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NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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

VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 10, 1906.

No. 23.

Saint Thomas Aquinas.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

ANGELIC Doctor, seed in virtue sown,
Who left the world to live in Mary's shrine,
A wondrous work to thee God did assign,
And placed thee prince of truth on wisdom's throne.
Thy heart the gift of Solomon hath known,
And by a reasoning power all divine
Thou mad'st all known terrestrial science thine
To build a pyramid—of thought, not stone.

The radiance of thy mind such splendor cast
That error fled like dark before the morn;
High heaven's choice endowments to thee bent;
Thy tomes show well how wisely they were spent.
In them thou summedst the sapience of the past,
And wrote the truth for multitudes unborn.

The Doctor's Fox Hound.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

DORCHESTER was the principal town in old Ned's fish route. It lay about twenty miles from the Mississippi River where Ned got his fish; and at Dorchester Ned was sure of the sale of four or five hundred pounds of fish each week. He always camped outside of town near a creek, and every Friday morning he could be seen driving his little mules up the road with the white cover of his wagon bobbing up between the little ravines and down again like old Charon crossing the Styx.

In the crowd that was awaiting Ned's arrival one morning, was Dr. Dover. Most of the persons that were there were girls or little boys, out to get some fish for the morning meal. Dr. Dover was last to come up to the wagon. He patted the mules and passed

compliments on the condition they were in while the negro weighed the fish.

Just as he was leaving, the doctor noticed a good-looking hound lying under the wagon. He had owned one or two good dogs during his life, and upon them had established the right to say conclusively, at a first glance, whether or not a dog was any good.

"Hello, Ned!" he stopped to say. "Got a good dog here."

"Mighty good, Dr. Dover, suh," replied Ned. "He's a mighty good dog."

"Run foxes?" inquired the doctor.

"Well, now I do'no, suh; but he ought to, suh; boys hunts with 'em—he's a mighty good dog, suh."

"Would you sell him, Ned?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I do'no, suh; I guess I would; I ain't needin' no dog now, suh."

The doctor liked the dog, and as the old negro was so sure the dog had good blood in him, he gave the old man his own price "two dollars and six bits," and determined to add one more dog to the pack of hunters at Dorchester. By evening the dog had a reputation—on the doctor's talk—that would excite the envy of the best blooded hound on the chase. He was lead colored with a dim breast and one white foot. His ears were long and thin, but a little too wide, some of the hunters said. His tail was carried with the proper curve, according to the best dog critics in Dorchester; altogether his make-up was well accepted even down to the little details of how he lay down, the unconcerned look with which he regarded common rules, and above all the distance he kept his feet apart when standing and when sitting.

The negro played no part in the given history of the dog. Ned was said to have brought the dog from the river by order from

the doctor, and the doctor reported that the dog had been purchased in Kentucky, and had come from the King James family of fox hounds. The dog received the name "Blue," from his color, and the title King James II. was given him as a hereditament. "Blue, the Second King James," seemed aristocratic enough for a dog that the doctor would own, and upon this title many speculative estimates were made as to the price and real worth of Blue. The most conservative person in town, Thaddeus Demudde, commonly known as "Thad," set the price of the new blood from Kentucky at seventy-five dollars. With this as the lowest estimate on the dog's worth it is easy to imagine the anxiety that was prevalent and the eagerness that the hunters had to see King James II. make his *début* in the pack of dogs at Dorchester.

One more important characteristic was noticed in Blue late in the evening, when a straying cow chanced to draw too close to where he was taking his evening nap. This was the crowning quality of his perfection—a deep, full, I might say high, bass voice; or, better still, to use the hunter's expression, "he had a heavy loud mouth."

On Monday evening following his arrival, Blue was brought out for a hunt. Every dog that could make a creditable showing was out, making a pack of twenty-five. All eyes were on Blue as he trotted proudly behind the last brace, and the doctor told the boys that he would show them what fox hunting really was. He had not hoped to raise so much praise and excitement by his exaggerated tales, but the dog was received with such satisfaction, the doctor was convinced that the old negro did not know the real value of Blue.

When the dogs were let loose about three miles from town, not even the pups, that were being "broken in," remained behind. Blue went off with the rest, and every dog seemed to start right in to work.

The evening was damp, but the veteran dogs failed to find a trail where they usually found one, and some of the young dogs began to come back before a single hound was heard from. They were never welcomed when they returned without making a thorough search of the country; and instead of being called to the hunters, some one would jump off his horse and go to the dog to see which one it was that had given up the search. Four or five dogs had returned, and things were looking doubtful when one of the old dogs "opened"

about three miles away in a heavy piece of wood. One sharp, quick toot of the horn gave warning to the dogs that were close, and the men started off at a fast gallop to get in close range of the trails. The doctor led the party of about fifteen horsemen and Thad. Demudde followed close behind him. Thad. had hoped to hear a young dog of his make a good chase that night, but he dared not mention his hopes when Blue was to be the hero.

When they had ridden about two miles the doctor drew reins to listen. They were upon a hill that looked down upon a thick piece of timber that lay along a river. On one side of the road where they were, the wood reached up to the rail fence, and on the other stretched a prairie that was the usual path of the foxes when they were forced to leave the woods and brush. The few yelps of the hound had drawn all the dogs into that locality, and when the men stopped they could hear the dogs sniffing in the leaves, and pouncing off the fences, all eager to find reynard's cold trail. At last, Bess, one of the favorites, struck the trail and started off fast.

"Trust Bess for that," exclaimed her proud owner, "she'd find it if it's there—there's Rat and Teller with her now. Boys, it's up," he exclaimed, loudly.

"Listen, boys, now listen, listen!" cried Dr. Dover excitedly. "All keep still and I'll name them as they drop in, and we'll see when Blue hits it; I know his voice!"

All were silent. The fox had been trying to delude the dogs by playing about a herd of cattle that were browsing in the cool night air, but the dogs had pressed him close and he was forced to the prairie. The dogs soon had the trail untangled, and were off. The doctor named every dog as he dropped in, up to the sixth one—all old veterans. Then there came a sharp, uncertain yelp, and the doctor was at a loss.

"I don't know that one," he exclaimed.

"That's Lucy," cried Thad., one of my pups, the mate to young Champion."

"Buck and Hustler," cried Dover as two new voices were added to the chorus that was now coming up a ravine to the open country.

Just then a "heavy loud mouth" broke in, and before the doctor could cry "Blue," such a yell went up from the crowd of fifteen men that the voices of the dogs were drowned out. The echo rebounded along the opposite hills, and when it died, the dogs were well on the

plane, and the "heavy loud mouth" was forcing its way close to the lead. It does not take a man long to place his dogs, and Bessie's owner was proud to say she still led the pack. No attention was paid to the other dogs as they struggled into the chase—all ears were centred on the new voice, and the men remained on the hill where they were, while the dogs made a run of about five miles in a semicircle across the open country.

The fox made to the river a few miles below, came back up and tried to fool the dogs at the herd again, but was forced to the prairie a second time. When they were coming up the ravine it was plain the coarse-voiced dog was leading. Bess was close behind, and Thad. declared that Lucy was trying hard to run with the lead dog. This was figuring too close, and most of the men laughed at him; he dared to say no more.

