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## In Memoriam

T. P. H.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear friend, we lay thee down to sleep  
For evening shades have closed upon thy day.  
Sleep on: sleep on and rest, while we that weep  
Will journey farther down this lonely way.

Sleep on: the morning sun will ne'er wake thee  
To know again the toil and care of men;  
But soft and sweet will thy next waking be  
Where toil and care and strife have never been.

A life is but an echo in the vale  
Of Time, a note of songs sung yesterday:  
'Tis heard but once. When its romantic tale  
Is once grown still, 'tis hushed, yes, hushed for aye.

Thy life-song echo, friend, has come and gone,  
But still its music lingers with us yet.  
'Twill wander with us where we journey on,  
And we'll remember,—aye, we can't forget.

## Knowledge and Wisdom.

NORBERT J. SAVAY.

WISDOM and knowledge are often  
thought to be identical even by  
many an educated man and woman.  
Still, according to the words of the poet—

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one  
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge a rude, unprofitable mass,  
The mere material with which wisdom builds,  
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place  
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.

It is difficult to define what wisdom is. My  
idea of it would be that it is a natural, instinc-  
tive capacity to distinguish truth from error,  
right from wrong, beauty from ugliness. Of

course I will not go into the controversy of  
these words by trying to define them. Truth  
is truth independent of any personal opinion  
and beyond any controversy that learning or  
fastidiousness may suggest. The same may  
be said of the other terms. Wisdom is the  
greatest and the most exalted gift of Nature—  
I mean here genuine, sublime wisdom. Every  
sane, healthy animal possesses some degree  
of wisdom of a certain kind, and it is quite  
common amongst the bipeds. It is found in  
various forms and under miscellaneous denom-  
inations, as "horse sense," "common sense,"  
"smartness," "cunningness," "ingenuity," etc.

One may be wise without being learned.  
Those that have travelled in the far-off East  
know too well how many men there are who,  
being illiterate and without any education,  
possess a remarkable kind and degree of wis-  
dom. It can scarcely be believed that wisdom  
is inheritable. History denies it sufficiently,  
and it would be waste of paper to endeavor to  
prove it. It seems to me that wisdom is a  
product of the natural, innate capacities of an  
individual or a nation; for it must not be for-  
gotten that the same laws of nature by which  
the growth and development of individual  
species are governed, apply to the formation  
and development of the character and capac-  
ities of a nation. Climate, for instance, has  
almost as much influence on moulding the  
character of a race or of an individual as upon  
vegetable and animal growth. People of the  
South, for example, are more brilliant than  
those of the North, but generally less wise;  
more buoyant, but less deep. They are very  
much like the sun under which they live and  
die—it often burns without warming, often  
dazzles without illumining.

Natural capacities, in my opinion, are in  
their turn the product of one's nature, tem-  
perament and disposition. The individuals

possessing vital temperament are more apt to be less wise and more adapted to learning—that is to artificial wisdom—than those with motive or mental temperaments. This is because their dispositions are more sanguine and their views more optimistic. As a rule, they are more easy-going; their desires are more complacent, their ambitions more modest. They are less inclined to original research on account of their conservatism, and more likely to follow the experiences of others.

On the other hand, men with mental and motive temperaments, men of sensitive natures, are more apt to shine with original wisdom. Genius is almost entirely the boon of mental temperament. To them heaven may suggest a godly frame—the dwelling of zephyrs, the paradise of angels, the pandemonium of the most enchanting music, the place of love and meditation, and not a vast reservoir filled with water for the purpose of growing potatoes and the dwelling-place for those who can eat no more. They seldom imagine time to be a monster that devours their own children; space to be a wall built around the horizon which they look upon as a vast roof, and casuality is not usually materialized by them as a food they take. Their poetic, delicate taste sees beauty in everything through the whole universe. They seek a cause for every effect, and not having patience to go through the ordeal of a voluminous literature, they begin to think and draw their own conclusions.

There is no greater field of learning for a wise individual than nature itself. The shady groves, the sunny rains, the rivers, the mountains and the lakes—all contain a treasure of learning for every thinking individual. A being, however, must be already gifted by nature with the power of interest, observation, perception and attention, the natural instinct of investigation and discretion—all of which in my opinion, constitute wisdom. Individuals gifted with the above qualities offer the finest and most perfect types of our race. They look with contempt upon the beaten paths, and open new highways for themselves.

It has been pretty well shown that dogs more often manifest wisdom than any other domestic animal. I knew of a retriever who never bit his birds. Once having to bring two birds at once, which though unable to fly were alive, he gave one a bite which killed it, took the other one still alive to his master, and then returned for the first. Here is an example of natural wisdom, the reasoning power of a brute.

Let it be understood that in speaking further about wisdom I mean the genuine, the sublime, the highest form of wisdom—the spontaneous gift of nature, which she bestows on only a few of her chosen peers. It needed a wise man to notice the law of squares or to perceive the survival of the fittest, yet those things seem so obvious to us now that sometimes we are inclined to think that the contemporaries of Newton, Darwin, Columbus and others, were fools not to notice them.

I think I am sufficiently prepared now to make this assertion: that every success in the domain of life's affairs depends upon the degree of wisdom one possesses. Thus learning, as everything else, is promoted by the natural proportion of one's judgment. By saying that the success of learning depends upon the degree of wisdom, I do not mean that one can not learn much without primarily being wise, but I do mean that he can not learn the right thing.

To learn is to try to know. One may try to know useful and useless subjects, good and bad. A learned man is a man that knows. He may know what he needs and what others need; he may also learn to know what neither he nor anybody else cares for. The success of learning is the acquisition of that knowledge that is not only pleasant to oneself but useful or interesting to others; otherwise no matter how much a man knows his society will be shunned by others, as the appearance of a shark, or a crocodile on the Florida beach. Unless a man has discovered how to make learning subservient to purpose rather than purpose subservient to learning he can never be anything better than a learned bore and, in some respects, a fool.

Effort is the chief element conducive to learning. It is nowadays quite common, and those that make it can scarcely be called heroes; but those that do not make it are, and will certainly remain, mere shadows. Other qualifications necessary to the acquirement of learning are determination and memory.

An individual may know a great deal without being determined to know anything, as in the case of a member of an intelligent family; for it is a well-known fact that environment exercises an immense influence on one's education. A man may also know much without any effort to speak of, as in the case of travellers and those gifted with extraordinary powers of perception and observation, but no human animal can learn without

memory. Fortunately memory is a boon of every healthy animal that makes a noise with his mouth on certain occasions. But although attention and other faculties of the mind can be improved by exercise it is the better opinion of the psychologists that no amount of culture is capable of increasing one's natural power of retentiveness. Certain brain gymnastics repeated systematically make further study easier, not because one's memory has been improved, but because his attention, general grasping power, etc., are improved, and the facts previously learned help him to remember the following ones.

The secret of a good memory is the secret of forming diverse and multiplied associations with every fact we care to retain. There are various methods that help the memory to hold the facts, as mechanical, judicious and ingenious. The first consists in the intensification and repetition of the impression to be remembered. The second is the logical way of conceiving the things to be remembered, as grouping, classifying and analyzing them in parts. The last consists in the systems invented expressly for the purpose of retaining the multitudinous facts unrememberable by any other means in a natural way, such are the systems of Loissette, Burds, etc. The most valuable kind of memory is a desultory one. It consists in retention of miscellaneous, disconnected facts; without this physiological degree of retentiveness no man can ever be effective on a voluminous scale.

