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Flowers.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

(From the Spanish of Calderon de la Barca.)

THE flowers that bloomed and gladdened every eye,
That first awoke at dawn of morning gray,
Will droop 'neath pity's eyes at close of day,
Asleep in night's cool arms, wherein they lie.
Their hues, that with the light of heaven vie,
Or rainbow-striped with red and golden spray,
Resemble what the lives of men display;
So much to learn does one short day supply.

The roses early stir to rise and bloom,
Then flower to droop and die upon the ground,—
In one bud find a cradle and a tomb.
So, ever thus have men their fortunes found:
In one day are they born and see their doom;
Past epochs are but hours that rolled around.

The Resources of Literature.*

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

WHAT Matthew Arnold has said of poetry may also be said of literature of which poetry is only a species. "The future of poetry is immense," he said, "because in it, as time goes on, our race will ever find a surer and surer stay." This is only another way of saying that literature contains resources of its own that make it unique and invaluable to the race.

It is of literature possessed with such resources that I wish to address you; of literature, not as it ministers to our discipline, not

as it contributes to our fund of information and augments it, not as it adds to our pleasure or ministers to our refreshment, but of literature as it touches and enlarges our life.

Behind every specific power there is a general power; and this specific power in man is measured and determined by the general power that lies behind it. There is, there can be, no greater heresy than the attempt to separate the worker from the man, the poet or the artist from the character behind him. Art and morality can not be disassociated. The artist is always conditioned upon the man. No man can interpret this life of ours who is not sane and sound; neither can he reflect the various aspects of this divine life of ours unless he presents a pure surface upon which our life and universe may be reflected. A rotten stick may sometimes glow in the woods; but because there is no sustained power of heat and light behind it, it glows only for a moment. Just so ephemeral is literature that is disassociated from morality. For while all literature is directly the product of some specific power in man, it depends for its sustained power of beauty and permanency upon the general power that lies back of it, and which belongs only to the man that lives in harmony with the fundamental laws of life.

This general power in man is, after all, the only real power in the world; and all talents and gifts, all pursuits and occupations, are to be measured in their final force and efficiency by this general power in man. What is of value, then, in the world is not the acquisition of knowledge, not scholarship, not what the world calls genius, but the development of this general power in man, which is greater than the acquisition of knowledge, deeper than scholarship and more masterful than genius. This general power in man is something

* Competition oratorical essay.

real, something capable of development, and develops in accordance with the fundamental laws of all development. Its environment largely determines its development; and man has the power of largely determining his environment. Permit me, then, to anticipate the body of my oration by saying that literature is such an environment, and that it contains resources that minister to this general power in each one of us, and which gives breadth, knowledge and power to our various special gifts.

But why should I speak to you for literature? What that man has made has so many and such eloquent voices? Does it not seem an impertinence in me to speak for literature that can best speak for itself? Is it not an impertinence to speak for Homer, to whom every new tongue has been only a trumpet to further sound his fame? or to speak for Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, or Seneca, who, though living in the moral twilight of the world, are today the inspirers of whatever is noble in thought and heroic in action? or to speak for Shakspeare, dead almost three centuries, yet speaking today on every stage in Christendom as no living voice can speak? or to speak for Dante with that mystical record which he climbed through three worlds to see? or for Browning, than whom no man has sounded more splendid and victorious notes against the doubt and skepticism of his own time and the times of others? or, finally, to speak of any of our own men, that have created and enriched our own American literature, and have made it, at least so far as coloring is concerned, distinctively our own? Ah! it would be an impertinence to speak for these great voices, if we allowed them to speak for themselves. But how rarely amid the cares and pleasures of life, how rarely in this age of money getting and pleasure seeking, do we let these great voices come to us! How few of us have found in literature those resources that tend to banish cares, calm restlessness, deepen and broaden life and refresh and restore idealism! It is because so few of us have found and appreciated these resources of literature that I choose to address you upon this theme.

Literature possessed with great resources—and it is only of such that I speak—is not simply the creation of individual skill, not even of individual genius; literature as such is the effect and utterance of the life of our race. John Milton said truly that a great

book contained the life blood of a master spirit, treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life. To the making of a great book something more is needed than the creation of individual artists; to the writing of a great poem something more is needed than the appearance of a great poet—there must be a great life behind the poet; there must be a great experience under the artist and back of his production.

Life precedes literature as materials precede work. There must be the workings of the human mind before there can be metaphysics. Nations must rise and fall before there can be history. There must be beauty before there can be poetry. The world must be filled with life before there can be literature. This priority of life must always be recognized in literature. Literature is not primarily a question of skill and power, but of life. Carlyle has well said that "Dante with all his genius and with all his range of information could not have produced the 'Divina Commedia' had there not been before him a thousand years of suffering, of hope, of faith and of works." Mr. H. W. Mabie says that in reading the historical dramas of Shakspeare, it seems as if the English race had done nothing for more than a century but struggle and contend and suffer and agonize; that this great man might come, and, by throwing the light of his genius upon it, might show us what of human life there was in it, and what was the profound significance of it all.

In making an estimate of literature it is necessary that we own and appreciate the priority of life. For that essential quality of literature that gives to it a sustained power of light and heat and permanency, is not beauty only, not power only, although both of these are essential to literature, but the quality that we call life. Let me illustrate. From out all the literature produced during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, produced by the School-men, than whom there never were more patient, indefatigable and conscientious workers, only two or three books have come down to us, the name of which would be recognized even if spoken in an audience like this. And why, we ask, have these great monuments of work and scholarship perished, at least from the hearts of men, and only these two or three books remain? Why? Because these two or three books are books of life, transcriptions from the souls of the authors; and they live because there is life in them. These are the books that when

we read them we can feel and hear, as Goethe said, "the hurricane of life rustling and sweeping like a tornado through them."

Literature, then, is something more than an illustration of human skill and genius, something more than the production of individual artists, something more than the crystallization of the thought of its age,—literature is the utterance and the record of the life of our race. And as the Bible is the revelation of God, so literature is the revelation of man, and further also the revelation of God.

But literature does more than simply record and give utterance to life: it produces life in itself. We know that nothing produces life except life itself. All life, physical, mental and spiritual, implies and necessitates, both for its beginning and development, a pre-existing life and contact with that life. But we have seen that the essential quality of literature is life, and that life is prior to literature; and we shall see as we go on that man's greatest need is life and contact with life. Literature, therefore, becomes a part of our life, and necessary for life's complete development. What a chapter in literary history that would be, which should narrate the contacts and the consequent influences of literature with the minds of new men and new generations? And what a piece of literature that would be, that should contain the story of the contact and influence of the Bible with the races of the world?

Life, therefore, is the great resource of literature; and the other resources of which we shall speak in turn grow out of it and are concerned with the characteristics of the life found in literature.

I think you will agree with me when I say that our greatest need in this country is a deeper life. We have been content to live too much upon the surface of things. We boast of what we have achieved in the way of practical activities, and of the ways in which we have dealt with many of the great problems of our western civilization; but we have done next to nothing upon the higher plane of artistic achievement, and very little in finding and disclosing the fundamental principles that govern our great problems. This is true only because the depth of our life is not commensurate with its extent. Our strength is in action rather than in thought; in dealing practically with our great problems rather than in thinking to the bottom of them.

Now, a rich and noble life is not possible

simply on the surface of things; and we have already seen that literature is not possible where there is not a rich and noble life. Dante and Shakspeare could not have produced the literature that make them immortal, if they had not had a great life from which to draw. It is only when nations and men have lived below the surface of things, and have looked into the heart of things, that they are able to produce literature.

When life passes into literature it retains all its qualities; and when literature again produces life in itself it can not produce other than it is. But one of these qualities of life in literature is its depth. Therefore, when we read such literature we are made to look below the surface of things, to live there for a time with the author, to get below the intellect into the heart of things. Thus our life is deepened, and a great need is supplied.

I must yet speak of another of the resources of literature; namely, that by which our idealism is restored and refreshed. We can not read great books without having brought back to us the ideals in which we once believed, and to which, through the years, we may have proved faithless.

