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The Founder.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

John Keats.\*

JULIUS ALOYSIUS NIEUWLAND, A. B. '99.

WITH each returning Fall, the waning year  
Brings Summer's withered glories to our door,  
Which fills our hearts with sadness all the more;  
But Life is not a dream hemmed in by Fear!  
Thus each succeeding Spring brings forth a hue  
That's all its own; for Nature is not bound  
By stringent laws: the crimson rose that blew  
Last month, again incarnadines the ground.  
But Autumn brings to us a grander store  
Than crimson treasures to these maple shades,  
Or plenteous harvest to the cottage door,  
Or wildwood poppies to the lawns and glades.  
It brings the sweetest hour of all the year—  
Then hearts beat high as if a heavenly ray  
Had shed seraphic joy upon us here—  
It brings the grateful sadness in our Father's Day.

II.

All hail! ye scenes that o'er our souls prevail.  
Ye storied halls and towers that far away  
Seemed to have grown in one calm summer's day,  
Do we salute thee here today. All hail!  
'Neath yon great pile that now its glory shows,  
A guiding hand to faithful sons is found,  
And peace and happiness forever flows  
To those that wander through its hallowed ground.  
It was not built by human hands alone;  
Some higher power did guard its youthful days.  
'Twas Faith and Love that placed each stone on stone:  
To Mary be the honor and the praise.

III.

'Neath yonder grassy mound in silence lies  
The little part of him that Nature gave;  
There is no pompous stone to mark his grave;  
His spirit reigns, his memory never dies.  
And there beneath the shadows of the West  
The humble founders of our home are laid.  
Eternal friends! forever now they rest  
In all the glory that their hardships made.  
The time will come when other men shall tread  
These grassy lawns and margins of the lakes,  
And lead the ranks where these brave soldiers led;  
And then on Founder's Day, as o'er them breaks  
The music of one hundred bells,  
Their hearts will lift in thankfulness and prayer;  
And when the death-watch counts the passing knells,  
'Tis sweet to think we shall be resting there.

## I.—INTRODUCTION.

ENGLISH POETRY BEFORE THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT.



ALMOST from the time of Milton to the end of the eighteenth century England had produced few great and original poets. Milton, Shakspeare, and others that had preceded Pope, were necessarily original in thought and style, and often in verse forms, for they were the pioneers of letters and had no models. In their own way they had excelled to such a degree that their followers were loth to part from the methods and ideals set by the older men, and determined to sacrifice originality by looking up to the early poets as to masters, though many of the younger writers were competent to be masters themselves, had circumstances and times been favorable.

POPE.

Pope was told that few of the older poets had been accurate and nice in their expression of beauty. Though strong, they had not unfrequently been rough in their way of saying what is beautiful. Pope followed the advice given him, and endeavored to be perfect in his technique of poetry and the manner of thought and expression. He did everything after a fixed rule, and the literary world now sees the mistake he made. All the errors of Pope and his school came from a misunderstanding of the essential requisites of poetry. It is easier to enjoy true beauty than to say what makes true poetry and beauty. At the present day, however, though the question of beauty is

\* Competitive Essay for English Prize Medal.

unsolved, we have gained some knowledge of the nature of true poetry by the critical examination of beauty in art. Many mists have rolled away, still we do not see clearly.

Pope thought that the beauty of poetry consisted more in the manner of expressing a thought than in the emotional power in the thought itself. It is true that thoughts gain in beautiful effect by being cleverly and surprisingly said; but an idea that is not of itself essentially emotional or suggestive can not be adorned to the best advantage by mere apparel of words and expression to gain poetic effect. An emotion can not arise in the reader when the poet himself has not been moved.

#### THE FOLLOWERS OF POPE.

Others beside Pope have mistaken a means for an end. Dryden places the beauty of poetry in imagery. He, too, forgets emotion. Landor also is devoted to technical art. All these, by their mistakes, have been useful in gaining for us a true idea of the nature and requisites of poetry. We are in an age of criticism. We may not have produced great masterpieces of art and literature, but we have spent most of our time in finding how to tell genuine beauty from mere tinsel. We can, moreover, give scientific reasons for our decision.

I do not wish to assert that critics of preceding times are inferior to ourselves. In many cases we have never equalled them, and it is rather through them that we obtained the knowledge we possess. The last man must necessarily know the most, although he is not on this account the greatest and deepest thinker. We measure greatness by another standard,—the power of discovering new truths and new types of beauty.

#### THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT.

Toward the end of the last century Gray and Collins began to return to the true way from which nearly one hundred years of imitation had led the poets astray. During the eighteenth century our poetry had been

\* Closely wed

To musty laws lined out with wretched rule  
And compass vile: so that ye taught a school  
Of dolts to smoothe, inlay, and clip, and fit.

Pope did not succeed in leading us to the right way, but he gave us some new ideas on the necessity of good taste. Wordsworth, Burns and Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats at last have given us clearer notions of true poetry. I do not mean to say that true poetry did not exist, but under the general sway and

\* From "Sleep and Poetry."—Keats.

tendency of set doctrines it had been obscured, and often came to light unconsciously. Wordsworth and Coleridge had dispelled the illusion that poetry is the antithesis of prose. They have shown—in practice more than in theory—that the direct opposite of poetry is science, or knowledge of facts and reasons. Each of these reformers has peculiarities of tendency and temperament that have driven his style more or less into a set groove; but though they have many characteristics in common, each is himself, and follows his own bent without trying to work on the model of another's individuality.

#### SIMPLICITY OF THE LAKE SCHOOL AND BURNS.

Wordsworth, Coleridge and Burns aimed at pure emotion, and maintained that simplicity of style was the proper vehicle of emotion. This is true in many cases, but as they drifted into a kind of dogmatic rule they were led sometimes to excess. Wordsworth, in some of his poems, becomes not simply juvenile but even puerile, as in "Goody Blake" and "Peter Bell." In other poems, such as "Lucy Gray," this simplicity, when rightly suited to his theme, has a remarkable effect. Tennyson's "Dora" may also serve as an example of the effect of a tale simply told in verse. Burns was simple by nature and circumstances, and many of his poems were thought out while he was following his plough. Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner" is simple and forcible. "Christable" is also simple, sensuous with a sweet tinge of that romantic newness and vigor that characterized the poets of this era. Simplicity of style is not the principal characteristic of the romantic writers. The result was a revolution from the classical imitation according to stiff rules of versification.

#### ORIGINALITY OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

The romantic writers strove to be original according to the principle that emotional beauty of thought was first to be sought, and that art and technique were only secondary and would take care of themselves. Byron was extreme in this doctrine, and was sometimes so inconsistent as to confess himself in the wrong, while Pope, he said, was right in his theory of poetic beauty. In Shelley emotion flowed naturally and so feverishly and intensely that it necessarily burst forth into beauty of form. Keats, however, was exact and careful in his expression of emotion. Like Shelley he felt deeply, but the thought was set into beauty of form or verse calmly, carefully, and even with a certain conscious attention. Emotion, how-

ever, was of primary importance to him as is well shown by the many errors of versification, coining of new words, manufacture of verbs from nouns or adjectives to suit his thought. This is not entirely owing to negligence on his part, but he feared to sacrifice delicate thought for delicacy of expression and words. The fact that many of his mistakes are misplaced beauties testifies to this fact. Keats and Leigh Hunt were sometimes extreme in luxuriance of thought and expression. Each of the romantic reformers, however, had peculiarities of his own; for this was the very nature of the poetry of that era. They tended to excess in a direction opposite to that of the classical exactness of the preceding century.

