

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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

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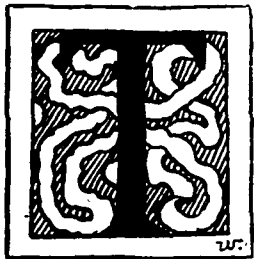
## When March Winds Blow.

NO power have I to sway enraptured throngs  
With cadenced sweep of strings or touch of magic  
keys,  
No voice to give the old familiar songs  
Their sweetest utterance; and yet with master's ease  
I make the March winds eloquent at night, and sound  
On Fancy's weird æolian harp the depths profound  
Of multitudinous melodies.

CLIFFORD WESTMORE LAKE.

## Bill Oliver's Premonition.

JULIUS A. BUCKLER.



HERE were no vacant seats in the smoking car. I noticed a young man in the forward end of the coach sitting alone, and, having a desire to smoke, I asked him if the seat were taken, and received an answer in the negative. I sat down, and we began a conversation. A remark about the speed of the train brought us to the subject of railroads and of the lives of railroad men. In the course of the conversation I incidentally remarked that I had once been a "knight of the shovel," or, in other words, a locomotive fireman on one of the transcontinental trunk lines. The young man's curiosity seemed to be aroused upon my mentioning the fact, and he began asking different questions regarding the life of a railroad man.

"While you were railroading," he asked, "did you ever have a presentiment of danger?"

"That is rather a hard question for me to answer," I said. I can not say that I have, although I have often thought that I had. I know of an instance where an engineer was forewarned; it might prove to be interesting should you care to hear it. He assured me

that he would like to hear what I had to say, so, lighting a cigar, I began:

About four o'clock in the morning of the 21st day of May, 18—, the caller came to notify me that I was to report at the roundhouse and be in readiness to go out on the first section of No. 19, the "Transcontinental Limited" at 5 a. m. I disliked very much to get up on account of being extremely tired, having had only ten hours rest since my trip in. Ten hours isn't a very long rest after a twenty-three hour run. An opportunity to take out the "Limited," however, comes but once in the lifetime of an ordinary freight fireman, so I made haste to take advantage of it.

After eating breakfast and making all necessary arrangements for the long run, I went down to the roundhouse to get the engine ready for her long run, a distance of 408 miles.

The morning was a beautiful one—simply perfection itself. Beyond the shadow of the forest the first ray of morning gleamed on the water. White, then red, then green flashed the beacons in the yard, and the pigmy lights of the dwarf signals glistened faintly. Light, fleecy clouds floated spirit-like among the stars, and across the faint blue heavens was a glow of orange light. Another day was breaking. Another day—to many the worst, to some the last of life.

The night switch crew were "making up" a fast freight, and the little switch engine, from the way it was smashing and knocking cars around, seemed in a hurry to wind up its work of the long night.

The "Limited's" engine was standing outside her stall on the lead track to the turntable. The black smoke was rolling out of her stack and drifting far back towards the foothills until it was finally lost in the shadow of the mountain. A thin, white ribbon of steam escaped from the safety valve, and mingled with the smoke. Her air pump throbbed like

the heart of some great monster, and the exhaust, through her flues resembled the breathing of some living thing. Her speed was ninety miles per hour. She was as pretty and symmetrical a thing to look upon as a person would care to see; inspiring, yet awful.

I went over to the roundhouse, signed up, and returned to the engine. Bill Oliver, the engineer, was oiling and overlooking the engine.

"Hello, Bill!" I said, and slapped him on the shoulder by way of greeting.

"Good-morning, Jack," was all he said. I could not imagine what was the matter with him. He was always such a bright, jolly fellow, and had always greeted me so differently. Something was wrong this morning I felt sure.

Bill Oliver was a tall, handsome fellow, about forty years of age. His features were clear-cut and well defined, and his hair and eyes were as black as night. He was an excellent specimen of the better class of railroad men,—popular with his fellow employees; liked and trusted by his superiors.

Bill went to the dispatcher's office for his running orders, and left me to back the engine onto the train. When he returned, the conductor remarked to Bill that he wasn't looking as well as usual, but received no answer. Something was out of place with the old "eagle eye," but I couldn't tell what it was. We climbed into the cab and received the signal to go. A clang of the bell, a hissing of steam as it rushed into the cylinders, and we had begun our wild race across the prairies.

I did not notice anything out of the ordinary during the entire morning. In fact, I had no time to look for extraordinary things. I had all I wanted to do to keep the fire box looking respectable inside. The rapidity with which that monster devoured coal was astonishing. I had said not a word to Bill since we left E—. He sat with his big left hand on the air brake, and stared out ahead as though he feared he would run into a washout or something of the kind. I bent to my work incessantly.

Along in the early part of the afternoon I noticed we were tearing along a little faster than I had been accustomed to ride over that track. The floor of the cab was covered with coal on account of the jarring and shaking, and telegraph poles were shooting by like fence posts. I glanced up at Bill. Heavens, such a sight! There he sat with his hand still clutching the air brake, and he continued

to scan the track ahead, but his face was as pale and rigid as death; his powerful frame quivered like a cockle shell in a typhoon. I was rooted to the spot, and stared in amazement at the frightful look upon his face. What could be the matter; was he dead, or had the giant engine, through some fault in the mechanism, gotten from under his control; was it rushing onward, wildly, madly into the very jaws of death, carrying with it to destruction the scores of innocent souls behind us, and did he realize his awful responsibility? Were I to live for a thousand years I could never forget the dreadful, terrified look on Bill Oliver's face.

I went over to him and shouted his name. He turned his death-like face toward me: there was a vacant stare in his eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Bill," I said to him, "what is the trouble?"

He placed his hand on my shoulder, and with the look of a hunted stag in his face, said:

"Jack, I am going to die to-day! I have tried to keep from telling you, but I am almost mad with the suspense. Don't laugh at me, Jack, because I have been warned. It came to me last night. I thought nothing of it until this morning, and the feeling has grown on me steadily ever since until I am as firmly convinced that I am going to die to-day as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow. You saw how fast I was pulling them along, and you wondered at it. The reason is, Jack, if I can make Sanderson before twelve o'clock to-night I know I will be saved, but I can't do it—I know I can't!"

I could not imagine what had come over Bill; he was never like that before. He was a sober man, consequently I could not attribute it to an over-indulgence in alcoholic liquor. He had simply made up his mind that he was going to die, and nothing could induce him to believe anything else.

Bill never had the reputation of being an extraordinarily fast engineer,—but I never wish to ride again as I did on that occasion. He was carrying that six car vestibule train along at seventy-five miles an hour. Many times during that ride for life did I look under at those immense driving wheels whirring around, and think what would happen if she should strip herself or slip an eccentric.

We had reached the top of the divide, and had a long stretch of down grade before us. Bill called me over, and with a faltering voice, full of emotion, said:

"Jack, I have railroaded for twenty years, and have never yielded to superstition once during all that time. I never believed in signs or the like, but when we left E—this morning, I knew I would never leave it again alive. I have tried my best to shake the feeling off, but I can not do it. I don't care so much for myself, because I have always lived a good life, and never did anything that would go very much against me; but what will become of Mary and the children? God bless their dear hearts! I love them. I can see their dear little forms now, running down from the house to meet me when I returned home, their faces beaming with joy, and their little arms outstretched to welcome me. Oh! Jack, I can't stand it, my heart will break."

