

— THE —

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTURVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·

VOL. XXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

No. 4.

But What is Love?

—

AH! love is not a little flame  
Just kindled for a show;  
It has a grander, deeper name—  
A secret, few doth know.

It is a pure, angelic light  
That floods the human soul,  
And makes us gods in sight  
Of God, and guides us to our goal.

With eyes of Faith 'twill pierce the sky,  
Yea, pierce the very sun;  
In Hope alone its powers lie,  
From Charity it hath sprung.

It lives as long as God Himself—  
Who says 'tis else, he lies—  
He never loved for Love itself,  
Who said that true love dies.

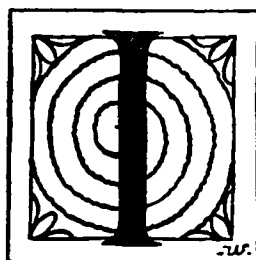
P. J.

—

Mr. Spencer on Education.

—

EDWARD A. RUMELY, 1902.



IN all the writings of Spencer the most striking qualities, if indeed, any can be said to predominate, are conciseness and marvelous common sense. His is not the prolixity and learned pedantry over this or that Greek root sometimes found in the Stonyhurst series. He plunges into the most abstruse question with a verve and boldness that begets confidence. After stating the arguments and drawing the conclusions, he always illustrates with a few concrete and well-chosen examples, the application of which demands no poet's imagination. Herein lies the sweeping force of the *rationale*. These excellencies, with others too varied for enumeration, are all combined in a high degree in the theme I have chosen—Education.

Spencer has made sallies into every sphere of human thought—art, science and religion have received from him their meed of attention. Seldom does one human mind do equally well in two different branches of learning, but England's greatest philosopher has worked in a dozen, and has excelled in each. From music to sociology, from astronomy to education, are the strides of a giant. Certainly the old saw *Suum cuique* is meaningless when applied to Spencer, for all is his. This much said, no one should be surprised at my valuation of the treatise in discussion. It is the soundest, the most comprehensive and the most original ever written on the subject. The divisions are four: Knowledge of Most Worth; Intellectual, Moral and Physical Education.

The first chapter is devoted to setting a right estimate on the various branches of knowledge. Parents commonly display a stolid indifference in selecting studies for their sons and daughters. Wundt's assertion that men seldom think is doubtless true here. Formerly men built their dwellings of stone; to-day we put up painted cornices of tin instead; and that same passion for tinsel, sad to say, rules modern education. Not what studies will make us better, happier men and women, but a smattering of cheap French and German to display are sought.

The author makes a good point in opposing this impulsiveness and chance in the selection of studies. Beginning with the most important, his appraisal runs thus: "Knowledge is necessary for self-preservation, for acquirement of sustenance, for proper rearing of offspring, for discharge of political duties, and last a knowledge of the arts of taste and feeling." I have heard a friend of mine take exception to the slight importance assigned the last. "Since art occupies the leisure time of life it should occupy the leisure part of education." Now there is nothing

derogatory in the statement quoted. The trouble arises from a misunderstanding. "Leisure" means not the spare moments snatched here and there, nor the period remaining after the others have been mastered, but it means all the time from infancy not actually consumed by them, and that is much.

Mr. Spencer demonstrates that, compared with the classics, science is of greater worth. Not only does it cultivate the memory as well as the languages—and that is the strongest point in their favor—but it abides with a man during his lifetime as a means of earning bread and butter. For one who has studied the sciences all nature is one grand poem. Again they strengthen the judgment and break down childish subservience to authority. Those who delight in the aphorism that the first requisite to command is to learn to obey, will smile at the latter argument. True it is, however, that a man is a grown-up boy, and independent boys make free men. Hence, science is of most worth and should receive more attention. Mark the plea.

At all times and in all countries the social system, as well as the political institutions, has reflected the culture of the people. Not otherwise with education; for it too is an activity of the same human soul. Mental evolution has gone on correlative with evolution in all else. When men obeyed the word of kings and deemed custom the only rule of conduct, naturally the few thought for the multitude. Innovators bold and defiant came, and the revolutions set on foot by them are acting still for good.

Expressed as briefly as possible the six general laws formulated by the author are the following: All education must proceed from the simple to the complex, from the concrete to the abstract. It must conform in order to the advance of mankind from field to field, and must proceed from the empirical to the rational. Self-development should be encouraged. The final criterion should be the pleasure given, since all right education is a source of pleasure. These maxims look simple. I venture to say no one questions them in their present form. Mr. Sexton of the Chicago Board of Education evidently has not mastered them, nor does not care to. "Children," he said in a recent speech, "should have an absolute knowledge of adverbs, adjectives, prepositions, etc." In opposition to reading the classics of English, he favors a more extensive course in grammar

for the lower grades. His plan violates five of the six maxims, and, if further proof of its absurdity be necessary, everyone can refer to his own experience. No wonder Mr. Spencer grows impatient and calls our way of teaching grammar to children an "intensely stupid custom."

The mind, like the body, undergoes a gradual unfolding. Every faculty is most impressible at the time of its bloom. The duty of a teacher, taking the widest meaning of the word, is to supply the right materials at the right time. Of course, this holds only for the years of adolescence. We are constituted more wonderfully than we know. Nature works best when we interfere least.

The chapter on Moral Education is especially valuable, for it gives us an unprejudiced opinion on a subject wherein most writers observe with colored glasses. Yea more! for us Americans its application is such that I would fain believe the master seer of our century turned his eyes toward the Atlantic when he wrote it. "Our education is defective on the moral side," he says. Usually when men of principle utter a word about the necessity of moral education they are derided as religious fanatics. Religion is the best teacher of morality; hence, the identification of the two. Spencer takes a queer stand. He omits religion entirely and argues from principles that even the infidel is constrained to admit. Such words from the pen of an unchristian thinker justify the Catholic parochial schools, or show their necessity, and point out the expedience of radical changes in public schools.

That trite and ill-understood aphorism, "Man's first duty is to become a good animal," is taken from the division on Physical Education. The whole chapter is replete with suggestion, and settles the question of physical training beyond dispute. Physical training is not athletics, and those who pervert the author's thought to vindicate athletics as *now* practised in our colleges, should look again.

For its intrinsic value this volume is well worth reading. The parent, the pedagogue, and student alike can draw from it valuable information. Then, too, as is patent in expressions like "divinely-ordained" (three times), "finger of God" and a "Universal Power of the Universe," Mr. Spencer, in contradiction of his other writings, seems to grant the argument of teleology. When a mind of Spencer's strength says: "So have I been taught," every syllable is worthy of notice.

"Those Four Weeks Off."

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.

"Yes," she said while she leaned over the boat's side to ripple the water with her fingers, "our stay at the lake has been a happy one."

"Not so anxious as you were to get back to the baking city?" remarked her companion as he lazily pulled at the oars.

"Say, Mr. Dennis, after all the sport we've made of resort romances and the fun we've had in exposing their absurdities I am about to acknowledge something—"

"Well?" he asked.

"It is that I have enjoyed our brief acquaintance more than I can say."

"No more of that, to quote you," laughed Dennis. "I was pledged to do what I could to make your time at Ravensbeach passably pleasant."

"So my aunt has gone and told you how my physician made me come here? Dear old aunt, she thinks everyone is as bound up in me as she herself is. As if it could matter much to an unfeeling world if one more or less did live or die."

Dennis dodged a boat hastily scudding before double oars and reluctantly headed toward the lights that dotted the pier. He had often wondered what ailment so endangered the life of his new-made friend, and how a face apparently so cheery and healthful could disguise a dangerous physical condition; still he was sure from remarks guardedly given that a serious shadow was gradually encompassing this pleasant-faced, chattering girl.

