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Sunset by the Sea.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

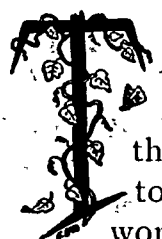


DIM gray mist enshrouds the deep
Where the summer sun lies dead,
Across the sands the shadows creep
For the golden flood has fled.

A fisher's boat glides up the bay,
But the gilded sails are dull;
Gone is the glare of the full midday
And brown is the golden hull.

Marquette.*

JEROME J. CROWLEY, JR.



TWO thousand years ago, three wise men, from the East, led by a star, strange, inviting, came to Bethlehem, that village which was to give birth to a Babe who would herald to the world a new-born doctrine—Christianity. Sixteen centuries later, again three men of the East, this time guided by a living star, passed through regions perilous, unknown, to arrive in the land of the Illinois. This star, peerless, sublime, was James Marquette. His destination was the heart of this great republic, soon to be born, which was predestined to proclaim to all climes and times the establishment of the teaching of that Babe-God of Bethlehem—the brotherhood, the equality of man.

Inspired with a zeal to save souls from destruction, Marquette left his home in Laon, France, to seek the haven of his desires. Amid the forests of Wisconsin and the boundless prairies of the Northwest, Marquette and his faithful fellow-voyager, Joliet, faced the

dangers of that vast isolation, where the feet of no other white man had ever trod, where the wild beasts roamed at will, and where the vaulted heavens seemed to ring and reverberate with the yells of the ferocious savage. Notwithstanding their barbarous condition, Marquette loved these less fortunate children of God, and labored untiringly with them. From these friends of the forest, he heard stories concerning the existence of a "Great Water," and he must push on. Against the protestations of those that loved him, regardless of the monsters—bird, beast and man—that were said to inhabit that awful land, he must push on and ascertain the course of this "Father of Waters"—the Mississippi.

It is needless to recall the dangers braved, the sacrifices made, the trials endured by this herald of the Cross on his eventful expedition. His Master was not to overlook all this; for in beautiful June suddenly that little craft, under His guidance, glided from the Wisconsin into the majestic Mississippi.

What joy must have thrilled his heroic form, as his ambition was attained! What gratification, as he reverently named the river the "Conception!" And can we not imagine the bosom of that imposing stream made wonderful in beauty as it recognizes its holy burden, and stately bears it on toward the sea? Fortune favored him; fearlessly he pressed on, discovering and locating the Missouri, the Illinois, the Ohio, the Arkansas and all that great unknown.

Among the Illinois, on the site of our present Chicago, he erected the first church in the great West; kindling that spark of Christianity, whose glorious gleams were to burst forth in an all-powerful, all-illuminating flame, which would live on unquenchable until that moment when all shall bow in acknowledgment of that greater, wiser, better dominion.

And now, all had been accomplished. In

* Oration delivered at the annual oratorical contest June 31, 1898.

six short years he had gained, as missionary, pioneer, explorer, and lover of man, a place among the immortals. In that moment, when his star had touched its zenith, he could have demanded of his king, and justly so, position and fabulous treasure; but he wished his name to be borne not to his country's throne, but to the throne of his God, the "King of kings." Still true to his trust, he heard his final summons, and going into that forest he had learned to love, made his last sacrifice—his life; dying as he had lived, humble-minded, human-hearted, heroic-souled.

What devotedness! What fortitude! What unfaltering resolution! See him, as represented in our national capital, standing in the prow of his homely canoe as it enters that stream which today is the harbor of Chicago! If God had lifted the curtain that veiled the future, if He had given him the voice of a Gabriel would he not have said:—"Truly, God, Thy promise is fulfilled. Come, ye miserable slaves of tyranny—come, ye scorned, debased, down-trodden sons of despotism and oppression, here will you find peace and liberty."

History points us to Webster the statesman, to Lincoln the martyr; to Columbus the explorer, and to Napoleon the soldier. But was not Father Marquette—that noble, fearless soldier of Christ—the embodiment of much in all of them?—a statesman in his dealings with a hostile merciless people; a martyr to the cause he loved so well; an explorer, leading on that worthy body of missionaries, which constituted the vanguard of civilization and Christianity, on into that great West, which our Grant was pleased to style "The bulwark of the greatest of nations;" and a soldier waging successfully, one of the grandest, noblest, holiest wars of Christendom; a conquest of Faith, against veritable savages, with the Cross his standard, marshalling his host, invisible but invincible, with the divine words of the Prince of Peace: "Peace on earth, good will to men?"

He Who Laughs Last Laughs Best.

EDMUND C. BROWN, '99.

With mingled feelings of pleasure and regret I recall my vacation. Five of us were camping at Spirit Lake, and we were a merry crowd. I was the only one that could not boast of some accomplishment, and, on this account, the other four united in their efforts to enjoy them-

selves at my expense. If there was any water needed, I had to get it; if there was any wood to be split, I had to split it. As for washing dishes, that duty was assigned to me on the first day. All these things I regret; but when I remember the adage, "he who laughs last laughs best," I rejoice, for I laughed last.

The morning of the Fourth of July was beautiful. The sky was clear and the surface of the lake was almost level. Several towns were going to celebrate the nation's holiday, but we were undetermined where to go. I wanted to go to Okoboji, the nearest town, to see a friend, and the others agreed on condition that I row the entire distance. Now we had only one pair of oars, and our boat was so large that I hesitated; but I was very anxious to see my friend, and so I consented. We had no sooner landed at Okoboji than I left the boys, agreeing to return to the boat at nine o'clock in the evening.

In the afternoon the sky clouded and a wind sprang up. I wanted to return to the boat, but my friend reminded me that Jones was going to sing that afternoon and could not leave before evening. Promptly at nine o'clock I returned to the place we had agreed upon, but there was no boat. I walked up and down the beach cursing an imaginary thief and wishing that the boys would come. At last I asked an old man if he had seen them. He said that they had left a few minutes before, not for Arnold's, our camping place, but for Miller's, a distance of three miles. If my name was Brown he had a note for me. I opened the note and read:

"The wise for health on daily walks depend."

I was very angry, for it was five miles to the camp and I was tired. If they had not left the note I should not have cared, for the wind was strong, and I should have mistaken their intentions. I was somewhat cheered by the thought of Brock rowing home. Excepting myself, he was the only one that could manage the oars at all, and he was continually boasting of his strength. Here would be an excellent opportunity for him to prove his statements. It is five miles from Miller's to Arnold's and there was a strong wind to row against. While I was planning some joke to play on the boys, it began to rain, so laying aside all thoughts of mischief, I ran the remaining distance. As I expected, there was no one at the camp. I was wet through, and after starting a fire, I changed my clothes.

The wind was now almost a hurricane. The

ropes on the tent creaked, but I knew there was no danger, for the tent was tied to two large trees. We were camped on a beach that was almost entirely unprotected, and the lake was swept by the winds from the very shore. When I fully realized the severity of the storm I became alarmed for the safety of the boys. If they had been caught far from shore they would surely be drowned. I put on a rubber coat and went out on the beach.

The rain beat against my face with such force that it almost pained me, but I could discern objects very easily, for the lightning was very bright. I looked out on the lake. There, not fifty yards away, was our boat; it rocked violently, and every wave dashed water into it. Not a foot did it advance; a flash showed me that they were changing oars. The change must have been a bad one, for soon they all began to call for help. This delighted me, for on the previous day I had been in bathing in this same place, and I knew that the water they were in was not four feet deep. Their appeals for assistance showed me that they did not know this. I called to them at the top of my voice:

"Anchor your boat, and I will go for help."