He was weeping like a child. I knew now why he was running at such a terrific speed. Could he make Sanderson by midnight?

I used every means to persuade him that he was only nervous, and that nothing would happen. I could not shake his belief, however. Bill became so wrought up over the affair that I begged of him to leave the engine at Langtry and have some other engineer make the run. He wouldn't listen to it. He was determined to complete the run himself.

As darkness came on, he became strangely nervous and excited. I thought at times he would go crazy. He was continually pulling out his watch and calculating the time it would take to make Sanderson. We were fully an hour ahead of time, and gaining every mile.

We came in sight of an order station. The light on the target board was red—a signal to stop for orders. Bill made no pretence at stopping, and as we thundered by I saw the excited operator standing on the platform signalling us to stop. I was by this time thoroughly alarmed, both for Bill's safety and my own. What could the orders have been which we were to get at the station just passed? We would soon know.

Bill was in a frenzy of excitement. He was continually calling to me to "keep her hot." The indicator on the steam gauge pointed to two hundred pounds pressure, and he was using every pound of it.

Far away across the prairie I thought I saw a faint glimmer of light through the inky darkness. As we flew onward I became positive I could distinguish three red lights—the tail lights of a moving train. I called Bill's attention to it, and begged of him to slow

up. For answer he pulled the throttle wide open. The engine fairly leaped ahead. The reverse lever was almost on the dead centre—we were going as fast as fire and water could take us. I reached for the whistle, and blew one long, piercing blast. The lights grew more distinct every minute. I knew the train men ahead were aware of our coming. I could see the reflection from the fire box of their engine on the smoke as it rolled from their smoke-stack, and knew they were working for their lives to make the siding ahead—could they do it? On we sped as it seemed in a frantic effort to catch the train in front of us and telescope it. Never for a second did Bill shut off steam, but he worked that engine as I had never seen one worked before.

I stood in the gangway with my eyes glued to the red lights ahead. A half mile away, now a quarter; nearer, still nearer we flew toward them. I closed my eyes, tried to utter a prayer, and waited for the crash. When I opened my eyes again I could see nothing ahead—no lights, no train. Was I losing my eyesight, or my mind? I looked back—I had lost neither. Far to the rear I could see the glimmer of the headlight of the other train. They had beaten us to the siding. What a relief. I glanced at my watch—eleven o'clock. One hour from midnight—ninety miles from Sanderson.

"My God, Jack, did you see that?" he cried, his face blanched with fearful terror.

"See what," I exclaimed.

Bill tried to tell me what he saw in front of us, but I could gather nothing sensible from what he said. He must have seen or imagined he saw something terrible.

Bill was now worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. His eyes were bulging from their sockets; his hair was as white as the driven snow. He tried to pull the throttle wider open.

"Jack, for God's sake go back on the train, there is no use of us both dying," he cried. "Here, give me your hand, old pal, and if I don't live to see my darling wife and babies, tell them I died thinking of them and loving them. Oh! Mary, my darling, may God have mercy on you!"

The tears were streaming down his cheeks. In an instant he was himself again; even a smile played around the corners of his mouth. He said he was weak and foolish, and begged of me to say nothing to the boys about the way he had acted. It was the reaction setting

in. It lasted but a moment. He pulled his watch from his pocket, and glanced hurriedly at it. The same haunted look crept over his face. I looked at my timepiece; it was twenty minutes of twelve—we were thirty miles from Sanderson. The speed indicator showed eighty miles an hour.

We had reached the top of the Paisano divide. The road circled down around the foothills toward Sanderson. Having just finished putting in a fire, I reached up to put on the injector, at the same time glancing out ahead. Great God! the sight that met my eyes! We were just rounding a curve on a steep grade, and there in front of us, and not a hundred yards away, glared the great electric headlight of No. 13, the "Pacific Fast Mail," west bound. I shrieked at Bill to jump; he didn't appear to hear me, for he never moved a muscle. I have a faint recollection of hearing a warning blast from No. 13's deep-toned whistle. A terrific crash followed. The hands of the clock on the boiler head pointed to five minutes of twelve o'clock—midnight.

In a little white cottage down by a river, there lives a woman and two pretty, golden-haired little children. On the face of the woman is an expression of sadness and sorrow; there is a far-away look in her eyes. Each day this woman and these two little children go to a newly made grave; the woman kneels beside it to pray, and bathes it with her tears, while the little children gather wild flowers and lay them tenderly upon it. At the head of this little mound of earth there is a white tombstone of polished marble with the inscription:—"To the Memory of William Oliver."

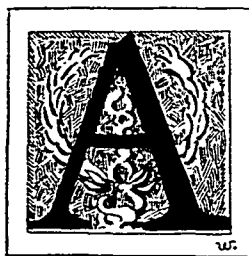
### Two Hearts

She's not so old as I, by far,  
Though wiser in a measure;  
But still her gentle ways console  
And give me greatest pleasure.  
And then there's such a neatness and  
A quiet charm about her,  
I'm with her nearly all the day  
And could not do without her.  
She shares in my anxieties,  
My griefs at times allaying;  
Oft-times she'll gaze into my eyes  
To hear what I am saying.  
'Tis not of love I ever speak  
With heart so light and airy:  
She's only my stenographer  
And private secretary.

THOMAS L. K. DONNELLY.

### Ocean Voices.

#### THE FICKLE SEA.



SHIP lies becalmed in an eastern sea. The viscid pitch oozes from the planks of the deck, which is almost unbearably hot. The reflection of the torrid sun on the still water is blinding in its brightness. The crew lounge on the shaded portion of the deck, sweltering in the intense heat. The foul air of the forecastle is stifling. The captain nervously paces the burning decks, seeming unmindful of the scorching timbers, muttering low curses into his beard with every stride; for look where he may, the same scene greets, or rather mocks, his eye: a vast expanse of glaring water unbroken by the slightest ripple.

But now his sullen, bronzed face brightens; he beckons to the mate and both gaze toward the west. Some orders are shouted, and now all is activity where shortly before there were few signs of life. A cool breeze strikes the ship, increasing gradually in strength until she swings around in obedience to the rudder and dances merrily over the rising waves. The captain's face has softened to a contented smile, and the sailors sing merrily at their work.

Dark clouds roll up from the horizon and pile themselves into the sky. Flashes of lightning reveal the blanched faces of the officers and crew who are clinging to ropes and railings as the ship dives through the spray. The lips of the skipper now move in prayer, lips which, a few hours before, had called down curses on the calm. The rain pours in torrents down onto the decks, and only the faint outline of the vessel is visible through the storm. Soon even this is lost to view.

After raging for an hour or more, the force of the tempest is spent. The sun peeps out from behind the clouds, but its light now falls on a few floating boxes and casks, where the gallant ship should be.

T. L. K. DONNELLY.

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#### UNDER THE STORM CLOUDS.

At four o'clock in the afternoon on the third day out on the trip from New York to Liverpool the wind began to freshen and the waves grew wild. Far toward the south were seen dark clouds gathering strength about the

horizon. The captain and mates with a troubled look on their countenances gave orders for everything to be "made tight."