When the dogs came on the open stretch of country they were well together, and each man silently admired the work of his own dogs. It was sweet music to the lover of the hunt. The deep-toned voice held the lead all the way across the country, and the deathly stillness in the band of hunters was broken by expressions of admiration, as the voices sank as a gentle cadence into the breaks down the river.

"I told you so! I told you so!" exclaimed the doctor.

"He's a dandy!" answered one.

"He's the best I ever heard," came another.

"He's a terror, he's a terror," continued the doctor. "I never owned any dogs but good ones, but he is the best I ever had—he is that—he is!"

"He runs mighty well," said Thad., "got a mouth just like my young Champion. Funny Lucy's right with the lead and I ain't heard from Champion!"

"Ah! your puppy couldn't be heard if he's got a mouth like Blue, that's it!" answered the doctor. "Your puppy couldn't be heard, Thad., Lucy won't hold out long. Blue will run away from her before they cross again—run right away from her!"

This piqued Thad., but he knew it could be true.

"See, Thad., it may be that's your puppy lying in the fence corner there," the doctor continued. "I never put much faith in that breed you have."

Thad. jumped off his horse quickly, fearing it might be so and ran down and dropped

on one knee to examine the sleeping dog.

"It's him, ain't it?" asked one of the boys.

The doctor laughed out—"Too bad, old man; get some good stock like mine; listen to my Kentucky dog coming up the river," and he chuckled to himself to think how he was fooling the whole crowd.

Thad. did not answer, but laughed heartily. He knew he was well repaid for the boy's taunts and the doctor's sarcasm, for he could hear his young Champion leading the pack of dogs, while Blue, the Second King James, lay quietly sleeping in the leaves.

The Truth of a Lie.

ANDREW J. SAMMON, 1900.

"Is this No. 293, Jackson Boulevard, Mrs. King's house?"

"——"

"If Dr. Harris is there please tell him to call at the drug store."

"——"

"Thank you! Good-bye!"

"When Jack Kerr heard this half of a telephone conversation in a west-side drug store during his visit last summer, he thought he would take a few more hours and visit his old friend. A short while afterward he rang the door-bell at the number mentioned.

A charming young girl answered him. As he asked to see the boarding-mistress he heard a familiar voice through the hall.

"Oh, grandma, there is some one here to see you!" said the girl.

A low-set, stout, smart little woman came quickly through the dining-room to the front door.

"Yes, this is the right place," said Jack, and the girl left immediately.

"This is Mrs. King, I believe," he said, reaching his hand.

She dropped the end of the apron she had been rolling between her hands, placed her hands on her hips, and looked up through the same large, gold-rimmed spectacles.

Twenty-five years' experience in managing a fashionable boarding house in Chicago gave this honest woman many practical lessons concerning men and things, and a business-like bearing that would become a railway president. If anything pleased her more than a full house, honest butchers and bakers, it was the thought that any of her old boarders called to see

her when they returned to Chicago. She was correct, too, when she said: "All my old boys call at 'Hotel de King' to see us when they come, and they are always welcome." Whether they had rendered to Cæsar all the things that belonged to him, whether they thought they received better accommodations elsewhere, or whether they were forced to leave town, it mattered not; they were always well received when they returned to this kind-hearted woman.

"You don't know me, Mrs. King?" continued Jack.

"Hold a bit, I do then. There, sit down. If I can't soon tell who you are, my daughter, Mrs. Colphas can, I know; she's coming in. But yes; I know you are an old boarder. You were here when poor Tom Shields died. Your room was next to his. But your name—"

Just then Mrs. Colphas entered addressing him; her mother joined her hands, looked toward the ceiling in her customary manner, praised God a few times, and said:

"That is right! That is now eight years ago, dear child; but I have never forgotten that poor young man since, nor I never will. You recall him to my memory now;" and so she went over again this incident of eight years before, which Jack remembered so distinctly.

It was the Sunday night before Easter. Tom Shields, one of her boarders, dreamt he saw a picture of hell. The scene excited him so that he woke his room-mate. The latter did not believe in any such place, and told Tom to go to sleep, that he was crazy. He slept again, and saw the vision again. This time Our Lord appeared to him, and said:

"Young man, if you do not change your ways this is your doom."

Again Tom's excitement awoke his room-mate.

He related his dream to only one of the boarders, and this man, a Mr. Touhy, said:

"You should take this as a warning, Tom; I am going to my Easter duty to-night, you had better come along."

"No," said Tom, "I'll wait till next Sunday; I'll have my new suit then."

The following Saturday morning before five o'clock, Jack Kerr was awakened by moanings in the adjoining room. Going in he found Tom Shields tossing about in his bed and calling for a doctor. Jack rang every door bell that had a doctor's sign over it, for six blocks around—to the annoyance of cross,

fuzzy-faced servant girls—but saw no doctors at that hour. Five of them called, however, about nine a. m., and none of them could tell what was wrong with the sick man.

About half-past nine Mrs. Colphas called Jack from upstairs, saying:

"I do wish you would come down and mind this fellow."

He had risen from bed and was then lying on the floor in Jack's room. Jack raised him up and asked him whether he was sick, or only fooling."

"I'm sick, Jack," he said.

"You'd better come back to your own room, then."

"All right," said Tom and these were the last words he ever spoke to anyone. He drank medicine when the doctors offered it, but he could not speak.

As no one in the house knew where his relatives lived, they sent to St. Patrick's Church for Father Reilly, with whom Tom was always a friendly visitor. He looked up at Father Reilly with tearful eyes, but what he thought or wished to say we never learned. At the priest's suggestion he took a pencil, but an attempt at writing also failed.

"His parents live in Medina, Mo.," said Father Reilly, and that afternoon his father was telegraphed to come at once. An answer came Sunday morning saying:

"Take best care of him possible; can not go, his mother very sick."

Poor Mrs. King seemed to be completely overcome by the reading of this message at the death-bed of the young man, for she left the room with a very gloomy face and rolling eyes.

Every Sunday for the past year Tom had acted as usher in the parish church, and now as the bells of Saint Patrick's Church were ringing out the Angelus for that Easter supper hour, he was drawing the last heavy breaths of his short life. At the same time, a few blocks distant, clouds of smoke and flames were climbing upwards and illuminating the whole west side. Smyth's great West Town Market, a wholesale house where he was employed, was burning to the ground, causing a panic and rush for life in the Haymarket Theatre just opposite. The brightness of the flames lit up the bedroom where Father Reilly had stood waiting in vain for a faint sign of returning consciousness to his young friend. Then he recited the prayers for a departing soul, and all was over.

In answer to their message the next morning Tom's father said:

"Ship remains by Erie express. His mother died at six last night."

At six p. m. Easter Monday a coffin was passed down through the trunk slide of the Union Depot—the last quiet exit of Tom Shields from Chicago.

But to return to Jack's visit with Mrs. King last summer. It was then six o'clock, and strange faces of men and women boarders were passing through the front hall to the dining room: Jack rose to go, when Mrs King said:

"Wait a minute, child, there is a chapter of that story that none of my boys knew then, but the thought of which grieved us to the heart."

"And what was that?"

"I saw the poor boy die, without a tongue,—but may God forgive him for it as I do."

"For what?"