After the romantic movement had attained to its full height among the first reformers, mistakes were most common. Some mistook genuine emotion, and became sentimental or rough. The imitators of Keats, Byron, and Shelley have erred most in this respect. Although Keats was "simple, sensuous, and impassioned," those that followed him may appear to write as he does, but they do not feel as he felt. He had genuine emotion to arouse in his readers, but this is not always the case with his followers, and is a great fault also of modern poets that attempt to convey emotions they do not feel. They persuade themselves that they feel deeply, but we soon see the difference between true gold and tinsel. Some people may take sentimentality for true sentiment, because it is easier for us to deceive ourselves than for others to deceive us. If, however, an emotional and passionate work is read by a morally sound man, he will soon perceive the false art. The best way to distinguish them is to read repeatedly the same piece. If it constantly reveals new charms it is true art: for

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness.

Sentimentality, however artfully concealed, will reveal its true nature very soon. After awhile it will appear to us so mawkish that we can not bear with it. To gain a correct idea whether a work is sentimental or genuinely felt by the poet, we must know his character, also his unity and purity of aim and disinterestedness of intention.

## II.—KEATS AS A MAN.

### RELIGION AND CHARACTER OF KEATS.

To understand the genuineness of a poet's emotions we must know his character; we

certainly can not know his character unless we know something of his ideas on religion. The notions Keats had about religion were extremely vague and undefined. On one occasion he expresses a firm belief in immortality, and again, in another part of his writings, seems to doubt whether there is a future life. Socrates and Christ he places on the same level as the only two that he remembers to have hearts perfectly disinterested. Even his ideas of natural religion are at times not clearly defined. Keats did not profess to hold any creed; but he must have recognized a personal God whom he calls "the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty," and he may be considered as somewhat indifferent to religion, in practice, at least, if not in principle. Unlike Shelley he never professed atheism; for, as he says:

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,  
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean  
For his great Maker's presence, but must know  
What 'tis I mean, and feel his being glow.

To many of his age and condition of life comes the stern endeavor to make up their minds on such sublime truths as the necessity of religion and the existence of a future life. The tenet of Keats seems to have been "to strengthen one's mind by making up his mind on nothing." In after years he showed an inclination toward the Christian religion, and the reading of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" affected him greatly. These works even tended to make gloomy his later days. The clear light of religious truth shone in the darkness of his ignorance, but it dimmed his spiritual sight, and left him in a dazed state of mind. The struggles that came upon him threw him into frequent fits of excessive melancholy to which he had been subject all his life.

The real explanation of the poet's ignorance of religion seems to be, that during the short period of life allotted to him he was so enamored of poetry and the beautiful that he had no time to think on religious questions. Poetry seems to have been his creed, and the idea of abstract beauty, his god. This devotion to poetry was so disinterested that when he had not written anything for a short time, he felt as uneasy as the victim of the opium habit who can not indulge his passion. He says in this strain:

O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen  
That am not yet a glorious denizen  
Of the wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,  
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,  
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath  
Of flowering bays.

His undecided character, too, may have accounted to some extent for the vagueness of his religious views. In this respect Keats differed from Shelley who had very decided opinions on religion, and who earnestly endeavored to propagate them. Shelley was tainted with atheism; Keats was virtually indifferent with regard to creed.

#### INFLUENCE OF HUNT ON KEATS.

Leigh Hunt had had considerable influence on the religion, politics and poetry of Keats. The imprisonment of Hunt for libel of the prince-regent had made him a hero to many of the liberal sympathizers, and especially to Keats. Hunt professed no defined religion, but he held to a kind of optimism born of cheerfulness. Keats, whose opinions had for years been formed by Hunt's paper, *The Examiner*, was naturally inclined to favor anything liberal and optimistic. He was not as even minded as Hunt: he was violent in both extremes of melancholy and cheerfulness.

Keats, however, was moral, and inclined to a Christian form of religion. His life, in spite of his youth, sickness and want of early training, was more in conformity with the natural law than that of Shelley; though the latter, strange to say, appears to have been in good faith. Shelley, however, had tenets; Keats had none. Nevertheless, all the companions of the young poet at the medical lectures testify to his good morals. They represent him as a generous and good-natured associate, though somewhat proud and pretentious in matters pertaining to poetry. One mentions that poetry kept him so busy he had no time to indulge in any vice.

#### FANNY BRAWNE.

After the melancholy that preyed on Keats, especially toward the end of his life, there was perhaps no greater drawback to the formation of his character than his unhappy connection with Fanny Brawne. Keats himself acknowledges that his love for her was working his ruin. He says that even if he overcame his disease, he could not resist his passion for her. "The thought of her," he says, "hindered me from doing effectual work." Although at this time he showed great maturity of workmanship, and his best verses were composed at this period of his life, still when he was not writing, his passion influenced him to such an extent that his soul was again in that "ferment, his character undecided, whence proceeds mawkishness." Only by burying himself in his work with great effort and keeping at a dis-

tance from her, was he able to perform the work he has done.

The love of Keats for Fanny Brawne was disinterested, but it was also jealous and unreasonable, as may be divined from the following lines "To Fanny," which were written on occasion of her presence at a dance:

Who now with greedy looks eats up my feast?  
 What stare out-faces now my silver moon?  
 Ah, keep that hand unravished at the least!  
 Let, let the amorous burn—  
 But prythee do not turn  
 The current of your heart from me so soon,  
 O save in charity  
 The quickest pulse for me!

Save it for me, sweet love! though music breathe  
 Voluptuous visions into the warm air,  
 Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath;  
 Be like an April day  
 Smiling and cold and gay.  
 A temperate lily, temperate as fair;  
 Then, Heaven! there will be  
 A warmer June for me.

To compare their loves to those of Romeo and Juliet would be to degrade even the sensuous love of Shakspeare's characters. The love of Keats was sentimental, and his letters to Fanny Brawne are disgusting to any sound mind. It does seem strange that the poet had so little control over his feelings, and that he let his sentiment wander away from reason, and become mawkish weakness. Those that admire these unreasonable outbursts of passion do Keats an injustice, and show forth their own weakness of mind.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD'S VIEW OF KEATS.

Keats has perhaps in many respects been charged too severely. As a poet he has received more adverse criticism than any of his time. Perhaps Matthew Arnold also is too severe with him when illustrating the poet's love for sensuous beauty and enjoyment. The critic quotes as an authority Haydon who was a friend and biographer of Keats. That Keats was a poet whose sense of the beautiful overcame every other consideration must be admitted. He delighted in the purely sensuous enjoyment of nature, and even at the beginning of his career he longed "for a life of sensations;" but he was not an habitual drunkard, as we might be led to think from Arnold's quotation. Occasionally, and even frequently, there were convivial meetings of the men of his circle, and "merriment, card-playing and drinking" were indulged in, though not very seriously. Keats, as a rule, was not very high-spirited in these gatherings; for on one occasion he became disgusted with the stinging malicious wit of Lamb. Lamb held up to the light a friend of Wordsworth—whose only

recommendation was his admiration for the poet—that the spectators might see the philistine as he really was. Keats related the affair to one of his friends with marked displeasure.

Haydon, though a friend of Keats, does not appear to be a good authority, and is objectionable as a biographer, because he had had a disagreement with the poet. Haydon borrowed some money of Keats, and afterwards when asked for it, when the poet was in need, he was in no hurry to return the sum. The poet complained to one of his friends of this negligence. Bad feeling was the result for some time, but the poet's good nature soon overcame him, and they were reconciled.