Later in the evening the breeze of the afternoon increased to a gale, while the white-capped waves rushed over the deck. All the elements of bad weather grew in force as night drew near. The ship rolled and tossed about like some small shingle might have been cast around in the torrents of the Mississippi.

In the cabin the passengers were awake to their danger. No one dared to speak. All communication was carried on in a whisper, so fearful were the inmates of the danger that lurked above, below and all around them. Some prayed, while others, too much overcome by fright, were awaiting the moment of wreck or the joyful hour of safety.

About midnight the captain, who had been "on deck" since noon, staggered down the stairway into the cabin. "We are lost," he said. "Nothing can save us." Just then his daughter, a bright and innocent little girl, came forward, and, as she took his icy hand, said: "Is not God upon the water as well as on the land?" With tears in his eyes the kind-hearted old sailor bent forward and kissed the child. Then with renewed vigor, caused by hope of safety, he hastened onto the deck. Every passenger took heart, and with great fervor joined in the general prayer to God.

With the approach of day the storm ceased its angry mutterings while the winds lost all their deathly powers. In a few days we anchored safely in the harbor with the belief that the lucky suggestion of the young lady had saved our lives.

ARTHUR E. STEINER.

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#### THE UNDERTOW.

The sun was almost at rest; but one more hour and the shades of evening would mark the approach of deeper night. The waters of the Atlantic lay calm and glassy, except here and there where a school of fish gently ruffled the surface and caused it to reflect back the sun's rays like silver. No sound broke the stillness of the peaceful day except the laughter and shouts of a few bathers that lingered upon the beach; even the ebb and flow of the tide upon the shore was so faint and muffled that it was scarcely heard.

A solitary life-saver paced the sands; he seemed anxious for his day's work to cease, and it was with a relieved countenance that

he saw the remaining bathers leaving the water. He was about to depart also, and he shaded his eyes and gazed back upon the blue expanse. What was that dark object just beyond the ropes! He knew full well what it was; his many years of danger told him that. In a moment he was in the water spreading his broad burnt shoulders with powerful strokes. The bathers watched his black head, rising and falling as he moved on until he was near the dark object; then his form half arose out of the sea, his arm was raised in a gesture, and a voice clear but faint rang to them: "Help! help!"

Almost immediately, down the beach ran another man so much like the first, so broad of shoulders and brown; in an instant he, too, was in the water. A few minutes passed—it seemed an hour to the anxious watchers, for they guessed what the find was—when the men returned bearing between them a burden. Now the swimmers were able to walk and with strong arms they dragged a double burden to the shore, a boy and a girl both pale and cold and soaked with brine; the girl's arms were clasped around the boy's neck, their features distorted and covered with seaweed. The onlookers crowded around; and to an inquiry one of the life-savers merely said:

"It is the undertow." JOHN WORDEN.

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#### IN HALIFAX HARBOR.

It was Sunday afternoon in the middle of August; the day was very warm and sultry with scarcely enough wind to move the surface of the water of Halifax Harbor to a ripple. Two great ships of war lay in mid-stream swinging idly at their moorings. The white ensigns at their sterns lay in folds about their staffs, and the black smoke from the ships' funnels floated slowly through the air and disappeared among the trees on the neighboring hills. Those two ships of war were of the old type; their tall masts towered high above their spotless decks. The yards still carried their full supply of canvas, and though the vessels were propelled by steam, the sailors were drilled at taking in and making sail. This day being Sunday, the yards were all trimmed, and everything in and about the vessels looked taut and snug. The sailors were curled in all shapes on the fok'sle deck, most of them asleep, but here and there one could be seen with a pen and ink labouriously writing a letter, perhaps to some kind old mother, perhaps to some sweetheart. Not one was

to be seen reading; somehow or other the sailors do not take very much to reading, perhaps from the fact that when they are on the sea their hours of work are long, and their love of sleep overcomes any taste for reading that they may have acquired. Altogether it is a scene of quietness and contentment.

The sentry on the bridge and the officers and men of the watch are the only ones to be seen moving, and their movements are slow and languid as if the dull heat of the atmosphere cast a spell upon them. Suddenly the sentry stops his measured stride and calls the officer of the watch, who, glass in hand, stands idly gazing at a small boat coming out from shore. At a word from the sentry he turns, claps the glass to his eye and looks toward the northeast. There he sees a small black cloud just rising above the horizon. To an ordinary man this cloud would have no meaning, but to this experienced officer it means a heavy squall, and, calling the signal man, he at once gives orders to signal strike to' gallant masts.

In less than a minute those sleeping ships seem to awaken at the boatswain's whistle, and his loud, gruff tones are heard above the noise made by the hurry and scurry of sailors who hurriedly mount the ratlines and are soon at their regular posts. In a very short time the royal yards are sent down, and with them the sails, foot ropes and top gallant yard in the same manner, then the top gallant mast is dropped through the cap till it reaches the truck; here it is lashed, and the braces, shrouds and running gear secured and made snug. Just as the last man reaches the deck the storm bursts, and as a northeaster always comes rapidly, the first squall was the worst, and in a very short space of time the waters of the harbor were lashed to fury, and the wind whistled and shrieked through the spars and rigging as if a thousand demons had been let loose. However, the sailors did not care as they were snug below deck and the ships in a safe harbor, and after the squall had blown itself out they resumed their accustomed place just as happy as ever.

PHILIP V. BUTLER.

#### At Examination.

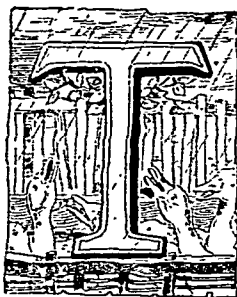
"Why is it that we brand as *Dark* the Middle Age?"

The teacher on the blackboard writes;

And Willie answers, with the wisdom of a sage,

"'Twas 'cause it had so many knights." M.

#### Faithful to Duty.



THROUGH a picturesque part of the Rockies, where the noonday sun sheds but a few faint rays upon the turbulent waters of the Colorado in its stony prison, the trains of the Union Pacific thunder, while from rocky wall to rocky wall is echoed the rumbling of the wheels.

After crossing the Colorado in a narrow part by means of a suspension bridge, the road goes over a comparatively level surface for a mile, then it plunges into an inky black tunnel three miles or more in length.

One day during the late war, when the government was hurrying men and supplies to the Philippines, a train load of horses was being rushed over the road to San Francisco whence the Philippine transports took sail. The train crossed the river safely; it dashed over the level stretch; it entered the tunnel, and had reached the middle of it when the rust-eaten coupling of the first box car broke, and the train parted. The engineer knew nothing of the accident; the brakemen could not warn him, for they, owing to the darkness and the lowness of the tunnel roof, were all in the caboose; so the body of the train rushed on while the other cars, after running for half a mile, came to a standstill.

The question then among the brakemen was: "What is to be done?" They knew that the engineer would not learn of the accident until he was many miles away, for although there was a small station just beyond the tunnel the train was not to stop there. They knew also—and as they thought of it their hearts beat wildly, and the cold sweat stood out on their foreheads—that the "San Francisco Limited" would be along in fifteen minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to run to the little station, to telegraph the next station to the east to have the "Limited" informed of the accident. They ran as they never had run before. Breathless, they burst into the depot. The telegram was sent. Immediately came the answer back: "Too late! The 'limited' has just pulled out." The "Limited," only eight miles away, was rushing to destruction. But all hope was not yet gone. An engine had just pulled in from the west. She was standing on the side track by the water-tank, and was about to take water.