"Poor Mary there knows," said her mother, and then Mrs. Colphas continued:

"Oh! it was the message about his mother that worried my poor mother so when Tom was dying. A year before—for whatever reason none of us could tell—he had some of the clerks in Smith's store send a message to our house for him, calling him home, saying that his mother was dead. Of course, we were all ready to cry for the poor fellow—my mother especially. He was away a month then, and when that other message came the day he died, we could not understand."

"No," said Mrs. King, "nor will I ever understand why a young man should tell such a lie about his mother. Bless you, child, but that apparent warning the boy had but did not take; the way he suffered and died without a word to retract that lie, has scared even an old sinner like myself! Why, I actually made my own Easter duty that year, and what's more, as that was the first time during the twenty-five years I've been in Chicago, I go to church ever since. Yes, bless you, child, that was the first death ever in my house, and still I'm sometimes glad that all my boarders, or all young men in Chicago, for that matter, are not presented with the truth of their lies under such pressing circumstances as was my poor Tom Shields of Medina, Missouri.

FAITH hides her face from the seashore
And mingles her prayers with the gale;
But Hope stands alone on the landing
And anxiously looks for a sail. P. J. D.

Varsity Verse.

CONSOLED.

I SAW a woman's footprint on the sand
Where I had landed with the raftsmen's boat.
For hours I sat; naught more than echoes sound
Upon mine ears; nor trace of woodman's hand
Appeared among those lofty pines that stand
Majestic in their forest home. I found
Anon amid the dreary, trackless swamp
Two women dwelt—a widow and her child—
Whose feet had trodden oft this barren wild
Since Audry met the foreman of the camp.
'Twas west on Lake Superior's southern beach—
A night in June. The breakers splash and roar
Where yesterday was found the drifting oar
Of one I loved.

Here kneeling, I beseech
His God. Though sinful, heavenward I reach
My hands, a suppliant at Mercy's door.
Soon fading darkness leads the morning light
Across the lake where on that lonely night
A brother loved by her and me was lost.
And all is quiet save the heart of one
Whose daily search along the shore went on
For weeks, but thinking of that form in life
She loved so well.

Such thoughts for her—his wife
To be ere months would pass—gave sorrow more
Than she could bear; and then, as oft before,
Her parents used persuasion; but they tried
In vain. "No creed can stop my love," she cried!
'I'd even go and stand with him at Mass!
But God wills not; since this has come to pass
You feel relieved. Should ever funeral bell ring out,
Ring out for him, then how this heart would swell
With love, as if in sacrament I gave
My all. Oh, God! I pray some churchyard grave
May soon contain what's left for me to love.—
I'd worship there though crosses stood above."

A month has passed; an off-land gale blew strong;
'Twas here his crew had dragged for miles along
The place where last his boat was seen—with no
Reward. Despairing they prepared to go,
But stood aghast. What is't that glittered there!
A plain band ring of gold. A silent prayer
Was murmured by those sturdy men and true,—
They were his friends for years, this faithful crew.
And now, where twilight shadows crown the dead
Of Ashland, 'neath his name on a simple cross,
How many vesper prayers has Audry said
To God for him, her loved and treasured loss?

A. S.

LIFE.

A life is but an echo in the vale
Of Time; a note of songs sung yesterday;
'Tis heard but once. Its sad, romantic tale
When once grown still, is hushed, aye, hused
for aye. P. E. C. K.

A DIFFERENCE.

If you say a man's a "crack"
He is pleased, and it's all right;
But if you say that he is "cracked"
He gets mad and wants to fight. P. J. R.

The Trials of Sam Atkinson.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1900.

The first night gang had got their "spell off," and the rollers, heaters and hookers were scattered all over the mill, or engaged in political discussions.

Old Sam Atkinson sat on a tool chest, his hands resting on his overalls and his arms stiff and propping up a body as erect as a steel rod.

"Yes," said Sam, wiping his red face with a "sweat cap," "Thurliss, Jim Ryan, Black Pat and meself were putting a fence around Qualey's pasture; we had put down miny posts whin Black Pat sez, 'Git your head close to the ground, Sam, and see if the hole's deep enough.' I, like an omadaun, got down when Black Pat, who was holdin' the post carelessly, let it slip, and—"

Just then Sam jumped to his feet as a flattened egg shell fell to the ground, and water dripped from his hair; the sheet was loaded with water and had been thrown. O'Brien was disappearing around the furnace; Sam caught a last glimpse of him, not long enough, however, to recognize him. With his lips compressed, and a hard look in his eyes, Sam started around the opposite way to cut him off.

Snobbles, known as the German pugilist, was "tending water" on the other side of the furnace. He had sounded the water tank when Sam rushed into him, full force, grabbed him by the throat, and shaking his fist before the astonished Snobbles' eyes proceeded to chastise him.

"You innocent-looking Dutchman!" he yelled tightening his grip, "this ain't the first trick you've play'd me. I've a mind to break ivery bone in your blasted body," and he brought his fist down on Snobbles' head.

Snobbles twisted and squirmed and finally broke away. He had learned to box at McGurn's court, and now fell into position; but before he could do any damage, O'Brien came between them.

Somewhat elated over the peremptory vengeance he had meted out on his enemy, Sam sat on the tool box a second time, his head cocked higher than ever.

But Snobbles was in nowise appeased by the turn things had taken, and he was determined on revenge. The morrow was the Fourth of July; he had come that night

loaded with all sizes of fire-crackers, and each had a special mission to perform. Slipping off his hobnail shoes, he stole up cautiously behind Sam, dropped a lighted small fire-cracker through a knot hole into the chest, then let a six inch cannon-cracker follow it.

At this juncture Little Micky Griffin had got Sam to resume his story, asking "for the end of it."

"Well," continued Sam, "when Black Pat dhropped the post, I lay wid as much life in me as a squashed potato. They brung me home, and me wife, thinkin' I was kilt, sint for the priest—"

But the story was never destined to be finished. Just then the smaller fire-cracker went off, and Sam stiffened up straighter than ever and glared at O'Brien. A few seconds after the cannon-cracker exploded. In an instant he was on his feet.

"It's you O'Brien—I'll fix you!" he said, as he seized a pair of tongs and started for O'Brien; but O'Brien was too nimble, and disappeared in the gloom of the rail shed.

Sam was done with that gang for the night. They wheedled and cajoled him, but he'd have none of them; besides his patience had left him. Once before they had seen him run amuck when their jokes were carried too far—then all avoided him.

To wash down his anger he started for Sheehan's dram-shop nearly a block away. A long and high heap of slag from the blast furnace cut off the mill from Sheehan's; Sam must either walk a hundred yards around this or creep over it. He was in no mood for walking; he wanted to get his "dhrop" as soon as convenient and then go back to the mill. After climbing and falling he finally scrambled to the top of the heap, but it was impossible to get down on the opposite side. The company had been carting slag away, and there was a precipitous fall of fully twenty feet. Sam approached the edge and looked down into the black space below; his thirst was exceedingly strong, yet he had not the heart to jump. When he started to retrace his steps, he could not find the place where he had climbed up. The "spell" would soon be over and his place was in the mill. Undecided he walked up and down, for this side was somewhat steep. He did not care to cry out—this would be telling his predicament to the entire mill. Muttering a prayer, he started at random down the hill, fell and rolled, and got up cursing with great fervor.