I then got behind a tree and waited. Soon Jones called back.

"The anchor won't hold. We are drifting. For God's sake hurry!"

I called back an assurance that I would do so, and then awaited developments. Each flash of lightning showed me that they were drifting; but it would be some time before they would be in danger. Some one was pulling frantically at the oars. I wished it might be Brock, and that the boat would float for some time, in order to give him ample opportunity to try his strength. The sudden renewal of their cries showed that this could not be. The boat was evidently sinking. I longed for a flash of lightning that I might see what was going on. It came just as the boat sank. Such a cry I never heard. For a moment I regretted what I had done, for I feared it might unbalance their minds. I recollected, however, that none of them were mentally weak, and went into the tent.

Soon they came in. I pretended to be awakened by the noise they made and lit a candle. I had intended to profess ignorance of the affair, but at the sight of their woe-begone countenances, I burst out laughing and told my story. Strange to say they never played another joke on me.

Garcia Moreno.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

Among the many heroic martyrs to the cause of Christian civilization few have equalled the great Garcia Moreno. This famous man was born in the city of Guayaquil, Ecuador, on December 24, 1821, and was educated in the college of San Fernando. Early in life he displayed a strong desire to enter the ecclesiastical state, and had even taken steps toward that end. His natural love for the sciences, however, soon led him to abandon all thoughts of becoming a priest, and the result was that he began a thorough course under the celebrated M. Sebastian Wyse. At the age of twenty he decided to study law, which in those days meant a loss of faith as well as all regard for truth. But not so with Garcia Moreno; his early religious training caused him to redouble his devotion during this time of danger, and in a short time his uprightness and honesty commanded the respect of all his companions.

Like Demosthenes, Garcia Moreno was wont to shave his head in order to overcome every possible temptation to leave his studies. To his persevering energy and undying zeal may be ascribed whatever success he afterward attained. His fame as a scholar and statesman rapidly spread throughout the country, and in 1846, at the close of a bloody revolution, when Roca, by bribery and other unscrupulous methods, contrived to reach the presidential chair, Moreno was explicitly warned not to oppose the government. Notwithstanding this threat he immediately started a paper called *El Zurriago* (The Whip); and so thoroughly exposed the underhand policy of the government officials that they finally had him arrested and exiled.

In 1859, the people becoming utterly disgusted with the condition of state affairs recalled Moreno, and after a bloody revolution succeeded in making him president of the republic. Despite the efforts of his avowed enemies the Socialists and Freemasons, he was twice re-elected. Mad with rage, the Masonic lodges finally decided on his death, and on August 6, 1875, while coming out of a church, the "Liberator of Ecuador" was cruelly assassinated. His last words were: *Dios no muere*—"God never dies." The death of this great statesman cast a gloom not only over Ecua-

dor but over the whole civilized world. All nations recognized in him "the just man of our century."

As a Christian, Garcia Moreno knew no equal. A devout, sincere and faithful worshipper, he embraced admirably those remarkable qualities of humility and courage. As brave as an O'Connell or a Napoleon and as unassuming as a Father Marquette or a Francis De Sales, in truth, so intrepid and fearless was his manner of undertaking the works of God that no earthly obstacle, no matter how great, could in the least change his determination or dampen his enthusiasm to further its cause. When reminded of his triumphs he would exclaim: "Do not attribute them to the genius of man, but to the infinite goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father, and to Him alone should be addressed our gratitude."

Every action of his was a prayer; his word was respected by all that heard it. We are told that at one time he had simply to describe the cruel usurpation of the papal states and the destitution of Pope Pius IX., and the people of Ecuador immediately subscribed ten thousand piasters for his relief. Such instances were of common occurrence throughout his life. He was possessed of a noble and generous spirit, a strong determination to do his duty and a wonderful foresight that served him equally well in time of peace and on the field of battle. It is a remarkable fact that both Abraham Lincoln and Garcia Moreno were not only great in peace but great in war, though neither of them knew anything about military tactics. Yet the one with his armies freed the slaves in the South, and the other successfully quelled many rebellions and insurrections against government both on land and sea.

When the country was at peace with itself and its neighbors he spent his time in reforming the army which he then reduced to only a few thousand well-drilled soldiers. With this handful of men he managed to keep his enemies under control. With them, too, he raised the glory of Ecuador to the highest summit and caused her name to be honored and respected by all the surrounding nations. His victories were numerous; his defeats only added more glory to his name. After the battle of Tulcan, his conqueror, Arboleda, could not help exclaiming that "such a defeat was honorable to Ecuador" and that "its noble head had covered himself with glory." Following in the footsteps of Washington, as soon as

war was over Moreno gladly exchanged his sword for the pen, and proved himself one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Like St. Louis of France he founded the government of Ecuador upon a Catholic basis, and perfected it to such a degree that Leo XIII. pronounced it the model of a Christian state.

While guiding the helm of government Garcia Moreno displayed, even more than ever, that absolute disinterestedness, wonderful foresight and extensive knowledge that were so characteristic of his earlier life. In overcoming obstacles, in restoring the credit of his country; in hindering secret organizations from undermining the government, and in directing the administration through the period of the rebellion, this great statesman showed such sagacity, honesty and power of will that he may be justly placed on a level with the illustrious Richelieu of France.

A spirit of absolute justice flowed pure and unimpeded within him and made itself manifest in his public actions. His great motto was "Liberty for everyone and everything save for evil and evil-doers." His foremost object was to secure peace and happiness for his countrymen, and although of a merciful disposition, he never allowed the guilty to escape their just punishment. Like Washington and Grant he was bitterly opposed to all secret societies, and he ably defended the Church at all times against these dangerous organizations.

O'Connell by his eloquence influenced two continents, but the immortal words of Garcia Moreno were wafted around the entire world. All nations recognized the justice of his principles, and unanimously declared that his greatness made up for the weakness of his nation. When other rulers remained silent in the sight of wrongs and cruelties, Ecuador's noble president would raise his voice against these atrocities in defense of the weak and poor. His sympathies were not only strong, but active. He had a passionate love for right and justice, a wonderful amount of patience and a strong will-power—qualities absolutely necessary to the leader of a nation. With these sterling characteristics, the trials and troubles that opposed Garcia Moreno served but as a crucible in which his glory was purified. Though dead, he is now and will ever be considered an honor to his Church and country. With a double halo of misfortune and glory, he remains one of the grandest figures of humanity.

Varsity Verse.

THE APPLE HARVEST.

HE spider spins his gossamer fine
From the apple tree down to the dew;
It looks like a rope that the wood elves climb
Between the sun and you.
The bell-flowers blush through their fallow rind
Under the spell of the southeast wind.
Come, gather the apples in round rosy heaps
On the bright green grass where the cricket cheeps.

In the upper boughs the russet swings
Like a nugget of virgin gold;
To the corner post a woodbine clings
With a love that never grows old.
With dainty steps the house-cat steals
To the trembling grass that a mouse reveals,
There's something in the atmosphere
That says the gathering time is here.

J. J. D.

GUFF.

Said a man in manner most gruff
I can not pay heed to such stuff:
Be silent I pray,
Or tell you I may
That my choler, when high, is called rough.
Said his friend, "I think you can bluff!"—
Of your boasting we've had quite enough.
Be silent, I pray,
Or tell you I may,
That my collar, when high, is called ruff.

J. F. F.

A REQUEST FROM THE SIDE-LINES.

Get out your moleskins, torn and gray,
Your jersey and shinguards, too!
On every side the "rooters" say:
"Get out your moleskins, torn and gray,
Get in the game! Come out and play.
There's lots more room. We need a few.
Get out your moleskins, torn and gray,
Your jersey and shinguards, too."