"This night air, Miss Davis,—we'd—"

"Oh no! not that; don't mind. Still with no moon it will be more discreet if we land."

"I suppose,"—here Dennis drew a long breath not caused by over-exertion at the oars—"we are not allowed to grow sentimental at this late date. Let's see, wasn't that the agreement?"

"Correct," she said and pointed her finger very convincingly at her companion; "we were never to grow serious in our conversation, and, above all, we were never to become sentimental—this at the peril of instant—"

"Instant what?"

"Oh! we were to stop our pleasant relations, that was all."

"This night air doesn't hurt your memory."

No, I beg pardon. Confound our luck, though, this last ride should have been under a beaming moon. How can I know if there's just a tinge of sadness in your eyes at this our last—there it goes again! Here, my month has gone; I leave to-morrow, and, obedient to your command, four weeks have slipped by without a serious word. Have you the least notion we'll ever see each other again?"

Nora Adams winced at this question—she alone knew that. In her accustomed and well-affected gaiety, she answered:

"Now be careful! Don't ask silly questions! You've been too lovely, and now at the eleventh hour you'd break the spell of all that was a bit novel and become—"

Here the boat struck the plank at the landing, and Mrs. Adams scoldingly met the belated pair and bustled a cape about the shoulders of her niece.

"Certainly, Mr. Dennis; do walk up to the cottage for a little time. I hate to appear so particular, but Nora should be inside. I'm afraid she has overdone herself to-day."

At the cottage, Dennis managed to stagger through some forced conventionalities in which he sandwiched one true remark that had to do with the early hour in which he expected to leave the following morning. When he had bravely withstood the profuse thanks and sincere words for his many kindnesses, he said his last adieu and went to his room over at the hotel.

Dennis was not as young as he had been once; yet that unusual fact was not noticeable in his appearance, but was marked in his deportment. He had built no castles in Spain, nor had he passed any dreams over his agreeable companionship with Nora Adams. He had taken the occasion platonically, and thanked what particular fate had done the smiling, and asked few questions. As he jumbled his few belongings into a hand-bag, he did sigh once; he caught himself in the act, however, and frowned at such signs of boyishness.

Probably Dennis would have slept well that night had not a thunder-shower come up; but the shower came, and it was the hardest sort of a storm, too. The first roll of thunder awakened him, and he jumped from his bed to close the windows. By the time lightning had splintered the second tree out in the grove, sleep had quite left his eyes. The storm's force was soon spent. A soothing time, however, always follows when the distant

thunders and dripping eaves ease to rest those they earlier aroused. In this instance, these beauties were wasted on Dennis. He could not sleep.

At last he sat up and rolled a cigarette and, to be truthful, a momentous question came up and was settled during that little smoke. Each successive inhalation lit up a face more drawn and anxious, and before the film-like spark ate down to his moustache he had come to an alarming pass. Yes, his short play-spell at Ravensbeach had brought him to the one person; but as quick as a flash from the distant storm, and not as fleeting, came a certain fear. What disease had such hold of Nora Adams? She felt kindly toward him—she had said as much; but,—again her health!

This was but the first of many nights when sleep would be broken for Dennis. He went over all that had happened during his few weeks at the lake, and knew, deep in his heart, that an hour sometimes affects an eternity. He did more serious thinking in those two tossing hours than the thinking he did, or imagined he did, when he encountered the Faculty Board at his graduation. Not a whit relieved in mind, Dennis finally dressed and wandered out through the grounds of the watering-place.

Just then, bare tips of the sun's halo shone above the treetops, and the birds chattered away about him as if the coming day's beauty must be proportionate to their clatter. The trees dripped back to the ground the crystal drops kept suspended since the night's storm. The puddles that were along the path had soon been sucked up and miniature gullies were left where rushing rivulets had sunk into the sand. Yet Dennis was not at all in touch with his surroundings. Abstractedly he followed his accustomed promenade, and in doing so came to the Adams' cottage.

Not until well past did the early walker look closely at the cottage; but that sly glance found Nora Adams sitting by the lower bay-window. She waved her hand at him, and he brushed heedlessly through the wet grass to get near the window.

"I could wish you pleasanter thoughts, Miss Nora, for none but unpleasant ones could break your sleep so early?"

"Oh!" she answered with a shrug of her shoulders, "nothing much,—merely couldn't sleep, and I always enjoy the sunrise after a hard lake storm. Doesn't your train go soon?"

Dennis did not start; the train had entirely slipped his mind.

"Yes, I was only taking my last glimpses at the beauties of Ravensbeach. I,—say, have I always to act on in this farcical manner?"

Nora Adams' face did not color; intense suffering and an impending fate had shadowed her disposition;—what had been most substantial and best in her alone remained. Her charm of natural girlishness and hopefulness was gone. This absence was revealed in her expression, but had not yet won over her sympathetic grey eyes.

"I guess, Scott, I don't understand you;—or, if I do, let us say nothing more. I'm in real earnest. It's really train-time now."

"What! can you say train to me in that way? Are you not-satisfied to hurt me as you have, but would send me away without a word?"

Nora stood looking out of the big window upon Scott while he stamped the roots of the trellis-vines in his excitement and sorrow. She even looked pityingly at him when with a bitter expression of face she said:

"There's no use, Scott; don't make this harder for me. I have been selfish; I do care as much as you care. Don't pale that way,—but I can never be more to you than I am now."

Dennis steadied himself somewhat by leaning against the window-sill, while the early express filled the morning air with rumblings and echoes. Quite apparently he was too late. He felt that he had not only missed his train, but for some mistake far back in the ages he had missed his happiness.

Scott's highly wrought feelings were soon calmed, however; for Nora gave him a plain, sensible explanation, and, as was invariable after her talks, he admired her bravery and pluck the more and envied her rare good sense. If his face was a study when he left the beach on the nine o'clock train, hopefulness had a place among the other emotions so outstanding on his countenance. Nora had told him he might write to her.

While letters may bring about varied results their mission is not to restore health. If there are conditions entirely beyond human comprehension, there are also consequences quite at odds with human reckoning. And lost health is not restored by medical skill alone. This much is certain—there was a marked change effected in Nora Adams; howbeit, as far as our knowledge goes, matters can best be

cleared by making use of the following letters given over by Dennis in a supreme burst of confidence. The first was postmarked Detroit, and ran thus:

MY DEAR NORA:—One should require a most imaginative turn of mind to reconcile these cold, blue days with those balmy boat rides and walks we had six months ago. In my daily letters I have recalled every least circumstance of our eventful month at Ravensbeach until I know you grow tired of my persistence. But these months of unwearying devotion on my part with equal patience and toleration on yours have made me very bold. I have not been content to believe the hopeful and reassuring reports you've sent me, but have besieged your aunt until at last I have the happiness of a real live hope. You know what Dr. Kelcey said? Well, he told me again to-day you had good chances for a complete recovery. Now I've kept telling you that you had just got to live for the salvation of some of us. Frankly I'll add that I constitute most of that to which your life is now indispensable. I wonder if ever I'll have to duplicate the agony of my last morning at Ravensbeach? I couldn't stamp trellis-vines now for the snow. You must stay South during these rough months. Maybe you would actually care to see me in April? Do not the Mohammedans pray with their faces toward Mecca? I won't say more; you know which way I look when I pray. I didn't tell you—I was taken in as a partner by Meynell in January. I wonder if I'm not a bit mixed to-night?