The place where Sam found himself was fully a block from the rolls. This part of the mill was pitch dark, besides his eyesight was defective. He had walked into an iron ore puddle, and was feeling his way out when an unknown person walked plump into him. To keep his footing Sam grabbed the unknown, and the unknown with a similar object in view grabbed Sam; but the iron ore being elusive, both slipped and fell.

"Is it you, Sam?" said a weak voice as the unknown arose from the puddle.

"Yes, and bad cess to you, Black Pat, why don't you keep your eyes open," responded Sam, as he stood on his feet again, the ore water dripping from all parts of his clothes.

"We must be nice looking objects now," said Black Pat; "come over to the pump and I'll wash you off."

To the pump they went. Sam stood in a large tub partly filled with water, which water Black Pat applied vigorously to him; but the iron ore instead of washing off streaked until every inch of his clothes was covered with it. Before Sam could apply the same remedy to Black Pat the whistle blew for the first gang to resume work.

With his hobnail shoes squeaking with water in them, his face streaked, and his clothes dripping, sticky and entirely covered with ore, Sam came to the rolls. O'Brien dropped his hook out of sheer laughter; Snobbles roared in Sam's ear; all the "roll hands" came over to look at him, and heaters and buggy-men screamed to roll the white-hot ingots. But the blood of Atkinson was up, and he worked on using his hook with a recklessness that made the other hookers cautious.

About midnight Smith, the boss, attracted by Sam's grotesque appearance watched him from the gloom. Sam was fighting-mad—the night half-done and his thirst not allayed in the least. From the reckless way in which he worked, Smith became convinced that Sam had taken a "drop too much," and sent an understudy to do the work in spite of Sam's earnest defence.

As haughtily as a Frenchman on parade, his supper pail tucked up under his arm, he left the mill. O'Brien did not bother him, and Snobbles was cautious enough to be out of the way, for a black wrath sat in Sam's eye. This time he did not take the chances of the slag heap in reaching Sheehan's, but walked around.

At Sheehan's he stayed until the night's

mishaps were drowned in reminiscences, and the little hours of the morning found him plodding homeward, feeling very happy.

When Black Pat was on his way from work, he stepped in at Sam's house.

"Whist!" said Mrs. Atkinson. "Don't disturb 'em. Airly this mornin' he came in over-heated. I'll make a bit of toast and tay soon—his stomach can't stand innny more."

"Yis," said Black Pat, "he stud a gud deal—" to which ambiguous remark she gave a silent yes.

Ancient Burial Rites.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

Custom rules the world; and there are customs so various, and many of them so strange to us, that we wonder at them, unconscious of the fact that at the same time our customs also are objects of wonder. Among primitive nations, superstition enters to a great degree in forming customs. The origin of these superstitions is hard to determine; but we know that young nations ascribed a personal cause to everything that they could not understand. Thus, the various mythological religions grew up, which offered an explanation to every possible phenomenon in a way so concrete that the mind of man, yet young and credulous, could easily grasp it. What wonder then that death stirred the depths of their superstitious natures! When the blooming of a flower was the origin of a long chain of explanations to ascribe a cause for its growth, we should not be surprised that the sight of a human being, full of life and activity, suddenly changing into a limp and lifeless mass, should create in them deep interest.

As a result of this interest many beliefs were formed. In fact, some of them seem to have given a charm to death—if that were possible; for, many of the semi-civilized nations regarded it not as the greatest misfortune, but as the supreme happiness. The Getæ presented the most remarkable instance of this. As Herodotus tells us, some of their customs were the reverse of ours. When a child was born among them it was a sign for great lamentation. The infant was placed in the centre of a circle formed by the relatives, who related to the unfortunate child all the miseries to be undergone in life. On the other hand when death occurred there was much

rejoicing, and the body was put in the earth with clamor and joy. This was because they believed that they were immortal, as is also shown by the fact that when a man died, his wives—for he had more than one—contended among themselves, each one claiming that she was the most beloved. Relatives and friends were often called in to decide this important question; and the happy one to whom the distinction fell, was sacrificed on the grave of her husband by her nearest relative. The other wives always felt disgraced and sad at this; for they believed that the sacrificed one of their number was happy with her lord, and would remain so throughout eternity.

A similar custom still exists in India. There, however, the women burn themselves. And burial, I am told, is not the rule among the Indians. Instead the body is exposed to putrefy, or to be devoured by vultures.

In China to-day death seems to have no terrors. M. de Hac relates an incident that shows this. He and some companions met a procession one day, and as they stepped aside to let it pass, the faces of all the Chinamen were radiant with smiles. Towards the end of the procession a coffin was borne along, and back of it, on a litter, a dying man. The eyes of the dying man seemed to feast themselves with delight on the sight of the coffin. The whole affair meant that the poor fellow was being taken home to die. The fact that the coffin was with him suggests another custom: that of buying a coffin as soon as one can afford it. The coffin in the house is always a pleasing sight to the Chinaman; and he deems it a great good fortune if he can purchase one to his taste. Hence the happiness of the dying man in the procession was due to two causes: one, that he was going home to die, and the other, that he had his coffin.

Other nations do not seem to have gone to such extremes. Most of the primitive peoples found cause for lamentation as well as for rejoicing when death visited among them. From Herodotus we learn some of the customs.

The Thracians mourned over the dead body and sacrificed animals for a long time; but when the disposal of the body either by burning or interment was going on, they relieved themselves by feasting. We know that the Jews also mixed feasting with mourning on such occasions.

When a Spartan prince died the news was spread to all parts of the state; and, in the

city, the women performed their part of the ceremony by beating on a cauldron. If a Lacedæmonian king died, Helots and Spartans were gathered about the body to the number of several thousand. These beat their breasts, exclaiming all the while that he was better than any of the preceding rulers. In case he fell in battle a representation of the body received the honor instead of the body itself.

The Scythians purified themselves after a funeral. In this respect they were like many of the ancient nations; also the Chinese, who are in extreme dread lest anyone die or any dead body be placed on their property. In many particulars, however, they resemble the Egyptians. Their custom was to convey the corpse in a carriage to the different friends and relatives of the deceased. At each of these stops those accompanying the body received refreshments; and articles of food were placed before the body also. This sort of entertainment lasted for forty days, then the body was buried, or if the more honorable way was to be chosen, it was suspended from a tree to putrefy.

The Babylonians—if we can judge from the actions of one of their queens—were capable of planning a practical joke even when the originator could not be present at the working. Queen Nitocris gave orders that her tomb should be placed over one of the principal gates of the city, and that the following words should be inscribed upon it: "If any of the sovereigns, my successors, shall be in extreme want of money, let him open my tomb and take what he may think proper. If his necessity be not great, let him forbear: the experiment will perhaps be dangerous." Her remains were left unmolested till Darius came along and saw the inscription. Then he opened the tomb; but instead of the gold he expected to get, he found only the words: "If your avarice had not been equally base and insatiable, you would not have intruded on the repose of the dead."