We hear and read today all sorts of judgment upon life by all sorts of people; but the only man or woman that has any authority to pass judgment is the person that interprets life from the ideal point of view. Any other interpretation is false and misleading. But literature has the power of nobly interpreting life for us from the ideal point of view, and thus restores our ideals and refreshes them. The ideal of which we speak is not some dream or vision of the poets, not something iridescent and fading, delightful to amuse oneself with, but not food for daily life; but it is, as Goethe said, "The fulfillment of the real;" or, as Browning said, "It is the arc become full circle;" it is the perfection of that after which each one of us is striving; it is the inspiration of every art, and the end of every profession; the type of every character, and the hope and necessity of the world. Everything else may go and the world be saved. But when the ideal dies the world dies; because then the imagination fades, and all that is great and heroic in the possibilities of human life will fade with it. Therefore, to restore and refresh the ideal is the prime necessity of every life. For when men cease to believe in invisible things and accept things as they are, and cease to struggle against the

wrong and die, heroically, if it need be, for things they can not see, then the ideal will perish, and the race will perish with it.

But literature is charged with the ideal; moreover, it is the custodian of the ideal. It is possible to fill again this theatre with those who represent the ideals of our race in great books. Let me summon only a few into your presence—there is Helen for beauty, Penelope for faithfulness, Agnes Copperfield for womanly sweetness, Sir Galahad for singleness of heart, Lancelot for courtesy, Horatio for manhood and Colonel Newcome for the ideal gentleman.

Ah! literature is filled with these beautiful characters, who are more real to us than persons whose hands we shake, whose voices we hear, and represent to us what is noblest and best in us. And by association with these men and women who are doing great and noble things, and by sharing in these, we are preserved from pessimism, our doubts are removed and our faith is inspired.

Let me close what I have said about literature and its resources with a sentiment not my own, but the sentiment of one of the greatest idealists of our time: "As yet lingers the darkness and the twelfth hour. But the time will come when it shall be light and man will awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams all there, and nothing gone save his sleep."

Tears and Smiles.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

YES, weary eyes, that never cease to fret!
When, oh when! shall your sun of sorrow set?
Shall a cloud forever shade you
From the life that should have been?
Will the angels have to hide you
Behind their azure screen?

Smiles, happy smiles, how sweetly you do glow!
A soothing balm to sorrow, an enemy to woe.
Were you merely sent as blossoms
To those lips that flourish red?
Or do you come as blossoms
That leave no fruit instead?

Eyes, weary eyes, that never cease to fret!
Smiles, happy smiles, which do we first forget?
Tears are holy treasures
That sorrow hoards away,
While smiles are but the measures
Of our lives from day to day.

Varsity Verse.

THE RAINBOW.

RIGHT, wondrous covenant of God with man,
Thy archéd beauty o'er the blue sky streams,
And thy horizoned ends, man often dreams,
Can point the way, that fleeing Fortune ran.
If true that at thy lowest points we can
Find heaps of gold, why then, 'twere well thy beams
To mount, and where thy brightness purest gleams,
We'd grasp the beauty of thy azure span.

And yet thou art a veritable slave,
Obliged to follow after freshening rain;
Thou hast no thing which truly is thine own,
And He can take away whate'er He gave.
Ay, grand thou art; such grandeur though is vain,
For thou art brightest when thou'rt quickest flown.
T. W.

KEATS.

(*Rondelettes.*)

I.

Why sigh we for what might have been
And miss a present gain?
Why sigh we for what might have been?
However cold and dreary, e'en
The drops that fall as evening rain
Will glitter at morn as dew again—
Why sigh we for what might have been?

II.

Then grieve we not for a silent strain
That Adonais ne'er did sing.
Then grieve we not for a silent strain;
For many a lark by hawks is slain.
When its first sweet notes are re-echoing,
And when of song we have the spring,
Then grieve we not for his silent strain.

J. A. N

OUR FEAST.

More stated guests ne'er graced a hall.
The gods would give their honored seats
Would scorn Jove's angered locks and all
Olympus' threats to taste the meats
At *our* feast.

Old Bacchus smiled and kept apace,
But Pluto ne'er once closed an eye;
Urania sat with winsome face,
And Cupid caused no heavy sigh
At *OUR* feast.

But why go on to tell a dream,
To picture fancy at its height?
Since words lack life, a spark, a gleam,
Of what took place that pleasant night
At *OUR* feast.

T. R. I. O

A RIDDLE.

When time has fled,
And man is dead,
And no one's left to woo,
Tell me, sweet maid,
By cheeks betrayed,
What will poor Cupid do?

E. J. M

The Apparatus for Wireless Telegraphy.

PROF. JEROME J. GREEN.

The apparatus for demonstrating the effectiveness of telegraphing by means of Hertz waves, is comparatively simple. In the experiments recently conducted at the University of Notre Dame all the essential parts of the sending and receiving stations were found in the regular equipment of the electrical and physical laboratories, except a few details which were constructed in the workshops by the students.

It has been known for several years that electric waves are propagated from an insulated conductor when this conductor is rapidly charged and discharged in such a way as to produce a series of very sudden disturbances in the surrounding ether. The waves are said to travel with about the velocity of light, but their length is much greater than the length of light waves, and this length depends on the character of the spark produced at the discharging terminals. These terminals, as used

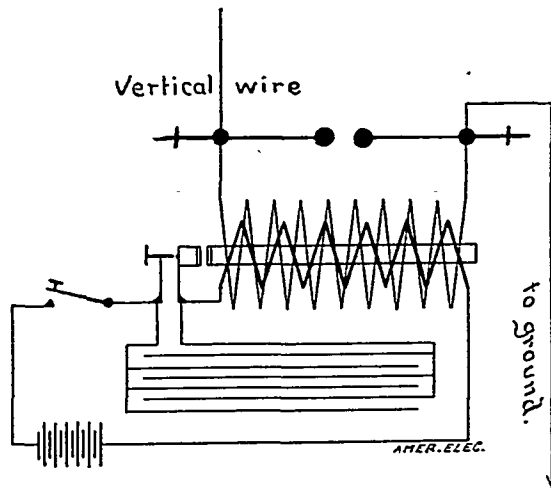


FIG. 1.—CIRCUITS OF TRANSMITTER.

producing a stream of sparks from one to ten or more inches in length. A smaller coil will, of course, answer if the receiving station is located close to the sending apparatus—a suitable primary or secondary battery to operate the coil and a discharger or oscillator. The oscillator may be two large metal spheres placed about half an inch apart on insulating supports. The space between them is sometimes filled with a heavy petroleum oil, but this is not essential. Additional spheres or plates may be connected with each of the large spheres between which the discharge takes place. These additions increase the capacity of the oscillator, and change the character of the spark produced.

A simpler and more easily constructed oscillator is the vertical wire with a metal sphere at its upper end, in connection with two small spheres about an inch in diameter. This is the apparatus Mr. Marconi used. The lower end of the vertical wire is attached to one of the spheres, and the other is fastened to a steam or water pipe.

An easy way to make this form of oscillator is to drill holes in two small metal spheres, and put these spheres on the adjustable points, with which all induc-