Devotedly,

SCOTT.

This Florida letter, the nature of whose receipt is patent enough, got up to Michigan during the middle of March. It read:

MY DEAR SCOTT:—Your last letter, if a trifle rambling, was a jewel of a letter. Did I say jewel? Let me carry the metaphor further and call it a gem. I could make it into a jewel by setting a solitaire with its constancy and devotion. Yes, I should even be willing to wear such a ring on my right first finger. Indeed I am my old self once more—well and spirited. My heaviest burden lifts as I say to you that the new life directly awakened by your devotion and interest shall be given to you. I'm afraid you'll think this letter a revelation—are you completely intoxicated? My hand is unsteady to-night—you need fear no unsteadiness in my affections.

As ever,

NORA.

### The Gaelic Fragment "Finn."\*

PATRICK J. DWAN, A. B., 1900.

Aside from these formal comparisons, the Gaelic poetry is embellished with many beautiful metaphors. One applied to the wife of Caribh: "She is covered with the light of beauty; but her heart is the house of pride." This denotes the growth and rapidity of fancy which paints the picture at one stroke. The following are worthy of notice: "Thou art to meet the beam of the East rising in a land unknown." "In peace thou art the gale in spring; in war, the mountain storm." Finn's address to the moon must draw the attention of every reader: "Whither dost thou retire from thy course when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Hast thou thy hall like Finn? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee no more? Fair light, dost thou often retire to mourn?"

Homer is a theologian and a historian at the same time. The Iliad is the bible of the Greeks; the one book giving the Genesis of their national greatness and their victory over an alien civilization; the noble song of the national triumph; the pæan of their supremacy over all other people as the sovereign race of mankind. With the Iliad, as the very soul of its body, came the expression of a completed and perfected theological system; a religion essentially national and distinctively Greek; a hierarchy of deities, the very image of Greek life, under whose tutelage that nation became the favored people of heaven. The critics of late years see in the Iliad an historical epic, giving in faithful outlines the story of an actual siege of Troy. It was plainly a national tradition in the Greek mind in the times of Homer himself. For this same reason can we not take the Gaelic ballads as the basis of Gaelic history?

There is not the slightest doubt that there had been many long and memorable conflicts between the Gaelic kings at home and the Norsemen on the seas. We know from written documents that those petty kings were at one time all centred under one head—Finn Mac Cuil—and this marks the golden period of their history. The event was too momentous and far-reaching in the making of the Gaelic

\* Prize Essay for the English Medal.

nation not to have fixed it upon the Gaelic mind with pertinacity, for they regard it as the moment when they were welded into a nationality clearly sovereign in their far regions of the West. It was this tradition that had become in the mind of the native Gael substantial history. It took its narrative shape in poetic form, as did all tradition among new peoples in ancient times. Nor does its epic form in any way oppose its general veracity. Rather does its poetical dress confirm and seal its truth, for poetry has always preceded prose in the literature of early peoples as a primary and popular medium for the preservation of their traditions and their history. The poetic form fixed the event more pictur-  
esquely, and therefore more vividly on the popular imagination, and preserved its truth with greater accuracy from the lapses of memory. The regularity of verses carrying with them the necessity of a crystallized form of expression not to be readily violated without offence to the ear, promises something of immunity from even verbal changes. The ease with which the cadence of Gaelic verse falls into the memory and its persistence there insures an easy endurance in the imaginations of the people, as well as an easy and uncorrupt transmission to succeeding generations.

Though the insoluble mystery of fate overhung all nations in their infancy, their sacred temples, whether cave or mount or forest, glowed with a transfused light of human happiness, whither men directed their laughing eyes rather than to look out upon that distant darkness which could bring neither light nor comfort to their souls. Fate indeed played the better part in all human existence; but the better part was not to mention its dread name, or if uttered at all to speak of it in softest terms.

To solve this enigma, to tell why all nations were common in this belief, would be to unravel the most complicated thread in the tangled web of human life. The organic development of the Gaelic race is characterized by independence and decision. Its life flowed along in its own peculiar channels from a very early period till the advent of Christianity. The stream of its existence up to this time remained undisturbed, growing in volume and in strength, both deepening and widening, but still intact and inclusively Gaelic. Though the national life found no centralized rule, and though the people were divided up into many small petty states,

jealous and narrow, they were all animated by the same principle of friendship, and breathed the same courageous spirit that made the one living soul of their union. Throughout the numerous little kingdoms, the Finian ballads were chanted by strolling minstrels, who wandered from one petty court to another, reciting to the accompaniment of music the glories of Finn and his heroes.

When the perfect consistency of the ancients is contrasted with our own dismemberment, their broad masses with our interminable mixtures, their single decision with our paltry embarrassment and confusion, we are impressed with the conviction that they were men of the loftiest stamp. Still we must not regard them as the special favorites of heaven, nor need we envy their unreasoning and instinctive happiness. The very deficiencies which perplex us are messengers of hope, for they are natural consequences of the supreme dominion now exerted by the intellectual powers, and of the unfettered influences of the understanding. But when virtue in peace and heroism in war are the characteristics of a nation, their actions become interesting and their fame worthy of immortality. A generous spirit is warmed with noble actions and becomes ambitious of perpetuating them. This is the true source of that divine inspiration to which the poets of all generations pretended. When they found their themes inadequate to the warmth of their imaginations, they varnished them over with fables supplied by their own fancy, or furnished them with absurd traditions.

These fables, however ridiculous, found their abettors; posterity either implicitly believed them, or, through a vanity natural to mankind, thought that they did. They loved to place the founders of their families in the days of the fable, where poetry without the fear of contradiction could give what character she wished to her heroes. It is to this vanity that we owe whatever remains of the more ancient poems. Their poetical merit made their heroes famous in a country where heroism was much esteemed and admired. The posterity of these heroes, or those who pretended to be descended from them, heard with pleasure the eulogiums of their ancestors. Bards were employed to repeat poems and to record the connection of their patrons with heroes so renowned. Every chief, in the course of time, had a bard in his family, and the office at last became hereditary. By



the succession of these bards, the poems concerning the ancestors of the family were handed down from generation to generation. They were repeated to the clan on solemn occasions, and always alluded to in the new compositions.

The use of letters was not known to the north of Europe till long after the institution of the bards; the records of the families of their patrons, their own and more ancient poems, were handed down by tradition. Their poetical compositions were admirably adapted for that purpose. They were written to music, and the most perfect harmony preserved. Each verse was so connected with those that preceded or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza it was impossible to forget the rest. The cadences followed so natural a gradation and the words were so adapted to the common turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost impossible from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another. This excellence is peculiar to the Gaelic, and is perhaps to be met with in no other tongue.

That "Finn" is an epic equal to any composition of its time among the Northern nations there can be no doubt. Its author had the spirit, fire and inspiration of the poet. He has painted to the heart and to the fancy; he has elevated us by his sentiments; he has interested us by his descriptions. At times he is uncouth and abrupt, but this is due to his conciseness, still he is sublime, pathetic, in an eminent degree. If he has not the extensive knowledge, the regular dignity of narration, the fulness and accuracy of description which we find in Homer and Virgil, yet in strength of imagination, in grandeur of sentiment, in native majesty of passion, he is fully their equal. If he does not always flow like a clear stream, yet he breaks forth often like a torrent of fire. Of art, too, he is far from being destitute, while his imagination is remarkable for its delicacy and strength. Seldom or never is he deemed tedious or trifling; and if he be deemed melancholy, he is always moral. Though his merit were in some respects much less than it is, this alone ought to entitle him to high regard—that his thoughts are remarkably favorable to virtue; they awake the tenderest sympathies and inspire the most generous emotions. No reader can rise from him without sentiments of humanity, virtue and honor.