I have already said that success in learning depends in great measure upon one's degree of natural wisdom. It may be further demonstrated by reminding the reader that amongst the voluminous stores of literature there are countless paragraphs in every book which contain little practical usefulness, and without a natural capacity for making a judicious selection one may study for years without having learned anything worth knowing. The reader will pardon me if I venture to trespass upon his attention by stating once more that not only the proper selection of study, profession, ideals, etc., but almost every success in life depends upon one's degree of wisdom; and as nature is none too generous in her distribution of this innate treasure, and by no means uniform, it can readily be concluded how important it is for a youth to be brought up by a competent teacher. And how important it is also that they who are to direct the selection of quality and regulate the quantity

of intellectual gymnastics in order to make of a wild, thoughtless and very often stupid youth, a man and a useful member of the community, should be able men.

But even if learning be judiciously secured and a profession carefully selected, yet if a man's natural wisdom is limited he will not attain the ambition he covets, if it be in acme and according to his learning—nay oftentimes he scarcely will make a living. This may be because he lacks the power to put theories into practice as well as the proper understanding of the circumstances in which he finds himself.

In this age of competition and opportunities a man must not only know things by their names and how to seize an opportunity by the tail; he must be able to apply theories to practice. The greatest man is he that can force his opportunity; who does not believe in fate; who realizes his power, and, upheld by an exalted self-appreciation, is prepared to enter alone upon life's battlefield on which he must wield his sword and shield with might and skill to come out as victor or even alive.

It will be seen from the foregoing that wisdom is the greatest gift of nature. Of course learning has an influence upon wisdom—it broadens it, but as Goethe says in *Faust*:

"The search for knowledge is a weary one,  
Our life how short! *Ars longa! Vita brevis!*  
Oh! with what difficulty are the means  
Acquired, that bear us the fruit of knowledge!  
And when the path is found, ere we tread  
Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!"

Therefore the slow drudgery in the silent room, before the many voiced scriptures of wise and thoughtful men might well lead us to the tree of wisdom if our life lasted a thousand years. But alas! as such is not the fact, wisdom alone can fathom the dismal depths of the abyss; it alone, combined with learning, can tear from the bosom of nature the secret veil with which she enshrouded herself; it can produce an ultimate success of life when joined to knowledge. Wisdom can exist without learning and be successful,—true learning without wisdom—never.

But although the highest triumph of the human mind is achieved when learning and wisdom are united in one and groined with the glorious radiance of simplicity, yet it must not be forgotten that much may be obtained by energy, grit and perseverance.

Let men prepare to follow a profession for their lives, not because it is honorable or profitable, but because they can do most good

at it,—for well can they afford to say with Epaminondas: "If the office will not reflect honor upon me, I will reflect honor upon it." Let them cultivate a simplicity of manner, an affinity of thought with the circumstances with which they are surrounded, an esteem for their fellow creatures, a regard for their neighbors, politeness and good manners toward strangers, and good will towards all. And if they possess and cultivate all these virtues, while bearing ill-will towards none—they will some day enjoy the reward of their hard fought battle. Let them also bear in mind that

The undivided will  
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings  
A human music from the indifferent air.

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### A Risky Ride on a Barrel.

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JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

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Jim Oates was a man of more than the ordinary height, with broad shoulders, lofty forehead, cheeks somewhat plump, black hair, beard slightly tinged with gray, and dark eyes. He was not a proud man. Week in and week out, he wore a suit of whitish tweed, the color most in keeping with his profession as a shop-keeper. His shop was about six miles from Athlone, a town famous in Irish history for the bravery shown on the bridge in 1691, when Ginkle, the British General, assailed the town. Here Jim and his little wife Julia weighed out flour, tea, sugar, coffee and spices to their numerous customers.

Julia was rather small but pretty with red cheeks and auburn hair. Although they had been married for fifteen years they had no children. By the profits of the shop they were growing rich, and Jim resolved to do business on a larger scale. He enlarged the house, and put a new sign over the door—"James Oates, Grocer and Liquor Dealer."

"Now, Jim," said Julia, as they sat down together to breakfast, "didn't we get along well enough under the old sign without putting up a liquor sign?"

"Yes dear," said Jim, "but we shall get along better now, because we will make more money. In one year we shall make more on liquor than we could make on groceries in five."

"Well," said Julia, "I don't want the people to see me inside the counter selling drink. What would they say if they saw me doing that? Everybody would be talking about me."

"Don't let that bother you, Julia dear," said Jim laughing, "the people will talk no matter what you do. But when you are doing a good business you need not care what they say."

"Well," she replied, "I don't want to be seen near it at all. They might say that I drank, and besides I liked the old sign better. The new sign might bring bad luck, so I advise you to take it down and put up the old one again."

"Julia, I believe you are getting superstitious lately," said Jim, with another laugh.

"No, I am not getting superstitious, but I don't like that sign," she answered as she set before him the second cup of coffee.

Jim poured in the cream himself, swallowed it hastily, and started from the table, at the same time ordering the hired boy, a lad of fifteen years, to harness Jack. Jack was a big old horse, a very lazy animal, and a great rogue. He was about seventeen hands in height, large boned, nearly jet black, and had long ears that flapped up and down when he walked. Jim drove him to town that morning to get supplies for the new department; but they travelled side by side most of the way without seeming to notice each other very much. The meditative gait of Jim showed clearly that many thoughts occupied his brain, while Jack looked as drowsy as if he had not slept any during the past night.

On reaching the town Jack was given a grain dinner, and Jim went among the different liquor merchants to get samples and prices of their commodities. After spending many hours in doing that, he made up his mind to buy from Patrick O'Gorman, one of the leading men in that line of business. Then fetching Jack, he backed him up against the outside landing, and rolled into the cart a barrel of ale, a barrel of porter, and a barrel of whisky. There was not room enough in the cart to stand them all on the ends, and the whisky had to be laid on the top in a rather unsettled condition.

Night was now coming on, and Jim started for home, but feeling tired he sat up on the front of the cart. The previous mental exertion, the sampling of the liquors, and now the rocking of the cart caused his eyes to grow heavy. The lines dropped unconsciously from his hands, and he remembered nothing more until he found himself lying in a brook which was three feet in depth. Then he awoke and saw Jack slaking his thirst as contentedly as if nothing had happened. Jim's choler rose within him, and lifting a clenched fist he struck

Jack on the ear, saying: "Darn you, Jack, what brought you down here?" Jack twirled around in a semicircle as if trying to dodge a second blow, but the barrel of whisky catching in the arch of the bridge was thrown into the current and carried down toward the Shannon.

Jim started down the brook after the whisky, but Jack seeing himself all alone moved homeward. The barrel was soon overtaken and held by Jim, but he was unable to force it back against the strong current, nor was he able to lift it up on either bank as they were too high on both sides. What was he to do now? If he let go his hold the barrel would be carried away, and he could not take it up himself. He cried for help, but no one heard him. He was about a mile away from home. The most he could do was to keep the barrel from being carried farther down, but even this he could not do very long.