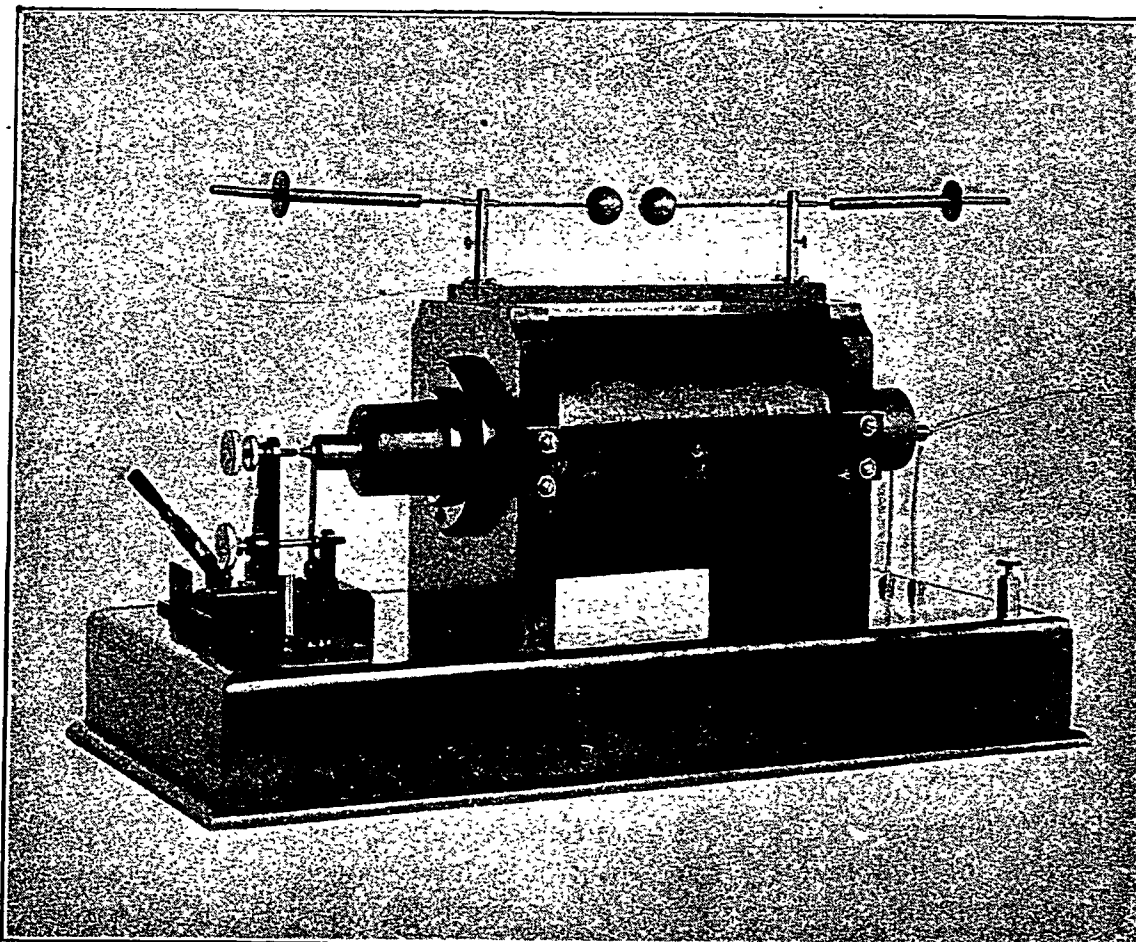


FIG. 2.—A HERTZ WAVE TRANSMITTER.

tion coils are supplied, at the terminals of the secondary windings.

The vertical wire should be attached to one of the terminals of the secondary coil, and the ground wire to the other (See Fig. 1). Then adjust the distance between the spheres, and the tension on the vibrating interrupter spring until a stream of thick, white, noisy sparks is produced when the primary switch is closed.

For the receiving station there is needed a coherer with a decohering tapper, a sensitive relay, and a sounder or a Morse recorder. The coherer is, of course, the essential part of the receiving station. It may be made from a small glass tube of, say, one-eighth of an inch internal diameter, and it may be an inch and a half or two inches long.

Into the ends should be fitted brass rods, and these plugs of metal should have a space between their ends near the middle of the tube, which space can be increased or decreased in length by sliding out and in one of the metal plugs. To complete the coherer a small quantity of filings of metal, such as silver or nickel, or a mixture of these metals, is put in the space between the plugs in the glass tube. Filings from the ordinary five-cent piece will answer very well.

This contrivance has the property of changing its resistance when it is acted on by the waves. A space in such a tube one-fourth of an inch in length loosely filled with filings in their normal condition, will have a resistance of several megohms, but when the waves from the sending station strike the vertical wire attached to one of the terminals of the coherer the resistance of the coherer falls to about ten ohms. The coherer is put in circuit with a high-resistance relay, and a dry battery of one or two cells. When no waves are passing, the coherer has so high a resistance as virtually to open this circuit; but when the action of the waves begins, the decrease of the resistance closes the circuit, and the arma-

ture of the relay is drawn down and closes the circuit on a sounder, or on whatever we wish to add to the receiving set. The resistance of the coherer remains at this low value even after the waves have ceased to strike the vertical wire, but it becomes very high again when the filings are shaken. A little tapper, like that on an ordinary electric bell, is made to strike the side of the tube for this purpose. The relay in circuit with the coherer may close a circuit to operate such a decohering tapper, or the filings may be shaken by tapping the tube with a lead pencil, or by other mechanical means.

From the diagram, Fig. 3, it will be seen that the minute oscillating current produced

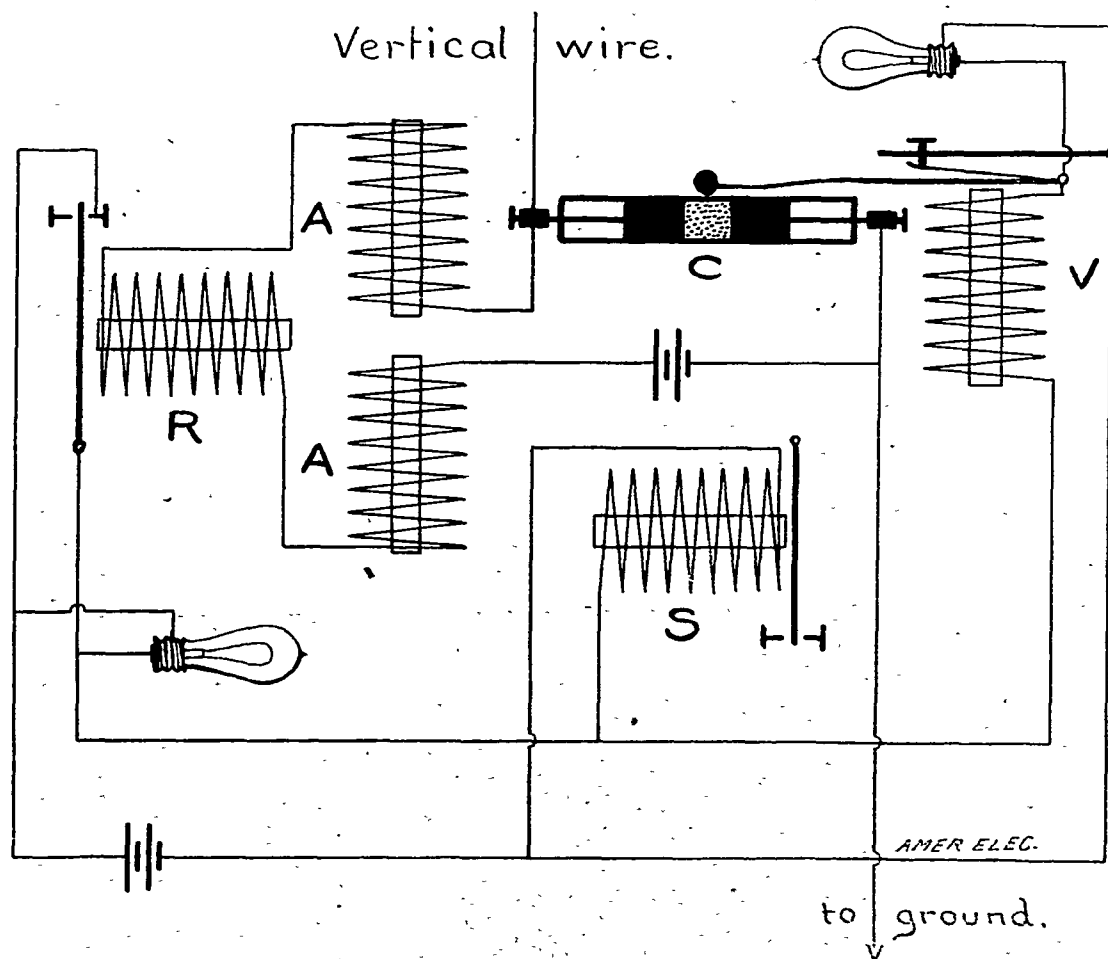


FIG. 3.—CIRCUITS OF RECEIVING APPARATUS.

in the vertical wire set up by the passing of the waves has the choice of two paths to earth—through the coherer, C, or through the relay, R. To prevent its passing to the relay and leaking across through the metal, well insulated choking coils, A and A', are placed in the circuit with the relay. The rubber-covered spools of a four-ohm telegraph sounder will do for these coils. The small current is then forced to go through the filings to ground, and this causes them to cohere as long as it is passing, even though they are shaken. It is well to put some non-inductive resistance (such as the lamp shown in the diagram) across the points of the vibrating

tapper and tongue of the relay to prevent a spark there. It is especially important that the spark be prevented at the tapper, as it is so close to the filings that if considerable sparking occurred here it would set up waves which would cause the filings to cohere to some extent and prevent the decohering action of the tapper. The great difficulty in the first experiments at Notre Dame was to make the filings decohere quickly. If this action is not prompt, it is impossible to make dots and dashes so that they can be distinguished.

Figure 4 shows the coherer tube mounted on hard rubber supports on the top of the metal cover of an ordinary buzzer. An extension from the armature of the buzzer reaches through the cover and strikes the tube.