"Old number 75 must save them," said "Jim," the brakeman, hoarsely. So saying, he rushed to the engine followed by "Bill," the other brakeman.

"To the tunnel with your engine," he shouted to the engineer.

"Wait until she gets some water; she has not enough now," replied the faint-hearted engineer.

"There's not a moment to lose. We must take the engine, 'Bill,' as she is. If we fail, there will be but two names added to the list of dead. If we succeed how many happy homes will we not save from desolation."

The two brakemen were in the engine and off for the tunnel before Jim had finished these words. Old number 75 seemed to know the mission entrusted to her care. She fairly flew over the rails; she reached the cars in safety; but just as "Bill" removed the broken coupling of the car and replaced it with a new one, a thundering sound was heard in the east. It was the "Limited" entering the mouth of the tunnel. Again "Jim" opened the throttle, again "Bill" crowded coal into the fire-box, again number 75 responded as best she could, but now the breath came in short, sharp puffs from her iron throat, telling of the intense thirst raging within her; groaning, tottering in every part, she plunged blindly on. Nearer and nearer came the "Limited;" she was gaining fast on number 75; but her engineer saw nothing ahead; the noise of his own train was all that he could hear. The darkness faded away; daylight appeared; number 75 was out of the tunnel, but there behind her less than two hundred yards away was the "Limited" with a speed three times as great. As the "Limited" herself emerged from the tunnel, number 75 was but a hundred yards ahead. At that moment the engineer of the "Limited" saw the danger. He reversed the lever; he applied the air brakes; but he could not stop the train at so short a distance. With a loud crash the two trains collided; number 75 pitched violently forward; the caboose and the two last cars left the track. For a moment they hung over the steep embankment, then they fell, dragging the rest of the train with them.

The "Limited" stood safe on the track. Not one of her passengers was harmed; but down at the bottom of the twenty foot embankment, crushed under the heavy engine, the two brakemen lay dying. No tools were at hand; the passengers and trainmen were powerless

to move the great engine. Thus after they had, painfully and with great effort, made their confessions to a priest among the passengers, the men died,—died while the wrecking train, coming to their assistance, was yet miles away.

In many homes that night there was thanksgiving for the safety of the absent ones; some pity there was and sorrow, but it was little, for only two rough brakemen had been killed. In two homes there were weeping children and praying wives, for there it was not two rough brakemen, but rather two husbands, two fathers, two heroic men. *There* was sorrow *there* was grief, which neither the presents of the passengers nor the pensions granted by the railroad company, but only the lapse of years could allay.

GERALD J. RAFTER.

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#### In the Barnyard.

The cold drizzly rain was blown swiftly down, freezing to a sleet on any object exposed to it. The maple trees cracked as they swayed in the wind, and their branches, heavily laden with an icy mantle, hung like weeping willows.

The chickens and ducks had found shelter under a wagon near the barn, and were quietly and cozily nestled together; the dog, who had taken refuge under the barn door bridge, finding his roof not waterproof, crawled out, ran across the yard and disappeared through the door of the wood shed; the cattle were huddled together on the side of the barn with their heads down, those on the outside crowding into the bunch, kept up a constant circulation; the colts stood shivering near a straw stack with their backs to the storm, every now and then chasing each other round the stack; the pigeons came one by one to a broken light in a gable window of the barn, and peered out into the storm, but soon went back. As evening drew near, it became colder and the wind howled. Bill, as he trudged about doing his chores, had all the horses at his heels.

LAWRENCE M. ANTOINE.

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#### An Apostrophe

A sage thou art, in truth; aye, too, a villain and a fool;  
To loftiest heights thou risest and to lowest depths  
dost sink,

The keeper of the keys of human knowledge and the too:  
Of half the world's corruption-breeders—thou, O  
Printer's Ink. L. S. N.

## Resigned.

TO-DAY I met a friend I had not seen for years;  
 I clasped his hand in joy; he answered in his tears:  
 For one he loved  
 Had passed fore'er beyond the spheres.

"A sister young and fair in kindred mine," he said;  
 "Yet young and fair she goes down to her cold, low bed.  
 How sad it is  
 To think that one so dear is dead!"

"We can not weigh the loss and griefs of other men  
 Nor half their sorrows know till that sad moment when  
 A bosom friend  
 Is snatched by God from touch and ken.

"And I shall hear no more the voice I loved so well;  
 I came, but fate forbade that I should say farewell,—  
 For ere I came  
 Death's dark, still shadow o'er her fell.

"Upon her pallid form I gazed in tears awhile,  
 And wished her back again; yet died she with a smile  
 Upon her lips,  
 And in her heart no trace of guile.

"This, like a beacon light, casts in upon my soul  
 A glimmering ray of hope: I, stranded on the shoal  
 Of grief, can see  
 That she has reached the golden goal.

"In utter selfishness I shall not now complain;  
 'Twere better far to bear the passing pangs of pain  
 Than that the dead,  
 Called back to life, should live in vain."

C. W. L.

## Essays in Little.

## ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

The tide of immigration, which has been steadily setting westward for the last few years, has been, to a certain extent, detrimental to the cattle industry of that section, inasmuch as it has caused it to be conducted on a much smaller scale than in former years.

The immense expanses of rolling prairies, where at one time the buffalo was accustomed to roam unmolested, are no longer desert tracts, fit only for grazing purposes; our modern science and ingenuity have changed these into fertile farms and pastures. Irrigation has played the most important part in this transformation. It was entirely upon these plains that the cattle-raisers depended for food for their herds; consequently when this land began to be taken up by settlers, the cattle man saw that he would be compelled either to go out of business, or proceed to get as much land as the law allowed and sometimes more. The latter alternative was

chosen in most cases; and now a person in travelling through some sections of the north-west sometimes sees large sections of land, probably thirty or forty miles square, inclosed by a substantial wire-fence.

The cowboy, that indispensable factor in the earlier days of cattle raising, "what is to become of him since his services will no longer be required?" It is hard to say just what will become of him; probably he will become a common ranch hand, putting in his leisure time in breaking bronchoes, or maybe he will disappear from the plains forever as did the buffalo before him.

JAMES L. DUNNE.

\* \* \*

## IN THE SUGAR CAMP.

The stroke of the wood-cutter's axe and the crackling and sputtering of the hard wood, as it is thrown upon the fire, are the characteristic sounds heard in a maple sugar camp during the months of March and April.

About three or four times a day we see an old horse hitched to a rudely made log sled, upon which rests a barrel of sugar water, pull up alongside of the fire. Here the driver takes a bucket and dips it out into a huge wooden trough. From this the water runs at intervals into a large pan, beneath which is the raging fire of hard wood.

Now the crash of a falling tree strikes our ear, and soon we see the same old horse pull up to the fire with a load of wood. Here it is thrown off, and the man who is attending to the fire shoves a few more pieces under the pan. The fire now begins to hiss and crackle more than before and the water begins to boil more rapidly than ever.