In this predicament he mounted the barrel, and, like Phrixus riding the ram through the Hellespont, rode the barrel down the river, with the notion that he might come to some place farther down where the banks were low, or perhaps meet with somebody that would help him. He found neither of these; but the river deepening and gaining strength from little tributaries on the way, carried him a distance of two miles into the Shannon. There he would probably be drowned, or have perished with cold had he not met with a fisherman who took him into his boat and then tied the barrel to a pier. After thanking the fisherman and promising him a goodly recompense if he kept an eye on it until he returned with Jack, Jim started home, raging with anger. He followed the banks of the same brook back to the main road, often glancing down at the hurrying waters and saying to himself some unmentionable things. When he came to the road he heard a plaintive voice saying:

"O what in the world could have happened to him?" It was Julia who, recognizing Jim, ran up to him, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"Did Jack go home," he asked.

"Why, yes, Jack came home; how is it that you were not with him?" she answered.

"The darn horse could not wait until he got home to drink, but went down to the brook before I had time to stop him" said Jim, "and one barrel fell out and floated down the river, and I had to run to the very Shannon after it."

"One barrel," said Julia with emphasis, "did you have more than one barrel in the cart?"

"Why, yes; I had three altogether," said Jim.

"Well," said she, "Jack came home empty."

"Empty!" said Jim. "He went home with two barrels."

"Well, we won't argue," said she, "but when you come home you will see that I am right."

"If that's the case," he said, "I am a ruined man, for I paid £50 down for them to-day to O'Gorman."

"Well, you know, Jim, that I told you many a time to have nothing to do with drink," said Julia, "but you would not be said by me. I told you to pull down that new sign, and put up the one we had always—"

"But what in thunderation has the sign to do with it, woman?" said Jim angrily.

"It has," she said; "it's unlucky, because I often heard that when people changed their business all luck went."

Sure enough when Jim reached home he saw with his own eyes and not with the eyes of another that the cart was empty. Then grabbing Jack by the head, he turned him toward the town again and was applying the whip rather unmercifully when he met two policemen. As soon as he told them his troubles they conjectured at once what had become of the two barrels, but giving him only a small ray of hope they promised to meet him when coming back with the barrel that he rode down the river.

The fisherman helped Jim to put the barrel of whisky into the cart, and was rewarded with ten shillings for his trouble. As they parted Jim heaved a deep sigh and hurried back to the place where the policemen promised to meet him. There he found them guarding the two barrels, and his heart rose within him.

"Where did you find them, my brave fellows," said Jim.

"With the Gypsies," they replied, "and you are a lucky man that we found them so soon, for they were getting ready to tap them."

When Jim reached home with his three barrels, he told Julia that everything was all right once more; but she began to talk about the unlucky sign again. She predicted that his recent experience was but a warning of something worse. In order to have peace in the house Jim yielded to her. He took down the new sign, put up the old one, and the next day took back the liquor to O'Gorman.



## Varsity Verse.

AD L. LICINIUM.

(Horace, Book II., O. 10.)

LICINIUS, thou sailest well,  
 Not always seaward to impel  
 Thy bark. While tempests roar,  
 Thou cautious art with prudent fear,  
 And keepest off afar,—not near  
 The goring rocks ashore.

And he that for wise would fain be known,  
 The golden mean to choose is prone.

He keeps aloof from all  
 The squalor of a sordid cot,  
 The many petty strifes begot  
 Of rank in princely hall.

The towering pine is oft oppressed  
 When mighty winds the day infest;  
 And downward with a clash  
 Come toppling towers, and ever where  
 The mountains raise their peaks in air,  
 The vivid lightnings flash.

With riches blest he lives in fear,  
 And hopeful is when wants appear,  
 The man of soul serene.  
 And Jove, the king of gods and men,  
 Alike leads in and out again  
 The winter season keen.

To-day misfortune comes amiss,  
 To-morrow is replete with bliss.  
 When stretching not his bow,  
 Apollo wakes from slumbering,  
 The silent muse of cithern string,  
 To music soft and low.

When many sorrows sore oppress,  
 Countenance not thy dire distress,  
 But to thyself be true;  
 And scudding fast before the gale,  
 Thou wise will reef the swelling sail,  
 Or else thy folly rue.

V. D.

## CLOVER LEAVES.

Two clover leaves she plucked one day,  
 As o'er the mead she tripped her way.  
 When coming back she held to view  
 Those leaves; they'd bring good luck, she  
 knew,  
 And so she gave me one in play.

A year passed by; that token lay  
 Within my case safe laid away—  
 Since then, to me they dearer grew,  
 Those clover leaves.

We meet again; in jest I say:—  
 "Have you the leaf you found that day?"  
 She opes her locket. Fragments few  
 Remain; I search for mine. They too  
 Are there. Our love we both betray

With clover leaves.

P. McE.

## Coffee.

JOHN W. FORBING, PH. C., '97.

According to the most recent works, coffee is indigenous in meridional Abyssinia in the locality of Caffa, which latter name explains its etymology. There is sufficient proof to show that, though the plant first originated in Abyssinia, it has grown for centuries in such tropical regions as Persia and occidental Africa. Caravans carried it from Abyssinia to Arabia where it was known as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Arnold, in his work, "Coffee, its Cultivation and Profit," claims that the first personage of any historical note to use coffee was a cadi of Medina named Abd-el-Kadir. It was in Persia that coffee first came into general use as a beverage. In that country the seed for the first time was roasted and employed in the form of an infusion. Not long after the Persians had discovered the pleasant qualities of the plant, the Arabians began its use. Lord Bacon in his writings refers to the consumption of coffee by the Orientals.

Owing to the demands made for coffee by the Persians, the Turks and the Arabians themselves, coffee growing, as we can readily suppose, soon became a chief occupation of the latter race. In a short time it formed one of the principal exports of Yemen. Dufour has calculated that up to the year 1753 the coffee sent by sea from Mecca to Suez and by caravans to Damascus and Aleppo amounted to about 1600 sacks of three hundred weight each. In that year Rauwolfio introduced coffee into Europe and cultivated it on a small scale. Alpino, the famous physician and great botanist of Padua, studied and described in 1591 the plant Rauwolfio introduced. Beyond doubt coffee and its properties were known to scientists of all civilized nations long before it came into public notice as a table luxury.

It was first introduced into England in 1650, by Edwards, a merchant, and was there prepared and sold by a Greek youth, Pasqua Rosee. The first impression of the English public was not the best. On the contrary, they believed the beverage to be harmful. But a few months sufficed to dissipate their fears, and the strange product was accepted with such favor that coffee-houses became as popular in London as they were then in Constantinople. According to Arnold the

Greek youth attributed all kinds of properties and qualities to his liquor. He claimed that it enlivened the spirits and gave lightness to the heart; that it prevented headache and coughs; that it was an excellent remedy for gout, dropsy and scurvy. The Greek advertised it as the most excellent beverage known for the aged. It prevented melancholy, hypochondria and analogous afflictions; guarded against somnolency and gave the drinker a disposition to work day and night. In Turkey, he said, where the use of coffee had become general, few maladies were known and diseases of the skin unheard of. Though this recommendation of Rosee was an exaggeration, it nevertheless contained, as we know, not a little truth.

In England during the reign of Charles II., coffee underwent many persecutions, and its venders met with many difficulties. In 1675 an order was issued to close all the coffee-houses, numbering then about three thousand. The *cafés* were condemned as places of sedition and focuses of crime. The measures taken to suppress them had the opposite effect intended and, instead of decreasing, they rapidly increased. Shortly after the reign of Charles, however, the sale of coffee was almost completely abandoned, and abandoned only to receive a stimulus that caused each year, up to the present time, to show a marked increase in its consumption. In 1853, it is estimated that the consumption of coffee in Great Britain amounted to 35,000,000 pounds.