We know perhaps more about the Egyptian burial customs than about those of any of the ancient nations, excepting Greece and Rome. Most of us are familiar with descriptions of the mummy, ornamented and encased in crystal. The Egyptians, we know, believed in the transmigration of souls: hence, they necessarily deemed them immortal. They did not, however, let the question of judgment rest with the immortals; for they always contrived to have the funeral-procession cross

a lake, on the banks of which sat forty-two judges in a semicircle. If the judgment they pronounced were favorable, the body was given the right of sepulture, and was conveyed across the lake on the *baris*.

Before this ceremony took place, however, feasts were given, at which the body was the guest of honor. This entertainment lasted a long time. The tombs were richly ornamented and decorated with household scenes. In the pyramids—the kingly sepulchres—the decorations were most elaborate, as were also the arrangement and number of passages and rooms.

Herodotus tells us that the women of the household, when an important man died, disfigured their heads and faces with dirt, and ran about the streets shouting and lamenting. This custom, he also leads us to believe, was not peculiar to Egypt. Among the different ancient nations we find existing various customs for preparing the body for burial. The Persians enclosed the body in wax to prevent putrefaction; the Romans, Assyrians and Egyptians used honey for this purpose, and embalming was the method of the Jews. Another interesting fact is that the Nosamows buried their dead in a sitting posture. In Greece before the Trojan war, burning was in use; but after that interment became common. The Greeks, Trojans and Persians raised mounds over their dead. The best known example of this is the large mound that still exists on the plain of Plataea.

After we have examined, however, a few of the almost endless varieties of such practices, we exclaim: "What are all these elaborate rites for? Death is the same everywhere." And so it is. With his hollow eyes and bony fingers he indicates the massive palatial pyramids, and grins. He looks towards the seas, to magnificent tombs, to the humble headstone, to the arid deserts and the dense forests, and everywhere he turns his eyes and points, he grins. Everywhere lie his victims. The stones of the pyramids are mixed with dead men's bones; for we know that thousands died in the work of constructing them. Nevertheless, all have a common tomb, old earth; and all in a few years will be "uncoffined and unknown." But when Death looks into the depths of the heavens, his smile of triumph disappears.

WHY do we shudder at the past,
And seek the future all the more?
Indeed the future is the past.

Come knocking at another door. P. J. D.

Magazine Notes.

—A recent number of *Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, with its pictorial cover of the Holy Door has many things that will interest the young folk. "Harry's First Tiger" will capture the average boy, while the illustrated article on "How to Become Strong" will serve to feed the glowing ambition of the embryo athlete. Father Finn's serial, "His First and Last Appearance," is alone worth the subscription price of the paper.

—The latest in the devotional line from Benziger Bros. is the "Stations of the Cross." As the title implies it proposes three methods of making the stations. A short article on the advantages of this devotion forms a preface to the book.

—Much has been written and spoken about Dr. St. George Mivart since the publication of his recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century*. However, about the most reliable article to be found in reference to this important question appears in the March number of the *Catholic World*, and comes from the pen of Reverend James J. Fox, D. D. The article is timely, and should be read by Catholics and Protestants alike. Other articles in the same edition that should draw a fair share of attention are the papers on "The Brothers of the Christian Schools" by Max Mendel, and "The New Humanism" by Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P.

—We have taken much pleasure in reading *Harper's Bazaar* for March. The articles in the paper are all well written and are on such topics as readily attract attention. Monsignor Sebastian Martinelli contributes an article on "The Celibacy of the Priesthood" that is a very clear setting forth and an excellent justification of the practice followed by the Church in requiring chastity as a special quality in all her ministers. Hon. J. W. Bailey, Member of Congress from Texas, shows how women would fail as parliamentarians. A feature of the publication is the reproduction of Ketchell's composite photograph of the Madonna. The original was a composite photograph of the best Madonnas painted by the great masters during a period of three hundred years.

—The March number of the *Popular Science Monthly* brings a great variety of reading material and many valuable articles on current topics. The *Monthly* is one of the leading magazines of the day and is always reliable in what it publishes.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 10, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

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—The Lenten services were opened in the college church last Wednesday evening with Benediction and a short instruction from the Rev. Vice-President French.

—There is renewed enthusiasm in the debate since the close of the first set of preliminaries. There are twelve candidates left, and all are working earnestly to win a place. The second set of preliminaries will be held March 20-21, and promises to be very close.

—Notre Dame shares with the Catholic Hierarchy of America in mourning the loss of the able prelate and Archbishop of Dubuque, Most Reverend John Hennessy, D. D. Very Rev. President Morrissey left Thursday to attend the funeral.

—Mr. Edward W. Moulton, the veteran trainer and father of track athletics in the West, is now at Notre Dame to direct the work of putting Cartier Field in shape, and also to give what spare time he has to assisting Coach Engledrum in training the track men. He will remain with us until April

1, when he will go to Vanderbilt University to fill the position of coach there. Mr. Moulton is one of the most experienced men in the athletic world to-day, and his presence at Notre Dame will insure good work in the matter of laying out Cartier Field, and will no doubt be of great value toward the further development of the track men.

—In behalf of all our athletes and those that are concerned with the management of athletics at Notre Dame, the SCHOLASTIC desires to thank the old students, the various merchants of South Bend and all persons that contributed toward making to-day's meet a success. Our friends are never found wanting when we have occasion to call upon them, and their generous assistance should be highly appreciated.

—The second annual triangular indoor meet in which the Universities of Illinois, Chicago and Notre Dame compete will be held in our gymnasium this afternoon. Last year's meet is still remembered as a most interesting one, Notre Dame winning only in the last event, the broad jump. To-day's meet will be even more interesting owing to the fact that the strength of the respective teams has been shifted. Last year Chicago's sprinters and long distance runners had a comparatively easy time winning, while our field men had the same advantage over their opponents. The strength of the Illinois men was evenly distributed. This year Illinois seems to be strong in the field events and the long runs; Chicago is strong in the long runs, the hurdles and some field events, while Notre Dame depends principally on her sprinters. It is safe to predict that the points will be distributed pretty evenly all through, and if anyone wishes to pick the winning team he will have to stay until the meet is finished. Corcoran and the other short sprinters should give us a lead at the beginning, and the field men will see that it is maintained to the end. The only thing we need to assure us of a second victory is a good corps of competent rooters to keep up the enthusiasm of the competitors, and our athletes may be relied upon to respond to it in a praiseworthy manner. The relay race promises to be the most interesting event, as Chicago will try to win back from our team what prestige they lost at Milwaukee. Illinois' team is strong, and will game fight in this event