Towards evening the water becomes thicker and thicker until it becomes syrup, when it is taken from the fire and hauled to the farmhouse where the farmer's daughter may be seen boiling it down into sugar.

EDWARD SCHWAB.

\* \* \*

## CLAM FISHING.

"Hi, thar, Mirandee, throw me tha dippin' pale," yelled the old clam-fisher to his wife, before pushing from the shore in his rude "flat bottom." It was an early July day; the waters ran swiftly yet tranquilly. The shore on which the man stood sloped slightly and was covered with white, shell-like pebbles. A few yards back rose huge bluffs from which



ever and anon came the shrill cry of the "king fisher." The "clam-digger" is now rowing for the middle of the stream.

His stroke is long and easy, and propels the clumsy craft with amazing swiftness. On each side of the boat there is a long pipe, raised about two feet above the gunwale, and resting on fixed staffs. To each pipe are attached about fifteen stout fish cords three feet in length. These cords are leaders for a series of four pronged hooks. Soon the man has reached the desired spot and drops anchor. He then fastens a rope to the pipes and lowers them. It is necessary for the pipes to touch bottom; then they are dragged; a hook comes in contact with a clam which immediately fastens itself to it. When the fisher thinks he has as many as he can heave, he pulls the pipe to the surface and deposits the clams in his boat. This is repeated about ten times in an hour. The clams are sold for fifteen dollars a ton, and then made into buttons.

RICHARD KOLCK, JR.

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#### BIRTHDAYS.

Keep the birthdays religiously; they belong exclusively to, and are among the sweetest memories of, home. Do not let anything prevent that some token, be it ever so slight, show the day is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children; for one day, at least, they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket or trowsers with pockets, are donned for the first time; big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie" who is "six to-day" and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for are apt to neglect birthdays: they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they are "nervous"; but if they only knew how such days are cherished by the children in after years, they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

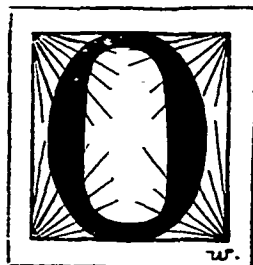
THOMAS SCHWANTZ.

#### The Tempest.

The ship that breasted oft the rolling sea,  
At last, perchance, when high winds strain its mast,  
Is wrecked.  
We live 'midst soul-storms, but at Thy decree,  
O God omnipotent! temptation's blast  
Is checked.

M. A.

#### A Rapid Exit.



OUT of the house and up the street I ran as fast as I could. I do not generally care for this kind of exercise, but one can not always have one's choice. There was a number of pedestrians in the street,

but these stepped aside to let me pass and watch the cause of my flight. It was a race for life and my pursuer was close upon me.

My pursuer was not a man, but a dog. Not a large and beautiful St. Bernard, but an ugly, snarling poodle. To me, however, he was more terrible to behold, for large dogs do not care much for running. But five yards in front of me stood a large, umbrageous oak-tree, which seemed to me as great as the Charter Oak of old. Oh! what long yards those seemed to be. My legs quaked and threatened to give way beneath me. Should I ever reach the coveted tree? At last, however, I reached it. With one bound I reached the lower limb and quickly climbed to safety.

I had been playing in the kitchen with a rubber ball, when the poodle entered and chased me. I am still on a limb of the great oak, and as I look down I think I see a disappointed look about the face of the dog, for cats make nice playthings for dogs.

HUBERT A. GERAGHTY.

#### Contentment.

Slowly, gracefully falls the snow. The air is crisp and pleasant. Here and there a sparrow alights and shakes himself in the white covering of the earth as though it were a nest of feathers. The fire on the hearth in my room is but a bed of coals, and the book which I have been reading is dropping from my hands. A few people are passing by, but I hardly notice them. I think of my first school days, of my vacations, of my friends, of everything. The snow falls faster and faster. The large hand of the clock has made the circuit of the dial with its accustomed regularity. The men who work in the factories are coming home, with their green coat collars turned up to protect them from the cold. My servant comes in to light the gas; somebody rings the door bell, and my dream is over.

JOSEPH A. COQUILLARD.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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*Reporters.*

—The Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, the Rev. Vice-President, Father French, and Father Stoffel, were at Chicago this week attending a convention of representatives of Catholic colleges presided over by Mgr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington. The object of the convention is to bring about unity in Catholic education. The foremost men at the convention advocate a system of high schools as a connecting link between the parochial school and the college. The Rev. James Burns, formerly Professor of Chemistry at Notre Dame, and now Rector of Holy Cross College, Brooklyn, D. C., delivered a very able address before the convention.

The great purpose the members of this convention have in view will be better understood and appreciated when we know that of late the leading and most intelligent secular educators of the country admit the fact that the system of education that does not develop the moral side of young men is not an education in the true sense of the word. They maintain that moral training can no longer be left to chance; that if we want conscientious men we must look to the moral development of our boys in the grammar and high schools. Only by training of this kind can men be

made to feel they are responsible beings. This is the principal aim of Catholic education. But that those who have long ignored it are now advocating its methods is sufficient proof that Catholic educators are beginning to be appreciated. And we might add that they get very little besides appreciation, and sometimes not even that from those who are most benefited by them.

—We are pleased that we can positively inform our readers that the Rev. N. J. Mooney of Chicago will preach the Baccalaureate sermon at Notre Dame next June.

—The SCHOLASTIC has been placed in the hands of the engineering student's rhetoric class this week. The sketches and anecdotes in this week's issue have been written as daily themes, and should be judged not too critically. The daily composition must of necessity be hurriedly written, and, therefore, can hardly be deemed a student's best effort. Even with this limitation some of the articles hint at ability.

—The young men who took part in the semi-final trials held last Wednesday and Thursday evenings for the debating team, certainly deserve praise for their excellent showing. Invariably their argumentation was logical; their language concise and clear, and their delivery fair. The contests were so close that even those who failed to win places came off with honour. The margins between the averages of some of the competitors were very narrow. Those who won out in the first semi-final were Messrs. Kenealey, Kinney and Barry; and in the second, Messrs. Corley, Cleary and Kuppler. The names are given in the order of places attained, beginning with the first. If we may judge by the work of these debaters, Notre Dame may hope to have as good a team this season as she has had in former years. The final contest will be held in Washington Hall the evening of April 27. It is needless to remind the debaters that still more earnest work is required to win a place on the team that will have the honour of representing the University. The struggle promises to be exceedingly interesting. Chances are about equal; only the man of earnest application and the one that gets a grasp of the question in all its phases may hope to win.

## The Prince and the Pauper.

GIVEN BY THE PHILOPATRIANS ON EASTER MONDAY.

