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Fading Autumn.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

THE beauty of the Autumn fades again from sight,
The fields resign their bloom to sure decay,
And Fall is gone; it lingers but a day,
And then unnoticed passes in the night.
Now Winter's hosts will muster up their might
To desolate the year fast turning gray.
We grieve to see those glories glide away,
Yielding their glimmer to a stronger light.

The scattered leaves that rustle 'neath our feet
And woody aisles, their feathered tenants flown,
Mark well the reign of Autumn overthrown.
Sad his departure, but a memory sweet
He leaves in groves where still his mantle old
Rests on a cloud of russet fringed with gold.

Notes on Gaelic Legends.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, A. B., 1900.



CIVILIZATION is advancing and taste is changing. The culture of the past was simple and unadorned, that of the present is more complex and refined. The pansy in summer shoots forth its tiny bud, then spreads its petals to the noonday sun, drawing therefrom that radiance necessary for the development of those hues latent within it, till at last it ends in the flower we so much admire: so it is that civilization began simple and unshaped at first till now it lies before us rich in flavor and variety, leaving us marvelling at its origin.

Strictly speaking ours is not the only civilization in the world's existence, just as the pansy is not the first flower that blooms in

spring. Among the Greeks we have record of a refinement and culture hardly yet surpassed. Long before the Christian era, when other nations were unknown to them, they, in their fancy, were producing those masterpieces of art both in poetry, painting and sculpture that have seldom since been equalled. That the Israelites were well advanced in civilization is not to be wondered at since they were a chosen people. The civilization of Egypt, too, as well as the Greek, is a marvel; and there is yet another country, far remote from either of these, whose standard of refinement, though often questioned, was well-nigh equal to that of Greece and Egypt. This is Ireland.

How Ireland was peopled it is not necessary to discuss here; but that it had a civilization and culture long before the Christian era there is no doubt. If the movement to recover the ancient language would do no more than establish this fact more strongly, as it is doing, and show how far it had risen in the stage of progress, it would do enough. But it will do more. It will give a clue to the Celtic character so mysterious to our modern modes of analyzation; it will bring the nation into one accord in love of their motherland; it will lead them back united by the same spirit that of old spurred on their forefathers to heroism in the face of dishonor, to joy in the face of depression and to courage against defeat.

That there is nothing in the literature of the ancient Irish worth reading is a statement long discarded. It does not, of course, give many reflections on life—that strong lyrical tendency of the present—but it shows us life as it was, or what it ought to be, what was done, what was suffered, for what purpose, and what its cause. This is enough, and under the conditions we could not have more. It remains for us now to reflect on them, and see what peculiar characteristics of the race their literature portrays.

From the Fenian compositions especially we get a glimpse of what the people of Ireland then were. These consist chiefly of tales and poems relating to the Fenian warriors. The compositions of the latter are generally attributed to Ossian, the son of Fionn MacCumhal, who is said to have recited them to St. Patrick. After the glory of the Fenians had departed forever, Fionn alone survived. The author of the prose tales is unknown; they are, however, of such a nature that it would be possible, under the unerring and strong hand of a master like Homer, to work them into a complete whole as he did his great epics, the Iliad and Odyssey. The principal and most important one of these tales is "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne." Here we have examples of heroism unsurpassed, of emotion strong yet balanced, and of sympathy true and sincere. The basis of the story, like most of those ancient tales, is one of love pure and strong. It begins with Fionn MacCumhal's sorrowing over his wife lately deceased, and lamenting the misery of life without a partner. Ossian, his son, finds him in this state, rebukes him for his puerility, and he says: "There is not a wife or mate in the green land of Erin upon whom you might turn the light of your eyes," that he could not get for him by some means. Grainne, the daughter of Cormac the high king at Tara is proposed. Ossian and Oring, the son of Dobhar O'Baoisgne, are sent to ask her hand, and she, though she has refused all the princes and battle champions of Erin, dares not resent the suit, for her father feared Fionn.

The night of the nuptials, in the midst of the feast, Grainne has administered a sleeping potion to all the company except Ossian, Oscar his son, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and a few of their best friends. Then she puts Diarmuid under spells to take her away from the hands of Fionn, saying: "I marvel that he should ask such a wife as I, for it were fitter for him to give me my own equal to marry than a man older than my father." Diarmuid very reluctantly accepts courtship from Grainne, knowing how dangerous it is to infringe on his leader's rights; but when he is made aware that Grainne's request is the outcome of pure love for him; how when on the plain at Tara on a certain day he had shown his skill in hurling, she immediately fell in love with him, a love so deep and sincere that she has refused all the princes and war champions of Erin, he at once accedes. Both then leave, and they

are well advanced before the stupor leaves the sleepers. Here the pursuit—the story proper—begins.