Haydon himself is represented to us best in his own words as one who "always rose up from his knees with refreshed fury and iron-clenched firmness, a crystal piety of feeling that sent him streaming on with repulsive power of life." He was wont to preach to his friends while he lived, perhaps, on their bounty. Haydon was a vain man who earnestly thought that he was destined to make England the mistress also of the art of painting.

Arnold tells us, on Haydon's authority, that "once for six weeks together Keats was hardly ever sober." Cowden Clarke, who certainly was better and longer acquainted than Haydon, refutes this calumny, and says that during all the time that he himself had lived with the poet on the closest intimacy, the latter had never been known to buy even a bottle of claret. There is also the story that Keats was so far gone in sensual excitement as "to put cayenne pepper on his tongue before taking his claret, to enjoy the full benefit of the sensation." Clarke calls the charge a "mean-spirited trumpery twaddle." He says that Haydon's detraction is all the more odious that its victim could not contradict the charge. Charles Brown, who had attended on Keats and encouraged him before the poet's trip to Italy, where he died, makes a remark casually, that is all the more valuable because so made. Keats came to his house late one night in a state that looked like fierce intoxication. "Such a state," Brown says, "I knew to be impossible." Keats rode that day on the outside of a coach, and had fallen into a great fever. He went to bed, and as he lay down, coughed up some blood. He called for a candle, and after he had examined the drop, he said to his friend with calmness: "I know the color of that blood, it is arterial blood; that drop is my death-warrant—I must die."

In Memoriam E. S.

D. A. W. N.

WHEN souls like his rise up and leave  
This earth's dark prison place,  
'Tis foolishness to grieve.

Or, think thou, does he life regret,  
And would return if God should let  
His feet their steps retrace?

'Tis He who ends this banishment;  
And by an angel hand has sent  
A merciful reprieve.

Father Sorin.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

There is no need disputing, in fact, it is seen and acknowledged by the whole world today, that the United States has made more progress in civilization since she began to be a nation than the rest of the world had done for many centuries before. This has reference to economical advance especially, which, of course, means a great deal, since happiness depends on intellectuality, and intellectuality itself on environments of time, place and means. We talk very much of the men that thus advanced us, and deservedly too; we revere the memory of Washington—in fact, almost worship at his shrine—who freed us from the Lion's grasp and made us a free people; we recount the marvelous progress done in science and inventions, and extol the discoverers; but little, at the least not enough, is thought of those that raise us to a more immediate, closer union with our Maker.

That the advocates of education and religion ought to lay claim to our attention there is no doubt; and Father Sorin one of the first. Here was a man that knew the value of education in raising his fellow-man from the mire of materialism to make him what he was destined to be—a masterpiece of God. Father Sorin's whole life was to be one of assistance, not, indeed, in the turmoil attending the accumulation of wealth; not in communion with the statesmen of the nation, but in the nobler, more elevated station of preparing subjects for the better enhancement of their country's welfare in trade, politics, and above all, religion.

The tree is known by its fruit, and it is thus we best know Father Sorin. While he himself flourished he cast not a too brilliant glow

around him, yet modestly observed the precept of not putting his "light under a bushel." Great men, after they are gone, become better known and appreciated. A man's merit, moreover, is to be estimated not so much by the work achieved as by the difficulties overcome in achieving it. Here we enter on a large field with respect to Father Sorin. Think of a young man, just ordained, yet without the aid of experience, and unaccustomed to the winds of a weary world, setting out for a new land, not a land, but a wilderness; think of the hardships then of an ocean voyage, and again of the journey from New York to Vincennes, Indiana, that took fifteen days.

On the eighth of August, 1841, Father Sorin with three Brothers set sail from Havre. "That they were poor in the world's goods," the account goes on; "we may know from the circumstance that they came as steerage, not as cabin passengers." On the thirteenth of September they landed in New York. What must have been their joy on seeing for the first time the strange land which they had come so far in search of over land and sea! By special permission Father Sorin was allowed to come ashore that evening, and he had the happiness to say his first Mass in America the next day, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Of this happy coincidence he wrote the same day: "What a joy for a poor priest of the Holy Cross, who loves nothing more in the world than the Cross, to be able to say his first Mass in America on the feast of the Exaltation of that sacred symbol."

Father Sorin's first act on landing was to fall prostrate on the ground and embrace it "as a sign of adoption, and at the same time of profound gratitude to God for the blessing of a prosperous voyage." After a rest of three days in New York the little company set out for Vincennes. Here as on ship-board to save expenses they chose the slower route, and were fifteen days in reaching their destination. Bishop Hailandière, who had sent for them, had several places in view for the location of the society, but Father Sorin selected St. Peter's, a missionary station twenty-seven miles east of Vincennes. Here the little band began to improve and increase, and before a year everything was so well fitted that Father Sorin thought it necessary to build a college. To his surprise and regret, however, his project was opposed by the bishop who deemed it more fitting that Father Sorin and his companions devote themselves to primary educa-

tion alone. Besides there was a Catholic college already at Vincennes. So when Father Sorin saw his project unavailing he gladly accepted from the bishop the offer of a tract of land on the St. Joseph River near Lake Michigan, on condition, however, that he should erect a college there within two years.

This was Father Sorin's first change in America, and it was destined to be his last. On the 16th of November, 1842, seven Brothers with their Superior set out from St. Peter's for the St. Joseph, reaching the ice-bound shore of St. Mary's Lake on the twenty-sixth of November. Here was to be their future abode. Such in brief is the history of Father Sorin and his little band of Brothers, from the time they left France till they first laid foot on Notre Dame, and simple as it is we see in it a prospect of the great work they have left behind.

Think of a young priest with prospects of a brilliant career before him in his own country, who leaves that home to cast himself into the arms of an uncertain and gloomy future! Leaving one's native country is itself a sacrifice greater than anyone that has never felt the pang of exile can imagine; but leaving it with uncertain hopes of one's welfare in the future, what must it be! The companions we played with in our youth and the churches we prayed in have ever an attractive charm for us; and the fields we roamed through and the brooks we waded, on them we love to cast the last glimpse in this life. All these natural attachments Father Sorin put aside, and made America the land of his adoption the moment he entered it. "From the very moment he landed on our shores," said Archbishop Ireland on the day of Father Sorin's Golden Jubilee, "he ceased to be a foreigner. At once he was an American, heart and soul as to the manor born."

That Father Sorin was an American, a true American, the work he left behind clearly testifies. Not content, moreover, with being a true, patriotic citizen himself, he encouraged and inspired his sons and daughters with the same zeal. We have a proof of this from the civil war. Who that knows of a Father Corby, a Father Cooney, and a Sister M. Angela but at once sees in them the spirit of their saintly Father? And not on the field of battle alone, but wherever you meet a son or daughter of the Holy Cross you at once see in them the outflow of that nobility and true patriotism instilled into them at Notre Dame.

I said that the merit of a workman depends on the difficulty he overcomes, the sacrifice he makes. So it is; and surely Father Sorin merits infinite praise. The first night the little band arrived at Notre Dame they found the house there before them too small, and so they had to go back to South Bend. Next day they came back and established themselves better. That it was but a very little better can be inferred from a letter written by Father Sorin at that time:

"I am tempted to complain that our Lord sends me no other suffering except to see my dear children suffer around me, without usually the power to assist them. Lately one of our good Brothers had his foot frozen, and another, one of his toes. I had just fifty cents, sufficient perhaps to permit me to show that I was not altogether insensible to their sufferings. But as each one understands his mission all are happy and contented. See herein what grace can do! We have at present but one bed, and they insist that I should take it. They themselves sleep on the floor."