In accordance with a time-honored custom of Notre Dame, Easter Monday was turned over to the Philopatrian Society. They presented a dramatization of Mark Twain's novel, *The Prince and the Pauper*. We have always attended with delight any performance given by the Philopatians, as it was always well done. The play last Monday was up to the usual standard in every respect. In view of the fact that many of the old men who merited so much praise in the *Comedy of Errors*, were

However, we must not forget to mention Mr. P. H. McBride who took the part of Prince Edward. He was admirably suited to this character, and by the dignity of his bearing and speech he was every inch a young prince. W. McLean, as Tom Canty, shared the honors with Mr. McBride. He brought out the humility of the pauper in the first part, and later on the dignity and nobility of a king-elect, in a way that soon established him in the good graces of the audience.



gone, the members of the society deserve additional credit for their clever work. The lads worked long and earnestly, and how well they succeeded in their efforts was shown by the frequent rounds of applause. The acting throughout was very clever, and there was not a flaw anywhere, thanks to the careful training of Professor O'Connor and Brother Cyprian. To praise anyone of the youthful actors in particular would be an act of injustice, as each one did well in his own part.

Mr. W. J. McCormick, as King Henry VIII of England, also deserves credit. To bring out the character of the old monarch, enfeebled by a life of vice, is no easy task, and Mr. McCormick did this in a way that merits great praise. Another man admirably suited to his part was Mr. Charles Rush. His acting in the rôle of the warm-hearted, happy-go-lucky Miles Hendon was very clever. Mr. Louis Wagner as Dan Canty did not get a good opportunity to show his ability. How-

ever, he threw much feeling into his work, and his acting was characterized with his usual ease and grace on the stage. Mr. Clarence J. Kennedy as John Canty merited much applause for his clever impersonation of the vagabond. He sustained the traits of this character throughout the entire play. Mr. R. E. Stanton acted the part of mad Sam in a way that left very little to be desired. For a young lad to bring out such a character well is rather difficult, and Mr. Stanton deserves commendation for doing this so successfully. Of the other men, Messrs. Talcott, Quinn, Lyman and Lawton did very well.

We must not forget to mention here the lads of St. Edward's Hall who appeared as jesters and pages. It is very seldom that we get a chance of seeing the youngsters behind the footlights. However, all of them, especially Master Kenyon W. Mix, seemed perfectly at home on the stage. Their songs and dances were generously applauded.

The orchestra, under the direction of Professor Roche, delighted the audience with several well-chosen selections. The first was Suppé's *Light Cavalry*, always a favourite, and between the acts the following selections were rendered:

March—"Invincible".....Ripley  
Gavotte—"Dolce far niente".....Mittelstädt  
Idyl—"Morning Song".....Beyer  
Mazurka—"Aus lieb zu ihr".....Katsch  
Valse—"España".....Waldtenjel

Following is a cast of the characters:

#### THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER,

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

(Adapted from Mark Twain's novel of the same name, with the kind permission of the author.)

##### Cast of Characters.

Henry VIII., King of England .....	W. J. McCormick
Edward, Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VI.) .....	P. H. McBride
Earl of Hertford, Lord Protector.....	H. W. Talcott
Lord St. John.....	J. D. Quinn
Prince Godfrey, Edward's Cousin.....	P. J. Lyman
Humphrey Marlow, Whipping Boy.....	J. H. Lawton
Miles Hendon.....	C. E. Rush
Servant to Hendon.....	R. N. Van Sant
Archbishop of Canterbury.....	G. H. Uckotter
Court Physician.....	D. Quinn
Tom Canty, the Pauper.....	W. A. McLean
Dan Canty, His Brother.....	L. E. Wagner
John Canty, Father of Tom and Dan.....	C. J. Kennedy
Sykes, His Brother.....	A. J. Dwan
Yokel, a Vagabond.....	H. M. Beechinor
Mad Sam.....	R. E. Stanton
Anthony Gorse } Men-at-Arms.....	F. T. Foley
Hugh Gallard }	E. W. Bauman
Herald.....	B. M. Taylor
Dick, Canty's Henchman.....	J. H. Fogarty
Courtiers, Vagabonds, Dancing Pages, Court Jesters.	

A. L. K.

#### Exchanges.

*The McMaster University Monthly*, one of our most valued exchanges, is always welcome to our table. The editorials are sane and their style is worthy of imitation. The tone of the magazine is always serious, even the verse seldom, if ever, touches the humorous. A sketch, "The Author of 'Lorna Doone,'" is very interesting, and gives us an excellent insight into the life and habits of Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Many think Mr. Blackmore a "recluse," "almost a misanthrope," but the writer dispels this opinion and expresses the deepest admiration for him: "No stranger ever treated me with greater confidence and cordiality. He shrank from publicity and 'hollow applause'; but I can not believe that he was naturally selfish." "John Chinaman at Home" presents to us in an interesting manner the life, business, amusement and worship of the Chinese.

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An essay, "The French Associations Bill," in *The Stylus* deserves credit. The author rightly attributes all the disturbance in France to a small minority, led by the spirit of Rousseau trying to crush out the Catholic associations. The "First Easter" is a good sonnet for an '04 man. The exchange column is perhaps the most ably edited department of the magazine.

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"The Coach of the Company," in the March number of *The University Cynic*, is one of the best short stories for the month. The plot is odd and original, the conversation witty and well developed, while the characterization is almost perfect. Each character stands out clearly; each word has a direct bearing on the dénouement. For verse, the editors usually content themselves by clippings from the exchanges, still we occasionally find original verse of genuine merit.

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In the later numbers of *The Washburn Review* the editors have taken a step in the right direction by publishing a series of anecdotes about Washburn in its earlier days. Heretofore fiction has been neglected, consequently the paper has been somewhat dull. Let us hope that these anecdotes prefigure the coming of the short story. Verse is a desirable thing in a college paper, yet a careful review fails to reveal even a little quatrain hidden away in some corner.

J. M. L.

## A Track Meet with First Regiment.

For the past few days letters have been passing between Manager Eggeman and Mr. Butner of the First Regiment Athletic Association of Chicago, the purport of which is the arranging of a dual meet between the two teams here on May the fourth. We can not say positively at this writing that the meet will be held, but are hopeful of getting it. A schedule of the meets that the Chicago Association would compete in during the spring appeared in a Chicago daily some days ago, and the May meet with our team was mentioned. If we shall be able to arrange this meet it will prove an excellent event for many reasons.

In the first place our fellows are in need of something of this sort about this time of the year to keep them in condition. The long rest after the meet held here in March until the spring meet at Lafayette plays havoc with a man that must compete in two such difficult meets as the State event and the Western Intercollegiate meet at Chicago in one week. The May meet will, moreover, be very interesting from the spectator's point of view. The First Regiment team has proved itself far superior to all other Western teams.

At a meeting held in the gymnasium last night the members of the track team elected as their captain for the season our now world famous sprinter, P. J. Corcoran. "Corc" acted in the same capacity last year and showed excellent qualifications as a leader of his men.

Big John met with a misfortune last Wednesday morning, and as a result of his experience will be on the invalid list for a few days. John was expending some of his surplus energy on the hammer in one part of the campus and Kirby was doing likewise with the discus; unfortunately the discus slipped in the direction of our corpulent shot putter, and John turned on his ankle and fell in a heap trying to avoid it.

Coach Moulton has had the men out during the three o'clock recess all the week, and they make the campus a lively spot while they are training. "Dad" is giving them very close attention at present, and we may look for some surprises in the spring meets. Long experience with athletes has taught our veteran coach many points of the game that a less experienced man does not know, and Moulton is just the man to put his ideas into practical use.