We employed in all our experiments an eighth-inch induction coil of American make, with a heavy Apps vibrating circuit breaker. The current for the primary was furnished by a battery of six five-ampere storage cells. The double pole jack-knife switch on the base of the coil served to open and close the circuit at first, but later a heavy telegraph key with special contacts was used. The coil is shown in Figure 2.

An ordinary one hundred and fifty-ohm telegraph relay was employed in the receiving set for distances up to one-half of a mile, then a similar one of fifteen hundred ohms' resistance, with a lighter armature, was substituted for the ordinary relay, and it gave good results at distances of about two miles. Later a more sensitive relay was made by adding platinum contact points to the needle of a portable galvanometer of the D'Arsonval type. This responded more readily than either telegraph

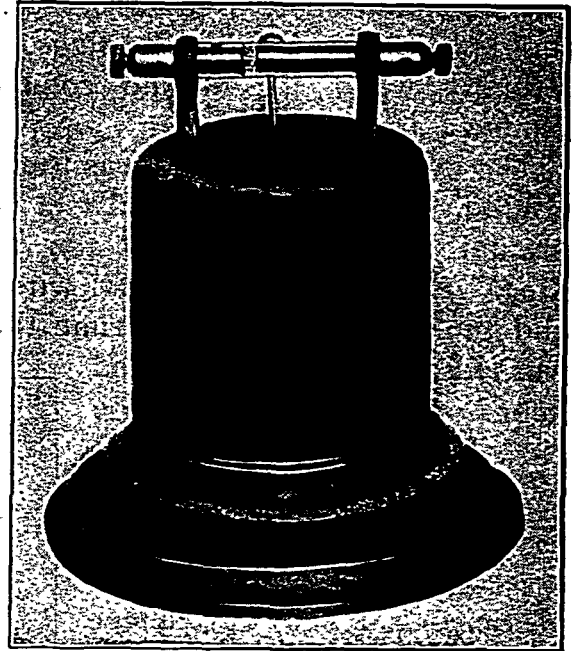


FIG. 4.—COHERER AND TAPPER.

relay. Five small dry cells were used to operate relay, tapper and sounder.

We first suspended an ordinary No. 14 rubber-covered wire about ten feet long from the ceiling of the physical laboratory, and attached its lower end to one of the binding posts at one of the terminals of the secondary of the induction coil; the other terminal was connected to a steam pipe near by. These binding posts also carried the adjustable pointed rods, on the ends of which were placed the polished brass spheres one inch in diameter. The tension of the vibrator springs was adjusted so that a spark about an inch long passed between the spheres when the circuit was closed. A similar wire about six feet long was suspended in an adjoining room with its lower end connected to one end of the coherer. A wire from the other end of the coherer was attached to a steam pipe. When the circuit was closed on the induction coil the filings in the tube appeared to be arranged in strings or chains as when they are highly magnetized. Their resistance fell to about six ohms. A vigorous shaking was required to cause them to resume their

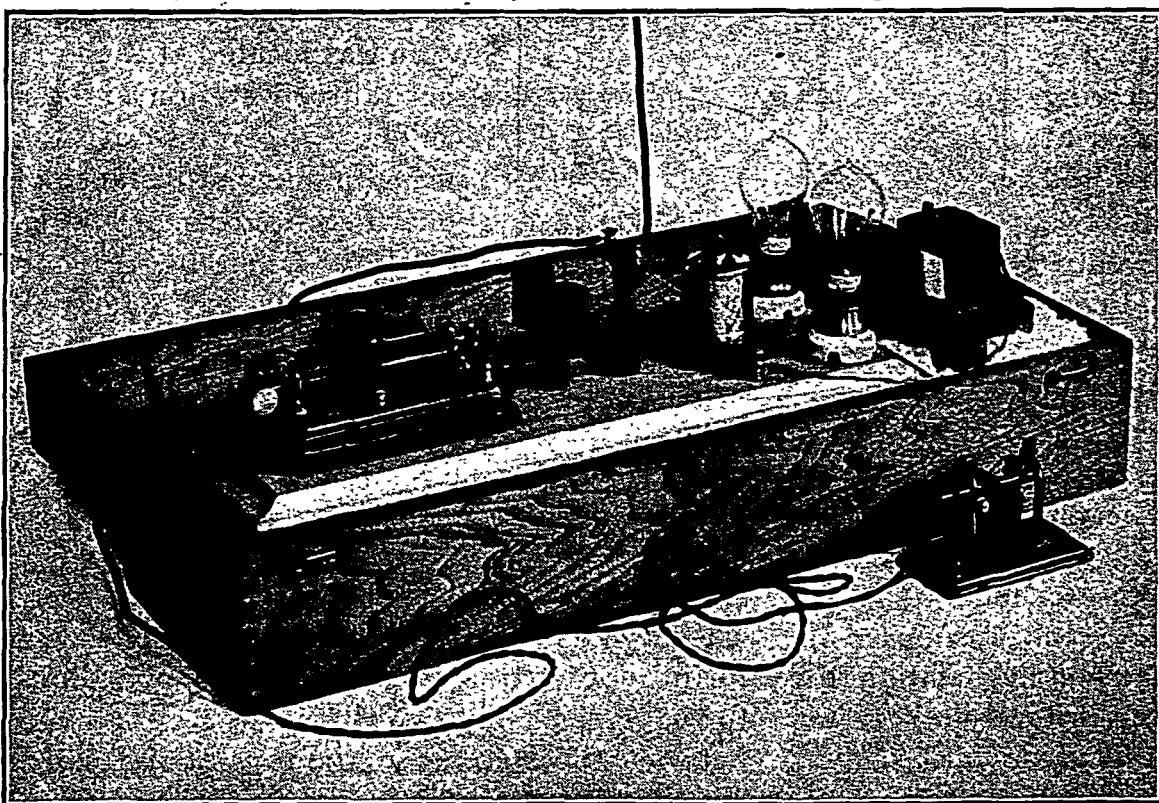


FIG. 5.—RECEIVING APPARATUS COMPLETE.

normal condition of high resistance. Cohesion took place in the tube of filings, but not so strongly when the ground connection was removed from the coherer.

The receiving apparatus was then placed in a building about one hundred feet distant, and ground connections were made to a steam pipe. The same short vertical wire was used, and the relay closed every time the coil was worked. The windows and doors of both buildings were closed. Next a wire about twenty-five feet long, with a metal sphere at its upper end, was suspended from the roof of Science Hall. The lower end was brought through a window and attached to the induction coil, and ground connection was made from the coil to a steam pipe. A similar wire and sphere were suspended from a window in the top floor of a three-story building across the campus, at a distance of about two hundred yards from the sending station at Science Hall. The lower end of this wire was also brought through a window and attached to the coherer; the ground connection was made to a steam pipe. The impulses in this case were received as strongly as when we were working from one room to the next with the short wires. The receiving apparatus was next placed at a building about five hundred yards from Science Hall. The vertical wire was about twenty-five feet long, and ground connection was made to a water-pipe. The coherer responded readily at this increased distance. Its normal resistance, as measured with a Wheatstone bridge, was very high, more than a megohm. The tapper was then disconnected to prevent its shaking the filings, and when the circuit was closed on the induction coil at the sending station the resistance of the coherer instantly fell to ten ohms, and remained at this value until shaken. The induction coil was next placed at the

foot of a steel flag pole about one hundred and twenty-five feet high. The vertical wire and sphere were suspended from the top of a pole on a wooden bracket, which held the wire about ten feet from the pole. Ground connection was made to the base of the pole. The receiving apparatus responded at distances up to two miles, when impulses were sent from the station at the flag pole.

In the last experiments at Notre Dame the vertical wire and sphere were suspended from a high church tower, and the induction coil was placed thirty feet up in the tower. The lower end of the vertical wire was brought through a window and attached to the coil. Ground connection was made to a water pipe. The active length of wire here was about one hundred and fifty feet. The impulses were received strongly at a distance of three miles, about one mile of this space being occupied by the city of South Bend. Another trial to Mishawaka, a distance of about six miles across the country, resulted in failure.

Trials were made in Chicago among the steel buildings and overhead wires in the business district. When the sending station was located at the Polk street railroad station and the receiving apparatus at the *Tribune* building, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, the relay failed to respond when the coil was operated. In this case a line drawn from the sphere at the top of the wire at the sending station to the similar sphere at the top of the wire at the receiving station would be intercepted by many electric light, telephone and telegraph wires running in every direction. These wires apparently absorbed the waves, for in another trial from the Manadnock Block to the *Tribune* building there was a clear space between the spheres at the tops of the wires. The receiving apparatus responded strongly.