Heroism like this arouses wonder. Were we to hear of such sufferings for God's honor even in distant lands, would we not wish to visit those places, and kiss the ground trodden by those great and holy martyrs? Truly, Notre Dame ought to be a hallowed spot; and the progress of the present is but the fruit of past sufferings, just as the blood of martyrs was but the seed of Christians in the far East.

We see then with what courage and hope in divine aid Father Sorin surmounted difficulties, and in this we have the secret of his success. Great faith, and above all boundless confidence in the Mother of God, were especially marked in him. All during his life, when circumstances against him seemed overwhelming, when his horses were threatened to be taken from the plough by his creditors, he had recourse to Mary, and she heard his prayers. On his trip to Europe in 1875, when the ship was disabled and left to the mercy of the waves and weather, Father Sorin had recourse to Mary. He organized among half a dozen of his companions on board a devotion of one thousand Hail Mary's to be said daily in her honor. Writing of this voyage he says: "Very few men or women know how much they can bear. May the love of duty give us all the same endurance which necessity sometimes imposes. There is a pleasure in remembering past trials that have tested and revealed the heart. It seems to me that I have commenced here to know and to love

our Blessed Mother. The daily recital of the thousand Hail Mary's, accompanied with meditation on the invocations of her Litany has proved to me a source of unspeakable consolation and joy."

Here again the words truly reveal the man. "Very few men or women," he says, "know how much they can bear." Undoubtedly, he at least did not know it, nor did he care to know it. In all his undertakings self was considered only in so far as it had to co-operate with graces and blessings from on high. Every calamity was but a step to another greater one, till at last when his end was near, and the top had been gained, he could behold the wrecks of former years covered over with edifices imposing and grand—the ideal of his life here. Longfellow expresses a thought that seems to me could well be applied to Father Sorin:

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, standing on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

Yes, Father Sorin did attain to something noble,—not indeed in character, for he was always noble, but as a result of ceaseless toil. The fire of '79 was enough to make the greatest hero bend his head, yet Father Sorin had recourse again to Mary, and before the end of another year there arose even a stronger, fairer, nobler Notre Dame than that which had past away in the flames of the preceding April.

What was noticed in him more marked was childlike simplicity. Nowhere did he show this more than in his dealings with his Minims, the "princes," as he called them. He loved to be among the little lads, and they loved to have him among them. Truly, Father Sorin well followed the Gospel maxim: "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

I had the happiness of seeing Father Sorin before he died, and his face I shall never forget. His countenance bore all the marks of a peaceful heart within. It did not indeed indicate satisfaction with himself, but it was free of that rugged sternness that is the result of worry over past trials, showing that his every motive rested in God. Death did not change his features.

The day of his burial I heard it said that Father Sorin could do just as much in death as he did while living. Truly the surmise was a happy one, as it has since proved true. Notre Dame never advanced so rapidly nor so well as she has done since Father Sorin's death.

## Varsity Verse.

## WITH THE ANGELS.

**A**NGEL of Life with your wings all in glory  
 Bearing the banner of harmony on,  
 Grand is your mission in song and in story,  
 Well have you known the great actions that won.

Spirit of Love that appears in the morning  
 And ever grows brighter as life passes on,  
 So sure is your presence in joy and in mourning  
 That no mortal can live without resting thereon.

Spirit of Rest when the day's work is over,  
 And trouble shall shade your pale brow with a sigh,  
 May the angels of Love and of Memory hover  
 To hold in true holiness all that pass by.

Angel of Sleep when our eyelids are heavy  
 And our souls love to wander in regions unknown,  
 May the Angel of Peace bear us all in his levy,  
 And place us among the dear friends of our own.

P. J. D.

## EARTH'S PLEASURES.

Man labors to be great, and yet he knows  
 Upon the highest hill the north-wind blows.  
 He'd wish to be esteemed and loved by folks,  
 Yet lightning soonest strikes the higher oaks.  
 He loves to be considered fair, and yet,  
 Is not the moon, fair orb, in clouds oft set?  
 And why be wise? We e'er suspect the fox,  
 Yet none will look for craft in th'ass's box.  
 Why hope or pray to be on earth so long?  
 The bird with shortest life hath sweetest song.  
 Honor and fame, beauty, rank and birth  
 Are but the gilded baubles of the earth.

W. H. T.

## A CONUNDRUM.

Many times I'm thinking now  
 About the way vacation went,  
 Regretful that the time was short  
 Youth's days are sweetest when they're spent.  
 May I not ask what word now rests  
 Amid your heart—beyond the rind?  
 You'll think perhaps I'm pertinent—but  
 Zeal seldom follows in the wind—  
 Each ask himself what name he'll find.

ABSOLM.

## INDIANA WEATHER.

At the early break of day  
 The sun is brightly shining,  
 No snow lies on the lea,  
 No wintry blasts are whining.

Before the curfew's toll  
 A rain begins to fall,  
 The thunder bolts to roll  
 And the winds commence to squall.

At night the air is freezing,  
 The chilly blasts are still,  
 The fall of rain is ceasing,  
 But snow falls on the hill.

W. J. O'C.

## An Irish Wake.

JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

It is customary in Ireland for the neighbors to visit the house of a deceased person and sit up a night, or at least a portion of it, with the corpse, and in accordance with this custom I set out to Tom Flynn's wake. It happened to be near the banks of the Shannon in the County of Roscommon. Reverence for Tom's shade was not the only motive that urged me to go,—I wanted to see what was going on, and also to learn how Tom looked on the boards; for in his old age his limbs had become so stiff that when he walked he looked like a man half sitting and half standing.

The November night was beautiful, except that a sharp breeze blowing from the north-east indicated a heavy frost. The moon was in her full splendor, and countless stars were blinking in the sky. All things were silent except the dogs that barked continually at those going to the wake.

The house was on the side of a hill, about forty rods from the main road, up to which led a winding lane. At the gable ends of this one-story dwelling stood two poplar trees, while a row of white ash and a few beech trees towered above the thatched roof. The interior of the house was divided into three apartments—a sleeping room at each end and a large kitchen in the middle. This kitchen was crowded with visitors of both sexes. There were no unmarried women, however, because the bishop of the diocese had forbidden them to go to any wake except that of a near relative.

As the people sat on chairs and benches facing the corpse, they smoked new chalk pipes and talked on many subjects. Stretched on a long table by the wall, with pale, shaven face, and shrouded in a white habit, lay the remains of Tom. In laying him out it was found necessary to adopt some means to keep down his knees. This too was in accordance with the Irish custom of leaving nothing undone to give a corpse as trim an appearance as possible; but he looked as if he were not resting comfortably.

As the undertaker knew that Tom was then insensible to all pain, in the body at least, he had stretched a hard hemp rope across the knees, and tied it tightly under the table. He then covered him with another shroud, so that



no one saw the rope, and everyone said that Tom was a "beautiful corpse." At the four corners of the table wax candles were burning in big brass candlesticks, and as the people came in they knelt down to say a short prayer. I chanced to be sitting near two farmers, Jack Davis and Owen McGill, who were engaged in recalling past events.

"Yes," said Jack, "this life is very short when you think about it. Only that we see a dead neighbor now and thin, sure we'd never think o' death. But Tom Flynn—there was a man for you—"

Here he was interrupted by Owen who said:

"Indeed you don't need to tell me, I know it well enough. He never missed Mass in his life; and since he began to walk with a stick he wint to his duty every week—God rest his sowl for it! Th'only failin' he had—if you'd call it a failin'—was that he took a dhrop now and thin. He was what you might call a rale good-hearted, honest neighbor. If he only met you in town he'd tear the sleeve o' your coat or make you dhrink with him. No one can say black was white to him. And talk about bein' dacint, no one heard the priest read his name at Christmas or Easter for less than a crown; and when the priest's min came round for oats he didn't give them the worst shaves aither—"

"Yes," said Jack, "and didn't God give him enough? He never was without his own milk and butter, and whin the neighbor's cows wint dhry he gave them buttermilk. He used to say 'twas a sin to give milk to the pigs as long as Christians were in need of it."