## Baseball Team Picked.

After watching carefully the work of the candidates for the past few weeks, Captain Donahoe has decided to use the following men. O'Neill and Campbell catchers; Fleete, Ryan, Hogan and Higgins, pitchers; Morgan first base; Walsh second base; Lynch short stop; Bergen third base; Duggan left field; Donahoe centre field, and Farley right field. This year, on account of the long trips, we shall have four regular pitchers. Heretofore the games away from home have not been so numerous as this year nor have we had as many long trips, and since the games, in nearly every instance, will be played close together there is need of a fourth man to help the others out. The team on paper, to use a baseball term, makes a very creditable showing. Walsh and Bergen will add materially to the efficiency of the infield, Walsh in himself being a tower of strength, and Bergen has the reputation of being a very handy man with the stick. Duggan in left field will help us to forget the excellent work of Fleming in that territory last year, and, with a little more experience in the batting box, shows promise of a good man. The pitcher's position will be well taken care of if we can judge from the present work of the men, and since that place is filled satisfactorily, there is not, on paper, a weak spot on the team.

In practice Wednesday afternoon, Captain Donahoe changed Walsh from second to third, and put Bergen at second on account of Bergen's apparent weakness in throwing. But the change did not work as well as the Captain had expected, and Walsh will play in his own old position throughout the season. Morgan's clever work at first base reminds the fellows of Macdonald. "Red" will make one of the best men in his position in the West this year, and in one year's experience, judging from his work at present, he will be the equal of many leaguers.

Manager Eggeman has been corresponding with President Watkins of the Indianapolis league team with regard to getting some practice games here with the Indianapolis team before the season opens. As yet the games have not been arranged, but we may expect to see the leaguers here on Monday for a series of three games. The practice game with the Varsity reserves last Thursday was the first regular work of our baseball men this season.

## The Gymnasium Building Fund.

We are glad to be able to add two more names to the contributors toward the gymnasium building fund. Mr. Charles Bryan, M. B., Memphis, Tenn., \$5.00; the Rev. D. J. McLaughlin, Clinton, Iowa, \$100.00. Words of thanks for these donations are superfluous, coming as they did when Notre Dame was in need of a gymnasium and had many other undertakings on hand at the time.

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 Personals.
 

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—Mrs. Garrity of Chicago, Ill., paid a brief visit to her friends here lately.

—Mrs. M. W. Porter of Quincy, Mich., visited the University on last Wednesday.

—Miss Margaret Maloney of Lenox, Iowa, paid us a visit a few days ago.

—Mrs. Monach of Owenboro, Ky., was a guest of the University on last Tuesday.

—Mr. C. J. Hubbard of Louisville, Ky., made a brief stay at the University during the past week.

—Mrs. H. Huston of Frankfort, Mich., has been visiting her son of St. Edward's Hall for the past few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Bengnot of Paulding, Ohio, were among the guests at the University during the Easter holidays.

—The Misses Kleona and Stella Hackman of Oldenburg, Ind., spent a few days here lately visiting friends.

—Mr. and Mrs. Kasper of Chicago visited their sons on last Monday, and attended the play in Washington Hall.

—Mrs. John Knell of Aurora, Ill., accompanied by her daughter, made a short stay here lately.

—Miss Margaret Welden of Chicago, Ill., visited her many friends at the University in the course of the past week.

—Mr. J. A. Schwab of Loretto, Pa., visited his son of Corby Hall during the past week. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Gertrude Schwab, who is an actress of considerable ability.

—Mr. John Stanton of Portsmouth, Ohio, a student here in '94, spent a few days with us in the forepart of the week. He was accompanied by his two sisters, Miss Mary and Helen Stanton.

—Mr. and Mrs. McBride of Akron, Ohio, were at the University on last Monday to attend the play given by the Philopatrians, in which their young son creditably filled one of the leading rôles.

## In Memoriam.

Brother Jerome—known in the world as Patrick McCarrol—died here on last Thursday, the 11th inst. He was born in Portland, Wis., in 1856; and joined the Order of the Holy Cross in 1887. Since then he has faithfully observed his vows, and has been held in respectful regard by his associates. Of late years he was Prefect in the Minim Department, and because of his gentle and kindly nature was a great favorite with the small folk. This morning Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul by the Very Reverend President, the students attending in a body. Mr. M. H. McCarrol, Miss Etta McCarrol, and Mr. M. Dooley, his brother, sister and uncle also were present.

The SCHOLASTIC in behalf of the students and Faculty sincerely condole with them in the loss of their pious kinsman. May his soul rest in peace!

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 Easter Morning Services.
 

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Easter was a glorious day at Notre Dame; nature with her pleasant sunshine helping to make more glad hearts that beat faster than usual because of the thought that on that day Christianity was born. The services, held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, both of the Mass, music and sermon, were far above their usual standard of excellence. Prof. Roche for weeks past has been training his young men of the choir and orchestra to take part in the Easter services. The glad hosannas and alleluias of last Sunday were the culmination of his labors. He certainly must have a sense of satisfaction in the result of his work. Those who have heard the blended notes of the choir and orchestra are unsparing in their praises. His own singing at the Offertory, as usual, was the best of all; the depth and feeling in his voice was able to stir up the coldest in emotion.

The sermon was preached by our Very Rev. President. His theme was the Resurrection: "If Christ is not risen our faith is vain." That He is risen, and that He works in His Church, the Rev. President proved. He held to his subject in a manner admirably logical. For although in his delivery he had the earnestness and heat that characterize the conscientious worker, he introduced no extraneous matter, but clearly brought out everything that bore on the question. Taking his data



from the Scriptures and history, he so arranged and interlocked his proofs that even the youngest student was able to see the vital point Father Morrissey wished to establish: namely, Christ's Resurrection. The Solemn Mass, the beautiful music, and the logical, earnest and instructive sermon that crowned them all, made Easter a day to be remembered at Notre Dame for some time.

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Local Items.

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—Leo Kelly has been elected Captain of the Brownson Hall Team for the season.

—Staples, Gearin and Company are open for any game; it may be foul, but the pigeon-toed rascals don't care.

—Attorney H. P. Barry was looking after the business interests of Judge John Lavelle during the latter's absence.

—It has been a long time since anything real funny happened at St. Joseph's Hall. As well as we can remember, Molamphy was the last.

—Phil used to wear a red cap, but lost it turning hand springs on the fire house at the back of Sorin Hall—so thinks an admiring Carrollite.

—'Twas indeed strangely coincident that McGowan took a walk on the same day that he produced his first verse and entitled it "Those Goo-goo Eyes."

—Dubbs (who has taken up a class of philosophy): "There's no such thing as matter."

Casey: "What's the matter with your neck?"

Dubbs—"I have a boil on it."

—The Steuben Heidron Quartette, McGlew, O'Mahoney, Barry and O'Connor, will give a formal entertainment at the apartments of Szybowicz and Syniephski on Easter Monday at any time.

—Michael Angelo Worden has just finished a painting in which, he says, is portrayed one of the greatest weaknesses of human nature. It's a good thing that the Fourth is celebrated only once a year.

—In the name of the following gentlemen we are requested to thank Mr. Bradley for his excellent cigars,—

Kranf P. Krube                      Soalnich R. Guslonf

Hanj L. Laryec                      Sojeph M. Knesing

—Harrington is accustoming himself to matutinal perambulations through the woods, and rehearsing his speech which he will deliver carefully and with a sincere heart to the object of his weekly composition and daily thought.