(THE END.)

Varsity Verse.

RELEASE FROM TOIL.

HOW sweet the feeling, when, at day's dim close,  
The tired brain and weary limbs find rest  
From toil. And with what eagerness and zest  
Do worn out mortals seek a glad repose.  
'Tis then the spirit's better self appears—  
Forgotten all the trials of the day—  
Nor e'en remembered are the bitter tears;  
For all are drowned in nature's sweetest lay—

The psalm of rest. And so I trust 'twill be  
With you and me, dear friend, when life draws near  
The end. Then may our glad eyes only see  
Our hope, the crown of life, dawn sure and clear;  
And all the sadness then of life's stern race  
Be melted in the splendor of His Face!

E. T. A.

MORNING.

The mist-laden breath comes up from the ocean;  
The sunbeams awake the birds from their sleep;  
'Long the shadowy hillside the owl now flies homeward,  
Or sleeps in the old hollow tree on the steep.

The poet his restless couch has forsaken;  
He steals out to hear the ocean's deep roar,  
Or lists to the sea-birds that at twilight awaken,  
Or watches the fisherman glide to the shore.  
Yet mournful I feel though music surrounds me;  
From my down-feathered pillow I fretfully start;  
For the bitterest arrow of sorrow has touched me  
And poisoned the blood of peace in my heart.

And now as I gaze on the golden light streaming  
Across the clear sky at morn's early dawn,  
I feel on my brow the silver is gleaming  
And the morn of my lifetime forever is gone.  
And though it is morn I stand in the evening,  
Where the long, slender shadows of life stretch behind;  
But I hope far beyond with music transcending  
The glory of morning in Heaven to find.

N. R. F.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Her heart will beat with wild afright,  
Her breath will break its common rule,  
If she's requested to recite  
A Bible verse in Sunday school.

But in the choir, you will find  
Her calm, without a blush in view,  
As with the tenor close behind,  
She flirts the solemn service through.

W. H. T.

WISHING.

I'd live beside the flowers and rill  
That first we knew,  
And see the hand of April still  
Each year bestrew  
The vale with fern; outspreading wide  
And buttercup,  
And watch the daisy open eyed  
From earth spring up.  
And that my days be joy complete  
This else I'd ask—  
That as of old I'd at your feet  
In sunshine bask.

A. J. B.

## Laziness.

JOHN M. LILLY.

"Delivering o'er to executor's pole  
The lazy, yawning drone."

Idleness, though sometimes excusable and not as great a crime as laziness, is still one of the greatest curses that can befall man. Doing nothing is a correct definition of idleness—reluctance to move defines laziness. Idleness may be forced upon us by some affliction, but laziness is the result of our own free-will and can never be pardoned.

Laziness is a demoralizer of body and soul. Without work, ambition and energy, there can be no advancement; all inventions, all discoveries in science, are the result of diligent research. If we wish to write well, we must labor incessantly.

Vos, a

Pompilius sanguis carmen reprehendite quod non  
Multa dies et multa litura cœrcuit atque  
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

It is related of Cardinal Newman that when composing he wrote only on every third line; the other two he filled with corrections. Twice he repeated this, and only thus did he obtain the purity of language and elegance of style that has made him foremost in the ranks of English prose writers.

Moral philosophy teaches that happiness is the last end of man, and that we perform all our actions, whether good or bad, because we think that they will bring us closer to the desired goal. Work is the surest means of attaining happiness—not mere physical work, but intellectual work as well. To study nature, to undermine and fathom the deep truths of religion and philosophy, to delve into science, to feel that we have conquered, that we have overcome the difficulties and surmounted the obstacles that hindered our progress, and then to survey our finished work with the knowledge that we are masters, is the greatest pleasure on this earth: and this feeling of satisfaction amply repays us for all our labor.

To look upon work as an enemy, as a thing to be avoided, is false philosophy. Work is the companion of man; it places him above all creatures; lifts his soul to higher thoughts and nobler aspirations; keeps him free from vice; lightens his burdens; dispels his griefs. "Labor is good for man, bracing up his energies to conquest, and without it life is dull, the man

perceiving himself useless. For wearily the body groweth like a door on rusty hinges." No man is so unhappy as the lazy man; he has no ambition or energy in life; he is like the drone in a beehive, but unfortunately he is not driven out.

The American tramp is the most common type of the lazy man. Often we find well-educated, even bright men, among this class, but without sufficient energy to use the opportunities within their reach. Had they possessed a little courage, and accepted their chances as they presented themselves, they would in all probability have accomplished great things, and instead of aimlessly dragging through a miserable existence, would have enjoyed life's greatest blessings. We were created to wear out, not to rust out; and unless we adhere to this principle we make life a burden for our friends, for society, and ourselves. Laziness is a crime, because it allows talents to remain unimproved, the mind to grow torpid, limbs and body to degenerate for want of exercise and restraint.

Idle thoughts intrude an unemployed mind  
As naturally as worms are generated in a stagnant pool.

A foolish belief exists among many narrow-minded persons that all happiness in this life is derived from idleness. They think that man's sole purpose on this earth is to obtain sufficient wealth to remain in perfect idleness. What a false impression this is,—if they only knew how true are the words of Cowper, they would be forced to change their opinion.

Absence of occupation is not rest—

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

College days are the springtime of life when all our powers and faculties are in their prime ready to blossom and yield fruit as the seed in the fields. To waste these precious moments is a sin against God, the world and ourselves, and we are laying up an old age of useless regrets and bitter repinings.

## A Fool and an April Fool

HENRY E. BROWN, '02.

For fully an hour he sat at his desk trying to write a little note. He knew just what he wanted to say,—his heart was full of it; and yet when the minute hand had completed his round and the little cuckoo of the clock came out, there were only two words on the paper,—“Dear Mabel.” And the cuckoo gave



one disgusted little call and went back to bed.

But that little chirp had a great effect on the man at the desk. He took the mutilated pen-holder from his mouth where it had rested for the last half hour, and after hastily jabbing it into the ink-well, began to write. There is no need of telling here what he wrote, for 'twas only the old, old story. After writing a page and a half, he gave a sigh of relief, and with tired fingers signed it, "Edward Markham." And then with a nervous laugh he put down the date, April 1, enclosed the note in an envelope and addressed it to Miss Mabel Gray, 114 East 14th Street. Then with a sleepy yawn, he stretched himself in his chair, saying, "I'll post it in the morning on my way to work; she'll receive it by noon, and then when I come from work to-night, if there is a lamp in the window I'll know that my darling accepts me, and—"

He fell asleep in his chair and dreamed that it all came true.

When the postman came down 14th Street that sunny April morning, he stopped at a large stone house to deliver a letter to Miss Mabel Gray. And as that young lady took the letter from him with a pleasant "Good morning!" he smiled and said: "You had better watch out; this is the 1st of April, you know."

One glance at the address showed her that the letter was from "Ned." "It would be just like that old tease to send a blank piece of paper to-day. If there is any news in the letter he can tell it to me when he calls this evening." All this she said to herself while the postman was descending the steps. Just as he reached the bottom she called to him:

"Could you please wait till I readdress this?"

"Certainly," he replied. Two minutes later she gave him the letter unopened enclosed in another envelope addressed to Mr. Edward Markham. She knew it was a rash thing to do, but she comforted herself with repeating: "If there was anything in it he can tell it to me this evening."

But the night came and went and still no sign of "Ned."