Ten years after England adopted the use of coffee it established itself in France, and in a short time was the favorite drink of both patrician and peasant. In France, as in England, reformers began their crusades against this pleasant luxury. The efforts of the so-called reformers bore little or no fruit. To-day it ranks among the principal beverages indulged in by the French.

After France followed Italy, northern Europe and America. In the present century its use is universal. Scientists, capitalists and enterprising men interested themselves in the cultivation of this most important shrub, — *Coffea arabica*. On almost all parts of the globe experiments were performed to bring about its growth and culture. Many attempts to raise the plant failed, and many met with success. At the present time its seed forms the principal export of perhaps over fifty different countries. One-half the world's supply is furnished by Brazil. Coffee drinking has become

so thoroughly associated with the daily sustenance of the human race that at present it is looked upon as a necessary table adjunct.

All Americans drink coffee. Yearly we consume over 175,000,000 pounds. Morning and night we are drinking the black, aromatic, stimulating beverage. The economist tells us it is expensive. Annually for the precious grain we pay \$15,000,000. Is it a useless luxury? If so, so much of the earnings of the poor is thrown away in idle stimulation. Is it a necessary? Certainly it is not a food. It produces no animal heat, nor does it build up tissues. It repairs no bodily waste. Is it efficacious in performing no bodily good? Perhaps a glance at the process of sustaining life by means of foods will enable us to answer these questions.

The animal body is made up of almost one-third the known elements. These elements are combined and arranged in such a manner as to form the bones and tissues of which the body is composed. They have their own characteristic laws, and are so grouped as to perform their special functions, the aggregate of which constitutes the work done by the animal body. For work energy is required. The animal obtains energy by means of food. It transforms the stored-up, potential energy of plants and other food materials into kinetic energy as seen in its heat and mechanical work. These food materials may be briefly considered. For the sake of convenience we will divide foods into four groups: Saccharine, Oleaginous, Albuminous, and Gelatinous. The first are those substances analogous to sugar, such as starch, dextrin, cellulose, cane-sugar, maltose, lactose, dextrose, and levulose. The second are oily substances mostly derived from meat—olein, stearin and palmitin are examples. In the third group are the albumins derived from meats, eggs, milk and the farinaceous foods. A few are albumen, fibrin, myosin, syntonin, globulin, casein, gluten and legumin. The fourth are nitrogenous principals found in bone and meat—gelatin, ossein, chondrin and keratin. The first two groups comprise the heat producing principals. They contain but three elements—carbon, oxygen and hydrogen—and are often termed non-azotized as they contain no nitrogen. The two latter groups build or repair the tissue waste. Besides the three elements contained in the former groups, the latter contain nitrogen, and hence are called azotized. Along with these two classes of foods (coffee finds no place in

either) are introduced the other elements to make accidental and normal constituents of a healthy body. Calcium as a phosphate forms the bone. To iron is due the red color of blood. Sulphur is a necessary constituent of the hair. Flourine gives the polished enameled protective surface to the teeth, and phosphorus is said to scintillate unseen in the brain. It appears that we now have everything necessary to sustain animal life. Nature's requirements seem all fulfilled; for all the brute creation, yes; but for men as thinkers,—no. For us there is something missing.

The animal of the lower creation has but to eat and live. To it health is the rule and sickness the rare exception. The beast has only to follow its instinct. Its food goes to make up its muscles and contribute to its physical development. Its nervous energy is expended in locomotion alone. It ages, wastes and dies, but does not reason. The supply and demand are evenly balanced. But for the human being whose cranium holds an ever-expanding brain, the reparative forces are called upon to do something more. The demands of the nervous system are many times increased, which accounts for man's natural instinct to seek sedatives and stimulants. Man makes the journey of life thinking, studying, enjoying, suffering, worrying, calculating, scheming, imagining; and proportionally he wastes faster than his too often enfeebled digestion can repair. To-day our brains are over-worked and, perhaps, our stomachs too. Many people there are who imagine they have no time for muscular exercise. They are so busily occupied in acquiring knowledge and wealth as to give their enervated physical condition little or no consideration. The supply and demand are unbalanced. To restore equilibrium they instinctively resort to stimulants, the most common of which are alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee.

These four stimulants have been termed by Dr. Julius Lehmann "accessory foods." As one of such coffee has been rightly classed in dietetics. The value of coffee lies in its active ingredient, caffeine, which is present to the extent of 0.64 to 1.53 per centum. The principal physiological action of this alkaloid is as a cerebral stimulant. It is a tonic, and lessens tissue waste; hence, it allays hunger and fatigue. The eminent Dr. H. C. Wood writes: "The enormous use made by mankind of substances containing caffeine indicates that in some way it is directly of service in the

wear and tear of daily life." All things have their uses and abuses. Coffee is no exception. All human beings are not constituted alike. The nervous energy of some needs the check, of others, the spur. The majority of Americans overwork both brain and stomach. To them the moderate and judicious use of coffee is necessary, and as such its expense need not be considered.

(Among the works and articles to which I am indebted for the data of the above article, I wish to acknowledge my obligation to the historical introduction of the "Manual del Cultivo del Café, Cacao, Vanilla y Tabaco," by Mr. Julio Rossignon.)

#### The Farmer Boy—His Case Fairly Stated.

EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

It is doubtful if there is anything that is more constantly drilled into farmer boys than the folly of leaving the farm. During childhood the farmer's boy hears in nursery song and in evening story the sad fate of boys and young men that leave the old homestead to seek work in the city. When he is old enough to talk with the men of the neighborhood he is advised by them to stay on the farm. In the newspapers, and especially in the farm and stock journals for which his father subscribes, he reads eloquent articles appealing to him to stay where he is and be content. The beauty to be found in nature, and the pure contentment which farm life affords are dwelt upon in a manner so convincing as to leave no doubt in the mind of an unbiased reader that farming is the best of all occupations, and conducive to the highest degree of happiness. While on the other hand the evils of the city, the din and confusion, and the hurry and worry even of those that are successful in city life, are depicted with such force that one would think a boy must be bereft of his reason who would deliberately leave a peaceful home in a prosperous and enlightened farming community to seek uncertain employment in a large city.

Of course no one but a fanatic objects to the farmer boy going to college to prepare to enter any of the professions; so this type of the farmer boy need not be discussed here. Nor do men usually find fault with the boy that leaves the farm to engage in business; for if it is a fact beyond dispute that the farmer boy in college and afterward in the various professions makes a creditable showing when compared with his city-bred brother,



it is equally true that the farmer boy that engages in business in the city is generally successful. The objection, then, to boys leaving the farm is confined to those that have no higher ambition than to drive a street-car or to do similar work in the city.

Now there is no doubt that many boys make grave blunders in leaving good homes in the country to find employment in the city; and to one who has never lived on a farm it certainly seems difficult to see why a boy should desire to exchange the quiet and freedom of country life for the turmoil and strife he is almost sure to find in any large city. But every effect has its cause, and in this case the cause is not far to seek. And here is where those that try to reason with the farmer boy generally make their greatest mistake. They do not try to find the cause of his desire to leave the farm, but content themselves with lecturing him on the folly of his action. It is, moreover, a fact not usually overlooked by the keen-witted farmer boy, that in almost every case the men that speak and write on the advisability of remaining on the farm are men that have left the farm themselves and show no inclination to return to the occupation of their boyhood. Of course this fact is not conclusive proof that such men are unqualified to deal with the subject, indeed quite the contrary; but who can blame the farmer boy for using it to justify his own action in quitting the farm?