Here a basket of pipes filled with tobacco was passed around, and in a few moments a cloud of thick smoke rose to the rafters, curling around the flitches of bacon there suspended. Presently three dignified looking men came in, and after kneeling a short time beside the corpse, arose and read aloud the office for the dead. When that was over, tea was served to us, and everyone felt in better mood. Pipes were again lighted around the blazing hearth, and although it was then the second crow of the cock, no one thought of going home, but felt in conscience bound to remain till morning. It was not long, however, until the pipes went round again, and these were followed by a small glass of whiskey to each. The pötheen furnished our acquaintances with a new subject of discussion.

"That whiskey isn't the best," said Jack, when he recovered his breath after a few short coughs, "or else 'twould go down aiser."

"Bedad! I don't think 'tis whiskey at all," said Owen, "but a mixture of water an' red pepper. There might be a little o' the genuine stuff in it so as to plaise the nose an' th'eye, but 'tis dang little."

"There isn't even that in it," said Jack, "because there's no rale stuff made no more; nor wasn't since the red jackets—bad luck to them!—came roun' an' tuk away every still they could lay their hands on. But afther they scoured the whole counthry sarchin', Jemmy White tuk his up out o' the pit where he hid it, an' wint on makin' the pötheen as if nothin' had happened. They say that was the stuff, though! 'Twould go down like new milk, an' you'd think you were another man altogether afther one glass. He got caught in the long run, anyhow, an' spint a year in jail, besides losin' all he made, an' the still too. When he came out he was like—"

At this point in the conversation, when all eyes were turned to him, Jack was interrupted by the sudden springing up of the dead man's knees. He saw the people rushing for the door with screams, and he followed their example. The door was not able to accommodate so many at the same time, and so the weakest went under. Some thought the door too far and jumped through the windows. All that escaped injury ran home breathless, the hair standing straight on their heads. They aroused those that were sleeping quietly in bed, and frightened them almost to death by telling them that Tom Flynn rose up off the table and cleared the whole house for himself.

There was no more sleep in the village that night, but when daylight came, some of the bravest of those that ran home mustered up courage enough to go back in order to satisfy themselves as to whether Tom had really come to life again or not. They knew that a spirit could not harm them in the daytime; but lest their case might be an exception, they took a few bottles of holy water along. When they reached the house they found order restored, and Tom as dead as he could be on the table, but with his knees in a much higher plane than that of his head. They also found out from an eye-witness that a wild lad of the village was seen creeping from under the table with a butcher knife. The lad afterward confessed the crime, saying that a certain fellow bribed him with tobacco to cut the rope that held down the knees of the corpse. All apprehension of Tom's coming back to life was thus removed, and he was laid to rest the next day.

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—Yesterday Notre Dame celebrated Founder's day. In the fifty-fourth year of her career, famous, progressive, honored among the schools of the land, and advancing steadily to a higher standard of excellence in all departments, our great University stops to spend one day in honor of him that laid the first foundations of her greatness, in honor of him who first dreamed of the limitless possibilities and the wondrous achievements to be wrought by a Catholic university. Into the wilderness he came to start his great work. Here he remained until the wilderness was cleared away and he reaped the first rewards of seeing his dreams and hopes realized. Working against odds and difficulties, working in trouble and self-sacrifice, he saw the University grow from the unpretentious log-hut into a well-organized and well-conducted seat of learning. Then, as it appears to us now, in order to make his accomplishment greater, and to make the noble worth of the man better known, in a sad hour he saw all the fruits of his labor destroyed in the ravaging fire of 1879. This was the flame that tried the metal of the man. Nothing disheartened, he began with new zeal and confidence to rebuild what had been destroyed. His stern determination in the cause, his unflinching courage and ambition, brought willing hands to his assistance, and it was not long

until the construction of the present buildings was under fair headway. A few years more and the world saw the new Notre Dame growing with more progress and strength than the former school had. Directing her course, "the greatest man that Notre Dame has ever known," advanced the work and put into it all the energy of his own progressive soul. Today, while his remains rest on the brow of St. Joseph's Lake, he is grander and nobler to us than when he walked among us encouraging and giving counsel. His spirit is still in the work that is being done. And in all her progress and grandeur, in her onward march to the realization of his dreams, and even beyond them, in the fullness of her glory when she has reached the high place which is destined to be hers, and to which she is steadily moving, Notre Dame will be a reflection of the courage, the energy, the ability, the confidence, love and patriotism of one man; all her achievements and successes will be but a monument on which is written the name of Father Edward Sorin.

—These have been gala days at St. Mary's Academy, and our sister institution, catching the spirit of many of the large cities, has been having celebrations to equal a fall festival. The occasion was the biennial meeting of the Alumnae Association. From various points of the country graduates of other years came back to greet comrades, exchange welcomes with classmates and show to their *Alma Mater* that fine appreciation and love that only ladies can feel. Those in charge of the Academy, with the same interest in the alumnae that they had when they were students there, turned the institution over to their hands, and bade them make merry and renew the old friendships formed in girlhood days. An elaborate banquet was spread before them on Wednesday evening. The tasteful decorations of the dining hall were remarked by all to be the finest they had ever seen. The Sisters had left nothing undone to make the occasion as pleasant as possible. The members all took up the spirit shown by their former teachers, and seemed to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent. Saint Mary's alumnae is certainly a banner association, and their loyalty to their *Alma Mater* and to each other is a proof of the wholesome education and sound principles that are imparted at the Academy. The meeting lasted from Tuesday until Friday morning, and was a marked success in every respect.

## An Alumnus Shows Appreciation of his Alma Mater.

An alumnus of Notre Dame has come to the aid of the athletic association and enriched it in so generous a manner as to make glad the hearts of all its members, and more particularly those of the managers. Mr. Warren A. Cartier (C. E., '87) is the gentleman, and his donation is the new enclosed athletic grounds, very properly named Cartier Field in honor of the donor.

In late years it became evident to the Faculty and students of the University, that the old system of conducting sports on an open field was wholly unsatisfactory. It threw the whole burden of supporting our teams chiefly on that portion of the student body that resides in Brownson and Sorin Halls. Even among these there were many fellows that were present at all games without ever giving a cent toward defraying expenses. Generous support from the Faculty was all that saved the association from going into bankruptcy.

Since our teams have builded up so well in the last half decade of years, the number of our games is tenfold greater than it was only a few years back. This, of course, raised the expenses very materially. In 1897 letters were sent to various members of the alumni, asking them to help the boys along, but the looked-for and much-desired assistance never came. Whether the men addressed in these letters had cracked ice in their shoes or wore cold water bags around their necks is a matter of

conjecture. It is a fact, however, that their college loyalty seemed frosted in some way, for the contributions received were not sufficient to pay for the posting of the letters.