Next morning Miss Mabel received another note in the same handwriting. This one she opened and read, then fell down in a swoon. The note was a short one; all it said was:

"Since you refuse me, life has lost all charm for me. I am going to bury myself alive, give my whole life to Miss Jennie Malone, who accepted me last evening."

### Fare to Chicago.

ALEXIS P. COQUILLARD.

"It's your turn now, Si Perkins," remarked one of the men that composed the group of farmers sitting around Squire Jones' grocery store and post-office.

"I'll have to tell a story, did ye say?" drawled Si. "Guess I'll tell you how I got fooled by a bo'r."

"Wal, one afternoon way back in the forties, I was shucking corn. That day was kinder cold, and it 'peared to me as if we wuz going to have a regular blizzard. All went well till nigh on four o'clock, and then I had all the corn shucked and wuz at the piece lying along the woods in that sixty-acre patch yonder.

"Wal, when I was kinder stooping over, I heard a low growl and a rustling of them dead leaves in the woods. When I looked up, I see a big grizzly coming at me like lightning, his jaws wide open and his red tongue hanging out of his big mouth.

"I said to myself, 'you dem big fool, you oughter staid at home and split wood for Mirandy; you've lived in this country long enough, I reckon, to know that bo'rs allus come out of their holes on sich cold days.

"Wal, I didn't have much time to think. The bo'r was making for me, and I wasn't sure I could lick him, so I ran lickety click for all my life, yellin' bloody murder. All the time the bo'r was gaining on me, and jist as I was going to crawl a rail fence, I fell over a stump—darn the pesky thing! When I fell that big bo'r put his paw on my neck and kept it there. Kinder got it in the neck, as the boys say. I got scared and began to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

"Instead of eating me, the bo'r kept running his other front paw over my clothes. At last he found some apples that Mirandy had put in my pocket. Then he walked a short distance away and ate them, keeping his eye on me all the while. The bo'r seemed kinder friendly like, and when I got up he followed me.

"Wal, as I was going home the bo'r after me, I met some circus people, who praised my brave action in catching such a vicious bo'r, who had hidden from them nigh on three days. And I got fifty dollars for my daring capture. Mirandy and I took a trip to Chicago that fall."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 29, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

## The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901	WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901
JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901	WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901
FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902	JOHN M. LILLY, 1901
EUGENE T. AHERN, 1903	GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902
HENRY E. BROWN, 1902	FRANCIS SCHWAB, 1902
PATRICK M'DONOUGH, '02	JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1902
JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902	EDWARD A. RUMELY, 1902
JOHN P. HAYES, 1901	JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902

JOHN P. CURRY, 1901  
ROBERT LYNCH, 1903  
FRANK BARRY, 1903

Reporters.

—MUSICIANS' NOTE.—Prof. Roche wishes to announce that the members of the band collectively will rehearse every Sunday and Thursday immediately after Mass. The members of the orchestra will meet after dinner on the same days. There will be individual practice for both band and orchestra every class day at three o'clock.

\* \* \*

GLEE CLUB and Jolly Time.—The professor of music also wishes to organize a glee club. This fact should need no comment, for every man *able to sing* ought to see Mr. Roche and give in his name as a member of the jolly crowd. There is nothing like singing to make a man forget his sins; song and joy are synonymous. The power of the vocalist like mercy is twice blest. It blesseth him that gives and him that hears.

—Eighty-six pages of closely printed matter—seven columns to the page—compose the jubilee edition of the *Herold des Glaubens*. Of these eighty-six pages about sixty are devoted to a review of the social, political and economic history of the century just ending. At first sight, this may seem a great deal of space to be given to matters purely historical; but when we reflect that the newspaper is the

history of the hour, and that the *Herold* has been busy for half a century recording the varying fortunes of men and nations, we recognize what a true conception the editor has of the sphere and purpose of his paper.

The life of a paper, it has been said, is similar to the life of man. It has its infancy, its manhood and its old age. The *Herald* has outgrown leading strings—has reached the period of manly strength, and it is our wish that fifty years hence it may still be flourishing with undiminished vigor.

—ON STYLES.—We are glad to see the men of the higher classes getting caps and gowns. When they have them it might be well to let the fresh air do the work that camphor has been accomplishing heretofore. We hope they will not lay them away in their closets as sacredly as an old-fashioned housewife would linen for her unmarried daughters. It is folly to purchase the mortar-boards and flowing robes at all if they are to be used only that the wearers may have a strange and awful feeling three or four times a year.

## To the Dumb.

Modesty is out of fashion. If you now take the lowest seat at table you must sit there, for no one will move you up. In fact, if one needs anything nowadays, he must ask for it—and ask for it not hesitatingly. So, it is well to learn Sandy's prayer, and each day repeat: "Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' oursels!"

No better means can be followed in getting this "conceit" than to practise standing up before the public. Many a man of excellent parts is to-day in an inferior position for lack of this faculty, for how are men to guess at one's ability if it is not shown? Any one can call up for himself examples of men who are rapid and clear thinkers and have a command of the vernacular, but yet are struck dumb when they have to face a dozen of their fellows.

Everyone has seen the man of knowledge get upon his feet, and then beheld an apparent visitation of Providence suddenly fall upon him for his temerity. His knees give way, his sides appear ribless, and he strives to cast his hands away from him, but failing in the attempt he hides them. He looks at his auditors and says: "Mr. Chairman," and at the

chairman and says, "Gentlemen," and then he says—nothing. He is far more helpless than a boy at a youth's boarding school who has never played with anyone except his sisters. Now there is no student here, who, remembering the awful and fearful examples of this sort he may have seen, but should resolve to train himself so no catastrophe of like kind will ever overtake him.

We have every opportunity to practise public speaking here. There are societies in every hall whose object is to develop talkers. Besides there are the elocution classes, the Debating and Parliamentary Societies and the Shaksperian Reading Class. They are open to all. Judging by the capability shown by the men who manage them they will be successful.

The more advanced students should, for the sake of their University's honor, take a personal interest in the debates and orations that are to come later on. For during the last few years Notre Dame has made an enviable record in this respect. It is needless to sound our own trumpet here.

The faculty of speaking in public, when attained in even a small degree, is a pleasurable one. The first embarrassment—the rush of blood to the head and of thoughts to the bowels—is the worst. After that one gets confidence in himself. Nor is it necessary to be a giant mentally or physically to stand up to utter a thought. Erudition and stature help but little to convince men. Anyway, a man is just as big as his heart.

---

Prospects Brighter.

---

Heretofore the coaches could do little more than guess at the ability of the men. Last Thursday an alumni team, formed from the old players, lined up against the Varsity, and the men who are directing the work were given an opportunity to see the men at real football. The result of the game was most satisfactory. The coaches are delighted with the performance of the Varsity men, and feel sure that, with constant practice, they will make an excellent team. The game at times was as fiercely played as will be any of the games during the season. Eggeman, Hanley, Mullen, McWeeney and O'Dea with the other men, including O'Malley, to help out, made a very formidable obstruction; but the Varsity men stood the test, and nobly.

After the game anyone could have gotten a wager that Farley, Kuppler, Lins, and Farragher, who was a veritable whirlwind, and the other strong men, were the best in the business. Farragher proved to be a grand surprise. He broke through and tackled and withstood the attacks of the alumni backs in magnificent form. Farley showed his old-time cunning, and dashed off forty yards before O'Dea brought him down. Kuppler's tackling was of the gilt-edge order, and Lins bored great big orifices in the alumni line. Sammon at full-back did some very good work. His plunges into the line were cleanly executed. He carried the ball well every time he had it. His punting was very good, but we thought him somewhat slow to kick. Sammon did not catch O'Dea's high punts as well as he might, and lost the Varsity a number of yards in this way.