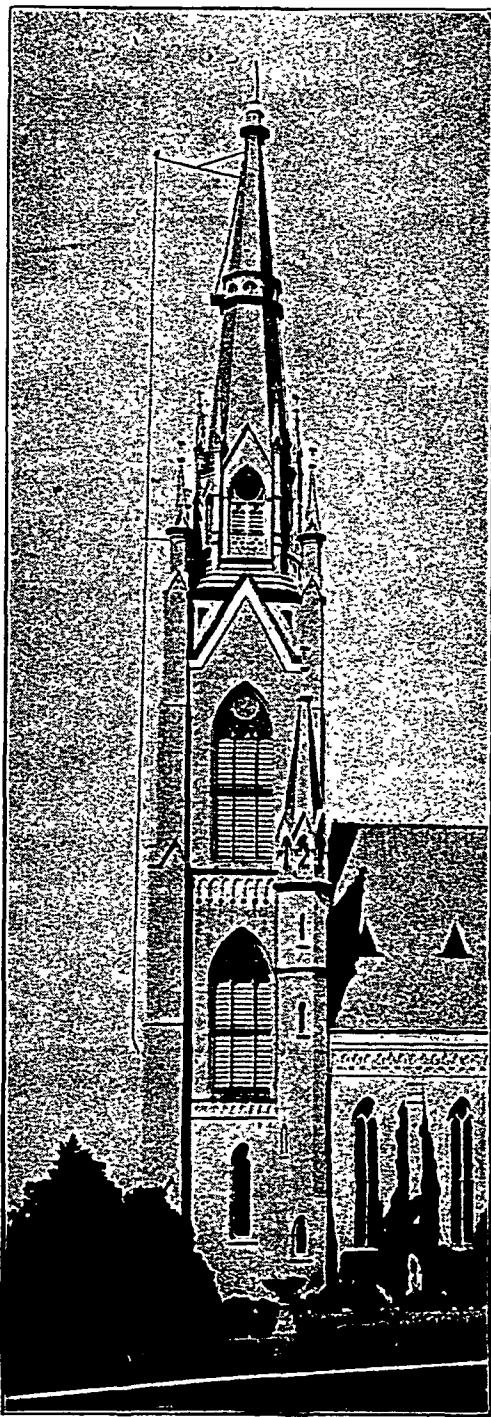


FIG. 6.—THE TRANSMITTING WIRE
AT NOTRE DAME.

The distance in this second experiment was half that at which the first trial was made.

Later the sending apparatus was set up at the life-saving station at the mouth of the Chicago river, and the receiving set was placed on a tug. One wire and sphere were suspended from the end of a pike pole lashed to the railing on the lookout of the station, giving an active length of about forty feet. Ground connection was made by attaching a wire to an iron pipe placed in the water. The other wire and sphere were suspended from a short mast on the tug, giving an active length of about thirty feet. Ground connection was made by attaching a wire to a piece of iron hung out over the stern of the tug. The impulses caused the sounder to operate very strongly until a distance of about two miles out in the lake was reached, when the sounder ceased to respond.

It seems from these trials that it is much easier to operate over water than over land. This result is also indicated by the great distances Mr. Marconi has attained over water, while Ducretet, with the best instruments that skill can produce, has succeeded in sending messages only about five miles over the city of Paris, where there are no overhead wires to interfere. Our experiments with crude apparatus show that it is quite easy to reach short distances, but it is quite difficult to adjust all the parts to make the dots and dashes accurately.—*American Electrician*.

The Downfall of the Flirt.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

In the smoking-room the men were lounging. Outside the band was playing a dreamy waltz, and through the open door the figures of the dancers could be seen.

As a couple would pass, praise or dispraise would follow. "There's Charlie Marshall and Hazel Stokes. Fine couple, aren't they? I'll bet a hundred that Charlie proposes inside of a month; and I'll bet another hundred that he'll be accepted, poor fellow."

"I'll take your bet, Maynard. I know Marshall, and I also know that Marshall was like an elder brother to poor Jim Oakes, whom Hazel made such a fool of. He left the country, and heaven knows where he is now."

In some respects Mrs. Grundy does not rule with such despotic rigor at the sea-shore as in town. Taking advantage of this, Hazel and

Marshall spent considerable time together every day. They played golf, and sat down before the game was half finished. No one knew what they said, but everybody had a right to his own guess. One and all invariably pitied Marshall, and were loud in their condemnation of Miss Stokes.

But they did not know Miss Stokes's feelings any more than they knew Charlie Marshall's. At their first meeting Miss Stokes had registered a vow, that while she didn't want him, nobody else should get him. She felt slightly different about the matter now. Charles was a man of the world, brilliant, witty and, to all appearances, wealthy. And moreover Miss Stokes was getting to that age when, according to statistics, proposals begin to decrease in number and value. So without any love for him, she had determined to marry him.

It was Marshall's last day at the sea-shore. Miss Stokes had heard of it, and prepared accordingly. They were under a large tree; and Marshall skilfully turned the conversation to flirts, male and female.

"Of all the detestable creatures on earth the flirt ranks first and foremost, and women flirts are the worst," said Miss Stokes.

"Yes, they're pretty bad," he said. "I had a friend once, a better fellow you could not meet. He was neither too good nor too bad—just about a happy medium. One day he met a girl and he was soon in love with her. She encouraged him, and when he proposed, she said, 'How ridiculous!' He went from bad to worse, and finally drank himself into an insane asylum."

"Wasn't that awful!" ejaculated Miss Stokes.

"Yes, I feel sorry for poor Jimmy Oakes."

Miss Stokes was too wise to let an accidental shot affect her; but Marshall went on:

"Well, I suppose we won't see each other again. I'll start early to-morrow. If you hear any praise for the acting of Robert Barr this winter, you can take some of the credit. You yourself should go on the stage; for the last half hour you have done some superb work."

Miss Stokes's face flushed and quickly paled again. She was quick-witted enough to know that he had been playing her game.

"Do you mean to tell me to my face that you have been practising your profession on me?" and Miss Stokes rose to her feet.

"I didn't mean any harm, I assure you—I thought you were used to it. You haven't been so very considerate of others; take Jimmy Oakes, for instance. Good-day, Miss Stokes."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—We have heard from a reliable source that Warren A. Cartier, B. S., and C. E., '87, has contributed in a most handsome manner to the development of the University. In what form his donation will appear and what its conditions are, we are not in a position to say. Suffice it to know that, as we have heard, Mr. Cartier's donation is worthy of his generosity and his loyalty to the institution which he is proud to call his *Alma Mater*. In a few days the mystery may be solved and then—

—The University of Notre Dame has just opened its doors for the one hundred and eleventh term, whose formal beginning takes place to-morrow with appropriate religious services. The Reverend President of the University will preach the sermon, and the ceremonies, grand and solemn as they can be made at Notre Dame, will mark the closing of the triduum in honor of the Sacred Heart.

From present indications, the number of students enrolled in the big books of the University will, in a few weeks more, have been the largest in the history of the institution. The new arrivals have been flocking in during the past fortnight, and some from Cuba and Porto Rico, flourishing sons of re nascent Liberty, saw Notre Dame for the first time when the midsummer ripeness was in the place. There are still others coming, and the

advancing tide of young men eager for knowledge knows no abating. The "old boys," of course,—because they are "old boys"—have not yet assembled in unbroken numbers; but another week will see the campus dotted with the last of the familiar forms.

In these magnificent numbers we see the glory of old Notre Dame, mighty in her accumulated fame of fifty years and more, growing stronger as the years roll by in achievement and in the love of her children. No more successful year than that just passed graces the annals of our *Alma Mater*; no higher record crowns the work than that achieved in '98-'99. What shall be the verdict ten months hence? It remains with the students, working in harmony with a devoted faculty, to answer.

—We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of an invitation to the consecration of five marble altars in the new church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, Sunday, October 1. The Reverend D. A. Tighe, '67, pastor of the church, will on the same date celebrate the silver anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Two archbishops and five bishops will be present and take part in the exercises, and the Reverend President Morrissey has been invited to preach the sermon. The SCHOLASTIC extends to Father Tighe the assurance of its respect and regard for him, and the hope that his administration of the affairs of the Church of the Holy Angels will, for many years in the future, be as successful as it has heretofore been.