A. M. C.

THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

As in the night when storms sweep past
And hang their curtains o'er the sky,
Eternal stars their light yet cast
From regions where no clouds dare lie;
So, when our mind in doubt and wrong
Is led from truthful ways afar,
There lives a hidden faith more strong
To guide us like the far off star.

E. A. D.

CONSOLATION.

"Although so far away,
I've still a few friends left."
How sweet it is to say,
Although so far away,
When thoughts shall sadly stray,
"They're proof against time's theft,
Although so far away,
I've still a few friends left."

A. M. C.

A Wasp Story.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

After many years of wandering and adventure Lord Wolverton had arrived in London, satiated with travel, and firmly resolved to settle down for life in his famous country-house which had been occupied only by the servants since he quitted it many years ago. His lordship was very erratic in his movements, and when the notice came that he would bring a number of guests the next day, all was bustle and confusion in the house.

M. Leon Salé was the "rage" in London at this time. When he ran his fingers over the keys of the piano, women went wild, and strong men struggled to escape. Away from the piano, M. Salé was far from being a remarkable man: he was very short and fat; his hair and beard were long and unkempt, and his linen was far from being spotless. What in another world would have been considered the grossest vulgarity, was looked upon in him as one of the signs of genius.

M. Salé was recommended to "milord," and it was decided that Monsieur should have charge of the piano. All day long the servants had been rushing from one end of the house to the other. A chair had to be placed here, a rug there, and so on. The piano was one of the last articles to be put in readiness for use. A servant had just placed the stool in position, when M. Salé entered, just a few moments before the rest of the party. M. Salé had barely time to look into the dining-hall, and murmur softly to himself: "Oh! zat ees fine!" and then make a rush for the piano. He ran his fingers through his hair and beard a few times, then taking out a pocket mirror surveyed himself. It was evident from his satisfied smile that he considered himself artistic looking; but to the unæsthetic eye he looked like a converted Fiji Islander. After making a few violent movements with his arms to see if his coat could stand the strain, he assumed an air of severe dignity and awaited the hour of his triumph. The guests arrived at the appointed time, and were duly announced and ushered into the grand drawing-room. The signal for music was given, and the professor began a soul-stirring selection.

A colony of yellow wasps, on the lookout for some place to reside, had discovered the grand piano; and therein founded their peace-

ful home. The soft prelude woke the wasps with a start. They arched their backs and fluttered their wings. Meanwhile the professor, totally unconscious of the danger, played louder and louder. By this time the wasps were becoming uneasy. Decidedly the situation was getting serious; a council of war was held and a sortie resolved upon. M. Salé had now reached the climax, and, leaning over the key-board, he put all his energy into the intricacies of Wagner's Opera. Louder and louder the basso thundered, and madder and madder grew the yellow wasps; still he played on. In his mind's eye Monsieur Salé viewed the large roll of crisp bank-notes that were to be presented to him on the morrow; he saw himself scornfully casting gold to his former landlady, and proudly demanding that he straightway be given the custody of his precious trunk. With such an inspiration he played, his listeners crowding around the piano in rapture.

The time had arrived for the outraged wasps to act; they sallied forth with a buzz that silenced the piano, but their voices were soon outdone by the shrieks and cries of the visitors, among which the shrill curses of M. Leon Salé might be distinguished. The noise didn't affect the wasps; they were fighting for their home, and they conquered without a death. Their opponents were routed and retreated in confusion,—women shrieked and fainted and fell on the floor; men cursed and crowded over them; some leaped out of the windows without making any calculations as to where and upon what they would alight; others rushed madly through the halls and were reported "missing." With the first grey streaks of dawn a number of unrecognizable persons met, and decided to return home.

Lord Wolverton's rage and chagrin was beyond description. How could he, proud and sensitive as he was, appear in the club and listen to the remarks of everyone that chose to make him a laughing-stock; how could he ever go into a ball-room and see the smiles that flit from face to face as he entered, and, worst of all, how could he ever excuse himself to those whom he invited to that ill-fated gathering?

For a long time he remained in his room, sore in mind and body, thinking how he could get out of his scrape, but the task was hopeless; so without a word to anyone he slipped away. It was reported that he had joined an expedition to Central Africa, and it is doubtful if he will ever settle down in England.

A Bachelor's Thoughts.

CHARLES F. ENSIGN.

I draw my big easy chair out into my favorite nook on the balcony where I always sit of an evening when the office is closed. An ideal place it is for one like me who has no family fireside to smoke by and ponder or study nature in an indolent way and do a little cynical moralizing—at least I try to make it cynical. Everybody expects a bachelor to be a cynic; but I am afraid I don't always succeed. I will not tonight, I know; it is too beautiful.

The little spot of old earth that forms my horizon has turned its face away from the dazzling sun and prepares for a nap. Then the stars wake up one by one and blink sleepily. I know some of them by name and find them very good companions.

"The forget-me-nots of the angels
In the meadow-lands of heaven,"

Longfellow calls them, and I repeat the lines just to convince myself that people are wrong when they believe that poetry and bachelorhood are incongruous. Perhaps, though, they are only a remnant of what I learned when I used to go mooning around after Her.

I light my pipe in silence, and as the blue smoke curls up from the bowl it is caught by the gentle vesper-winds that bear it away in hazy clouds. The air is sweet with the scent of newly-blossomed flowers, and the gaunt trees are beginning to put on their gay raiment after their long winter penance. Yes, it is a beautiful evening in the dawn of spring. But I expect it will rain tomorrow—that's a bachelor thought.

Down on the lawn below Harry, my brother-in-law, is playing with the children and their happy shouts come up to me. I suppose Harry has been inveigled into "playing horse" with them; for that is their favorite game,—I know from the grass stains on my new spring trowsers. Harry is a very dignified man in the office, but I'll venture that he's down on his knees there with Joe, aged four, astride his back, and May, aged six, leading him around by a string which he holds in his teeth. Verily, the baby is a great changer.

I think of Harry and the children and his happy married life, then my thoughts stray to happy married lives in general; and then as a contrast to the buttonless blessedness of

bachelorhood; and unconsciously I begin to moralize on this interesting subject. I take myself as an individual of the class. What am I? People have different views on the subject. A discordant note in the grand harmony of the universe? Perhaps. A defect in the machinery of the social system? Perhaps. A tempest-tossed bark on the sea of Life without the safe harbor of Home to take refuge in? Certainly. "A man without a heart he must be"—some people say—"for he does not love," and yet the little newsboy on the corner says, "Mr. Bill is all right; he keeps me and me little brudder warm in de winter!"—no glory asked. Some of my married friends' wives see me coming with trembling, for fear I will smoke in the parlor. But I get along very well with the children. Thank God, they are not wise enough to make distinctions.

Then I ask myself: "Is all this true?" Yes, in a measure. Then why do you remain a bachelor? For answer I draw a little golden locket forth from its hiding-place near my heart. I gave a little nephew of mine who saw me kiss this locket ten cents once and I have been trying to explain my benevolence ever since. There is nothing on the inside of the jewel but a time-dimmed photograph; but as I gaze at it, it carries me back through the haze of years to the mossy banks of a little stream where the willows bend to kiss the peaceful waters.

Phyllis sits beside me, and her hand—a little soft hand it is—rests trustingly in mine. Her head, with its cataract of brown hair kissed by the golden sunshine here and there, falls on my shoulder, and I suffer my fingers to play idly with a stray curl, as we talk very softly of the future, for Phyllis and I are lovers. We are to be married as soon as Phyllis' health will permit, but it seems a weary while to us both.