The other men played a strong game, and showed the effect of the coaching they are receiving. All that the coaches wish now is that there be a good muster of second team men to give the Varsity practice. There should be at least thirty in the squad so that the coaches will not have to play themselves when some one is taken out for repairs. For when the coaches are playing they can not keep a close watch on the work of the Varsity men.

Saturday afternoon the eleven will line up against the team from Goshen, Ind. After the game with Goshen come a few more difficult games, and finally we meet the larger college teams. Before the men go on the field for the game with Cincinnati on October 20 they should, and, if nothing happens amiss, will be, in excellent condition.

A new man entered the college Thursday who is said to be an addition to the line. To-morrow we expect another new man of the name of Gillen. Gillen comes with some reputation as an end; so the prospects for a first-class eleven are far brighter now than they were two weeks ago. O'Malley, who played so well at guard in Thursday's game, and who more than once impeded the progress of the speedy B. and S. backs last Thanksgiving day, has been prevailed upon to don his moleskin. With O'Malley back in the game, and the other candidates constantly improving we may rest assured that we shall have a team to boast of. The coaches are to be complimented upon the excellent manner in which they have wrought into a unit so heterogeneous a mass.

## Trade and the Flag.

Since the subject of colonial possessions has become one of general discussion, we frequently hear the statement that "trade follows the flag." The argument that this expression tersely states is not advanced as a justification of our position with regard to our subject islands, but is rather an appeal to our desire for gain, an inducement for us to overlook the wrongs to which our colonial policy give rise. That such an argument affords no valid excuse for our actions in this matter is evident. The argument not only fails in its purpose, but, we believe, states a false doctrine.

I hold that under just laws the ownership or control of a foreign country would not add to our commercial advantage. Everyone seeks to dispose of his products where he can get the highest price for them, and to buy his necessities where he can secure the greatest value for the least outlay of money. The conclusion follows that in a commerce unhampered by legislation, we can not control the trade of any country unless we can furnish its necessities cheaper than can any other country, and pay more for its products. Whenever we are unable to do this, self-interest will prompt foreign merchants to avoid our markets.

The only restraint upon such a system of commerce is that afforded by tariff regulations. Without discussing the merits of the various policies on the tariff question, we can assume that to a certain extent a tariff is necessary. Now since the tariff is the only restraint on a free commercial interchange with foreign countries, the great problem affecting our commerce is to devise a tariff system which will at once provide for necessary revenue, and also permit favorable commercial treaties with other nations. This problem has its solution in our system of reciprocal treaties.

Reciprocity, which concedes to a nation the same privileges that it grants to us, is a practical application of a tariff-for-revenue doctrine. No nation will sign a commercial treaty without advantage to itself.

From these considerations we are led to believe that the most favorable commercial conditions may be secured by a judicious revision of our tariff-regulations; that all commercial advantages which the possession

of a country would secure can be secured by commercial treaty. Every country in the world is ready to treat with us for the removal of tariff-restrictions.

How would the ownership of foreign possessions benefit us commercially? It would not enable us to produce more cheaply in America; it would not lessen the expense of transportation, and consequently, it would not enable us to sell cheaper than we did before coming into possession of the lands. We could remove the tariff duties, but this would necessitate a removal of our own tariff on commerce with such possessions. The effect of this would be a free trade relation which could have been established without our possession of the lands. Many reasons can be given why we should not establish free trade with the newly acquired islands of the Pacific, and the fact that we are in possession of those islands does not lessen the evils that would result from such a free-trade policy.

The only way that we can make trade follow the flag is to force a subject people to trade entirely with this country, or to place restrictions upon its trade with other countries. This plan has been often tried but never with complete success. There is a limit beyond which men can not be driven, and efforts to go beyond this limit have occasioned great political changes and loss of life. England placed restrictions upon the colonies of America in an effort to make trade follow the flag, and these restrictions proved so oppressive that revolt and political separation followed. So pronounced was the feeling against trade restrictions that for over a hundred years there existed in America a traditional sentiment which held that there were some restrictions which a just government could not exact. We are now to learn if the lesson of our own revolution is entirely lost upon the present generation of our citizens.

We can make trade follow the flag, but we can do it only by taking an unjust advantage of people within our power. We can force men to deal with us at a loss to themselves, but we can do so only by force of arms. By such means trade would follow the flag, but it would be a flag emblematic of commerce by force, and not the flag that was brought into existence to oppose the very purpose for which we now seek to use it. If the navigation acts were unjust to the colonists, their repetition would be unjust to-day.

WILLIAM A. MCINERNY.

## Exchanges.

The two necessary qualities in criticism are appreciation and interpretation. It is impossible to interpret well without first being able to appreciate. Mr. D. C. Luby, in the *Sacred Heart Collegian* allows his appreciation to run riot with his interpretation or judgment in his article on Longfellow. Longfellow is not the beacon light in American literature. Though he ranks high among us, there are others of better natural ability as Sidney Lanier or Poe. The article, however, shows a deep sympathy with the subject-matter treated.

\* \* \*

That women's minds naturally turn to prayer is proven by a glance at the contents sheet of the *Rosary Magazine* for September. Out of the seventeen or eighteen contributors fully eleven are women. Miss Mary Sewell writes a clever continued paper on the Congressional Library. Where our imaginations fail to call up the picture described, an illustration is at hand to help over this weakness. "The Episcopal Coal Bins," by Miss Helen Watson Beck, is a short story which commends itself favorably to us, for it is strangely natural. Other articles of interest are "John Baptiste De La Salle," "Why Jack Marsden Gave up Drinking" and the "Atlantic Voyage—as It is and Was."

\* \* \*

Highly colored views of the Catholic Press of the present and of the future make up the article on the "Catholic Press" in the vacation *Tamarack*. We commend the future of the Catholic press, but we lament its present conditions; nor can we gaze at it with that admiration which the author displays. If there was a union of ten or twenty of the papers, which at present are not very potent, into one strong and ably edited paper then we would not withhold our hosannas. It is true that we have some strong papers, but we have too many weak ones which fill no conspicuous place in Catholic life. The author of "Utility as the Norm of Morality" takes so pessimistic a view of altruism that he refuses to grant it a single virtue. If altruism owes its existence to an excessive love of humanity its beginning was moral. It may contain many errors when carried to excess, but a sympathy or love of humanity always appeals to us. This is why we look to St. Francis Assisi with love and veneration. J. J. S.

## Personals.

—Judge Carr, of Cassopolis, Mich., was a visitor at the University last week.

—Mr. Arthur Nester (student '84-'92) of Munsing, Mich., was here a few days last week.

—Mrs. John Pierce of Marion, Ind., was the guest of her son of Carroll Hall for a few days.

—Mr. Krug, of Dayton, Ohio, is here for a few days, the guest of Mr. Albert Krug of Sorin Hall.

—News reached us last week that Mr. Regan (student '94-'96), of California, has been married recently.

—Mr. Jerome Crowley (student '96-'97) came down from Michigan for a short visit to his old friends.

—Miss White, of Chicago, spent a few days at the University, the guest of her two nephews of St. Edward's Hall.

—Rev. W. C. Hengen (Litt. B. '97) has received an appointment as professor of Greek and higher Latin in Vincennes University.

—Mr. Angus MacDonald, our quarter-back and baseball captain of last year, is coaching St. Edward's College teams of Austin, Texas.