—John Mullen is a modest young man and a good football player,—he would be angry if superlatives were used to describe his ability. He is not so reticent, however, in speaking of the team that, under his leadership, will fight this fall for the honor of the Gold and Blue. "We have," he says, "the best material that has ever started football practice at Notre Dame; we have all of last year's team with the exception of Murray and Lins, and their places can be filled. The outlook was never better, but we have a hard row to hoe. All of the big Western teams except Wisconsin are on our schedule, and that fact is something for our men to consider. More than once we may be defeated; but our team, defeated or victorious, will be the strongest representative of the brain and brawn of Notre Dame."

Monida Route to Yellowstone.

Monida is a station on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, and is something less than a day's ride from Yellowstone Park. Situated on the crest of the world-famous Rockies, at the distance of 7000 feet above the tide's level, it forms the starting-point to some of the most picturesque sights in the world.

The stage route from Monida to Yellowstone Park cuts through the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, bordering the romantic Centennial Valley and the Red Rock Lakes. After crossing through the Alaska Basin, it passes the Divide to Henry Lake in Idaho. Again it recrosses the range into Montana by way of the Farghe Pass, situated near the western entrance of the Park. It may be necessary to state that the Red Rock Lakes form one of the sources of the Missouri River; and from Henry Lake arises one of the branches of the Snake. From this latter, one may easily discern in the distance the well-known Teaton Peaks.

South of Madison River, and not very far distant from the western entrance to the Park, you will notice a night station for the benefit of tourists, which is commonly known as "Grayling Inn." Having passed this inn, the road enters what is known as the "Reservation," runs through Christmas Tree Park to Riverside Military Station. It then follows the course of Madison River and Canyon on to the Fountain Hotel in Lower Geyser Basin.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Although parts of the Yellowstone National Park stretch themselves over as far as Montana and Idaho, it lies, for the most part, in the northwest corner of Wyoming.

The history of this justly famous park dates back to the year 1872, when, by an Act of Congress, it was decreed that 3344 square miles be "withdrawn from the public domain and be dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure-ground, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

Nature, perhaps more than man's mere workmanship, has beautified this spot, which neither pen nor brush can adequately portray. Round about it rise up mountain ranges that send their peaks 14,000 feet into the air; geysers, too, at stated intervals, spout aloft their seething waters; here you look down into a quiet vale; yonder, you will notice the green trees cast their inviting shade into some

peaceful glen; while the great Yellowstone Lake, a mile and a half above the sea's level, sends abroad its cooling breezes to tired pleasure-seekers.

THE GRAND CANYON.

Perhaps the most romantic piece of scenery around the Yellowstone is what is commonly known as the Grand Canyon. This dell—if, indeed, we may call it such—is about ten miles long and 1200 feet deep. Into it rushes the swift-flowing river, foaming and roaring over the projecting rocks, till it is lost in the abyss below. Its painted walls, lurid with every tint, its sombre and gray shadows, its gilded pinnacles—all leave an impression which time does not readily efface from the mind of the tourist. Its cliffs of volcanic glass, its wonderful water effects, its snow-capped peaks and hills of brimstone, are the gathered results of centuries of Nature's silent work, and testify to the power and wisdom of Nature's God.

P. C.

We would call attention to Prof. Green's paper on the Wireless Telegraphy, transcribed in this issue from the July number of the *American Electrician*. To the Editor of the *Electrician* the SCHOLASTIC begs to return thanks for the use of the article and the accompanying plates. [EDITOR'S NOTE.]

The following letter, taken from *The New York Times* of July 22, will be interesting not only from the fact that the article is timely in itself; but more because the writer is a distinguished alumnus of Notre Dame, having been graduated in classics in '84 and having taught several years in the University. Mr. Ewing is now a well-known attorney in New York city:

WHEN SHALL WE GREET THE NEW ERA?

TO THE EDITOR OF *The New York Times*:

The so-called century problem will not stay solved, despite the clearness of elucidation with which it is shown that 1901 begins the new series. Why is this? It can hardly be that the 1900 men fail to grasp the argument that if the Christian age is divided into periods of 100 years each, the first period begins with the year 1, the second period with the year 101, . . . and the twentieth period with the year 1901. (1 and 100 make 101, 101 and 100 make 201, etc.) This solution is so plain that to assume that the 1900 men do not understand it, and to reiterate it for their benefit is touchingly naïve, and reminds me of how another calendar problem has been discussed.

The design of the Gregorian reform in 1582 was to bring future time into agreement with the year 325.

Now, if we apply the rule back we have nine years whose bissextile days are dropped, 1500, 1400, 1300,—1100, 1000, 900,—700, 600, 500, but the reformed calendar skipped ten days. Some years ago a writer pointed this out, and announced as a curious fact that Pope Gregory had made a mistake in counting. It would indeed be a curious fact if it were a fact at all. The reform, however, was not chronological, but chronometrical; the old dates did not have to be disturbed, but our clock was running slow, and had to be set and regulated, and a retrenchment of ten days was the most nearly exact.

To resume, the argument for 1901 is as sound as it is plain—but it does not cover the case. The world changes from age to age; 1961, for example, will present a very different picture from that presented a century earlier. The change is one of even continuity from minute to minute; except as to one point—the dates. Every Sylvester night a new banner is flung out, and the earth is reinscribed. And notably once, within those hundred years, there is a grand reinscription of the centurial figures; an event which people see but once in their lifetime, if they see it at all; a definite event, falling with cataclysmic abruptness. This characteristic change happening once in a century, will ever mark off the history of the world into exact century eras, and the next one of these century eras is not six months distant.

We are forbidden to call this new century era a new century. And yet, why not? Is not 1900 exactly a century later than 1800? Is not 1800 exactly a century later than 1700? Did not the earth bear the banner sixteen exactly 100 years? And so on back to the 500's, which brings us to the introduction of our chronological system by Dionysius. Our chronology, as a tradition, now stops short. We need not be troubled over the first century containing only ninety-nine years, because our chronology has historically no first century; this it has only reconstructed in a retrospective sense. The early centuries, as "centuries," are purely artificial and imaginary; they never existed. For instance, there was no debate 1800 years ago as to when the second century would begin; for nobody knew that the second century was going to begin at all. Parenthetically, 1900 is in closer agreement than 1901 with the real date of Christ's birth.

The centurial figures are the symbol, and the only symbol, of the centuries. Once every hundred years there is a change in the symbol, and this great secular event is of startling prominence. What more natural than to bring the century into harmony with its only visible mark? What more consonant with order than to make each group of a hundred years correspond with a single centennial emblem? Be it noticed that, apart from the centennial emblems, there is absolutely nothing to give the centuries any form. The initial figures 18 are time's standard which the earth carries while it makes 100 trips around the sun. Then a new standard 19 is put up. Shall we wait now a whole year for 1901, at the behest of the abacists? No; we will not pass over the significant year 1900, which is stamped with the great secular change, but with cheers we will welcome it and the new century. The 1900 men, who compose the vast majority of the people, say to their opponents: "We freely admit that the century you have in your mind, the artificial century, begins in 1901, but the natural century (which we prefer) begins in 1900."

NEAL H. EWING.

New York, July 20, 1899.

Exchanges.

It is with pleasure that the Exchange Editor of the SCHOLASTIC resumes his duties for the present year. Nothing could give greater pleasure to a college man than to sit quietly and review the magazines and journals of other institutions. The exchange work is not only pleasant, but it is profitable as well; and work both pleasant and profitable is always sought for and counted time well spent. It is through the exchange of college papers that we keep in touch with American college journalism, and hence we hope to have a complete number of college magazines and journals on our exchange list for the scholastic year.

With but few exceptions the college magazines and journals that have reached us so far this year are commencement numbers. For this reason, if for none other, they are especially interesting, and make very pleasant reading. The valedictories and class poems show clearly the deep sense of gratitude the American college graduates of '99 have for their *Alma Mater*; and they speak out boldly on the questions and great problems of the future. The essays and orations are full of sober and original thought, while the diction in almost every case is pure. The editorial and athletic columns are especially worthy of mention. We may hope for nothing better in college journalism for the present year than that it may not fall below the standard set in the numbers before us.

Many of the commencement numbers of the college magazines and journals are replete with pictures. The half-tones of *The Purple* and the *New Mexico Collegian* are among the best. Many think that if our American college papers would give more space to photographs and illustrations they would be much more appreciated by their readers, and some feel certain that their circulation would increase very materially.

After reading the solid material furnished by the other college journals, the *Harvard Lampoon* comes in with its jokes and cartoons, and has the effect of a well-played burlesque after a hard day's work. We hope to see its contemporaries, the *Princeton Tiger*, the *Wrinkle* from Ann Arbor, and the *Cornell Widow*, on our table next week.