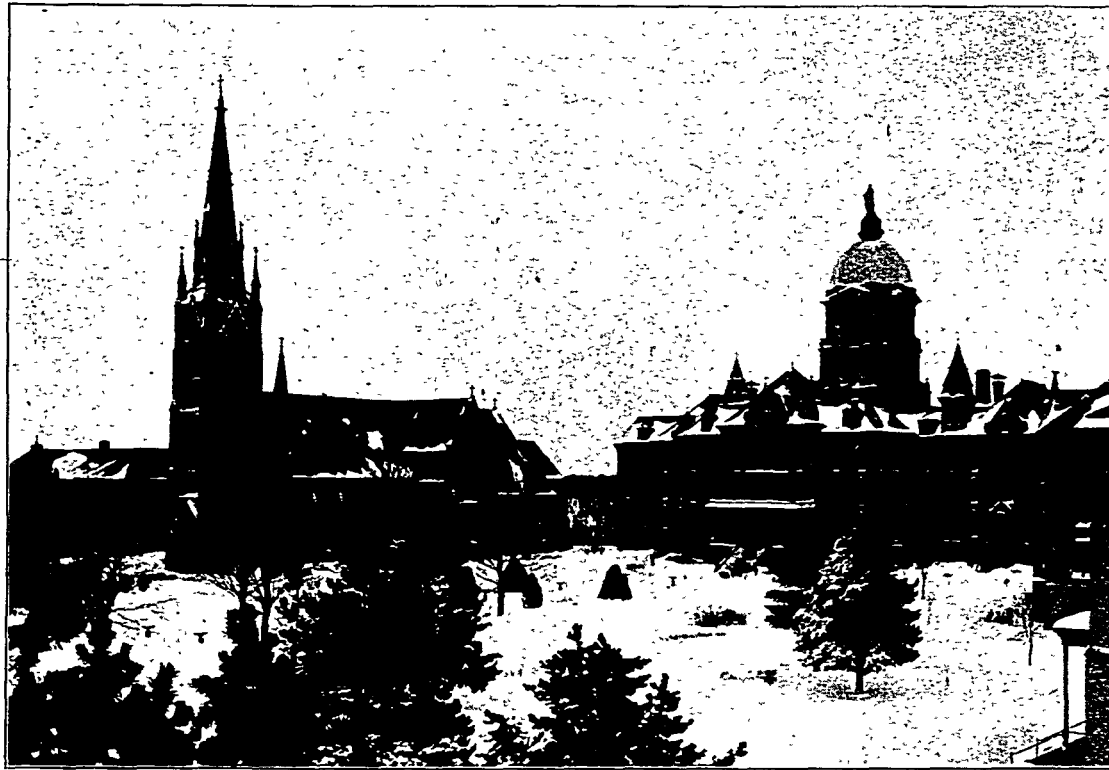
About Campus and Buildings.

"Greatest snow-storm since '56," said the short, stocky man with the curly hair and light blue eyes, as he stood on the Sorin Hall steps last Saturday morning. The short man knows too, for he has been here so long that

much snow around that mound there in the centre of the park. And just take a glance over toward the church! Some of those large vases there are nearly covered. One of the Notre Dame Hack line teams went through here a few minutes ago, and the horses were walking in snow up to their knees.

"Well, it will be great sport for the Minims and Juniors to roll about in this. I remember when I was over there and we used to—but here comes the mail. Hurry up, Brother, I'm nearly frozen. There should be a couple of letters for me to-day," he said, as the Brother squeezed through the door with the mail basket.

In order to show that "the founder" was not exaggerating more than the law allows, we present two snow scenes to



he celebrated his golden jubilee last fall, and he is a part of the history of our institution. He had his coat buttoned closely about him, and was standing with his back against the door waiting for the morning mail. "Yes," he continued, looking out over the park, "it is the greatest fall of snow we have had in this neck of the woods for many a moon. Over toward the main building, you see, the snow is nearly two feet and a half deep. In some places, as you will notice around those bushes there, it has drifted much higher. In front of us here, and looking toward Science Hall, I do not believe there is a spot that is not covered with at least twenty inches. In the last thirty years I never saw so

our readers. The upper scene represents the college church and the main building. The lower cut shows the church, and to the left of that, hidden behind the cluster of trees, is Corby Hall. The building to the south with the four turrets is Sorin Hall, the home of the graduates.

HENRY PECK.



The Championship Relay Race.

The big indoor meet held at Milwaukee last Saturday by the Central Amateur Athletic Association brought out a few surprises for the followers of track athletics in the West. Notre Dame had men entered in only three events, and she was not considered formidable in these. However, when the meet was finished it was found that our men secured two out of three first places, and these in the most important events in the meet—the seventy-five yard dash and the open relay race. It is a source of pride too, to know that our representative who won the seventy-five yard dash ran in world's record time.

The five men that represented us at Mil-



JOHN EGGEMAN, Manager.

waukee are Messrs. Corcoran, O'Shaughnessy, Herbert, Murray and Fox. Mr. Eggeman also took part in the meet, being entered in the sixteen pound shot-put event. Eggeman was badly handicapped inasmuch as he had never handled an indoor shot, and the difference between the size of that and the size of the one he had been accustomed to put him at great disadvantage.

In the seventy-five yard dash our men sprung their first surprise, Corcoran winning in world's record time over Phil Fox, last year's champion. "Ned" Fox another of our short sprinters, was also in the finals of this event, having won both trial heats and the semi-final. He lost only by a yard. Herbert won his heat in the hurdles, and but for the injury to his ankle might possibly have captured some points in the finals.

The great triumph of the evening for Notre

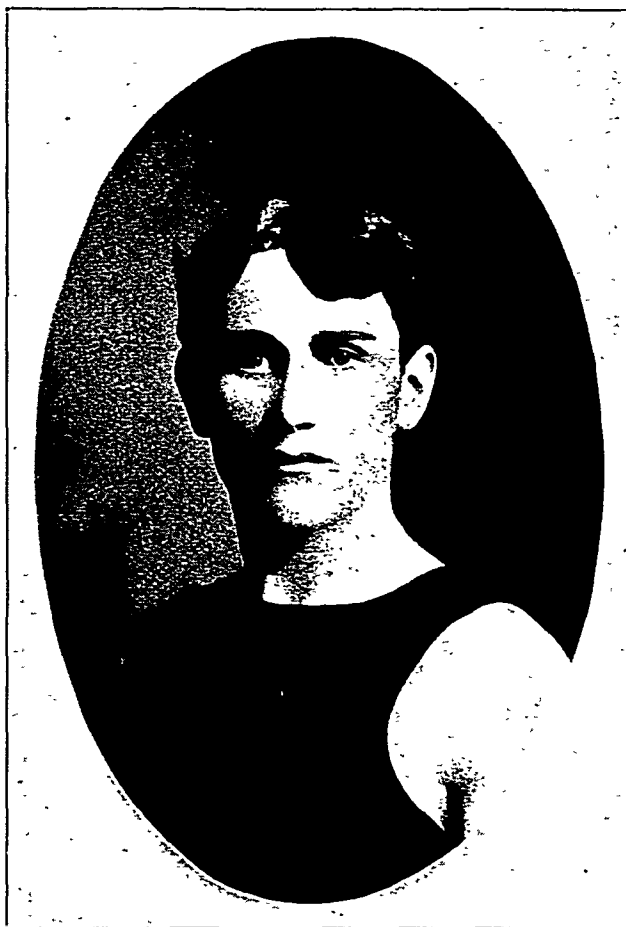
Dame was the winning of the mile relay race. Three colleges and three athletic teams were entered for this, but the contest limited down to Chicago and Notre Dame as they were far in the lead of the others. Chicago had been picked to win it, and it seemed as though everything was going her way until our fleet-footed "Cork" started to gain on Slack in the last quarter. Herbert ran the first quarter and came out a few feet behind his man. Murray gained a little, but also finished



Championship banner won by
M. J. HERBET, T. J. MURRAY,
M. O'SHAUGHNESSY, P. J. CORCORAN,
Notre Dame Relay Team.