The scene changes. I am in a darkened room, and my heart beats strangely as if foreboding evil. Phyllis is stricken and the doctor tells me she can not survive; but in my blindness I do not believe him. I go to the bedside, and take the wasted hand in mine, and push back the curls from the damp brow; then I realize that death is my rival. I feel a slight pressure from the hand I hold, and I bend closer to hear the words that come—so soft, like an angel's whisper: "Be of good courage, dear," she says, "and try to forget. Good bye." Oh, the pain of it! No tears—they will not come. I can not forget, and I—I—will remain—a—ahem! my pipe is out.

Four Leafed Clover.

JOHN H. SILVER.

Of the many superstitions connected with the old Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, there is none so dear to the hearts of young people as the finding of a four-leafed clover on the grave of Washington Irving.

The tomb of the great writer is in the centre of the cemetery on a mound overlooking the blue waters of the Hudson. The granite stones of the vault are covered with creeping ivy, supposed to have been a slip from the famous vine at Sunny Side.

During the summer evenings, when the drowsy atmosphere is scented with the odor of new hay, and the little brook seems in tone with its sleepy surroundings, the villagers may be seen in the cemetery, as in days gone by, decorating and trimming around the graves of departed parents or friends. The people of Sleepy Hollow are loyal to the dead. After the tribute of affection to their own; they invariably visit the grave of Irving. Old men and women linger there as if holding communion with the departed; lovers regard it as a sacred trysting place,—who but knows of Irving's loyalty to his first love? It is said that while writing his most humorous stories his heart was breaking over the death of his affianced bride. To this spirit of loyalty, perhaps, is attributed the simple, but beautiful belief that if a young person finds a four-leafed clover on Irving's grave, he or she is to be married within a year.

There are many other superstitions linked with the cemetery; for instance, if the Headless Horseman is seen or heard in his midnight revels, it is a warning to the farmers, and they lose no time in reaping harvest. If the spirit of Ichabod Crane is seen wandering around the old school house, the person seeing it prepares for "a death in the family." But these beliefs are losing their weight with the present generation, while all concur as to the efficacy of the four-leafed clover.

One evening last summer, while strolling through the cemetery in company with a young lady, we stopped to rest at Irving's mound. The surrounding scenery was very beautiful. The waters of the Hudson were unusually calm; the Highland mountains on the opposite shore seemed to reach the very sky; beneath us, on the other side, was that little Dutch

settlement so beautifully described in the "Sketchbook." The whole scene was one of peace. How long we remained there I can not say; but as we were about to leave, the young lady, with a happy exclamation, stooped and plucked a four-leafed clover. "I wonder who he will be," she said, and, blushing, held the leaf over her heart.

Once since that day have I been in the cemetery. Then I stood among a group of mourners. A coffin was lowered into the grave; and as the clay dropped with a thud on the box, in fancy I heard a sweet voice repeat: "I wonder who he will be." But for once the four-leafed clover failed in its mission. The young girl who was made so happy by it a few months before was now cold in death.

Bridge Building.

THOMAS A. STEINER.

When one sees a new bridge being built, it seems to be a comparatively simple operation. All that has to be done is to order the bridge from the bridge works, and put it together on the abutments. But anyone that has only an elementary knowledge of mechanics, knows that, from a mathematical point of view, it is not so simple after all. Every piece in the bridge has to be accurately determined so as to fulfil the conditions imposed upon it. This is by no means a short or easy operation, but requires a great deal of time, together with a thorough knowledge of "Resolution of Forces" and "Strength and Elasticity of Materials."

In designing a bridge the form of the span must first be decided upon. The length, height and angles of the span are usually known, and from these dimensions the length of each member is found either by scaling or by calculating. The loads the span must carry have to be known or estimated, both the live and the dead loads being taken into account. Given all these data, the tensile or compressive stress in each member can be found either by the "Graphical Method of Stress Diagram" or by the "Analytical Method of Moments." For accurate work the latter method is the better as it gives absolute values, and does not depend on the accuracy of scaling. Each member must also be examined for shear and flexure. After all the stresses have been found, the next step is to find the area of cross-section

each member must have to sustain the stresses to which it is subjected. In this calculation a sufficiently large factor of safety is used, its value depending on the nature of the loads on the span. It is a well-established fact that a piece of tubing will stand as much strain as a solid piece of the same amount of material. On this account, the members of a span that are under great stresses are never solid, but are made of steel plates shaped and riveted together. The shape is usually in the form of a Roman numeral I. The width of the flanges is the width of a beam, and the distance from centre to centre of the flanges is the depth of the beam. The members, such as connecting rods, that are only subjected to a comparatively small stress, are rods of steel.

The connection of one member to another is as important, if not more so, as the shape and cross-section. The lower members of the span are generally bolted and riveted to the main part. The upper members, the struts and ties have an eyebar at each end, and are held together by pins. The diameter, pitch and number of rivets and the thickness of the plates have to be calculated to sustain the stresses. The rivets have to be tested for tension, compression and shear.

In the pin and eyebar connection, the diameter of the pin and the thickness of the eyebar must be found, knowing the stress of each member at that apex. The pins are considered as round beams, being tested for tension, compression, shear and flexure.

In designing the separate members of a span the weight of the material is not usually considered. But in finding the reactions at each end of the span, the weight of the span, together with its loads, is taken into account. The value of the reactions are the weights on the abutments which are built accordingly. Often, especially in railroad bridges, there is, besides the vertical, an oblique component to the reaction. In this case the abutments have to be built to counteract both components. One end of each span is placed on rollers to allow for the expansion and contraction of the span. In all these operations a factor of safety enters, being larger in some places than in others.

Bridge designing has been much simplified by tables on materials, factors of safety, stresses, etc., that have been prepared by engineers. These tables, that are invaluable to an engineer, together with the necessary formulæ, can be found in any text-book of

mechanics. This description is very brief, but it shows the necessary steps that have to be taken. The steps mentioned are not all that have to be considered. Besides these, there are many properties of materials and many mechanical difficulties that an engineer has to take into account. In conclusion it may be said that bridge building has undoubtedly been brought to a high sphere of perfection, but not without a great deal of calculating and the surmounting of a great many difficulties.

Books and Magazines.

—The *Ave Maria* for September has a great number of good things, in fact, so many that it would be difficult to do it justice. "Katharine of Desmond," by Rosa Mulholland-Gilbert, is an interesting story of the "old times" in Ireland. Charles Warren Stoddard completes his graphic descriptions, "In Wonderland," in this number. "A City of Confusion," by Rev. Henry C. Ganss is sure to be read with eagerness by the clergy of all denominations. There is a bountiful supply of good and wholesome reading for the young in the juvenile department. "Leo's Adventures in the Country" will be read with pleasure.

—*Harper's* for October is replete with its usual entertaining and instructive articles. Sven Hedin opens this number with an account of his Asiatic explorations entitled "On the Roof of the World." The second paper on "Social Life in the British Army" is as entertaining as the preceding one. Hon. J. C. Carlisle discusses "Our Foreign Policy" in a thorough manner. William Elliot Greffis gives a history of "Our Navy in Asiatic Waters." Mr. Gladstone is estimated by George Smalley. The profusely illustrated article, "The Santiago Campaign," by Casper Whitney, throws some light on much discussed matters. The department of fiction is up to its usual high standard.

—When one looks at the *Penman's Art Journal* he wonders why there are so many poor pen men. The *Journal* begins a new volume with this issue so as to start even with the school year. There is a cut from a hotel register on which the signatures of prominent physicians appear. This is given as a possible explanation why so many mistakes are made in filling prescriptions.