—Mike Powers has surprised all his friends and become a Benedict. The best wishes of all the students are with Mike, and may he and his fortunate bride have the blessing of a happy union.

—Mr. Thos. A. Medley (A. B. '98, Law 1900) has been ill for the past few weeks. Tom is thinking seriously of locating in Spokane, Washington, and will start for the West as soon as he regains his health.

—Mr. St. John O'Sullivan (student '97-'99) is attending St. Charles' Seminary, Rochester, New York. St. John while here showed excellent abilities as a scholar. There was no branch of learning he took up but he stood at the head of. We all wish him further success.

—A welcome visitor to Notre Dame the past week was Mr. James Wilson, of Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Wilson was a student here many years ago, but still retains that loyal regard for his *Alma Mater* that so many other old students have. Mr. Wilson is a brother of the Mother Superior of St. Mary's.

—Mr. Wm. L. Hall, Assistant Superintendent of Tree Planting, with an office at Washington, D. C., spent a few days at the University lately for the purpose of preparing plans for beautifying our surroundings. It is the intention of the President to establish a plantation of forest trees around St. Mary's Lake. Mr. Hall, who is well versed in this kind of work, gave it as his opinion that the grounds about the old lake could be made into a beautiful park. The kindly interest taken in our new park by Mr. Hall is deeply appreciated.



## In Memoriam.

When the death of Mr. P. L. Geraghty of Chicago became known at Notre Dame many a one here felt a pang of regret, for the deceased was in close touch with the University since his youth. He was a student here in the sixties, and was married in our church in '65 by Rev. Father Dillon who was then President.

All of the deceased's sons have studied at Notre Dame. Mr. Geraghty, who was an affectionate father, made occasional visits to his children during their college days. Those who met him during his short stays at the University, pronounced him a genial and interesting man, and a host of friends without proved him to be so. His widow and children are tendered the sympathy of all at Notre Dame who knew Mr. Geraghty. And these sympathizers join in saying, "May his soul be with God!"

## Local Items.

—The St. Joe Varsity expects Dubbs on the team this year.

—Captain Bescher's team defeated a team from Corby Hall Sunday by a score of 30-0.

—"Goldie" declares that he does not need a nose-guard in a game, but he wears one just for style.

—Joe, "the Alabama Blossom," declares that such nights as we are having lately are ideal ones for "coon huntin'."

—Mr. Eggeman arose for a point of information, but, in legal phraseology, the chairman was not a "Bill of Particulars."

—Lost—about four years ago—"Robert's Rules of Order" by one John Eggeman. Finder, please return to room 13, Sorin Hall.

—John and Will, the twin pugilistic wonders, are still in the ring ready for all comers, notwithstanding that one has a slight abrasion on his lip.

—Two teams, captained by Benjamin Madero, and Charles Rush battled for honors on the gridiron Sunday, but the score stood 0-0 at the end of the game.

—An honest man found an umbrella which he would like to return to the owner. Loser, please call at the SCHOLASTIC press room. No reward solicited or expected.

—We are sorry to state that Dan Hartnett, the promising young athlete of Carroll Hall, has retired from the field and will henceforth devote all his time to the voladores. When the ropes stretched to fullest length beneath his

weight he exclaimed, "O would that this too solid Dan would melt!"

—The Phonography class were behind a dead lock Wednesday, and much doubt was entertained as to the "outcome." The difficulty was solved by the ingenuity of Mr. Kachur.

—Dan O'Connor: Who has caught the most flies this year?

Gruza: Stahl has.

O'Connor: I guess not; "Tanglefoot" has.

—The free for all basket-ball is as popular as ever in Carroll Hall these evenings. This is encouraging, and it is sure that when the Varsity team is selected Carroll Hall will be represented. Few men in any department have the accuracy in reaching the basket evinced by M. Crowley and John Quinlan.

—"Bob" Stanton said the other morning as he came down from the dormitory: "I caught one of the boys putting his stockings on wrong this morning."

"Well, what did you do to him," asked a by-stander.

"I turned the hose on him," answered Bob.

—Rush's team lined up against the Spanish-American's last Sunday for practice. The game had not progressed very far when Capt. Rush began to realize that his men were powerless against the line-bucking and the tackling of the Maderos and the Rayneris. The game was called just in time to save Rush's men from total defeat. The Indianapolis captain should try these fearless cavaliers again.

—The junior class was organized Saturday evening, September 22. There were twenty-seven names enrolled. The following officers were elected: Ed A. Rumeley, President; J. P. O'Hara, Vice-President; F. F. Dukette, Secretary and Treasurer; Francis Schwab, Class Poet; Vitus G. Jones, Orator; G. Cypher, Historian. Committees were appointed to select the colors and caps and gowns for the class.

—Every species of living thing that croaks seems to have its home in Brownson dormitory. About midnight every night imitators of bullfrogs, snorting alligators, and roaring lions make the air resound with their blended notes. Now and then an unbroken silence prevails, and the half-maddened hearer prays to God that the performers have choked themselves. Not so, however, the chorus is resumed again with renewed vigor. No wonder so many are going to the infirmary!

—The Preps began their season last Sunday by defeating a team from Brownson Hall by a score of 17 to 8. Although the Brownsonites played a good game they were unable to stop, with advantage, the terrific rushes of the opposing backs, who pushed the ball across the goal line for three touchdowns. Of the old Preps, Davis, Phillips, Strassheim, Hubbel,



and Petritz played their excellent game of last year. Of the new men, Farabaugh at end, Stitch at quarter, and Warder at half-back, played a fast and effective game.

—At the annual meeting of the "Whisker's" Club, "Runt" Cornell was elected President; Kachur, Vice-President, and Tommy Dwyer, Secretary and Treasurer. Applications for membership were received from Corcoran, Kuppler, Cleary and McKeever. Corcoran and Kuppler were admitted on probation, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Hanhouser and O'Malley was appointed to ascertain if Mr. Cleary's whiskers would be red, if so he will be rejected. The application of Mr. McKeever was rejected as the club does not submit applicants to a microscopic examination.

—The first thing a good football team needs is courage, and to acquire this courage the captain must set the example. There is a team in Carroll Hall which, by practising every day, has become fast enough to defeat the Minims; but when any team of their own size challenges them they lack the courage to accept the challenge. It is not known whether the captain is afraid, or whether the players refuse to obey the captain. Now, Captain Rush, brace up, inspire your players with courage, and settle the question about the superiority of your team over the team of Captain Riley.

—Lavell: Say, Lottie, do you know what the concept "being" means?

Lottie: Sure thing. I came from Boston, and beans are what made Boston famous. Give me a plate of beans any old day in the week; let me tell you right here, Lavell, if you wish to go to heaven have as little to do with philosophy as possible. You're liable to get too much ballast on one side of your head, and, like the ship, go down below. If you don't believe me, ask my old friend Cleary over there. I'm an idealist myself until I find out where I am at; that is, nothing exists inside the mind. See?

—There is more gratitude in one dumb beast than in the whole human race. Last Monday night Ed and John Policy were walking along the road, and happened to come across a charming and bewitching young creature, which they supposed was a rabbit. The diminutive quadruped was caught in the hedge. Messrs. Ed and Policy saw what a plight the little creature was in and tried to extricate it from the dilemma. When the little fellow was released he was so overjoyed that he actually gave Ed a (s)cent. By accident he overlooked John. Ed was obliged to buy a new pair of shoes the following morning and thereby changed the (s)cent.