So matters ran along until the close of the last scholastic year when it was decided to have an enclosed field, so that those, at least, that saw the games could be made to stand their share of the current expenses. As soon

as this plan was adopted a letter was sent to Mr. Cartier asking if he could lend any assistance toward purchasing the land and putting a fence around it. An answer soon came from him that he would not only aid, but that he himself would buy the land and furnish the material for the fence and grand stand besides. So open-hearted a response wasn't looked for; and coming in the nature of a surprise made it all the more acceptable. True to his word, Mr. Cartier for-



warded to the University a check for money enough to buy the ten acres of land just across the street to the east of Brownson campus. As soon as the land had been purchased he sent the deed for it with signatures of himself and his wife. Since that time lumber from his own yards has been shipped here; the fence is nearly built, and work on the grand stand will soon be commenced. When all is completed the field promises to excel any other athletic grounds in the West. The gridiron and baseball diamond will occupy the centre, leaving

plenty of room around the outside for the running and bicycle tracks.

Mr. Warren A. Cartier, the donor, is engaged in the lumber business at Ludington, Mich. He is a member of the Cartier Lumber Co., and also of the firm of Rath and Cartier. He was born in Manistee, January 12, 1866, came to Notre Dame in the early eighties and was graduated in 1887. The following year he was married to Miss Kate Dempsey of Madison, Wis. His father, Mr. A. E. Cartier, was born in Canada in 1836 and came to Manistee in 1859. In 1877 he began business in Ludington, Mich., where he and his son are at present engaged.

Mr. Cartier has been eminently successful in his business career, and by his close attention and careful methods has acquired a competent fortune. He is highly respected by his fellow-townsmen for his abilities and for his genial character. At the last municipal election in Ludington he was chosen mayor of the city. His admirers are now talking of making him a candidate for higher offices and putting him in the legislative halls of the state. Should Mr. Cartier decide to accept a nomination on the state ticket his friends at Notre Dame would wish him all success, and feel safe that he would be an able representative of the people.

A letter of formal acceptance of the new athletic field nicely illuminated and placed on parchment, will be sent to Mr. Cartier this week by our Reverend President Morrissey in behalf

of students and Faculty. The formal opening of the grounds will occur next spring with games and contests to excel anything in the athletic history of Notre Dame. It is expected that Mr. Cartier will be here on that occasion.

Now that Mr. Cartier has come forward in so noble a manner toward helping his old *Alma Mater* to be at the front in athletic circles, the SCHOLASTIC suggests that other members of the alumni, who can easily do so, should follow his example. The tracks have to be laid in the new grounds, and much grading will be

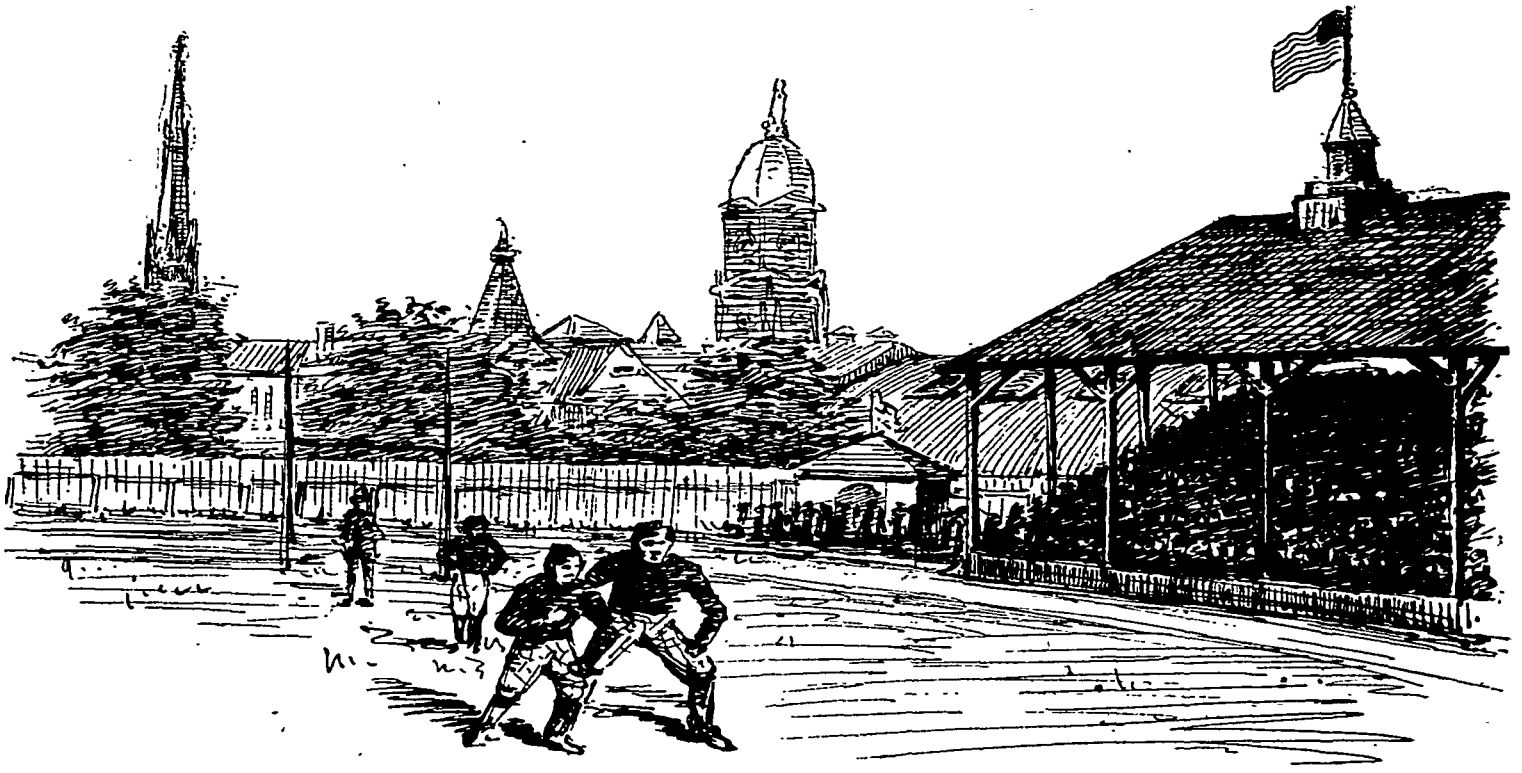
necessary to level the baseball and football field. If some one or more persons will please step to the front with only a small portion of such generosity as Mr. Cartier has shown, and help the association to put the field in proper condition, he, or they, together with the founder of Cartier Field, will have the everlasting gratitude of all that are interested in Notre Dame athletics. Though somewhat soft, the grounds are in fairly good condition to allow the games of



MRS. WARREN A. CARTIER.

football scheduled for this season to be played on them. Before next spring, however, there will be much work required to have the baseball field in shape. Most important of all the work to be done, is the building of the track. Notre Dame will have an aggregation of fast sprinters to put out next season, and runners, hurdlers and bicycle riders that may smash the Western records. Chance is now open to donate the track; who will be the first to accept it?

HENRY PECK.



THE NEW ATHLETIC FIELD.

Personals.

—Mr. Albert Fuchs of Chicago spent last Sunday visiting his sons in St. Edward's Hall.

—Rev. G. Schramm of Laporte and Rev. John DeGroot spent Saint Edward's Day at the University.

—Mrs. Atkinson and daughter of Chicago were the guests of Mr. John Atkinson of Corby Hall last week.

—Mrs. L. C. Roodman of East Aurora, Ill., spent Monday and Tuesday visiting her son Mr. D. C. Roodman of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Andrew Blais of Glen View, Ill., was a recent visitor at Notre Dame. He was accompanied by his son, whom he entered in Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. James Clancy of Buffalo, N. Y., was a recent visitor at Notre Dame. She was accompanied by her son whom she entered in St. Edward's Hall.