—"Popular Instructions on Prayer" is a neat, small volume from the pen of the Very Reverend Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., and is

published by Benziger. The author states by way of preface that the object of this book is to present in a simple and plain manner much practical matter not found elsewhere. "The Catholic Home Annual" from the same firm comes forth in its 16th year bright and cheery. The calendar of the first few pages is complete. The articles coming from writers as Maurice F. Egan, Father Girardey, Clara Mulholland are a sufficient guarantee that they are first class and enjoyable.

—Good matter, instructive and entertaining, no less than neat press work, will insure the *Familienfreund* for 1899, a hearty welcome in German homes. On turning over the pages of this Catholic almanac, we find that its title is no misnomer, and feel certain that its leaves will be much thumbed during the long winter evenings. Interesting stories, edifying biographical sketches, scientific subjects, presented in popular form, and a comprehensive, though rapid, survey of the world's history during the past year constitute in part its choice contents. Published by the *Herold des Glaubens*, and obtainable through B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

—In *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis continues his descriptions of engagements that occurred during the late war. This month he gives us details of the "Battle of San Juan," illustrated with drawings by H. C. Christy, and from photographs. In the same magazine Octave Thanet has a clever little story, entitled "Johnny's Job." Capt. Arthur H. Lee, R. A., writes interestingly of the "Regulars at El Caney."

—The variety of reading-matter in the *Cosmopolitan* for this month will certainly make it interesting for all classes. Among those contributing fiction are some of the best short-story writers of the present day. Mr. Harold Frederic continues his most interesting serial, "Gloria Mundi." The famous author of the "Lady or the Tiger," has a very clever story entitled, "The Governor-General." In this are contained some good illustrations by Peter Newell. To business and commercial men, perhaps the most interesting and instructive number would be Mr. Theodore Dreiser's third essay on "Great Problems of Organization." It deals with the large Chicago Packing Industry, and gives very good accounts of this mammoth enterprise, tells how the work is carried out, and contains many cuts illustrating the different ways of handling and slaughtering stock.

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—The SCHOLASTIC desires to extend to Professor Maurus the heartfelt sympathy and condolence of his many friends for the death of his brother, Emil A. Maurus, which occurred at St. Anthony's Hospital, Rock Island, on Friday, September 30. The deceased was a student here from '95-'97, and was well liked and respected by all that knew him. His death was due to an operation for appendicitis. His friends at the University were deeply grieved to learn of his untimely end; and when they are lifting up their voices in behalf of those departed, he will not be forgotten.

—Even now as the students are rushing to the office for their SCHOLASTIC, our brave laddies of the Varsity are taking the bumps and bruises of the game with Illinois. We will not venture to predict what the result will be, for the Illinois team is one that has plenty of ginger and a good record behind them. Some expect the Varsity to win; others,—a few, let us hope,—expect defeat.

The SCHOLASTIC has seen a great many football games, has watched the Varsity in its daily practice, and has paid close attention to

all accounts given of the men at Champaign. And for this reason we do ourselves the justice of following the advice of Horace and avoiding all extremes. The *modus in rebus* for us here is hope. There is good foundation, however, for great expectations. That big man right in the centre of our line has a large bunch of surprises up his sleeve, and there will be a few holes left in the Illinois line as a souvenir of his visit. Captain Mullen has looked up the prices of touch-downs, and, as we understand it, the coach has instructed him to bring a few back with him. McNulty, Farley, Lins, and the rest of the team, are anxious to introduce themselves to the gentlemen of the Prairie State. Good luck, boys!

—In the columns of our last edition, we made a cry for more "copy." Perhaps it is too soon to expect an answer to our request; but, nevertheless, we are going to put out the same plea again this week, and keep on doing so, until we succeed in getting you awakened. Pleading the honor and benefit that you are to gain by writing for our columns may seem to you like a boomerang. No doubt some of you have thought it was our own benefit we were looking after. We are going to stick to our original proposition: that *you* are going to get your share; your labors will bring *you* a just portion of the profits accruing therefrom. Our football players represent the brawn and muscle of Notre Dame; it is certainly an honor to be one of them. Our track team represents the agility, vigor and dash of our students, while the baseball men uphold our colors on the diamond. Again, we say, it is an honor to be of these. Now, then, to come down to the SCHOLASTIC; this represents the intellect, the brain, the thought, the progress, the development—in a word, the teaching of Notre Dame. Is it an honor to be represented here? We leave you to decide this question yourselves. We apprehend your conclusion; and when you have reached it, remember we are ready to coach and instruct you so that you can make a position with our line. Let us submit to your consideration the following clipping:

It is the fashion to sneer at essays written by college men, and, as a matter of fact, many of them show traces of immaturity. This, however, can scarcely be charged against a critique in the last number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*—"A Study of Shelley" by Frank Earle Hering. Very few, we fancy, will not admit that Mr. Hering's essay has a range and depth rather unusual.—*The Midland Review*.

October and the Olden Days.

"God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed!" Well said, my merry humorist, Sir Charles, well said! And now as the golden leaves are falling around me on this October day; as the school children go playfully romping past my window, and the russet shocks of corn stand dark against the setting sun; as the short autumn day marks the closing of the year and admonishes me that I have wandered another milestone farther away from my boyhood days, I take my place beside you, use your words, and exclaim: "God help thee, how art thou changed!"

Is it not true that you started from the same place only a little earlier than I? And in this City of Boyhood, were not the streets, the scenes and the people the same as when I left them—the same as they are now? Surely, you say, they were; they never change. Father Time does not scold there, and Mother Anxiety's frown is never seen. Grim-visaged Care rarely makes his appearance to terrify the peaceful inhabitants of this quiet land. The hours run by unmarked, and anyhow in this careless village, what boots it whether it be morning, noon or night? No thoughts of work to be done or of hopes that must be realized only through the toil of future days. Ah, friend, if we but knew it when we were there, it is the only place in this world deserving the name of Utopia!

Do you remember the evening when we were walking home from school and our good old master, having retold all his stories, walked ahead leaving us to ourselves? And with us were Harry and Bessie,—alas, poor child, 'tis many years since the first flower shed its perfume over thy grave—Edna, Belle, Kate, James, Charlie, and the whole school, it seemed; went our way that night. As we turned into the narrow lane where gutters ran under the two rows of trees, leaves had fallen there. What cared we for the teacher's frown or for tomorrow's lessons? What difference, then, though our best days were sliding from us and the year was going fast? We had the leaves all piled nicely when big Peter, with his kindly smile, came that way and sent them whirling with one kick of his monstrous boots. What a wonder it was that we did not go home pouting! And then I was buried in the gutter, and you very solemnly delivered the funeral panegyric, while the others with loud wailings

mourned for the deceased. Soon the fun of this celebration grew wearisome, and we tumbled on the long grass, turned brown by September frosts.

Since that time, Sir Charles, I have made my way along another lane—a long, narrow, winding lane. But how different from that one! Plenty of trees there are, yet the shadows that lie across my path here are not ones wherein we would seek to lie down and rest. The little narrow gutters—too many of them I fear—are hidden with leaves so that we fall into them unwillingly. The comrades around me here do not wait to lift me, that I may be up and along with them, but pass me by unnoticed. Each one goes rushing along his own course until he, too, stumbles and falls to be left by himself. Verily, Sir Charles, it is a wonderful change!