It is impossible to read this tale now without marvelling at the credulity of the people in such feats; still that the old folks did believe them, and even to this day hand them down as truth, there is no doubt. Such simple faith is characteristic of a primitive people. Life begins with an act of faith. The child before reflection first believes, and it is for this reason that the marvellous tales of the fireside, the Arabian Nights, for instance, interest them. The more complex civilization becomes, the more complex the character of the people. Experience clears away the byways of truth, and whatever is improbable is simply what has not come often enough within its field.

So it is that we find so many exaggerations in the legends of the Irish, just as in those of Greece and Rome; exaggerations that show the simplicity of the people and their ardent love and deep respect for the heroic. Like the Greeks of old they liked to introduce in some way an underlying strain of the supernatural; yet seldom if ever do we find the intervention of a personal god. In the "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne" we have one good instance of the *deus ex machina* of the Greeks, in the case where the three dogs of the Green Fenians are let after Diarmuid. His boy servant, Muadhan, produces a puppy from under his belt, that jumps down the throat of the first dog which immediately dies.

In this story, different from any other of the Fenian tales, the character of Fionn is portrayed as mean and ambitious. To add to his villainy, and to show the fairness of Diarmuid, Ossian and Oscar remain the latter's friends throughout. On the pursuit, when they fear that Diarmuid is in danger, they dispatch their faithful dog Bran, to make him aware of their approach; and lest this has not succeeded, they entreat Feargor, the loud-shouter, to use his lungs. By this latter fact Fionn is made aware of their unfaithfulness to himself.

After this we are introduced to the first of Diarmuid's daring deeds. Caught in his lair in Dore Da Bho, to excite still more the jealousy of Fionn he kisses Grainne three times in his presence. Old Aongus, his guardian in youth and tutor, who had within him the power of divination, is made aware of Diarmuid's straits, and, "accompanying the

pure cold wind," comes to his rescue, takes Grainne under his magic mantle, and leaves Diarmuid alone to fight his own way through the army of Fionn. Enclosed on all sides within his hut by the battalions, Diarmuid notwithstanding determines to play the hero. It will not satisfy him to escape anywhere but where Fionn himself with his one hundred warriors is on guard. This he finds, bounds on the shaft of his spear, turns in derision at them and escapes.

It is with joy he reaches Aongus and Grainne, and they stay together till the next morning. The advice of Aongus on leaving them then is odd and wise: "Do not go into a tree," he says, "that has but one trunk, nor into a cave of the earth that has but one entrance, nor into an island of the sea to which there is but one channel; and where you cook your meal there eat it not, and where you sleep there rise not on the morrow." To this advice Diarmuid and Grainne attend with scrupulous care, and they go along the banks of the Shannon, living on the salmon found therein until they meet a youth named Muachan, who is in search of a master. He finds one in Diarmuid.

The pure love existing between Diarmuid and Grainne is next portrayed in a simple way. Muadhan asks Diarmuid to divide the three fish just ready for their meal, which the latter refuses to do. Grainne refuses too, and Muadhan says to Diarmuid: "If thou hadst divided it thou wouldst have given the largest share to Grainne, and if Grainne had divided it she would have given the largest share to you."

In the meantime Fionn had sent for the Green Fenians of the English Channel to help him in his pursuit of Diarmuid. These happened to land where Diarmuid is staying, and nine times nine come ashore. They are all put to death, however, by Diarmuid, even to their three chiefs whom he binds to the earth in a way known to nobody but Ossian and Oscar.

The next daring deed is the one in which the remainder of the Green Fenians come from their ship and let loose the three invulnerable dogs on Diarmuid. Here, as mentioned before, Muadhan produces the puppy which runs down the throat of the first dog and Diarmuid kills the other two. Shortly after this he and Grainne are on the top of a quicken tree surrounded by the Fenians. Fionn suspects their presence on the

tree though Ossian and Oscar try to deceive the old man. The lovers get away in much the same way as they did from the hut, but while on the tree Diarmuid's cleverness is further shown. Fionn and Ossian are playing at chess, and the latter is several times about to be beaten when Diarmuid with a berry points out to him the man he ought to move. To break the monotony of prose the feats at the quicken tree are given in verse.

