. Clark. Referee, P. Studebaker. Time of halves, 20 min.

## Personals.

—Mr. E. Gilmartin of Fort Wayne is visiting his son Frank of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. M. C. Cooney of Chicago was the recent guest of her sons of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Austin Murphy visited his nephew, Frank Welch, of Corby Hall last Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. Reichardt of Chicago are visiting their son Herman at Notre Dame.

—Capt. J. J. Abercrombie of Chicago called on his many friends at the University yesterday.

—Mr. George Ryan of Hancock, Mich., was the guest of his brother William of Carroll Hall last Thursday.

—Mrs. J. W. Merream of St. Paul, Minn., entered her son in Carroll Hall during the past week.

—Mrs. Chas. Althoff of Dayton, Ohio, was at the University last week visiting her son Arnold of Corby Hall.

—Among the welcome visitors during the past week were Mrs. J. Sherlock, Mrs. T. Burk, and Mrs. D. Cooney.

—Mr. Chester Atherton (C. E., '99) is now working as one of the chief engineers for the King Bridge Co. of Des Moines, Iowa.

—Mr. Chas. Sweeney of Spokane, Washington, accompanied by his daughter, spent last Sunday at the University the guest of his sons.

—Mr. T. O. Ragan of Maumee, Ohio, accompanied by his son James, spent the fore part of the week at the University visiting with his son, Mr. Paul J. Ragan of the Law School.

—Mr. A. W. Stace (Litt. B. '95), who has been for the past two years reporter for the *Grand Rapids Evening Press*, has been raised to the position of city editor of that paper.

—A letter was received a few days ago from Fred Neef (B. S. '92, Litt. B. '93), who has been studying medicine in Berlin where he received his diploma a year or two ago. Fred is now making a special study of surgery. In May he is going to Vienna to complete his course.

—Mr. Fred Chute (Litt. B. '92) was with us for a few days during the past week. Fred is now in the law business with his brother at Minneapolis, Minn., where he has a large practice. The SCHOLASTIC extends to him and his brother best wishes, and hopes that we may see them often at Notre Dame.

—The sad news of the death of Mr. J. McGrath (Litt. B. '92) was brought to us by Mr. Fred Chute who visited here a short time ago. After Mr. McGrath left the University he was engaged in the practice of law in his native city when his health began to fail. He immediately went South but could find no relief. From there he went to Denver and later on to San Francisco, Cal., where he died within a few weeks from rheumatism of the heart.

## Resolutions.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Divine Providence in Its infinite wisdom to remove from this earth the father of Mr. George Lins, one of our fellow students; and,

WHEREAS: We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED: That we, the students of Sorin Hall, tender him and his afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his sorrow-stricken family.

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY  
PHILIP B. O'NEILL  
JOHN W. FORBING  
EDWARD D. COLLINS  
JAMES P. FOGARTY

} Committee.

## Local Items

—The Anti-Specials of Carroll Hall are now the only organized team in the University, with the exception of the Varsity.

—McNULTY:—"They say that one of Father Regan's ducks took a run and jumped off the earth. How about it, Buck?"

BUCK:—"Yes, he did, Mac; he jumped into the lake, the horrid thing."

—Brother Augustus has placed an attachment on the personal and common property of the *Heine Band* as security for a pair of trousers borrowed for the leader. Unless an amicable settlement is reached in a few days the matter will come before the Moot-Court.

—Sunday evening a golf club was formed in Corby Hall. The election of officers was postponed until the next meeting. Messrs. Morgan and McCormack will act as caddies. Acting President Higgins announces that a tournament will in all probability be arranged with St. Mary's on the St. Mary's golf links.

—Through kindness of Dr. J. B. Berteling several copies of "On the Road to Mandalay" have been distributed among the students. This song which is rapidly growing in popularity, consists of the words of one of Mr. Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads set to the revised music of an old English song. It is very "catchy" and will gain much favor among us. We extend thanks to the Doctor for his courtesy in introducing it.

—While the Varsity men were out making a cross-country run last Thursday, eleven men from Corby Hall and as many more from Brownson jumped into the moleskin suits hanging up in the training room and went out on the gridiron to have it out. Brownson,



captained by Rob Brown, won very handily by the score of 17-0. Brown, Coleman, Cooney and Hierholzer played strong games for Bro. Hugh's Bailiwick, while Gaffney was the star performer of the Corby eleven. The two teams are expected to meet again tomorrow.