Just now a party of merry boys are rushing by my window with bags thrown over their shoulders. I suppose they are going to pillage some farmer's woods and bring back stores of nuts. Does this remind you of anything? Does it not suggest some recollection of the soft, sunny Saturday when we hired old Flannigan's wagon, and started for the grove on the hill back of "Mother Clark's" house? There was no seat on the wagon, so James, the most adventurous of us, gayly climbed on the horse's back and piloted us through the old village. When we reached the woods, Charles hastily climbed the tree and sent nuts raining down on our heads. We had scarcely time to throw them into sacks when old Clark appeared with a monstrous dog, and we made a hasty exit. Ah! will you ever forget our perplexity when Charles fell from the tree and broke his leg? Was ever such a council held as ours, when we tried to devise the best method of bringing him home to his mother and explaining the trouble to her? Great difficulties—those of our younger days!

Now it grows toward evening. The boys are returning from the groves with faces showing the joy they feel over the day's success. Yonder on a load of corn—first husked of the season—they sit beside the farmer, and eye their prize, seeing in it a treasure that none but boys can value. Soon these will be placed upon the back kitchen roof to dry, and after that,—the pleasure of the shucking bee. As I watch them, my dear Charles, I forget the gray streaks in my hair; I am carried back to the olden days, and I say to myself: "Not we, not we, but the times are changed!"—P. J. R.

Our Boys and Their Game.

While the student is reading this number of the SCHOLASTIC, the Varsity is struggling with the football team that represents the University of Illinois. In every loyal heart there is confidence that Notre Dame will be victorious, for it is of such stuff that college spirit—true college spirit—is made. Notre Dame must win; Why? Simply because the spirit that animates the members of the team is the do or die spirit that characterizes Notre Dame. Yet this true, manly loyalty will manifest itself as decisively even if the Varsity loses. Next to winning games is the ability to lose games, and lose them like true college men—like gentlemen. If Notre Dame wins today let every member of the team and the substitutes, also, receive unstinted praise; if they lose let us receive them with our confidence in their ability unshaken.

The present Varsity is farther advanced in the knowledge of football tactics, and is a better team, offensive and defensive, than any Notre Dame has had during the last three years—that is, for the first week in October. This is due largely to the established lines of coaching. In Captain Mullen, Angus MacDonald, Manager Schillo and Eggeman, Mr. Hering has assistants who know their several positions well. In addition to this there is a better spirit in the team than has hitherto existed. This is due to the men themselves. There is excellent concord, no jealousies, no friction. The province of the various players and directors are marked and each manages his own department. Manager Schillo has made strong endeavors to secure games for the Varsity that would give the team practice for the Illinois game, and his failure can not be attributed to any fault of management. Captain Mullen has the confidence of his men, and sets them a marked example in playing, training and conduct on the field. Coaches Hering and MacDonald are doing the best they can to hasten the evolution of the team, and the players have confidence in them.

It would be interesting to make comparisons between the players on the Varsity and Illinois teams as they face each other today. At centre Notre Dame should be the stronger, for Eggeman has not his superior in the West. At guards the strength would be in favor of Illinois; for Bennett is rather light for the place, and is handicapped by his inexperience,

but he is aggressive and determined. Murray is not as active as is desirable, but he will play conscientiously. At tackles the difference is not so marked. McNulty is not in the best of condition, and is not thoroughly familiar with the plays, but his previous experience will stand him in good stead; he should be the equal of his opponent. Fortin at right tackle is a hard worker and aggressive player; besides he has had experience as guard on the Hyde Park team which was one of the best High School teams in the West; but he is rather light and unusually young for the position; Illinois should have the advantage in this position. At ends the odds should be in favor of Notre Dame. It is doubtful if there are two better ends in the West than Mullen and Farley. In addition to strong defensive playing, the best ground-gaining play Notre Dame has is the Princeton tandem with Farley and Mullen carrying the ball. At quarter-back Illinois has the advantage in experience. Fleming is a better all-round man when his punting and place kicking is taken into consideration; but he is rather light for inference, and is not yet thoroughly familiar with his position. At half-backs Illinois will probably have the advantage. The State University had the same set of backs last year, and familiarity with plays and the peculiarities of one another will materially aid her men. As far as individual playing is concerned Lins should be the equal of either of the Illinois men, but our backs lack the co-ordination that comes only with experience. Dillon and Kuppler are both earnest players and especially strong in defensive work; but they will hardly equal their opponents in skill. At full-back the odds are greatly in favor of Illinois. This can be said without depreciating the value of Monahan; for we all know that our full-back is one of the pluckiest men and one of the hardest players on the team; but according to many experts Johnson, Illinois' full-back, was the best man in that position on any Western team last year. He is heavier than Monahan, and consequently his line-bucking is more vicious and his breaking of interference more effective. Nevertheless Monahan will give a good account of himself and will gain many yards for Notre Dame.

Whatever be the result let us accept it as loyal students of Notre Dame and welcome our team back with hearty cheers. The progress between this game and that with Michigan October 22, will be marked; but encouragement and loyal support is necessary to develop the team to its greatest capacity.

Exchanges.

The editorial pages of nearly all the exchanges before us are replete with words of advice directed for the most part at the Freshmen, and which are so paternal and touching that they draw forth our copious tears. From reading these editorials one would imagine that all Freshmen enter college with the avowed purpose of committing intellectual and moral suicide; and that the editors-in-chief of the college papers were preordained to stop the poor youths in their mad careers. But then the editorial space must be filled, and there is no easier way of filling it than by giving good advice, especially when the identical advice, in identically the same words, has been given since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. I wonder that our college papers do not have these opening editorials stereotyped, and save the printers the trouble of resetting the type every fall. However, it is a better joke to have the editors actually write them. For while urging the fledglings to stay in of nights and devote all their time to study, these same editors doubtless are looking forward to showing the youngsters the town, or to tossing high in a blanket those of them that may be initiated into their fraternity.

The *dailies* from Cornell, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Michigan have been coming regularly since work started, and it would seem that news is plentiful at their respective institutions; and it is certainly evident that their editors are good newspaper men. From the Michigan daily we learn that two hours a week gymnastic work is henceforth to be required of every Freshman in the literary departments of the University. This rule may seem to some a hardship, but there is no question but that it is a beneficial one.

Of the journals that make literary pretensions, the *Red and Blue*, a monthly publication from the University of Pennsylvania, and the *Round Table* from Beloit, are the best that have yet come to us. Both contain papers on Rudyard Kipling; that in the *Red and Blue* is a prize essay, and naturally the more carefully-prepared of the two. But Kipling has been done to death. Indeed, he seems to be for college journal writers what the question "Is fire more destructive than water?" is for the country school debaters—a subject of which they never grow weary.

Our Friends.

—Judge Richard S. Tuthill of Chicago was a visitor at the University last Sunday in company with Mr. Nelson J. Riley of Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Co.

—Mr. Alfred J. Duperier, of Sorin Hall, received the sad news of the death of his sister, Miss Emma Duperier which occurred at her home in New Iberia, Louisiana, last Saturday. His friends deeply sympathize with him.

—D. Hanagan (student '92-'3) visited the University last week in the interest of the W. J. Feeley Co. of Providence, R. I. Mr. Hanagan is the manager of the Chicago branch of the above firm, and has built up a lucrative business.

—Mr. Ernest Brown, LL. B. '93, spent a few days this week as a guest of his brother, Mr. Edward C. Brown, of Sorin Hall. Ernest was a very popular student here, as was also his brother Emmet of beloved memory, when we think of his brilliant baseball work in '97.

—Mr. Alexander R. Carney is now at Harvard. He was a student here for several years past, and has a host of friends who will wish him well. He is a traveller of extensive range, and before the year passes he may be heard from in the jungles of Siam or on the Abyssinian plateaus.