—Father Johannes of St. Mary's Church, South Bend, accompanied by Rev. Godfrey, C. S. S. P., and Rev. Louis Muensch, called on friends last Wednesday.

—A distinguished caller at the University last week was Señor C. Busave y del Castillo Negrete of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. He is sent from the chamber of commerce in his city as a representative to the Philadelphia exhibition.

—The Rev. Denis A. Tighe, the esteemed Rector of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, was a guest of President Morrissey this week. The Rev. Thomas E. Judge from the same church also paid us a visit. Father Judge addressed the Alumnae Reunion at St. Mary's Academy Thursday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. Hayes were among the

recent visitors to the University. Mr. Hayes graduated in the Class of '72; Mrs. Hayes was a graduate of St. Mary's Academy in the Class of '74, and has been attending the reunion of graduates at her *Alma Mater*. This is the first time in many years that Mr. Hayes has been able to pay us a visit. We hope to see him here again very soon.

—We clip the following from the South Bend paper:

Mr. Rolland F. DuComb of this city and Miss Hattie E. Palmer of Centre Township, this County, were married Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at their newly fitted home at 707 South Michigan street in the presence of a few friends. The bride is the daughter of W. H. Palmer of Centre Township, and the groom is an attorney in this city. The couple has a host of friends who extend best wishes for their future life.

The SCHOLASTIC also extends best wishes to Mr. DuComb. He was a student in our Law School last year.

—Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh (A. B., '97), accompanied by his mother and sister Mildred, came down from Chicago to spend Founder's Day with old friends at the University. Mr. Cavanagh, better known during his student days as "Tomaso," was one of the most popular students that ever finished a course at Notre Dame. His original and plentiful wit always made him the central figure at all meetings of the famous "Night Owl" club, an organization that existed in the good old days, when the Sorin Hall smoking-room was the scene of comic operas, vitascopic exhibitions, and everything in the theatrical line from variety shows to Shaksperian productions. He was president of the '97 Class, and after graduation entered the Harvard Law School. He is engaged at present in business at his home in Chicago.

## Local Items.

—More promising candidates are showing up for the track team every day.

—Look out for a glorious celebration next Wednesday night if the Varsity succeeds in downing Michigan.

—During military drill is the time most babies try to amuse themselves by doing everything the wrong way.

—Moxley (as a pitcher of water fell on his head): "I was beginning to think this a very dry place, but now I have a different opinion."

—The Varsity will play Michigan at Ann Arbor next Wednesday. They will bring home the first victory for Notre Dame won on Cook Field.

—CAMPBELL: "Have you read Spalding's 'Means and Ends of Education?'"

PICK: "No, but I've read his new football guide."

—The University band paid its compliments to St. Mary's Alumnæ Association by going over to the Academy and serenading them on Thursday afternoon.

—The indoor baseball season was opened Wednesday when George Stich's team defeated a scrub team by a score of 18 to 0. Scott's catching was a feature.

—Next week's SCHOLASTIC will contain a full account of Founder's Day field sports. They occur too late in the week to receive proper mention in this issue.

—What a fine thing it would be if our alumni would follow the example set by the graduates of St. Mary's Academy, and meet here at the University for a biennial or an annual reunion.

—The regular reporters for the various halls will be announced in the near future. We wish a man in every hall that can tell a good piece of news when he sees it and forward same to the editor's desk.

—The chimney on the new steam house is nearly complete. It is 162 feet high. One would scarcely select the top of it for a boxing arena, yet there were a few rounds pulled off up there one day last week.

—The band serenaded the different halls yesterday morning as is customary on St. Edward's Day. This accounts for the unusual amount of cigars that are to be seen in the pockets of our music-makers.

—The "Princes" are the laddies that pass away their holiday in true gala style. There was more sport and spirit among the members of St. Edward's Hall yesterday than in all the other halls put together.

—Two picked teams, captained by Reihing and Friedman, played a very interesting game of football Tuesday. "Stubie's" team defeated

the "Louies" by a score of 11 to 5. Arthur Friedman's tackling was the feature.

—The Anti-Specials have strengthened their aggregation and are practising daily for their game with Elkhart's second team, which is to be played Sunday. They defeated the 3d team of Elkhart by a score of 20-0.

—The SCHOLASTIC would like to give full account of the week's proceedings at St. Mary's Academy, but is prevented on account of lack of space and the lateness of the week when the meeting of the alumnæ was finished.

—The Law Class is the largest in the history of the University. There are only four vacant seats in the recitation room. This is an indication that our excellent system of imparting legal education is being recognized more and more.

—HIGHSTONE: "I hear they have a tunnel over at St. Mary's. What do they use that for?"

O'NEILL: "Oh! I don't know as they make any particular use of it. Guess, it was put there just to make the Chicago girls feel more at home."

—Paul Guiff of St. Joseph's Hall received a telegram Monday morning bringing the sad news of the death of his sister. Paul left immediately for his home in Fort Wayne. His many friends at the University extend their heart-felt sympathy to him and all his family.

—Without intimating that we gave you a tip, just ask Reed or "Shag" if there is any fun in walking a mile just to run upstairs, turn around at the top step, and run down again. There may be something in it, but the SCHOLASTIC reporter that was an eye-witness failed to discover it.

—The Columbian Literary and Debating Society will hold its first regular meeting next Thursday evening. At this meeting the election of officers for the ensuing term will take place. All young men of Brownson Hall who are lovers of literary or debating work should attend this meeting.

—Since the frost has made its appearance, St. Edward's Park will soon have to put aside all its beauty and get into sombre winter dress again. This park, when in good condition, such as it always is while the weather permits, is the centre of admiration from nearly all the visitors at the University.

—A very exciting game of football was played Sunday on the St. Joseph Hall campus, between a picked team from Corby Hall and the St. Joseph Specials. The score was 17 to 5 in favor of Corby Hall. The features of the afternoon were the line bucking of Gaffney, and the stealing of the flag by Funk and Myers.

—The students of Corby Hall are jubilant in anticipation of the new pianoforte that is soon to be put in the recreation room. Corby Hall has a good supply of musical talent. A

recent valuable acquisition in this line is Mr. C. Goodman from East Aurora, Ill., who has composed a number of pieces of more than ordinary merit.

—The Junior class held a meeting Tuesday night. After the election of officers the matter of caps and gowns was discussed, but no conclusion was reached. The President appointed a committee to report on the matter at a future meeting. The members voted to join cardinal with the gold and blue for class colors. The following officers were elected: President, Wm. O'Connor; Vice-President, J. Sullivan; Secretary and Treasurer, R. S. Funke; Class Poet, Anthony Brogan; Class Orator, Wm. Tierney; Historian, R. Fox.

—The next three football games after today's contest will all be hard ones and follow each other at intervals of only five days: Michigan at Ann Arbor Wednesday; five days later Indiana plays here, and then the Varsity goes to Evanston to struggle with Northwestern. Every student at the University should be on the grounds when we line up against Indiana. We must turn tables on them this season. Last year when we expected an easy victory they turned us down by the score of 12-5. This time they are coming here with a husky team and expect to beat us again, but we must exchange surprises with them, and let them bear defeat back to Bloomington.

—There was not enough enthusiasm among the students in preparing for yesterday's field sports. Matters were let run along and there was no energy put into training, or no interest aroused among the members of the various halls. With the material we have on hand we could easily have held a track and field meet yesterday that would have been of more than ordinary importance. These meets will stimulate harder work for membership on the Varsity if they are properly carried on. But if they are entered into listlessly they will work the other way. The SCHOLASTIC advocates more enthusiasm and hall spirit: give us a revival of the good old days—for 'tis no dream or old student's boast to talk of the past day as good. The banner days of athletic enthusiasm at Notre Dame were when Sorin, Brownson and Carroll Halls battled for supremacy.