—Owing to the serious illness of Miss Ethel Alcohol, Dr. Borate was called to Granger. His great presence of mind and knowledge of modern sciences prompted him to send us a lecture by wireless telegraphy. Our operators, Nash and Fogarty, could not catch the message. Later they discovered that Charlie Baab had caught on to the scheme, mounted his bike, rode to Bertrand, side-tracked the message and made a grand scoop for the war cry. We are very sorry that we must postpone our lectures, but will say that they will continue uninterrupted in the future.

—A new society is about to be inaugurated at Notre Dame. This organization will be a local branch of a greater organization that reaches over the length and breadth of the country, and has been very notable in years past. It is the society, or, more fittingly, the "Union" of the Sons of Veterans. Any student whose father or grandfather fought for the preservation of the Union is entitled to admission into this organization. We hope to see a large membership here, for Notre Dame has a glorious war record, and we would like to have the old enthusiasm of '61 kept alive among the students of the present day. Those wishing to join this new organization are requested to hand their names to any one of the following committee—Messrs. Charles J. Baab, William A. McInerney, or John J. Cooney.

—A new musical organization has been formed at Notre Dame. At a meeting held in Corby Hall last Saturday evening, the students of Corby Hall decided to organize a Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo Club. A club society of a few of the students had been playing together for several weeks, but it was deemed advisable in consideration of the great amount of talent to enlarge the club. Mr. Charles Leffingwell was elected leader of the new club, and it is to be hoped that the students of Notre Dame will be given an opportunity in the near future to hear the Corby Hall Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club.

—Three cheers and a tiger for Carroll Hall's Anti-Specials. The department has this year and in former times put heavier football teams on the field; at no time, however, have we seen here a team which, while equal to George Weidmann's in age and weight, could rival it in skill at the game. Better harmony among the members of the team and better generalship is not to be looked for anywhere. On Sunday last the Varsity men looked on in astonishment while these young fellows made a score of 18 points in the first and only half of

a game against a team from Corby Hall. Davis distinguished himself for plunging through the line; Quinlan for making the three touchdowns, carrying the ball on two occasions from the center of the field to the goal.

—"Old Malachi" swung into Notre Dame avenue with a sprained hip shod waddle. An expression of sadness was prevalent in his pale, pink eyes. Perhaps he was ruminating on the days when he was as fleet of foot and as graceful of form as any of his clan. But that grace and fleetness had been dissipated by his long and honorable connection with a wheel scraper, and now that his anatomy was distorted, and physical ailments had incapacitated him for useful labor he was given over to Big and Little Malachi for pleasure purposes. Little Malachi, thinking giddy things as a small boy is wont to do, held the ribbons. Big Malachi, set in stern countenance of the kind that Pres. McKinley uses in his copyrighted photographs, was evolving deep thoughts to be handed down to unborn people through the medium of the Indiana reports in the case of "*Corcoran versus the Real Thing*."

"G-e-e-t up, Malachi!" said Little Malachi, as he gave Old Malachi a wallop across the back that started him from his lumbering gait with a lurch. The sudden projection forward awoke Big Malachi from his imperturbable stolidity.

"Hold Malachi," he said, addressing Little Malachi. Such indiscretion on your part might cause old Malachi to accelerate his speed beyond a point of physical control, thereby endangering human lives. Such conduct under the Indiana code is tortions."

Big Malachi finished and smiled inwardly as Brucker might have done. Little Malachi turned upon him in a savage manner, and said: "Here, you wise guy, handle the brute in your own sweet way." Thereupon Big Malachi reached for the lines, and just in time, because a little child was playing on the street only three hundred yards ahead, and she surely must have been trampled beneath the iron hoofs of the charging animal, had not Big Malachi's skill in horsemanship and his words of moderation caused the old Malachi to subside after he had gone sixty paces in his maddening flight.

—George Stuhlfauth is rapidly developing into a stout man now since he has adopted a vigorous course of physical exercise. He spends one hour a day in picking his teeth and another in trimming his finger nails. Then he adopts the more severe acts of turning his toes up, winking at himself in a looking-glass, turning hand-springs into his bucket and out again, balancing himself squarely on both feet, and changing his gaze seven times between Puls-kamp's old room and St. Mary's Academy. After a day of hard work like this he crawls into bed backwards, sleeps with his feet on

the pillow, and then wakes up too late for breakfast the next morning. This latter feat, of course, is intended to reduce his avoirdupois. If more of the students would follow such a daily routine of life as this we would soon have some fine specimens of perfectly developed manhood at the University.