Personals.

At St. Mary's Lake.

—Mrs. A. Brooks, of Chicago, has entered her son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. George Krug, of Dayton, Ohio, accompanied by her son, was a recent guest of the University.

—Misses Alice Ryan and C. Dempsey, of Manistee, Mich., former graduates of St. Mary's, visited their brothers at the University.

—Mrs. Kammer spent a few days of the past week at Notre Dame. She was accompanied by her son, who entered the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Burkett of Palestine, Texas, were at Notre Dame last week. They were accompanied by their son, whom they entered in Sorin Hall.

—Mr. A. B. White, a student in '69, was a welcome visitor during the past week. He was surprised at the rapid growth of Notre Dame since the fire, and expressed his best wishes for her success in the future.

—It was a genuine welcome that Daniel V. Casey, Litt. B., '95, of the *Chicago Record* staff, received upon his recent visit to the campus. Mr. Casey presided over the Editorial Board of the SCHOLASTIC during the last two years of his course. He has returned from Havana to begin work on his paper in Chicago.

—Joseph M. Haley, Law '99, has begun the practice of law in Fort Wayne in the law office of Bell and Doughman. Three weeks ago he was given his first case and he won it without the help of anyone. Joe has always been a hard worker, and last year he was always in the law-room working out cases. His success, therefore, is what all his friends at Notre Dame predicted. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him success.

—We clip the following items from two Indianapolis papers of recent date. Mr. Steele and Mr. Brennan were graduated in Letters with the Class of '97. The former received a Law diploma with last year's class, and the latter finished his Law course at the University of Indianapolis:

Mr. Edward E. Brennan, son of Dr. E. J. Brennan of this city, and Mr. Sherman Steele have formed a partnership for the practice of law, and taken office in the Lemcke Building. Both of these gentlemen are graduates of the University of Notre Dame, and Mr. Steele was on the Notre Dame debating team that defeated the University of Indianapolis in the joint debate last spring.—*Indianapolis Record*.

There is a movement on foot to establish a Notre Dame Alumni Association in Indianapolis. Messrs. Brennan and Steele, the attorneys, have the matter in charge, and they expect to be successful in establishing a good association.—*Indianapolis News*.

To each of these gentlemen the SCHOLASTIC extends its best wishes for success in the Law, and in regard to the organization of an Alumni Association in Indianapolis, we warmly commend the plan.

It is now a long time since I was near St. Mary's Lake; for though I am not far distant from it, I have been so occupied that I had no opportunity of taking even a short walk there. One morning a few days ago an occasion presented itself, and I thought it would be agreeable to see what changes a month had wrought in the surroundings.

As I came near I found that the old path at the water's edge was already partly overgrown with grass. Tall grasses and sedges brushed against my face and deposited over my eyes an occasional spider's web.

The golden-rod is mostly out of bloom, but here and there a blossoming plant is seen half dropping its flowers as if ashamed to be so late. Everywhere the drought has done its work, but here plants are all comparatively fresh and green. Only the leaves of some trees and bushes begin to turn yellow, but the sumac has put on a beautiful dark vermilion which at times passes into crimson. Weeds prevail and strive against one another for predominance. I am afraid that the Canada Thistle will conquer all. But a few summers ago it was entirely unknown here; now you can not pass through the grass without being pricked by it.

Animal life has been quicker to disappear. The large green frogs that would frequently leap into the water with a sudden splash and startle me when passing, have become very few. They have already been looking for a refuge against the winter in some hole on the bank. There is, however, a small frog not much larger than an ordinary grasshopper that is still abundant. These are always the first out in spring and the last to leave in fall. I once found them in the depth of winter, stiff and cold hibernating in the marl. I brought a few of them home to examine the circulation of the blood in the capillaries of their webbed feet; but when they were warm they became active and escaped from a paper bag into which I had put them. I never saw them again.

In the lake a few minnows dart off to hide as I approach. They leave a ripple that reflects a ray of sunshine, and again the surface is smooth. A few water beetles are still seen swimming off with a jerky motion. They look very fierce in a diminutive way, and I am sure have many enemies and no friends. They are rather eccentric in their ways; for they will

always persist in swimming on their backs. Another of these subaqueous inhabitants, the water-scorpion, spends its days in the water and "goes out nights." These it spends dancing around electric lights in company with boisterous beetles. "It never goes home till morning," when it begins life again in the water. The water-scorpion is seldom seen in water; doubtless it does not swim around much during the day after a night abroad.

As I walked along the bank I was attracted by a whirring noise like the subdued whistling of steam when it escapes from a locomotive. It was a long while before I succeeded in making out that a flock of sparrows had gathered together in a tree on the other side of the lake and that there appeared to be something like a hot discussion going on. It reminded me of a crowd on election day where everyone has something to say, and almost all speak nonsense. H. N.

Local Itemt.

- Xmas is coming.
- Happy New Year!
- Strange faces everywhere.
- Hard at work once more.
- O'Connor is still up to his old tricks.
- Wolf and Baer got Schott en route to Notre Dame.
- Some one must have split the wood,— "Slivers" is back.
- The ex-Carrollite and his ever-present pipe is in full blast. Smoke up.
- Since Baab, Schott, Baer and Co., arrived Steele has taken off his war-paint and put on a nose-guard.
- Coach Baab arrived yesterday with his banjo and golf sticks. School has now been formally opened.
- "It is all off," said Baab as he pulled the last button from his trousers while packing his trunk upstairs.
- DINNEN:—"We can't all come from Fort Wayne."
- COLLINS:—"No, thank goodness."
- Sherman Steele, Law '99, has formed a partnership with E. E. Brennan, English '97, for the practice of law in Indianapolis.
- A very large school is anticipated, The different halls are already pretty well filled and many of the old boys are still to come.
- Duperier didn't expect to find the weather so cool up here. However, he has promised not to wear the *muslin de soie* any more this fall.
- Slivers is here! He is now quite a gratify-

ing height and is in 'most every way the same affable Slivers that we knew some years ago.

—Gibson's "double" comes from a distant city. The young man is now raising a beard, however, and will soon look like some one else we know.

—It would appear to the writer that yesterday was ground-hog day and that the wise animal saw his shadow, for the two Winters came that afternoon.

—In No. 14 Ahern sat in a rocking-chair, with an innocent look on his face, complacently eating an apple which he had swiped from Barry's cupboard in Sorin Hall.

—Carroll Hall has had a share in the all-round list of improvements: the old gym has been given a new coat of paint and various decorations. Leo Kelly is one of these; Swan is another.

—Rear Admiral Butler, in command of Her Majesty's squadron in St. Joseph's Lake, has arrived. He reports that her Royal Highness is enjoying good health and sends her regards to the boys.

—BARRY:—"This is a case taken from the Indiana Reports. An action against John Eggemam for *petit* larceny. He stole a kiss from Eliza. The court held that it was not *petit* larceny but *grand*."

—"What is that on the apple tree," said Burg, pointing to "Spike" Dalton.

"That's only a crow," said Bump, looking at the world go by as he passed on with a large guano bag filled with nice juicy apples.

—Before this item appears Shag and Martie will no doubt have arrived from the paternal farm. Shag has spent the summer months preparing a Dreyfus edition of *The Squirt* and Funk will be here in time to launch it.

—CRUMLEY:—"My! but these chairs are hard."

FLEMING:—"Why don't you get a cushion?"

CRUMLEY:—"No, thanks. I umpired a ball game one time. Since then I don't believe in cushions."

—On Thursday afternoon Captain Land's team was defeated by Captain Fox's band of warriors after a fierce contest by a score of 11 to 6. The feature of the game was the fine work of Referee Crumley. He'll do it no more, he says.

—Cornell is said to be an anti-Dreyfusard of the most effervescent type. It is alleged that he walloped a dummy in front of a Jew clothing store in South Bend the other night, and then marched down the street "a bas"-ing everything in sight.

—Another hall will hereafter battle for glory in inter-hall contests. Corby Hall, the new department, has some likely athletic material within its walls, and it will possibly rank next to Carroll in college spirit, but it can not surpass the latter in this respect.

—Brother Emmanuel, for twenty years a prefect of discipline in Brownson Hall, will hereafter be associated with Mr. W. Olmsted in the government of Corby Hall.

—It will be to the interest of all students, who intend entering the University at all, to come at once as classes are now getting well under way for the new term. Every day absent now will have its effect in the examinations.