—Mr. Charles J. Piquette (B. S. in Biol. '98), Detroit, is a student at the medical college of the University of Michigan. He and a number of old Notre Dame students now at Michigan are arranging a reception for the football team on the occasion of their game with U. of M. at Ann Arbor on October 28.

—Word comes from Camp Wikoff that several old students of Notre Dame are among the soldiers encamped at that place. In the Engineering Corps, Mr. Charles Fitzgerald (C. E.) holds the rank of First Lieutenant; Mr. Roland Adelsperger (C. E.) that of First Sergeant. Mr. Joseph Combe (B. S. '92) is among the surgeons that attended the soldiers after the battle of El Caney.

—Mr. Edward Gilmartin, (student '94-'7) of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was Prince Regent to the Carnival Queen during the autumnal festivities in that city last week. He was leader of the Grand March at the Coronation Ball. The trappings of royalty must have hung gracefully on his handsome figure. But Ed needs no gold or tinsel to make him a prince royal.

—Mr. Frank W. O'Malley, of last year's staff, is a student at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. His career will be watched with interest, because of the fact that combined with his skill as an artist he is a writer of exceptional ability. His verse and prose contributions to these columns during the past few years were of the kind that has given the SCHOLASTIC a place in college journalism.

Local Items.

—The new battleship "*Varsity*" is to be launched and christened today. Miss Illinois has been selected to officiate. *Champaign* will be used.

—Football has not yet taken the place of baseball in Carroll Hall. On Sept. 31st, a picked nine defeated a South Bend team, the score being 16 to 1. This is the second victory over the same team.

—The Carroll Hall football team organized for the season of '98 last Wednesday afternoon, October 4; Mr. MacDonald was elected Capt. The team's first victory was a very easy one over Sorin Hall the score being 12-0.

—Ah, Josephus, let us to the lake this evening!"

"No, kind Edwardus, to the yard we will go!"

"To neither! For into my head a thought has come. Recollectest thou, O kind Josephus?"

"Ah yes! Too true, too true! Let us hence to the Hall."

—We are all glad to see Tom Medley restored to health again and casting his shadow with the crowd. There is something about Tom that reminds one of by-gone days and cheerful associates departed. Both he and Giles seem to wear an expression of deep melancholy at times, and it seems as each would say, "They are gone, they are gone."

—The Klondike correspondent, that picked up his bird-cage and carpet bag one day and went over to Cuba in search of news and something to eat, was shot in the back of the neck with a "Mauser" during the late war. It super-induced typhoid fever and the whooping-cough, and he died shortly after with his arctics on. He was a brave man, and he died only when he saw that he couldn't save his life. His last words were; "Remember me to President McKinley and Bill Sheehan."

—Shag recently received a letter from Pete Carney begging him in the most piteous terms to help along the good work of the Red Cross Society by adding another link to the chain of dimes that Pete had started. Shag replied that, although he was somewhat short of funds, he would help along the good work by sending to the society the two dollars that he had received for the sale of a chair which Pete had left to be sold for him.

—The readers of the SCHOLASTIC who have Nos. 1 and 3 of the current year and do not intend keeping them for binding would confer a favor upon the Editors by leaving these numbers at the Students' Office. The demand for these numbers is far above the expectation of the publishers, who thought 8000 of the first issue and 2000 of the third would be sufficient for the trade. In connection with this it may please our readers to learn that

the Archbishop Keane's sermon is being published in pamphlet form.

—Rahe has composed the following beautiful little song for the "S—M—"

We're a coming, Mary sister,
We're coming with the ball;
Mark our touchdown, will you, sister.
On the back of Sorin Hall.

We're going to win for you, sister,
Going to win for you;
We're out to fight for glory
And we're going to get it, too.

—My favorite expression is—Pulskamp; "A petzel, a petzel, my wash-stand for a petzel."

Nizzer.—"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

DOWD.—"The spirit of the age demands consumption."

GILBERT.—"An infinite deal of nothing."

BYRNE.—"Fill the cup and rush the can,
Have a souse before the morn;
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born."

—"Lucky Jim" goes over to see his friends and tell them about his room. "Fitz" went down to see "Pete" during the warm weather. Fitz "went broke" at 2:10 p. m. of the second day of his visit. Pete went down to the labor bureau and got a job for both, wiping windows on the second story of a large new building. They had no ladders, and Pete decided that they would place a board on the sill and one stand on each end. "Fitz" stood on the outside. Things went well until Fitz dropped his rag. When he came beneath the window and saw his companion he said: "How did you bate' me down, Fitz?"

—The "S—M—" football team has not started out so auspiciously as its famed predecessors of other years. This season their first game resulted in a defeat by the score of 10-6. Herbert's team, the "Cervera's" of Brownson Hall, turned the broadside on them, and the S. M. put up the white flag after two twenty-minute halves of hard playing. Had the teams done more practice and learned their signals better the game would, no doubt, have been a fine contest. As it was, there was plenty of interest shown. For the Brownsonites, the work of Donahoe, Becker and Adams was especially good, while Geoghegan and Rahe did the best work for Sorin Hall. The teams lined up as follows:

S. M.		CERVERAS
Ragan	Centre	Devore
Eyanson	Right Guard	Snyder
Diskin	Right Tackle	Ward
Holland	End	Donahoe
Stuhlfauth	Left Guard	Kennedy
Meyers	Tackle	Stephan
Geoghegan	End	Herbert
Duperier	Quarter	Glynn
Cornell		
Rahe	R. H. B.	Adams
Neville	L. H. B.	Becker
Fox	Full Back	McNichols
Umpire, Eggeman; Referee, Lins.		

—At the organization of the Sorin Hall Reading Room and Billiard Association last Sunday night, some new phases of parliamentary law and some very novel schemes for taking care of the magazines and billiard tables were introduced. Mr. Weadock jumped upon the floor, feet downward, and "made a motion that we move to suggest the consideration of nominating a plan to be brought before the house." In his anxiety to second this, Holland fell under his desk, and just as his head dropped into the cuspidor yelled out: "Yes, Mr. chairman, I pass a resolution to the same effect." Mr. Yockey gesticulated loudly with his left foot and rose to a point of order. He would like to nominate himself as spittoon committee. No dissenting voices being heard he was unanimously chosen, whereupon he proceeded to elect himself chairman of said committee. Mr. O'Shaughnessy had a suggestion to make; he did not want any Irishman to play billiards unless there was a set of green balls ordered (objection by Daune, who thought the red balls were prettier); moreover, said Shag, it was the Germans that cut the cover on the table just because it was green, and the A. P. A's wanted a red-white-and-blue cover. Mr. Meyers had an argument tied to his button hole. He said the Irish played on the table so much that they cut it, for he himself had often seen Brucker at it. Ed Brown got into the game here; he didn't care for those darned old billiards, but he wished to see the Sheldon *Morning Whip-poor-will* added to the magazine list; Murphy wanted the Chebanse *Shiverer* added. Both papers were ruled out, because they were bi-monthlies. Fogarty suggested the *Chimes*—accepted by a vote of 28-1, Hartung objecting. It was thought that this would be enough reading matter, and the assembly began considerations for a grand opening of the reading hall. It was decided to have music and a banquet. The music will be furnished by Mullen's fiddle. The banquet committee has extended invitations to all to come and partake of the following elaborate spread:

Googoo	Muslin de Soie
Battle Ax	Old Navy a la Dewey
	Duke's Mixture
	Dulces Caporales a la Kinney
Turkey Tongue	Clam Shells
	Pickled Snake's feet
	Rolled Lobsters
	Pretzels
	Cornmeal Cutlets
	Boiled Snakes
	Peanut Mayonnaise
	Stogies
	Pancakes
	Duck milk
	Water

Come and have a jolly good time.