—How much perseverance some persons have! After months and months of hard vocal training, Molamphy has at last succeeded in

producing a horse-laugh. Some call it a *bray*, but we wish to inform such persons that horses do not bray.

—This is to certify that the quartette—P. O'Neill, W. Campbell, J. Morgan and J. Walsh—is eligible to sing at my place that is devoid of eggs, stones, sticks, etc. The wash-board tenor and the bass are really enjoyable to the man—who is deaf.

—"There was only once," said the dummy, "that I was satisfied with my condition, and that was when I heard the "hot air" oration. "There was once," said the deaf mute, "that I was satisfied that I could not hear, and t at was when the track team quartette was trying to sing."

—Although twenty-nine hundred numbers of the Easter SCHOLASTIC have been printed and disposed of, we still get letters calling for more. All of these letters contain cheering comments, which are encouraging to the local editors. For their information it may be well to add that the South Bend press also commented very favorably on our Easter issue.

—John Edison Hart, our coming inventor, has just invented an electrical appliance with which it is possible for a man to pat himself on the back. The device is a striking success as has been proved by its effective work on our well-known friend, Daniel Webster Dubbs. It is especially recommended for law students and public speakers. Of course it is shocking to use one, but as a last resort it is not bad.

—Chief Kinney had his two fire companies out for a few hours' practice the other day. Co. 1, Sorin Hall, under command of Lieutenant Mullen, made a run to Sacred Heart Church and the Main Building; Co. 2, Brownson and Corby, Lieutenant Buckler, visited St. Joseph's and Science Halls. On these trips the men are supposed to familiarize themselves with the hose, hydrants, and all other paraphernalia connected with a fire company.

—The young men of Corby Hall, after the protracted quiet of the Lenten season, gave a dance Easter Monday evening. They and their rector, Father Omstead, graciously invited the students of Sorin Hall to attend their merry-making. Many took advantage of the invitation, and all agree that they had a most pleasant time, having been royally entertained by the Rev. Rector and by the students of Corby. The entertainment lasted until ten o'clock, when the boys, tired and happy, sought their respective abodes; the Sorinites declaring that the men of Corby Hall are first-class entertainers, and the Corbyites with the feeling that the men over the way are a rather jolly lot. Music was furnished by the Sorin Hall orchestra, led by the able and skilful Mr. Welker.

—J. G. Walsh, tragedian and general "*good-fellow*," has enrolled in his "The Field of Cupid" company Church, Mattison, O'Reilly

and L. Kelly. Church, whose smile is bewitching enters the field in the standing broad mile. Mattison holds Cupid's bow—for Matt has had much experience with bees and bees; O'Reilly holds the arrow, for he aims well; but the converse is untrue. Kelly does the chasing; wherever the dart of Cupid goes Kelly follows. Leo is a good runner.

—Special Telegram to the SCHOLASTIC:—  
From the Woods, at Dawn, 1901.

"Skin" Barber and his bunch of desperadoes, "Soapy" Suds, "Sharpy" Razor, and "Slashin" Scissors, spent eight minutes in this peaceful burg last evening. When they departed it was discovered that they had kidnapped Kirby's beautiful sandy mustache. This discovery created intense excitement. Hundreds are out scouring all the country within a radius of six inches, but up to this hour no trace of the desperadoes has been found. A posse is organizing under the command of Cannon.

Later:—A special correspondent who was sent to the scene of the disaster reports that the posse lassoed a suspicious-looking person bearing the name of "Boots." He was caught wearing a mustache similar to Kirby's, but a close examination revealed the fact that it lacked four hairs of equalling Kirby's. He has been released.

—The Boat Club held its first meeting for the spring season last Wednesday evening. Four crews were organized, two Senior and two Junior, and captains elected. Will Shea and George Lins were chosen to captain the two Senior crews; and Messrs. Bouza and Warder to head the Junior crews. There is a probability that a regatta will be arranged between Culver Military Academy and some of the Juniors. This will add zest to the enthusiasm taken in boating here at present. Many of the pleasantest hours passed at Notre Dame during the spring season are spent on the lake, and now that there is a possibility of an outside race the enthusiasm in rowing and competition for places on the crews will be keener than heretofore. We wish all success to the rowers; for next to sitting with them and bending at an oar is the pleasure of watching the racing craft skim over the lake while the dripping blades glint in the sun.

—CORBY HALL.—At a called meeting of all who are interested in the continuation of Corby Hall Baseball Team held in the smoker, a very large number presented themselves Thursday evening, showing by their earnestness and enthusiasm that they meant business and intended to place on the diamond a club equal to last year's. Mr. J. B. Duggan tendered his resignation as Captain to accept a position on the Varsity team. Mr. Thomas E. Noonan was elected Captain and Mr. A. A. McDonald Manager with Mr. F. J. Sturla scorer. The several positions will be filled by competition; and as a large number of good men have pre-

sented themselves, it will be the determined intention of the officers to select, without favor, the best material offered. A vote of thanks was given to Messrs. Duggan and Higgins for the elegant manner they played last year, and as no better material can be had in the Varsity than these two men, Corby looks to them in connection with Mr. Morgan to push the Varsity to an unprecedented success. Viva Corby!

—The following letter was received by the Editor, and since it concerns the men of the staff, by way of criticism, he thought that it should find its way into print.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR:—You will kindly pardon the curiosity and empty chatter of a crowd of girls; but we have had so many controversies as to which one is the most handsome on your board of editors that I thought I would write to you for information. Some of the girls thought Mr. Hayes was; others Mr. Lilly and Mr. Burkitt, but I stood for Mr. O'Connor. Now isn't Mr. O'Connor the most handsome man on the page? I know that he is, for certainly one can not help but admire his noble brow, his firm chin and his well-set mouth. He seems to have that expression of tenderness in his face that would naturally endear him to a girl. I fancy that he must have many admirers, for how could it be otherwise?

"Some of the girls thought Mr. Hayes in love, for they say that he has that far-away look in his eye. Is there any truth in regard to this 'far-away look,' Mr. Editor? I know Mr. Hayes better, and I could not imagine him in love. You call him Jno. Persuader, do you not? Why do you call him by this title? I thought that it was Mr. Lilly that had the love light in his eye. Nearly all of the girls fell in love with Mr. Lilly's picture, for you know that the world 'loveth a lover!' Besides we thought him a most estimable young man, for he looks so frank and innocent.

Mr. Barry is the gentleman we could not come to any definite agreement over. Some thought that he looked like an orator, others a poet, and still others a man of sentiment. Does Mr. Barry wear "golfies," Mr. Editor? If he did I would know that he was a poet; but I can not think of him with "golfies" on. How can I discover whether or not he is a man of sentiment? His face is so firm that I can see no weakness, and I wouldn't know how to ask him. Will you kindly let me know whether the pictures he keeps in his room are blondes or brunettes—then I can better judge.

"Will write again,

"MABEL."

Personally we are not well acquainted with many of the failings or virtues of the gentlemen mentioned above, but we shall be very grateful to anyone who can give us the desired information for Miss Mabel.—ED.