I have said that many boys leave good homes in the country to find work in the city; yet they are the exception and not the rule. Such boys, moreover, are usually of a restless disposition, and no argument but that of hard experience will prevail with them. Farmer boys that have comfortable homes are not, as a rule, in a hurry to leave the farm. The boy that finds life on the farm a constant drudge is most likely to go to the city to try to better his condition; and to such a boy it is idle to preach on the happiness of country life. Of what use is it to talk about the glories of an October sunset to the boy that has to plod about a barnyard doing chores by the uncertain light of a smoky lantern? Why mock him with songs of April showers and iridescent rainbows, when for him the former means a thorough drenching and the latter signifies that the sun is shining, and therefore he need not go to the house to get dry clothing? What pleasure can he find in the song of the lark, when he has been milking

cows at the least an hour before the birds are awake? Talk to him about waving wheat fields stealing the gold from the harvest sunbeam! He has visions of aching head and weary limbs, when he thinks of the labors in the harvest field beneath the scorching rays of the noon-day sun. There is no beauty in the glistening of hoar-frost for the boy that has been husking corn since daylight, waiting for the sun to come and drive away the icy covering from the corn-husks. It is useless to talk to the ordinary farmer boy about green pastures, lowing herds and lazy brooks; of the sweet scents of newly mown clover, or of the exquisite delight afforded by watching the growth of a promising field of grain. Such talk may soothe and even put him to sleep after a hard day's work; but in his dreams he is more likely to see visions of chores that must be done before day-break and after dark; instead of the perfumes of the clover and the hum of the bee he will imagine he is trying to keep from being buried in a musty haymow, or perhaps, working for dear life to the music of a steam thrasher, while the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade. And instead of dreaming of the beauties of rapidly growing corn he seems to see himself as he was the day before, weary and footsore from tramping behind a corn plow twenty miles through a sun-scorched field, in an effort to keep the weeds down.

Here, then, is one of the chief causes of boys leaving the farm, namely, the real drudgery of farm life. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to set forth a remedy in this regard. After all, perhaps there is not so much harm in farmer boys seeking other vocations as some persons think. For if a boy is not industrious, then the farming community is better off without him; and if a boy has talents and energy to use them he will find other fields open to him.

In any case the writer thinks it is hardly the proper thing for a college student to attempt to lay down a rule of conduct for farmer boys. There should be others better qualified to do that. However, inasmuch as no one knows how many young Websters and Clays and Lincolns there may be at the present time quietly pursuing the monotonous routine of daily toil on the farm, the writer ventures this humble suggestion: Give such boys a chance; for the country may have need of such men as these will be before this generation shall have passed away.

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} *Reporters..*

—With this issue we announce the election to our staff of Mr. Anthony F. Dorley. At the same time Mr. Thomas A. Medley, '98, who has served two years as an associate editor, severs his connection with the board.

—In accordance with customs established at the University during past years, there will be great celebrations at Notre Dame next Thursday. In the morning, class day exercises accompanied by the presentation of a flag to the University, will be observed by the class of 1900. In the afternoon the University Stock Company will present "Julius Cæsar."

—It has grown to be customary for the leading magazines to offer prizes for the best productions in story, verse or essay coming from the hands of undergraduates in our universities and colleges. The latest offer of this kind to come under our observation is made in the *Literary Review* according to the following terms: Twenty-five dollars for the best short story; twenty-five dollars for the best essay on any literary subject; twenty-five dollars for the best poem of not more than fifty lines. The competition is open to all undergraduates.

Contributions must be in before July 1, 1900. Now will some of our literary men set their brains a-thinking and see how close they can come to securing the reward? It would not be good manners to ask for the prize on first appearance, but then why not go in and find a place for yourself within comfortable speaking distance from those at the top?

—Mr. Robert S. Funk, who so creditably filled the position of reporter for Sorin Hall, has left Notre Dame, thus compelling us to seek another man to look after the news items in that corner of the University. The place will be left open for competition during the next two weeks, and the man proving himself most capable of filling it will receive the appointment.

—Next Friday and Saturday will bring about the first of the bi-monthly examinations for the present session. At this examination the marks should be higher than at any other one held during the year. In the time that we have spent since the December exams. there have been no athletics, no outdoor sports—save a few days' skating—and nothing to draw the student's attention away from his books.

—The action of the University of Chicago Senate in voting down the proposed scheme of introducing a revised orthography into that institution is to be commended. Although our language may be found fault with on account of its general looseness of expression and for certain slang phrases it has developed, there need be no complaints made about our system of spelling. It is uniform and deserves to be retained.

—The Rev. Thomas Hennessy celebrated his first Mass in the College Church last Sunday morning. He was assisted by Rev. A. Morrissey. Rev. Fathers Cavanaugh and Crumley acted as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Vice-President French preached the sermon, speaking more particularly of the high vocation to which the new priest had been called and congratulating him on his first offering at the altar. The Rev. Father Olmstead celebrated his first Mass at St. Joseph's Church in South Bend on Thursday, and Rev. Michael Biro performed the same function in St. Mary's Church at South Bend last Sunday.

In an Old Graveyard.

One sunny afternoon in the city of Santa Rosa, I strolled forth alone to enjoy a quiet walk and to view the great natural beauty of the surrounding country. My steps led me at random past villas, a mass of sweet-smelling roses, evergreen hedges trimmed in ornamental style, with archways for gates, and long rows of graceful elms and wide-spreading maples. I thought not of where I went, but wandered on until I reached the country turnpike, leading to the top of a hill. I followed the road, and arrived at the hill's summit; there I found myself at the entrance of "a garden of sleep." Passing through the queer old gate, I ascended a slight incline. The broad and fertile Sonoma Valley lay in view beneath, with its ranges of foot-hills covered with vineyards, fig and olive orchards, and here and there a few bands of sheep. All this I saw, and then bethought me of where I was—in the presence of the dead.

The graveyard was small and bore traces of its founders, the Spanish of the Mission days of California. Crowded closely together the graves lay, the unkept grass and straggling weeds their only decoration. This, then, is what we mortals must come to. To-day we strut about filled with the vanity of the world, our own importance, visionary schemes for the coming years, and all the petty trifles that go to make up life, when lo! to-morrow, we die. Ah! death, thou art a bitter draught—to young and old thou comest unbidden and stillest the throbbing heart-beat. Thou art the angel of destiny, and thy subjects the people of the earth. Shadows deep and black may cross the bright light of life, but the light is always there;—thy mantle of impenetrable gloom remains unchanged to the end of time, inexorable and relentless.

As I meditate, beside me on the ground lies a lichen-covered slab, to commemorate a hero of many battles, "whose bones are dust, his good sword rust, and his soul with the saints we trust." A solitary yew tree stands at guard over his grave, doubtless placed there by a loving hand. And hard by a tablet marks the restingplace of a "sweet and amiable child," once the pulse of a fond mother's heart, the proud joy of a happy sire.

My heart grows heavy as I read the pathetic inscriptions of past generations, the last tributes to those that death has rendered doubly dear.

The air of neglect and decay and the winds sighing in the cypress tops, can not but sadden us as we think of our own final end and oblivion, and wonder whether in a better world we shall meet those we love and walk hand in hand the byways of that promised land for all eternity.