—Alexis says he is young and *soffocalis*, consequently we can not blame him for the following rash assertions: "I visited that pack of crowds three times in concussion and each time I found them taking up a prescription to carry on a prosecution against Ralph Wilson for giving me a knock-out blow in what was exposed to be a friendly bout. I think I have the umparee on my side, and as for respire he aint of no discount. The way that fight was carried on shows that they scandalled me. As time and tide waits for everybody I'll diagram who is the best boxer in the near security. By that time I will be in better trim. I am aware of the fact that I am profiting by the good resolutions I made the first of the month. I am better bodily, physically, morally, mentally, intellectually and foolishly. I have no more to say regarding the coming match, but I will refer you to Duperier who is without doubt the best inflammation brewery about the place."

—The Columbian Literary Society held their weekly meeting at 7.30 on Thursday evening under the presidency of Professor Carmody. The programme opened with an impromptu speech by Mr. Featherston, followed by a recitation by Mr. Crumley. The question to be discussed was: Resolved that the honor system of conducting examinations is practicable at Notre Dame. This was the subject of a very interesting debate. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. O'Malley and Cooney and the negative by Messrs. O'Hanlon and MacDonough. The gentlemen on each side advanced many able arguments, and their efforts were well received by the other members of the society. Mr. O'Hanlon particularly distinguished himself. Recourse was had to ballot to secure the decision which resulted in favor of O'Hanlon and MacDonough. A general discussion followed in which Messrs. Kelly, McFadden and Crimmins took an active part. The chairman congratulated the members on the talent they exhibited, and forecasted a brilliant future for the society.

The principal objects of the society are the self-culture and self-advancement of its members. The obligations imposed upon members are few and easily discharged, and the advantages derived are many. An interesting programme will be arranged for each meeting, and up-to-date topics claiming public attention will be discussed. Students of Brownson Hall anxious to increase their knowledge and to cultivate the art of public speaking are respectfully requested to become members of the Columbian Literary Society.

#### List of Excellence.

##### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Advanced Christian Doctrine*—J. M. Byrne, V. Dwyer, J. McGinnis, J. Shiels, G. Burkitt, P. Lennon, J. Toohey. *Ethics*—H. Gallagher. *Philosophy*—W. Tierney, E. Campbell. *Latin*—H. Gallagher, J. Byrne, G. Marr, H. Brown, E. Rumely, A. Krug, J. Drachbar, G. Burkitt, R. Lynch. *Greek*—Joseph P. Sheils, G. Marr, F. Schwab, G. Burkitt. *English*—A. Sammon, H. E. Brown, W. A. McInerney, E. Rumely, F. McKeon, R. Sweeney, R. Glynn. *Economics*—G. Kuppler, J. Locke, W. Tierney. *Law*—J. P. Curry, A. Duperier, M. Hoban, G. Hanhouser, W. McInerney, N. Savay. *Civil Engineering*—A. F. Dorley. *Roof and Bridges*—Anthony F. Dorley. *Hydraulics*—A. F. Dorley. *Astronomy*—E. F. Hay. *Analytical Mechanics*—E. Hay. *Trigonometry*—O. White, F. Torres, P. Rebillott, A. Krug, C. P. Kahler. *Thermodynamics*, G. Stuhlfauth. *Railroad Surveying*—F. Gaston. *Calculus*—R. M. Wilson. *Analytical Geometry*—J. Falomir. *Descriptive Geometry*—E. Guerra. *Algebra*—B. Ernst, C. Kahler, P. Rebillott. *Chemistry*—W. Mills. *Physics*—F. Baer, E. Guerra. *Electrical Laboratory*—G. Stuhlfauth. *Dynamo Electrical Machinery*—G. Dorley. *Electrical Engineering*—J. Harrington, E. Smith, L. C. Nash. *Bacteriology*—R. S. Funk. *Human Anatomy*—R. Krost. *General Biology*—R. Krost. *Operative Pharmacy*—E. Warder, N. Gibson. *Pharmacy*—E. Warder, G. Senrich, J. Forbing. *Materia Medica*—C. Nies, E. Warder, G. Lins. *English History*—A. Fortin, W. McGueney. *Roman History*—G. Cypher, A. Krug, J. Laden, F. McKeever, E. Rumely, R. Sweeney, F. Schwab.

##### PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

*Christian Doctrine*—H. Mills, W. Moore, W. Scott, J. Drachbar, J. Morgan, T. Murray, W. Shea, V. Jones, A. Krug, J. Pancratz, John Quinlan, J. Sekinger, H. E. Brown, J. Sullivan, D. Hartnett, M. Flynn, W. Stevens. *Latin*—F. Shoonover, G. M. Ryan, T. Swantz, F. Barry. *Greek*—R. Lynch, N. Hogan. *Algebra*—G. Kelly, J. Burke, C. McCracken, E. C. Smith, C. J. Cullinan, L. Delone, V. Henehan, J. O'Neal, J. Lavelle, F. Vogt, H. Zeigler. *Geometry*—J. Kinney, J. Neeson, J. Sekinger, P. McGrath, A. Pancratz. *Chemistry*—B. Ernst, F. McKeever. *Botany*—R. Krost, P. Rebillott. *Physics*—F. McKeever, N. Mills, F. McKeon, T. Petritz, J. Shiels. *Human Histology*—N. Mills. *Physiology*—G. Burkitt, F. Barry, W. Shea. *Law*—J. P. Curry, C. M. Fadden, C. Vurpillat. *Bookkeeping*—J. Kuntz, B. Prosper, R. Stephan, R. Lannert, R. Harmon, A. Pancratz, W. Ferstl, M. Scott. *Composition*—P. Butler, N. Mills. *Special Orthography*—C. Stucky, T. Brady, W. Mead, G. Davis, C. J. Hagerty, E. Vivanco, J. Sullivan, C. Nissler. *Grammar*—H. Niezer, E. Bauman, G. McFadden, C. Daly, F. Gilmartin, H. Kirby, S. Gruza, O. Neihofs, W. A. Stevens, J. Ryan, J. O'Shea, T. Toner, E. Guerra. *Reading*—E. Green, A. Strassheim, P. Falomir, M. Flynn, A. McFarland, J. McCarthy, L. Wagner, H. Reichardt. *Orthography*—L. Sherlock, M. Flynn, F. Kidder, E. Green, W. Stevens, M. Hanyz. *Arithmetic*—T. Harrington, A. Hierholzer, J. Hayes, C. Kidney, J. Pancratz, R. Clarke, A. Brown, G. Davis, L. Hubbell, M. Scott, S. Trentman, A. Blaes, A. Althoff, F. Connor, T. Gilmartin, T. Hoffman, H. Kirby, Francis Winters, J. T. Lantry, E. Bauman, H. Langraf. *Geography*—Francis C. Donovan, J. O'Shea, E. Stahlknecht, K. Carparis, W. Tuohy, J. Usera, J. Lantry, M. Flynn. *U. S. History*—T. Donovan, J. O'Shea, V. Romero, M. Hanyz. *General History*—C. Elitch, T. Finnegan, A. Hierholzer, E. Bauman, J. Glaspie, H. Rothwell, J. Lantry, J. Storrs. *Pennmanship*—G. Ukotter, A. Krembs.

##### SPECIAL COURSES.

*Shop-work*—F. Baer, R. Garza, E. C. Smith, F. Smoger. *Drawing*—A. Ill, F. Torres, E. Hay, M. Beltram. *Phonography*—J. E. Hayes, J. Murphy. *French*—A. Krug, F. O'Brien, N. Mills, R. Wren, L. Kelly. *German*—R. Ellwanger, W. Ferstl, R. Krost, W. Shea, H. E. Brown, H. Wolfe. *Spanish*—F. Cornell, F. O'Brien, C. Elitch. *Spanish-English*—I. Romelin, J. Hernandez, M. Rule, M. Lopez, U. Lopez, M. Uribe, J. Vilaco. *Elocution*—F. Hughes, W. McInerney, E. Rumely, H. P. Barry, P. Lennon, G. Marr, J. O'Connell, A. Sammon. *Instrumental Music*—E. Warder, B. Wathen, J. Powers, M. Devine, R. Dominguez.