—Mr. Eggeman's new song with the Ciceroian title will appear in next week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Mr. Eggeman, with his able

assistants whose names will be made known later, is having the difficult task of employing Mr. Joseph Sullivan and Mr. Kachur, famous tenor and baritone singers, to put the song on the Bertrand vaudeville stage. The gentlemen assert that the song is unclassical and the work of unsophisticated authors, and that as "Teddy" can not get his *feeling* into the music (or the pocket of the box-office manager) it is impossible for them to sing without the long-haired virtuoso. The bald-headed tenor has a slight cold. All prescriptions for coughs, colds, etc., will be thankfully received in the vocalist's apartments, 333 Sorin Flats.

—OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT BROUGHT TO TASK.—The correspondence that has appeared in the SCHOLASTIC under the pseudonym "Far Away Brophy" formed the subject of some good-natured comment the other day. O'Connor, Barry and MacDonough met on the bleachers and were unanimous in the opinion that the writer was sadly lacking in his knowledge of the Irish dialect. Such a consensus could not have taken place without good cause. The trio are not prejudiced in the least, and they are authorities on the locution already referred to.

"Shure, I never heard an Irishman talkin' that way," says O'Connor, who comes from the Celtic region of Cork. "Nor I," says Barry, whose experience extends from Clare to Chicago. "The same here," says MacDonough who has talked with his countrymen from Connaught to Cathay. "But what I object to most," he added, "these letthers are flat—no humor in them a tall. Why if you talked that way at a wake in Ireland, the corpse would rise up and say, 'I'm sorry for yer throuble—'commiserate you,' I believe it is in the language of me learned frind Meyer. 'Well,' remarked Barry, far-sightedly, 'maybe the author is atin' too many green apples. You know there's an orchid down near the lake.'"

The symposium was interrupted by the gyrations of Meyer who appeared at the corner of the campus. "Musha, the Lord save us," says O'Connor, "what's wrong with the poor b'y? He's flingin' his arms round him like two sledge hammers." "Arrah, didn't ye hear that he's takin' elocution?" says MacDonough. "An' there he's now rehearsin' Austin Dobson's pome—what d'ye call it Barry? "I forget the name," replied Barry, "but it winds up with:—

I sorrow in sackcloth an' ashes  
For the girl I met in the thrain.

SEON BUIDHE.

—"Hello, Sedgie."

"How are you, Mr. Cooney; where're going?"

"Ahem! Ahem! I guess I'll go fishing. By the way, Sedgie, you're a pretty smart boy."

"No bouquets, Judge, please."

"No, that's right, Sedgie, but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll bet you can't answer 'yes'."

to the three questions I am going to ask you."

"I'll take you up on that, Judge."

"It's a go. Fellers, you understand; it's the treats for the crowd that Sedgie can't say 'yes' to the three questions. Now, here goes:

"Did you ever skive?"

"Yes!"

"You did? Well, it's good you weren't caught."

"Never mind, Judge, that's one on you."

"Now, Sedgie, suppose you were coming back from town after skiving and you met a poor little emaciated, half-starved dog on the pike, and some kind person had just given him a piece of meat. With the fierce teeth of a hungry dog he is about to devour the meat, would you have the heart to snatch the meat from him and see him die of starvation?"

"Yes! I would."

"I guess you've got me, Sedgie. Say, if I lose the bet, you pay for the treats for the crowd, don't you?"

"No! What do you take me for?"

"Ha! ha! ha! fellers, he loses. Come on Bohner; you too, Whiskers, all over to the store."

—Daniel O'Shea, who occasionally writes poetry of late, was visited by the muse the other day. He was walking along the track after breakfast when he came upon a potato-bug. Now it would seem that the fact of Mr. O'Shea's coming upon such a humble insect would create nothing worth recording. The greatest poets are not those who become emotional over sublime subjects, but those who by their poetry elevate the humble to the sublime. To the latter class belongs the poet Dan. To return to the subject, the potato-bug was slowly making its way across his path when, putting his hands to his temples and gazing upon it with eagle eyes, he addressed the vile insect in the following words:

O foe to man and hence a foe to me!  
What chance has led thee on this luckless course?  
You might have strayed unharmed, O parasite,  
Among your thieving haunts in 'tato fields;  
But now my vengeance seeks thee, and to die  
Must be the lot that waits thee, wretched one.  
Now Justice claims thee; for the evil deeds  
You have committed, revelling 'mong the weeds,  
Cry unto heaven, and —

Here he stopped, for, behold, the bug turned over on its back, and after a few hysterical kicks, "croaked!" No sooner had this tragic incident transpired than O'Shea, perceiving the marvellous effect of his words, assumed an air of profound seriousness and shook his head three or four times. One would think this action was the prelude to a great emotional outburst, but not; in a voice fraught with the deepest pathos he uttered the simple words: "And such is death."

O'Shea will be tried for murder next week, and we are afraid that Judge Cooney, who is to preside over the court, will convict the

unhappy poet no matter what the jury's decision may be. All that remains to be told is that Meyer has taken the incident in hand and will write a philosophical treatise entitled "Poets and the Lower Animals." All are anxiously awaiting the publication of this work, and Meyer here sees a chance to convince Barry, who can not be made to believe him a philosopher.

#### LETTER FROM CHINA.

(Special cablegram from our Chinese correspondent.)

—DEAR EDITOR:—There's wan thing shure about this opin dure policy ye'er advocatin' an' that is that ye'd betther hurry up about it ur Chinay'll lave no house big enuff to hang a dure on.

I saw in wan iv ye'er papers that Washington wuz full iv min that lived be thayr wits; why don't ye sind sum iv thim to Peek-In? Are they the missin' link we heer so much about?

Wud ye believe it now? Prince Tongue is goin' to shtart a noospaper! Another yallow journalist, in faith. His leadin' editorial is a critycism iv th' question "Duz Civilizashun Civilize?" an' he makes bould to say that it duzn't, onliss ye git square in frunt iv th' gun. Li Hung Chang an' th' impress hild an indig-nashun meetin' cos they axed Uncle Whiskers an' Aggynaldo to dinner on Crissmas, an' there's no place fur thim to hould the raycipshun. I think if ye wud sind Pabst an' Anheuser Bush over here we cud stop th' prisint warfair by takin' a few laager before males. Takin' laagers is the way Roberts skinned th' Boors.

Japan has a mortgage on sum iv th' Chinase ships, but iv Cuzzin George cud git in range iv thim with th' O'Lympia he wud soon put thim in soak along with Al Fonso's craker-Jack fleet.

The Chinase imperor sez he won't move his capital. Ain't he th' perverse haythin? Ivery grate ginal moves his capital; witness Jimmy Aggy Naldo an' Uncle Whiskers an' miny others too numerous to minshun. If we cud shtop shutin' th' Boxers an' sell thim sum canned-beef we cud soon finish thim. That wud be as Long Feller sez: "Flashin' canned vittles-rite into th' harts iv th' haythin." As I wuz injoyin' a shmoke with me auld frind O'Shay when a Boxer cum down th' alley; O'Shay jumped f'r him loike an auld made jumps at an offer, an' afther killin' th' man he dhrew his revolvur an' shot him ded. Poor fule t' thry to shtop th' progress iv th' ominibus iv civilizashun. Ye wuz axin' f'r me frind Sullivan. He is gone home on a furlough an' wan leg, f'r a Boxer tuk sich a-loikin' to th' other that he wudn't part with it.

I may not rite agin till I cum back frum th' Philip Pines, f'r I intind to see Jimmy Aggy Naldo to see what his opinyuns is on th' silver question, an' I must find out if he thinks "th' ind justifies th' manes."

FARAWAY BROPHY.