I ponder on this as the shadows of evening gather, and a sense of the Infinite steals upon me—a blending of pensive hope and the peace that passeth understanding. Surely the spirits here rise not in wrath at this intrusion upon their slumbers, but rather rejoice that one of the flesh should think of them, and pay them the reverence the peasant pays his king, the tribute the living pay the dead.

The saffron glow of the setting sun let through rifts in the clouds burnishes the hillside with all its waning glory as I turn homewards, a better man for my visit, taking a more sober view of life, not to say of death. Happy they that can say with Stevenson: "Glad have I lived and gladly die, and I lay me down with a will." And happier they that can in life choose as he did the spot endeared by associations or memory in which to sleep the sleep of ages.

J. S. M. HARE.

Basket-Ball.

Last week the "Preps." Basket-Ball team was defeated by a team from Culver Military Academy. In size, weight and experience the visitors had a notable advantage. In view of this the score, 24 to 14, represents a creditable showing. Each member of the home team distinguished himself during the game,—Cornell and Hogan for long throws into the basket; Phillips in worrying his opponents in their attempt to score, and Quinlan and Kelly for skilful dodging and accurate passing. Crawford, Vores, and especially Camfield, played the game well for Culver. The "Preps" were frequently penalized for fouls. By the time of their next games with the Lewis Institute and the De la Salle Institute of Chicago, they will have improved greatly. The line-up of the Culver game is as follows:

CULVER.

Comfield  
Bowman  
Crawford  
Vores  
Procter

C.  
R. F.  
L. F.  
R. B.  
L. B.

"PREPS"

Cornell  
Kelly  
Quinlan  
Hogan  
Phillips

Substitutes, "Preps"—Hoffman, Hubble, Petritz, Davsi and Krug. Culver—Crome and Howe.

## A Communication.

MR. EDITOR:—Your man in the Tower has given his opinion anent the local baseball situation, and inclines to the belief that it is not expedient to have several teams representing the different Halls, but favors the plan of a good second team instead. I do not agree with his views; I think it would be better to have hall teams for the following reasons:

First, there would result the greatest good to the greatest number; far more would come out and try for the various hall teams, and the games would stir up such enthusiasm and rivalry as we had "in the days of Combe, Chassaing, Fitzgibbon and McCarrick." These games, as far as entertainment went, were better than many we have to-day and cost far less.

In other institutions class and "frat." games are as well and better patronized than many scheduled by their Varsities. In reading the papers concerning Varsity material you will frequently find that so and so was Captain and end, etc., on his class or frat. team. We have no frats. here, but the hall teams are a good substitute and can be depended upon, as there is good material in each of the halls for one strong team. In olden times before our Varsity played so many outside games, when there were no halls here save Carroll and Brownson, the Brownsons had two first and two second nines: the players chipped in about fifty cents each and played a series of games for medals. The same could be done in the hall series, and, as is always the case when there is something at stake, the contests would be most interesting.

The Varsity wants but few practise games, and these could be arranged for at times, taking the pick of the hall teams for these occasions. I for one would say do not spend all the money in sight, and some that is not in sight, on the Varsity alone. If necessary have them play a game less and equip the hall teams with rolling stock, etc. We had a second team last year. We hear no cry for another except possibly from a few selfish ones who might fail to make the Varsity and have not enough of "sport for sport's sake" to join their hall team. I do not believe in spending time and money on a second team when it can be spent to much better advantage in the promotion of an inter-hall league.

Respectfully,

G. B. F.

## Magazine Notes.

—Richard G. Badger and Company of Boston are publishing a monthly edition called the *Literary Review*, and offer it to the public as a news journal of Belles Lettres. There is a department in it under the head of "Chatter," in which the writer makes many satirical slashes upon writers of the day. However, they are, in many cases, not entirely out of place, and there is enough of humor thrown in to make them rather pleasing—to those, of course, that are not too ardent admirers of the person criticised. In the number at hand comment is made on Mr. Haldane McFall's new book, "The House of the Sorcerer." A long and very forcibly written paragraph is taken from the book and attached to the comment made in the *Review*. After reading this, one needs no further proof of Mr. McFall's strength as a writer and his wonderful ability to paint the picture of a life history in words.

—The *Literary Digest* in its "Topics of the Day" is given almost completely to discussions of the Boer war, the Philippine war and the Expansion Policy. The "Letters and Art" department treats principally of Shakspeare and the modern stage, Ibsen's new play and the music of the nineteenth century. In that portion of the magazine called the "Religious World," the articles referring to St. George Mivart and Chief Justice Brewer's article on Religion in the Twentieth Century are the most interesting.

—The February *Cosmopolitan* contains several interesting articles by writers well known to magazine readers. W. T. Stead writes about the Czar of Russia, Annie R. Ramsey about the well-dressed woman, Joseph W. Herbert about noted young men of the American stage, Louis A. Coolidge about scenes in and around the nation's capital, and Edgar Saltus, in airy vein, about the mediæval courts of love. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox contributes a poem, "Discontent," and Clinton Scollard, Charlotte Perkins Stetson and Arthur Ketchum add verses of no inconsiderable merit. The fiction is varied, and the few technical articles in this number are timely. Mr. John Brisben Walker himself writes very seriously on the question: "Does Modern Education Educate in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term?" A new feature, "Great Events: Humor and Satire," is introduced in this number.

## Exchanges.

The *St. Vincent's Journal* is small in size, but there is much longitude and latitude in its contents.

\* \* \*

The *Xavier*, published by the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York city, is one of the foremost college journals that reaches our table. Its prose, both in story and essay form, is good, and its verse is full of life and rhythm.

\* \* \*

Several changes have been made in the general make-up of the *Cornell Widow*. Hereafter there will be only one column of printed matter, five inches wide, on each page. The paper will be brown instead of white and innovations in the typography will be introduced.

\* \* \*

In the *Western College Magazine* and others of our exchanges notice is called to the fact that many college journals, that fill their exchange column with clippings, often fail to give credit to the magazine or paper from which the clipping is taken. The observation is well made, and the custom referred to is one that all honest editors should unite in suppressing. We can appreciate the extent to which this wholesale plagiarism has come from the fact that in the exchanges that reached our table this week there were ten clippings taken from recent numbers of the *SCHOLASTIC*, and in only two instances were we given credit. Allowing such grand larceny as this to continue will result in a short time in some such condition as follows: As soon as one journal publishes anything really clever, every other journal will have a license to reprint the same thing and offer it to the reading public as its own production. One can readily perceive the injustice of such a practice.

Our Western brother also calls attention to the fact that the usual method of acknowledging a clipping is to put a "meaningless 'Ex.'" after it. Why such a custom should be followed is not entirely clear to us. If a clipping is to be acknowledged at all why not acknowledge its origin, and let the credit of producing it go to the magazine to which it properly belongs. There should be no hedging around the bush in college journalism. If we find one of our magazines deserving of credit let's give it with cheerful spirit, and when we find a spade let's call it by its proper name.

## Personals.

—Paul E. Hartung, LL. B., '99, is practising law in Chicago.

—J. F. Streicher, student '94, is engaged in business with his father at Toledo, Ohio.

—Mr. Frank H. Bueter, '73, runs a large merchandise store at New Haven, Indiana.

—Rev. Father Lunnert has been at Notre Dame during the past week visiting with his brother in Corby Hall.

—Mr. D. H. McBride of Akron, Ohio, was at the University yesterday. He is one of our old-time friends and has four sons here.

—Among those present at the first Mass of Rev. Thomas Hennessy were his two sisters, both Sisters of the Holy Cross.