somewhat in the rear. O'Shaughnessy held his own in the third quarter, neither gaining nor losing, so that when Slack started the last quarter for Chicago he had a lead on Corcoran. An unfortunate fall put Corcoran still farther behind so that the victory seemed sure for Chicago. "Cork" gathered himself up and started after his man at a brisk pace. The large audience was howling with enthusiasm as he drew nearer and nearer to Slack, and when he finally passed him about three feet

from the tape there was a tremendous applause. By his magnificent running in this event and his winning the seventy-five yard dash, Corcoran made himself the star of the meet, and won for Notre Dame the championship among Western relay teams for the present year. We present with this article a half-tone cut of Corcoran, acting Captain in to-day's meet, one of John Egge-man, Manager of our athletic teams, and another half-tone of the Championship banner brought home from Milwaukee. We are having plates made of the other members of the champion relay team, and will present them in next week's SCHOLASTIC. Mr. Corcoran, our champion sprinter, is spending his third year at Notre Dame and



PATRICK J. CORCORAN.

is a member of the Law Class. He has developed into a runner in the last two years. His first appearance on the track was something in the nature of a joke. At the trials for the State meet two years ago, it was found that there was only one man to run the 440. Corcoran volunteered to run with him just for the sake of competition. His pace was too fast for the regular man, and he won by about three yards. He was made a member of the team at once and taken to Indianapolis where he won second place, defeating Kennedy of Purdue, who held the state record for

that event. Careful training since that time has brought him to his present position as one of the fastest sprinters in the West.

Exchanges.

The ladies in charge of St. Mary's *Chimes* prepared a special edition of their journal for March, which they very appropriately dedicate to "Heaven's Queen," and at the same time "tender to dear Mother Annunciata, Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, sincere wishes for a happy feast." The work of the *Chimes'* editors during the past year has been such as to elicit many favorable comments from exchange editors. The last number of their paper, however, seems to excel even their best efforts in former editions. Miss Tormey's opening verse equals anything ever published in the *Chimes*, while the articles contributed by the Misses Scholl, Peyton and McCandless are well written and interesting from every point of view. The verse writers at the Academy seem to be very numerous, and their efforts in rhythmical language are invariably successful. The *Chimes* has a new department in its editorial pages called "From the Chimes' Tower" that is usually one of the best columns in the paper. The "Literary Jottings" always contain valuable information concerning recent books and publications.

The latest issue of the Purdue *Exponent* is a memorial number dedicated to Purdue's late president, James H. Smart, LL. D. The board of editors could not have given forth a more fitting tribute to the leader of their institution. Their memorial number contains a very good résumé of the life, character and work of the deceased, and it shows the high and just appreciation in which he was held by the students under his charge.

* * *

In looking over the *Purple* we find that the verse writers at Holy Cross College are doing the best work. They contribute an abundance of material, and their contributions are made up of more than mere rime and jingle of words.

* * *

The *Bulletin* devotes a few columns of its last page to a review of the athletic situation in the different colleges. It is a very good scheme, and the men in charge of this department are to be complimented for the carefulness with which they inquire into the standing of the different teams, and the fairness that prevails in all their writing.

Local Items

—Next week's literary department of the SCHOLASTIC will be entrusted to Messrs. Dwan, O'Connor, Dwyer and Byrne. The contributions of Messrs. Shiels and Ahern announced for this week will appear also.

—Mr. W. W. O'Brien, one of the students in this year's law class, tried the bar examinations for the State of Illinois last Tuesday and was successful.

—The "Preps" basket-ball team of Carroll Hall forfeited a game to the Brownsonites by failure to appear on Thursday afternoon, as per arrangement.

—"Cypher" was very conspicuous in the bulletins this period. We hope by next exams. he will take the hint and hide until after the bulletins are read.

—Some self-supposed funny men have been trying to act gay during Military Drill. If we had fewer of these men and more real students we would succeed a great deal better in all branches.

—There are two vacancies in the typewriting room in the morning hours and two more can also be taken on during the second hour on Thursday. Students wishing to take up the class should apply at once.

—Found in the wind:

Sometimes they write some clever jokes
On how the weather makes a fuss,
But it seems to me that most the time
The weather has the joke on us.

—Eighteen Carroll Hall boys, accompanied by Professor Edwards, went to Niles for a sleigh ride Thursday afternoon, which the boys enjoyed very much owing to the good management of Masters Shaw and Tuohy.

—The meet between the Minims and ex-Minims was postponed owing to the absence of "Cork." Cork has been coaching the youngsters, and they showed their appreciation of his work by this act. The meet will be held Sunday.

—The members of the Engineering Rhetoric Class are now preparing stories, the best of which are to appear in our old friend, the SCHOLASTIC. Some very good articles are promised, and we await with interest the first works of these bright young men.

—Wednesday the Seniors and Juniors met in a "rough and tumble" basket-ball game, which proved to be very interesting. The Juniors won by the score of 2 to 0. Last Saturday these two teams played a tie game. This gives the Juniors the championship of "rough and tumble" basket-ball teams.

—The Dual Track Meet between the ex-Minims and Minims, which was to take place March 11, has been postponed on account of some of the members of both teams not being

able to take part. The meet will take place March 17. As both teams have been working hard, a close contest may be looked for.

—The St. Joseph Debating Society gave all the time of its last meeting to parliamentary drills and impeachment speeches. The President was careful that all the rules of order were observed in the proceedings, and the evening was not only profitable, but thoroughly enjoyed by all the members of the society.

—The "rough and tumble" basket-ball game between the Brownsonites and Carrollites last Wednesday evening resulted in a tie. Despite the fact that the Carrollites had five or six extra men playing, the Brownsonites had the ball in their end of the hall all the time and would have won but for their poor attempts at throwing goals.

—Rev. Father Fitte, who holds the chair of Philosophy, gathered all the philosophers and logicians into the Brownson dining room last Thursday to partake of an elaborate spread in honor of the feast of Saint Thomas. The Reverend Professor makes a genial host. After the feast was finished and the boys were enjoying their cigars, they were unanimous in expressing their thanks to him for his kindness.

—Through the kindness of the genial, whole-souled Col. Patrick McGrath, X. L. M. N. Z. Q. C. C., late of the Enniskillen Fiery Dragoons, but now a peaceful and industrious citizen of this community, we are enabled to print herein a copy of a letter received by him from His Honor, Oom Paul Kruger, B. B. '67, F. B. T. '86, R. H. '99, per his fifth under-secretary, Mykeaale Oom Maak Muileagain.

(Translated: Michael McMulligan.)

Kopje No. 2, S. of Lager 6, Boerland.

Honorable, Dear and Unselfish Col:—

(Time out till I breathe.)

Chock full of trembling emotions and with a paralyzing toothache that has been playing havoc with my intellect during the past few weeks, I undertake the arduous task of writing you. It's not of my own free will I am doing it, but by order of our mutual friend, Oom Paul. He has requested me to obtain a few pointers from you, concerning chiefly the Irish Brigade under his command. But there are also a few other important questions which you must attend to. I will come to them later on.

In the first place, how are you and the other sympathizers? Is the ice still thawing on St. Joseph's Lake, or is it not? By the way, (Don't blink or get uneasy if this annoys you, as duty compels me to do my duty) what would you do if you were in my place and I was—well, was not? Answer this right out from the shoulder, no hook or such like, but plain, common-sense reasoning. Answer by return mail and give reasons for the above questions.