—Among the old students we miss very much this year are "Captain Bob," better known as Peck's bad boy, "Lan Johnders," the animated lamp-post, and F. Malley O', the renowned author of "Bits of Busted Petzels." May the Fates ever be propitious to them on their journey through this troublesome world!

We expect great doings from "Captain Bob." Diligent, studious, zealous for the right and the truth he was always misunderstood while breathing at Notre Dame. The allusion to his mischievousness is a flagrant injustice, not only to "Bob" but to his ancestry and all his posterity.

"Lan Johnders," another nineteenth century martyr, who was bitterly persecuted and tortured by the satirical feather, will some day lift his head above the crowd, and with his sword of revenge, sharpened by a numbing recollection of the past, swinging above his head he will strut forth and drive to tremors those pigmies who have incurred his just displeasure.

Frank is now mixing the delicate lines, and bringing forth in robed beauty the creatures of his ideal. I see his studio, as in a dream, with heavy layers of wavy blue, lazily lolling on the noxious atmosphere. All around the room the creatures of his brain are translated on dusty canvas, and the other paraphernalia, which go to decorate an artist's studio are scattered here and there in perplexing confusion. In an old rickety arm-chair the infant artist is lost in deep reflection, and it seems as though he would wear a hole in the carpet with his steady, rigid stare. Is he endeavoring to create some new scene which will add to his fame? No. Of a sudden his solitude he breaks and hurriedly arranges a canvas and some paints. Busy now for a few moments.

"Ha, ha! There it is. The same old place." And he holds up the product of his recent exertions under which is written in the danger color, "Here comes Giles and Jamie." Running his fingers through his disheveled locks, long he rests with arms akimbo on his disordered table. The sun slants through the windows, but no eye is there to appreciate his glory as he sinks in the west.

"Did I hear a knocking? Come in. Thank you, old boy!" Frank's hypochondria soon took to its heels," for with that same buoyant eagerness which a ten-year old child has when following the gilded wagons of Barnum, Frank perused the horrible scribble in a letter direct from typical Notre Dame Jamie.

—Sorin Hall now claims the honor of having two football teams, and the students are to be congratulated in no small degree, because you might as well ask a student of Sorin Hall to spend a Sunday afternoon in our neighboring village as to try to get him into a suit of football clothes. In this hall there seems to be an instinctive hatred established toward manual labor or violent exercise which affects nearly all alike. To get way down at the reason of this infectious languidness one must needs be a philosopher of Aristotelian standing, or else prove himself incapable of the heavy task. Certain it is, though, that that loose careless, leaning spirit invades the surroundings of the hall and brands many with the stigma—

what will I say—laziness? No! No! it is Malaria. While I can not, after much profound reasoning, *a priori* and *a posteriori*, discern the cause, there is a remedy which, if strictly carried out, will result in the complete overthrow of this tired feeling and prevalent disease. I take the following prescription from an article in Franey's Magazine, entitled "How to Provide for a Wife and Seventeen Children." For the interpolation of the transcriber the reader must make some allowance because the field of action is slightly changed.

DOSE FOR YOUNG MEN.—"Take fourteen gallons of five-o'clock-in-the-morning atmosphere at a distance of three miles from your pillow. Let this continue for a lifetime; return to your abode in time for breakfast at 6-45 p. m. and limit yourself to 10 lbs. of food (special indulgence is here granted, of course, to men of Shag's constitution). At no time in the morning should you drink any of Brother Leopold's battle ship, or compel your esophagus to carry his sweeter freight, because it has a tendency to make you stick to yourself all day. The same regulations govern the noon-day and evening meals as are applied to the morning, except that during the evening it would be well for you to arrange your diet so that your only slumber will not be disturbed. During "rec" hours do not be seen associating with "Cork," "Jinnie," or sharp "Hiene," because, as you may know, "Nothing influences character like character." If, during your study hours, you begin, De Wane will throw a little red pepper in your back pockets and the effect will be startling. In the evening, when you would be most naturally affected, go into "Dup's" wayside, rest and ask him to recite; he will not refuse, and rest assured you will not be troubled with sinking spells any more. Or go down and call on "Whiskerino Josh," and he will tell you how, when he was a little fellow, he never thought that ultimately he would turn out to be a debater and writer of legal treatises at Notre Dame. Do not deviate from the established rule, and at the end of a decade you will awake some fine morning and be able to get down to prayer.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE COLUMBIANS.—The second regular meeting of the Columbians was deluged in a burst of eloquence on Thursday evening. Mr. Barry began the program with an address of welcome that well deserved the applause of the members. He related the feelings he experienced the first time he attempted oratory in the Columbians, but the confidence of his words this year manifests a marked improvement. Mr. Fogarty's recitation that followed delighted us beyond expectation. We did not know that so much life and energy existed in a poem until it was brought before us by Mr. Fogarty's splendid elocution. The debate, "Resolved that the Philippine Islands should be annexed

to the United States," was contended by Messrs. Baab, Bouza and Kaftan on the affirmative, and Messrs. Ahern, O'Brien and Baldwin on the negative. The decision was given to the negative speakers. An equally interesting program will be rendered at the next meeting.

ST. CECILIANS.—The Cecilians of Carroll Hall held their third regular meeting Wednesday evening. Messrs. Freeman, Petritz and Carney entertained the society with choice musical selections. The debate: Resolved, "That the United States should build and maintain a large navy," was well rendered throughout. After much discussion the judge decided in favor of the negative. Before adjourning the following program was arranged for the next meeting:—Mandolin selection, Mr. Carney; declamation, Mr. Noonan; a story, M. Krug; impromptu speech, Mr. Murray. Debate, "Resolved, that a fireman is braver than a soldier": affirmative, Messrs. Mulcare and McCormack; negative, Messrs. Hogan and Slevin.

—THE PHILOPATRIANS held their third regular meeting Thursday evening. The program was very well rendered. Messrs. Clarke, Weber, Best, Van Dyke and O'Connell entertained the society with choice recitations. Messrs. Mahoney, Wood and Van Sant were admitted as members. The society organized a football eleven; Mr. Bellinger was elected manager and Mr. Higgins Captain. The manager will try to arrange a game with the other society of Carroll Hall. The program for the next meeting is: "Resolved, That fire is more destructive than water," on which subject any member may speak. The society was then favored with the following: Mr. Davis, a mandolin selection; Mr. Swan, a recitation; Mr. Lockwood, a reading; Mr. Groogan, a song; Mr. Rush, a recitation.

The Law Class of '99 met Tuesday and elected officers. The result of the election is as follows: President, Mr. Louis T. Weadock; Vice-President, Mr. Benjamin S. Pickett; Treasurer, Mr. John Meyers; Secretary, Mr. Thomas M. Hoban. A committee was appointed for the purpose of looking after the interests of the law class in regard to securing class-pins, etc. The committee consists of Messrs. Steele, Brucker and Walsh. Regular monthly meetings of the class will be held and the class spirit maintained. There are fifteen candidates for degrees.

At the first meeting of the Sorin Hall Reading Room Association, Father Ready presided. Mr. Frank O'Shaughnessy was made Secretary. Messrs. John Meyers and Cornell will have charge of the room this season. The dues will remain the same as last year's, and billiards will be included. The Committee on Arrangements, appointed to take steps toward reopening the room with appropriate festivities, consists of Messrs. L. Weadock, J. Duane and Fogarty.