—M. R. Powers, Litt. B., '98, our star catcher and Captain of the Varsity nine for two seasons has been attending the Louisville Medical school during the winter.

—Miss Anne Eliza Dennison of Columbus, Ohio, spent a few days at the University during the early part of the week visiting with Mr. Alfred Kelly of Carroll Hall.

—Frank H. Dexter, LL. B., '85, and Thomas D. Mott, LL. B., '95, have opened a law office in San Juan, Puerto Rico. They are the first of our students to start in this new field.

—H. F. Schnelker, '69, is the proprietor and general manager of a large stave factory at New Haven, Indiana. His brother, also a member of the Class of '69, is in the same city and is engaged in the general merchandise business.

—Word has recently reached us that Mr. Charles Warren, one of our old graduates, has been for some time at the head of the Meadboro Bar Association, and is also mayor of that city. He has been an active member of the Democratic party ever since leaving Notre Dame, and has been uniformly successful in all his campaigns. In the legal profession he was not long about making himself known and heard, and his clients were usually among the satisfied parties at the close of the trial. He is serving his third term as mayor of the city and his first as President of the Bar Association. At one of their recent meetings he made a very stirring address to his associates, in referring to which the *Meadboro Ledger* says:

"The address of President Warren was the feature of the evening. He outlined carefully the arduous tasks that a successful lawyer has before him, and the narrow way in which a straightforward and honorable representative of the profession must walk. He was very eloquent all through, and though his subject was not one that would call forth much humor, the speaker introduced many witty remarks that elicited much applause."



## Local Items.

—FOUND.—A purse containing money. Owner may receive same by calling on Bro. Urban at Sorin Hall and identifying purse and contents.

—PROFESSOR: Why is a Philosopher like a Bostonian?

PUPIL: Because he considers himself to be the center of the universe.

—SCHOTT:—Why don't "Baldy" and "Reub" shed those twin sweaters they wear?

WARDER:—Because they have nothing that would replace these time honored garments."

—The next attraction in the "Gym." will be a grand booze fight. Tickets going rapidly at the reduced rate of \$5.98. Nannies of the principals and their seconds must be suppressed.

—All members of the band are requested to be in the band-room for practice Sunday morning as that will be the last general rehearsal before the appearance on Washington's Birthday.

—All candidates for the University debating team desiring to read Hon. Thomas B. Reed's discussion on Trusts and Monopolies may secure copy of same by calling at room 28, Main Building.

—The debate between Brownson and Corby Halls, to determine who shall be candidates in the finals for the preparatory school debating contest, will be held to-night. Everybody is invited to be present.

—FIRST STUDENT:—"Prof. Havesome got a great jag on last night."

SECOND STUDENT:—"Is that so?"

FIRST STUDENT:—"Yes; he went over to the "Gym." and ran a mile in 6:59."

—Fat is back and the Corbyites want to know how it all happened. "Did you have such a warm time?" they all say. He thinks Chicago is not a very agreeable place for him, even if he was received with a certain warmth.

—You new Corbyites ought to get wise. Do not run out into the hall every time the gong rings and ask where's the fire. Never refuse to get another fellow a pitcher of water when you are going out for some. This is one of the most fetching habits to learn.

—Local writers, attention: Your copy next week must be handed in by Wednesday noon, as the regular time for setting it up on Thursday afternoon and Friday will be taken up next week with setting up the account of Washington's Birthday exercises.

—"Ah!" quoth John, "would that I were a Shakespere. But what won't be, will not be and never is, so I am not." Then he smiled a sweet, sad smile, full of poetry and mirth, and patted himself on his necktie as he philosophically remarked, "Poets are born; I was born,

therefore I am a poet." He is now working on an inspiration he received from O'Malley's whiskers, entitled "The Cabbage Leaves in my Neighbor's Garden."

—A new class in type-writing will be started soon for those that are unable to take the regular classes. The class will be taught on Thursdays at an hour most convenient for those that desire to attend. Any student wishing to join and desiring further particulars should inquire at Students' Office.

—There is a prevalent notion among the Boston folk that people from the West are in a rude state of cultivation due to living on prairie grass and sleeping out with the coyotes, but the notion is false notwithstanding the fact that McPhee disports himself like a broncho in the smoking-room, at times.

—Basket-ball enthusiasm is at fever heat in Brownson Hall at present. Goals have been erected in the Gym., and every night the north and south sides of the study-hall are pitted against each other. The contests so far have been very exciting and the number of victories to the credit of each are about equal.

—If the man that carried away a Standard Piano Album from a window sill in one of the Main Building corridors will please return the same to Room 28, Main Building, he may have the pleasure of meeting the owner of said album, and also of receiving a most cordial "thank you" from that gentleman.

—INDOOR BASEBALL:—The "Prep" indoor baseball team defeated the Carroll Hall Reserves last Thursday, 16 to 2. The batting of Kelly, Quinlan, Krug and Hubble was the feature. Hogan also pitched a good game, the "Reserves" getting only six hits.

Batteries.—"Preps," Hogan, Kelly and McCambridge. "Reserves."—Stitch and Weidman.

—It is rumored that the managers of the Fort Wayne and Organ Factory circus are looking for a suitable location on which to give a performance in the near future. It is hoped that the city authorities will make the license sufficiently high to prevent any such performance. The last time they showed here the entire company was pinched and fined fifty and costs.

—Mr. Finner from Canada who, by the way, is a staunch republican, in revenge for remarks passed by Bryan's champion, against the plank of gold, has said that Corliss can now go unchallenged to the polls next November. He further declared that the "silver hero" would have been deprived of his important vote, were it not for the appearance of manhood given him by the presence of a mustache.

—The ex-Minims' track team has chosen Master Grover D. Strong to captain them during the coming season, and Master Louis E. Wagner, as secretary, to look after all correspondence. At a recent meeting the

newly-elected officers were called upon to address the team and lay out a plan of campaign for the next few months. In a closely contested election Mr. P. J. Corcoran was chosen manager. He announces that the first meet for his team will be with the St. Edward's team and will occur some time in the near future.

—The Columbian Society held their regular meeting Thursday evening, Feb. 8. The following programme being rendered: Impromptu, C. J. Ryan; Declamation, T. M. Harrington; "Five short stories well told," A. T. White. Debate: "Resolved, That the United States should sympathize with England in the present war with the Boers." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. O'Hara and Lyons; the negative by O'Connor and Mulcrone. The debate was decided in favor of the negative. Minute speeches were given by Messrs. McDonough, McFadden and Crimmins. At a special meeting of the society, the try-outs for the debating team to compete with Corby Hall resulted in the selection of Messrs. C. J. McFadden, G. J. McFadden and Mills.

—The try-outs for the Milwaukee track meets will be held to-morrow at 3 o'clock. Instead of running the candidates for the relay team against time, as was announced, they will run in two heats, the first three men in each heat qualifying for the final. Corcoran will run a 440-yard dash against time, paced the first 220 by Noonan, and the second by Kline. He will endeavor to lower the track record of 55 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds made by him last year. The following will be the complete programme:

3 o'clock.

440-yard dash. 1st, 2d, 3d men qualify.

First Heat 440—1, Krembs; 2, O'Brien; 3, J. Pick; 4, Herbert; 5, Fox.

Second Heat 440—1, Murphy; 2, M. O'Shaughnessy; 3, Murray; 4, Pick.

220-Yard Dash—Kline and Noonan.