Now, my dear Col., allow me to enlighten you on a few subjects with which you are entirely unacquainted. I suppose you think, and all your countrymen think, that our Kopjes are strongly fortified. Well, all I can say is that you are mistaken, and that you had better quit thinking. You have been misled by those great newspapers of your country, whose correspondents are near-sighted, prevaricating mugwumps. Most of them know not the difference between a dish of mush and a Kopje. Yet you allow yourselves to be misled by them. Yes, poor, misguided, easily led and mistaken people, you have allowed yourselves to judge falsely. Do you hear me? I again repeat with clenched fist and dripping pen, soaked in ink of jet black color, and paid for, you are mistaken. Now cool down, and I will explain to you the difference between your thinks.

As I said before, you are wrong. When I read the reports in your newspapers about the strongly fortified condition of the Boers, I laugh. Can't help it. It's so ridiculous. Just to show you, this very Kopje, No. 2, which I am defending, is surrounded by three regiments. The number of defenders are four, myself and three other Boers. This is my report. Compare it with your newspaper.

Ten minutes have elapsed since I wrote the above lines, and during that time I have smoked two cigars, scratched my forehead, bitten the ends off three penholders, called you pet names, chewed all Oom P's gum, lost my temper, and still I can not recall my reason for writing you. Ah! I have it. Oom, dear boy, requested me to do so. In the largeness of his heart and the fastness of his Laager, he has decided to give a banquet to the Irish Regiment on St. Patrick's Day. He is in a dilemma as to what food-stuffs to place before them. At a gathering of his consultors and wise guys, mush, potatoes, cabbage, and clay pipes, were proposed; but after a three days' session the matter rested as before, undecided. Now, he requests that you make up a bill of fare and send on the articles. Ship them to our Kopje care of me (I'm awfully hungry), and receive thanks. The war is going on in the same monotonous, drill-droll way. The Welsh Rarebits, Captain Lefthook, captured Kopje No. 1 and six or eight Boers, with a loss of five knapsacks and four sick. This happened on Monday. Tuesday, the Highland Flingers, under command of Lord Ran Dolph Kirch-Hill, captured the same Kopje, two Boers, five clay pipes, and half a pound of chloroformed cheese. Wednesday, the Coldstream Pikers attempted to capture it, but lost their balance and fell. This is all the news I can think of at present, and so I will chop off. Be sure and send the food-stuffs. Au Revolver.

Yours unanimously,

Mykeaale Oom Maak Muleagain.

—Away down the ages in the dim years of the past there was born a man whom we now call St. Thomas. Whether it was because his name was Thomas or because he made himself famous in the sphere of hypothetical syllogisms we do not know; anyhow, our predecessors in the study of this mysterious science had recreation, a feed and a "blow out," and we concluded from the premises that the same treatment was our due. Runt and Shag were delegated a committee to do the business in regard to this recreation, etc., and it is needless to say that they returned from the awful ordeal with flying colors. A telephone message followed, and soon "Stony" came gayly up the avenue with a spanking team of four and a carryall toboggan.

The jolly philosophers were ready. They piled into the sleigh promiscuously and in a manner very unlike their usual conduct. Runt was lost in the commotion, but bobbed up serenely from under the pedal ornament of James Fogarty, lawyer, sah!

"All ready, Stony!" and away we went. Some discussion arose after we started as to where we should go, but Bill Dalton's convincing eloquence prevailed. We turned our horses toward South Bend and Mishawaka.

Father Crumley, our genial Professor, was with us and we enjoyed his company immensely. We philosophers are always glad to have Father Crumley with us on a sleigh-ride. The cheerful countenance of Father Fitte was sorely missed. He was with us in spirit, however, and we often gave three cheers for him.

The trees flew past us rapidly as the jovial crowd jingled merrily over the snow and before we expected we had reached South Bend.

"Hello! Bill," one of Dalton's friends gave the Mishawaka salute; a movement very much like that one of Bill's when he is reaching for seconds, and sauntered unconcernedly down the streets! Hello! Bill, came to us from all sides, now; and the girls in the shop windows were wearing pleasant smiles. Bill returned the salutes with his accustomed dignity, appearing utterly unconscious of the sensation his presence was creating. "Dupe" in particular noticed this. "Dupe" and Bill are rivals on some occasions. South Bend and her many attractions were left behind, and we were speeding on toward Mishawaka.

During all this time Gilfoyle had not said a word. He had been sitting in his majestic silence and surveyed the country ever since we left the college. But at this point some rude urchin cruelly plugged Gil in the collar. Runt was enjoying Gil's discomfort when a snowball collided with his spine and checked his mirth. James Fogarty received one in the ear, and Vinny Dwyer thought he had been eating nails when some one soaked him in the

ribs. Bill Dalton was indignant and disgusted. "Have yon no better sense, you young South Benders!" yelled Bill. "You ought to have better manners."

We were soon in the open country between South Bend and Mishawaka. The fellows in the other sleigh were rattling along behind, satisfied to leave South Bend and her snowball throwing urchins behind. "Dupe" was in the rear keeping himself in evidence while Toohey and the boys kept up the fun.

Hy-Lee—and some more of Dupe's favorites, when he is in good voice, came jumping toward us in large lumps. Some of the notes were missing, probably congealed by the air, but Dupe was all there.

When Dupe grew sufficiently quiet to allow us to think of other things some observant son of the lamp drew our attention to the golden dome in the distance. Immediately another brother of the same lamp unkindly suggested that this was how Bill Dalton and his fellow townsmen spent Sunday afternoon looking at the dome on the college. Bill would not get mad though we were compelled out of consideration for his title to leave him alone.

The back yards of Mishawaka then came in view and the attention of the fellows was centred in the historic old village. The tall, imposing steeples of the churches and the beautiful cobweb etchings on the windows of the First National Bank were the most noticeable things to an unskilled observer. The streets stretch out regularly before you on both sides until they break off suddenly into picturesque mud ponds and then terminate in a dearth of corn fields.

Some one, very likely Runt, was strolling leisurely down the main avenue admiring the residences and the corn when he ran upon "Cork" in distress. "Old war hoss" had gone in to make a call, but unfortunately stepped on the wrong board. Runt fished him out with a pole and hurried him back to the sleighs where we were waiting for them. No one said anything to Dalton about Corcoran's mistake, and we reached South Bend without further knocking. A good supper with Louie, a last look at the windows, and we came quietly back to the old dome and Sorin Hall well pleased with our afternoon's fun.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Advanced Christian Doctrine—G. Hanbouser, J. Toohey, W. McInerney, G. Farabaugh, J. Sekinger, E. Guerra, F. Gazzoqui, J. Ucera, E. Rodriguez. *Latin*—J. Byrne, J. Shiels, G. Marr, E. Rumley, G. Burkitt, J. Sutton. *Greek*—H. Gallagher, J. Byrne, J. M. Lilly, A. Merz, T. Crowley, J. Drachbar, F. Schwab, G. Burkitt, R. Sweeney. *Ethics*—J. McGinnis. *Philosophy*—J. P. Hayes. *Psychology*—E. Rumely. *English*—H. Gallagher,

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