—Coach Hering has given the backs a thorough shaking up since the Chicago game, and has put them through fast practice. The result is already apparent as the men get into their play faster and make formations for interference in a more approved style. He has given them a great deal of work in catching and returning punts and in blocking opposing players on a punted ball. He expects to have the men in good shape for fast playing and lots of it when they meet Michigan Wednesday next. Today they meet Lake Forest on the home field, and it is expected that we will secure an easy victory. Much more confidence

is placed in the team now than when they went to Chicago as they will play faster ball, and that was all that would have been required to defeat the Maroons. The line is impregnable, and we should take a victory from Michigan.

—Rafael Dominguez, recently of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and more recently of the Descriptive Geometry class, has been acting in a queer manner during the past few weeks. He has been known to isolate himself in his room and no one could explain his actions. It was only yesterday that he took the reporter into his confidence and explained all. Mr. Dominguez says;

"You see I have been following the progress of the automobile with keen interest, and the thought struck me that the principles of the machine could be adapted to a sleigh. My idea is to modify the 1900 model sleigh so as to have the runners curved at both ends, thus affording a track for an endless chain. The success of the machine lies in the cogs of the chain. The cogs are microscopic, but I feel confident that they will penetrate the snow or ice sufficiently deep to propel the machine. I hope to take my *muchacha* for the first ride in this *autonodustincus* as soon as snow comes." All will await the appearance of snow and the hickey with much interest.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

Scene..... Barber Shop  
Place..... Room 84

Characters.

Prop..... Hiram  
1st Barber..... Minnie  
2d Barber..... Bee  
Porter..... Runt  
Cashier..... Elsie  
Customer..... Manatt

(Barbers Minnie and Bee finishing a job on the Prop. Enter Manatt. Porter relieves him of hat, coat, and cigarette butt.)

1ST BARBER.—"You're next, Guy."

MANATT.—(scratching a two-week's growth), "I'll wait for the second barber."

2D BARBER.—"Next" (Manatt steps to the chair).

Barber.—"Hair cut, shave, or shampoo?"

MANATT.—"Shave."

(Bee applies lather very freely. As Manatt opens his mouth gives him a jab, strops the razor, and begins to shave against the grain.)

MANATT.—"Whoa! there."

BARBER.—"What's the matter?"

MANATT.—"You're not cutting a lawn."

BARBER.—"Does the razor pull?"

MANATT.—"Oh no! it just jerks them out."

BARBER.—"How is this razor?"

(Before he can reply he faints from the loss of blood. Cashier searches him and finds but three. As this is sufficient to pay for one-third of a shave he is sent along with part of his face clean.)

Curtain.

—The following is the original verse from which Mr. Rudyard Kipling paraphrased his "Bill Awkins." With apologies from the author we now make it public. There never was any title given to it, but if anything suggests itself to you while you are reading it, you may title it to suit yourself, and rest assured that no one will dispute you:

"As anybody seen McWeeney?  
Now you rooters 'ad ought to know.  
'E's coachin' our Varsity linemen,  
An' 'e won't let them be slow.  
Gawd—bless—'im—  
An' 'e won't let them be slow,

"Well now, what's 'e like, McWeeney?  
'Why 'e's stout as a bloomin' ox,  
A genial, big-hearted laddy,  
As nimble and quick as a fox,  
Gawd—bless—'im—  
As nimble 'an' quick as a fox."

"'Spouse you 'oud like fer t' meet McWeeney?  
Now I'll tell you what to do:  
Just get monkeyin' round on the gridiron  
An' you'll meet 'im darn quick, too,  
Gawd—bless—'im—  
An' you'll meet 'im darn quick, too."

"Just wait till 'e comes, McWeeney  
'An I bet this is what you'll say:  
'By ginger! he'll fix up our linemen,  
An' 'e'll make those devils play,  
Gawd—bless—'im  
An' 'e'll make those devils play."

—There is a good story going the rounds—about Leo Burg this time. The other day Leo received a mysterious parcel by express. It proved to be a photograph of an unknown (?) friend in South Bend. The reason it came by express was soon explained; for no sooner had Leo removed the wrapper than there was a series of local disturbances comparable only with the seismic shocks that weather prophets say are a sure sign that Venus has come a little nearer to our terrestrial orb. The first thing to be affected was Leo's alarm clock. After a vain endeavor to cover its face with its hands, the clock deliberately pitched itself headlong out of the window, dashing its brains out on the pavement fifty feet below. Then the big red poster representing Gesanimo hanging on the wall in No. 56, joined in the melée. After repeated and desperate efforts to choke himself with a seven-coil heat radiator, Gesanimo appeared in full war paint and feathers at Burg's door. He had blood in each eye and a four-pound Indian club in each hand. Leo saw him coming just in time to take refuge under the umbrella; but in his haste he dropped the picture on the floor. Luckily it fell face upward, and lay directly in front of Gesanimo. One look the veteran warrior gave, then uttering a wild, despairing war whoop he fell lifeless. When the "fellows" came they pulled Leo up from his hiding-place, summoned the patrol for the lamented chief, and one of them actually had the nerve to "swipe" the picture; which last-mentioned act spoils what promised to be a very interesting romance.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1899.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I arrived in New York and am still here. My primary object in coming here was to interview "Lobstah." I found that worthy busy sawing wood in the back yard and dropping cool beads of pale sweat down his manly, checkered shirt front. This sight—"Lobstah" working without a murmur—was too much for my weak nerves, and I fled. I then went in search of our old friend—George Dewey, now Admiral. George was delighted to see me and shook hands with himself. He assured me that the charges of professionalism against "Cincinnati Pete," which might debar him from the Inter-hall Meet, could be settled by a court of arbitration, and that the reception given him by the people made him tired. He hopes that the new athletic field will be a success, and that the smile on Laden's face will disappear with the first snow fall. He sends his heartfelt thanks and a bottle of hair dye to "Col. Teddy Red" Brown for his poem—"Life on Board a War Ship," which the 'Col.' expressed to him C. O. D. This concluded my interview with the Admiral, and I then started on a hunt after Sir. Thos. Lipton. I found him leaning up against a clothing dummy reading a small yellow-backed book, entitled "How to Run a Yacht," by one Lottie Collins of Beanville. Sir Thos. informed me that he would not part with it for a gold brick. He attributes his success to the reading of this same little book. Here are his own words: "One day while walking along the streets of Dublin in company with Johnnie Eggeman I found the book. I carefully perused its contents, and soon discovered that the ideas it contained, were the very opposite of what they should be. Then I built the Shamrock, and came over here expecting to find everybody following Collin's method. In this I find I am mistaken; for I have since learned that even his old friend, "Bill" Dinneen is at loggerheads with him on this account. However, now that I'm here I shall do my best to win the cup."—I assured his Lordship that Hierholzerwurst, Wurzerheim, Svensdenjon, Steele, and the rest of the best population of N. D., were with him to a man. He was deeply gratified to hear this news, and begged me to give them his heartfelt thanks. At this point he told me that it was time for him to return to his ship and scrub the decks. With this interview I wound up my business in New York. I start for Transvaal tonight, and will write you as soon as I arrive.

Yours Terrifically,

C. Z. BUG BEAR.

P. S.—George sends his love and a brass button to Rear Admiral "Boots;" Sir. Thos. his opinion of "How to Run a Yacht," to E. D. Collins and a funny picture; and "Lobstah" sends his regrets to "der hull gang," and says he's sorry he ever met them.