Mile Run—Connor and Steele.

Corcoran paced by Kline and Noonan in 440 to break track record of 55 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds.

Shot Put—McNulty, J. Pick, E. Pick, Eggeman.

Pole Vault—Sullivan and Donahue.

Running Broad Jump—Sullivan and Donahue.

High Jump—Sullivan.

Final in 440-yard dash.

—The formal opening of Corby Hall was held last Wednesday evening in the recreation rooms. There was a large number of invited guests in attendance that crowded the hall to its utmost capacity. The pillars were decorated with the red and white of Corby, and the hall banners were suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room. A very interesting programme was rendered by the glee and mandolin clubs. Mr. Warder was encored several times for piano selections played in his usually fine style. Messrs. Devine and Pim played a duet that was well received. They rendered another selection in response to the hearty applause. Messrs. Ellwanger and

Langley also gave piano selections that were unusually good. The Rev. Father Olmstead gave a short speech on good fellowship. His words impressed the boys very much, as was shown by the continued applause after he had finished. Some of the guests spoke a few words in appreciation of the invitation extended to them to be at the entertainment, and also spoke very highly of the renditions given by the different young men. A smoker followed the evening's entertainment.

—Here's a good joke on "Cork." You know "Cork," don't you? Well, he's a candidate for our track team, and some of his friends think he can run a little bit. Last year he beat little Charlie Burroughs at Chicago, and "Cork," too, thought that he wasn't so poor after all. The ex-Minims have organized a team and appointed "Cork," manager, coach, trainer, rubber, physical director, inspector, clerk of course, official scorer, announcer, starter, referee, judge of finish, timer, M. D. D. E., official double blankety blank this and P. D. Q. that, etc., etc., as an honorary member of their association. Acting in these several joint and single capacities, this fleet-footed man went out the other day to train his team. He said: "Now, fellows, I'll show you; and if you do as I do you'll be world beaters some day. I'll just run this 220 as fast as possible and you watch my knee action, also how gracefully my ankles work and how I throw the turf behind me." "General Shafter" had seen the wonderful runner before, had all his fine points well studied; so he volunteered to run an exhibition with "Cork." It was a disastrous race for the official, honorary member. Shafter had his cork in no time and beat him by five seconds. The manager immediately put Shafter on the retired list and declared him incompetent to become a member of the team.

—In the foregoing columns of this edition there is an article on Coffee. The subject is not a poetical one, but the article was written with a very philanthropic purpose. Our friend "O'Shag" has decided to take physical culture. In order to gain the best results therefrom he finds it necessary to diet himself, and he has been sitting up whole nights trying to decide what beverage he should use. Now Shag has many friends around here who take a deep interest in him, and they are in hopes that this physical culture will make a man of him and enable him to turn a graceful hand-spring in the parlor; keep his feet squarely on the floor while eating; smile with his teeth closed; wink one eye shut and the other open, etc. Hence these friends are anxious to help him all they can, and they will try to fix up a suitable diet for him. The article on coffee was intended to draw his attention to that as a more suitable drink than old "John Hancock" or "Anheuser Busch." Next week we shall publish an article on "Fudges and

Pretzels as Stimulants toward Muscular Development." The article will be written by Prof. Dr. Highstone, D. D. F., and will be illustrated with half-tone cuts of some of his phenomenal muscles.

—As we need a reporter in Sorin Hall to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Funk's departure, we publish here some of the necessary qualifications which a person must have in order to hold that position. Here are ten commandments he must follow very carefully.

First: Must not be a lady's man; should wed yourself to your position and give all your attention to fulfilling the burdensome duties thereof.

Second: Must be prepared at all times to roast the Faculty.

Third: Must never associate with any members of the Faculty or even recognize them.

Fourth: Must shake hands with the "devil" three times a day.

Fifth: Must always be convinced that the editor-in-chief has loads of leisure time, and that it is his duty to put in whatever you neglect.

Sixth: Must never hand your copy in on time.

Seventh: Must make due and full report of all dog-fights, family rows, brawls, police news and marriages.

Eighth: Must in no instance tell the truth in anything you write.

Ninth: Must start a "rough house" whenever you are in need of some material to write on. In giving your account of it exaggerate as much as possible. As a general rule add about ten names to the general fatality list and three dozen to the injured.

Tenth: Must be familiar with all technical terms, such as "guy," "bloke," "geeser," "noodle," "joint," "pike," etc. Must also bring letters of recommendation from Col. Teddy Roosevelt, Charles J. Baab and Col. Jim Blase.

In addition to this there are about fifty advisory rules, printed copies of which will be supplied to the candidate in case his application meets with approval.

ICEBERG No. 1, 60° below zero and south of North Pole, Noon, 1900.

(Still another wireless letter to THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC by permission and the undersigned).

DEAR GENTS:—It's a conundrum to you as well as to myself why I should write to you, but get over it. The reason I write is because I found a few late copies of the SCHOLASTIC in good condition on the top of an iceberg, and because I wanted to. It's very strange how the SCHOLASTICS got here, but from all appearances it seems that they fell in with some unsophisticated and ambitious cyclone from Indiana in search of the North Pole. Although I am not unsophisticated or ambitious, I am doing the very same thing. I expect to find it all right, either by degrees or

mistake. I have found some degrees so far, but not the mistake. Evidently it was, but is not. Please send it to me.

I suppose the newspapers are all anxious to learn of my whereabouts. You know that when I was leaving I did not tell anyone my destination. I will tell you my reason for doing this. A few nights before I left New York, I attended a dance given by "Hod Carriers' Union No. 1," of which "Lobstah" Murphy is President. After the dance was over, I found out that "Lobstah" was an old student, and immediately sought him. He is one of the leaders of Tammany Hall, and of course we talked politics. We talked quite awhile, and before we were through Murphy plainly showed me that I was the lawful candidate for Vice-President. He advised me to take two or three months' vacation in some distant land, and that during my absence he would boom me for the running mate of "Bill" McKinley, R. H. '67. He says Tammany Hall is under his control, and that Taylor and Pat McDonough can look after the college vote. I agreed to all this, but there was one obstacle. On account of my reputation as an after-dinner speaker, I would be deluged with invitations, no matter what country I might go to. I finally decided to buy a balloon and try for the Pole. So here I am.

I hope everything is going on well at the old place. By the way, has O'Malley disposed of those black, velvet-like, breeze attracters he used to coddle so fondly? If he has not, tell him to send on a few samples. On my return trip I intend to visit the Laplanders, and as they are very fond of soup, I think I can dispose of them at good rates. Speaking about soup makes me feel like as if I wanted to ask a question. It is this: If one bean were dropped into two tubs (the tubs may be buckets or not) of boiling hot water, and thirty-five Boers, under command of Capt. Boots, plunged their hands to the bottom in search of the bean, would we have that ancient but pleasant game of "Bean! bean! who's got the bean?" or would we have bean soup? This question is open to all. Send answers, enclosing your photograph and one dollar to the above address.

Say, this is a lovely place up here. I stay in the balloon at night; but in the daytime I run all around the iceberg and play tag with myself. I ran across a small island the other day about McNulty's size, and then ran back again. I named it Mike. This ought to insure at least one vote for me. Vegetables won't grow up here. I planted an onion I found in Crumley's pocket, but it didn't grow. Might have been too long in Crumley's pocket. I am going to close now as I am tired thinking. I remain as I was,

Yours negatively,

CHAUN C. M. DIPYOU.