—Mike Connors was the surprise of the Track Team. He picked up a few valuable prizes during vacation and incidentally made good time in the half-mile run. The surprise was that he took first place in a speedy hundred-yard dash.

—The Honorable B. Dwyer came in from the East the other night. He was dodging past the porter's lodge with his characteristic agility when he happened to think that it was his first night. Then he lighted a fresh cigar, put his thumbs in his waistcoat and sauntered in humming "Whistling Rufus."

—We are glad to say that a great many students who have entered this year have considerable athletic ability. We shall have a field-day some time in October. Everyone is invited to take part in this meet. We need men to run, hurdle, jump, and, in fact, we want men for all the field contests. You will hear from coach Engeldrum later.

—No more we'll cuss and raise a fuss
About the lack of steam;
Our breath won't freeze, and our shivering knees
Won't rouse us from our dream:
And Mr. O'Brien won't always be cryin'
And doing his same little turn:
For the plant now is changed and all re-arranged
And henceforth we'll have heat to burn.

—The athletic manager has announced that there will be prizes offered for a field and track meet to be held October 13. It is the intention to make it an inter-hall contest and so give each one a chance to make a showing for himself. The choice of candidates for the track team, which goes into training during the winter, will depend to a great extent upon the showing made on St. Edward's Day. Don't wait to be urged, boys; if you have the ability to run well or jump well, come forward and make records for yourselves.

—The opening of the Triduum of consecration to the Sacred Heart was held last evening with appropriate ceremonies. The students attended in a body and responded to the Litany of the Sacred Heart, recited by the celebrant. Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given. The exercises proper to this religious practice will close to-morrow afternoon immediately after Vespers, when an act of consecration will be made by the worshipers, the Litany of the Sacred Heart again recited and Solemn Benediction given.

—The pupils of St. Edward's Hall are not lagging behind in the general increase of

attendance. Their number is already in excess of last year's. Such a distinguished lot of little gentlemen is not to be met with elsewhere in the country. From the West there are representatives of Montana, Colorado and California; from the south, Texas and Louisiana have sent their delegates; from the East come worthy sons of Virginia, New Jersey, New York and the District of Columbia. Moreover, the Minims have in their department sons of nobility—barons and counts—who find in their new home a congenial companionship.

—Places are open on the editorial board for reporters from the various halls. It is unnecessary to mention the honor and importance of the reporter's position, and the training he receives as collector and chronicler of news. A reporter must be one who sees everything going on around him, and from his general information to select whatever seems to him worthy of public mention. He is, therefore—in the local field of journalism, at least—judge of what is news and what is not news, what should be published and what should be suppressed, what will, in all probability, be read with pleasure or interest and what would be passed over by the reading multitude. His greatest qualification should be the ability—said to be the reporter's sixth sense—to know and appreciate news at a glance, to pick out the leading incident of the "story," and to make that incident the feature of his description, sloping the other facts in connection therewith to dimensions of the proper proportion. He should, of course, aim particularly for clearness of expression.

Fine writing, in the "Local" columns, is not demanded or desired,—those who expatiate in the front columns of the SCHOLASTIC are permitted to do all the fine writing the SCHOLASTIC needs. The "local" reporter is rather encouraged to use liveliness, burlesques and mock heroics, when the proper occasion presents itself; but he is not expected to use the "local" columns as a medium for the expression of taunts or the gratification of revenge.

Personalities should never be indulged in, and the mention of names undisguised, even in good-natured banter, should be discontinued in the SCHOLASTIC's "local" columns. No matter how forgiving and easy-going your neighbor may be, you are not called upon to take advantage of these qualities, the lack of which might, after a certain issue of the SCHOLASTIC, land you in the Infirmary. While being humorous try not to be too witty. Only a very few of the qualifications have been mentioned, but these appeared, in a hurried scanning of the subject, the most important.

The selection of reporters will be made from a comparison of the "locals" handed in to the Editor. The position is one of distinction, and many of the students should strive to win a place on the staff.

—Some men were born with genius, others with money. But Teddy was born with a violin. July and August he spent in serenading. As a memento of his success the violin contains three strings, a dent and Teddy. The violin contains a soul and so does 2d flat—but there is no harmony.

Moral—Teddy, beware of the man with the ax.

—A number of the boys from Corby Hall went out Thursday evening in quest of melons. One gang entertained the dog, while the others bagged thirteen great big yellow musk-melons. In the morning the boys took Ahern into confidence, and asked him to determine the species of the melons. Much to the chagrin of the boys, Ahern pronounced the melons to be of the pumpkin species. The crowd soon scattered.

—The day was warm, the sun did shine—the seat was soft, the car was fine. The bum he slept in sweet repose—he didn't care to soil his clothes—to tan his face or roast his nose. Said he: "I'd better ride."

The ticket man meandered in, a-punchin' checks, collectin' tin. He spied the bum; his fury rose; he pulled his hair, he tore his clothes. He called the man who made the beds, and yelled to him "No more dead heads! From here you'll go if you are slow in kicking him off at Buffalo."

—The reporters are in a plight. Yocky is gone and no more can be said about Escanaba: Geoghegan, in leaving spoiled the reporters' plans for fall and winter contributions on Lockport society, and now with deep, coagulated regret it is learned that Haley will not return. Isn't there some one from Bertrand, or Osceola who would submit to an interview on the decision of the Rennes Court Martial, or something like that? The local columns must be filled.

—Down in the reading-room Moxley and Leffingwell were discussing the advisability of another "fowling" expedition. Out in the woods back of the hall the blackbirds were holding their regular morning matinée. The clock in the tower struck ten. The reporter sprang to his feet, and paced the floor impatiently. "Plague take the locals!" he exclaimed. "Now if they wanted an epic or something like that I might fill the bill; but these locals—pshaw! I'll just go down and tell the editor news is scarce this week."

—There was an animated debate held the other evening in the Corby Hall smoking-room. The subject under discussion was: "That far-away look in Eugene McCarthy's eyes." It should be known that McCarthy occupies a room on the third flat, overlooking St. Mary's Lake. This, of course, accounts for the far-away look; but the fellows say that unless something is done to bring Eugene's thoughts, feelings and aspirations back to things terrestrial, and to keep them this side of the lake, there is danger that the story of that sweet, young boy Ganymede may be repeated. The meeting adjourned, however, without any

definite action being taken, and Eugene still wears the far-away look.

—The reporter for Corby Hall sat in his room with his feet perched on the top of the bookcase, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed intently on the upper southwest corner of the room. In one hand he twirled a bunch of keys, the other was thrust deep down in his trousers' pocket. Outside all was joyful; not so in the reporter's heart. It was Thursday, the day for handing in the local items, and although the reporter had pondered and cogitated all morning, three two-liners were all that he could muster. Over in Room 11 Winters was singing "I Want to be an Angel." Up in No. 54 Harry Fink struggled with the periphrastic conjugation, passive. He got as far as the first person singular of the verb *amo*; here he threw down his book, saying desperately—"I ought to be, I should be, I must be—! Ah! why am I not—?"

—A SCHOLASTIC reporter spent an hour or two on the campus yesterday afternoon in quest of news. He noted many new faces and a few old ones, one of which belonged to Cincinnati John. John expressed a wish to see the Transvaal question settled amicably, and volunteered his services for the football team. He refused to talk on the Trust question, but assured the reporter confidentially that there would be either a republican or democratic victory in the next campaign. Teddy, who galloped into prominence after composing the meritorious "Rough Rider Twostep," was seen on the campus strolling up and down with himself, and apparently very much pleased over something. When approached he told the reporter that he was just thinking what a "cinch" it was to be a caddie. And then he smiled one of those non-duplicable, pellucid smiles that have always been the envy of all true admirers of artistic smiling.

—The same sun that ushered in a pleasant day ushered in "Baldy" Dwyer. He came from the land where sausages are unheard of, red hats a pigment of the fancy and glass commonly pronounced glahs. His top hair is, as of old, somewhat migratory; his smile accompanied him, also his leather trunk. Tommy's look is a trifle mysterious—unsolved and unsolvable. According to an opinion which is going the rounds, his eye is set on the crown once worn by the ever-lamented Bob Franey. Bob's boots were ever too large for anyone who essayed to fill them. Not even the venerable Judge Ney wore them without the use of cotton, but Tommy—that is another story. The competition for Bob's laurel is not keen enough—but how can it be keen when John Eggeman is in the field. What a capacity John's is! Col. McKinzie acknowledged this—but this is only arousing unpleasant memories. But should Tommy emulate Bob we will compose odes to his memory.