After more trials Fionn is convinced of his inability to capture Diarmuid. He sends to Scotland for assistance; he is not successful. Peace is made at last, and Diarmuid is given a cantred in Kerry. The story is not yet ended, for Diarmuid is killed by a boar, and how this happens and why, needs much explanation. The gist of it is that it is the result of Fionn's treachery, which Grainne determines to avenge. She sends her sons out into the world to learn what arts of warfare they can find, so as to be able to conquer Fionn despite his bravery. When Fionn hears this he determines to win the favor of Grainne in the boys' absence. He succeeds; Grainne returns his regards at the cost of her own reputation for heroism. The sons on arriving home are made aware of their mother's unfaithfulness. They declare war against Fionn, but Grainne intercedes; peace ensues, and Fionn and Grainne stay by each other till death.

The chief characteristic of this, as of the rest of the Gaelic tales, is its simplicity—a peculiarity with many others the Gaelic and the Greek have in common. Homer above all is straightforward in expression. The tendency of modern languages is to clothe in a pleasing garb whatever savors of coarseness. The Gaelic is as open as the Greek, and for this reason much can be found in it subject to the criticism of modern taste. This only shows us the more the strength of character possessed by the old people, and it shows us too what is important in regard to art: that they did not care so much for expression as for the matter expressed.

With deeds of heroism, such as this tale portrays, the Gaelic tales abound. Though marvellous and improbable in our way of thinking, still, in their own line they go to the making of character consistent and real. If Diarmuid escapes despite the mighty effort of Fionn and his hundred warriors this only adds the more to the former's prowess and dexterity. When we find him again in a strait even narrower than the former we know he

will escape, and he does so too by different means. Thus variety keeps up interest.

At first sight there seems a lack of unity in these tales; but after careful consideration we find them interwoven among the minor plots, the warp of the whole making for the general effect as truly as those of a Shaksperian drama. A characteristic peculiar to themselves alone is that they all, or the greater number of them, end happily. This shows the Celt's repugnance to failure. Pessimism is averse to his character. Hope is the nourisher of strength for ultimate victory; despair, the meanest of all things, is the usher of defeat. So it is that in these stories everything tends to show the reward deserved for earnest struggle against adversity.

As to true sympathy this whole tale rests on it as on a foundation. Diarmuid sympathizes with Grainne in her ill-choosing of a husband old enough to be her father, and so do Fionn's own kin. In his last agony Diarmuid asks Fionn to cure him, for he has the power to do so with a palmful of the water in the well hard by. This Fionn refuses till he knows it is too late, for which lack of sympathy for such a noble hero, though his old-time enemy, he is spurned by his own clan.

In this story above all things we have portrayed the Celtic love of life and adventure. All the legends pertaining to the olden times deal largely with it. Not alone the tales relating to the warriors, but those composed later on for recital at wakes and festivals are of the romantic type. The best seanachy as well as the bard was looked upon with respect, and there are traces of this custom still left.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Feast of All Saints.

AS one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears distant voices sweetly toned that bring
Surcease to saddest heart, the while they sing
Of faith and love—God's choicest gifts the bloom—
So list'ning to our holy friends for whom
The Church's portals wide to-day we ope,
In awe I view the steep and upward slope,
They trod in life from childhood to the tomb.
Yet they were of our kin, our weakness shared,
The cup of pleasure they were not denied;
While we its captives were, these heroes dared,
Enamoured of the Cross, to turn aside.
They heard His voice, and followed in the way,
Till on their vision broke eternal day. B. R.

Bertrand du Guesclin.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

Bertrand du Guesclin, Count of Longueville and Constable of France, was a noted knight of the fourteenth century. Only one man in all Europe could compare with him in skill at arms—Sir John Chandos, the warrior of the English army and hero of Crecy and Auray. In those days every true soldier wore his lady's favor, and countless are the tournaments and joustings where the best and bravest strove to increase their honor and the glory of their ladies.

Du Guesclin was born in the district of Rennes, about the year 1318. As a boy he was very dull and could not learn to read or write, but showed a remarkable skill in military exercises. When only seventeen years of age he won the prize in a tournament, and was ever after successful in such encounters. In Du Guesclin's days book learning was a thing deemed not fit for knights and cavaliers who must busy themselves with warlike things: their knowledge was that of warfare. This Du Guesclin well knew. His was the best lance in France, and many a famous knight found honor in defeat at his hands. When Prince Edward was stationed at Bordeaux, a grand tournament was held in which the best warriors of England fought. Sir Nigel Loring was given the prize, and the crowd was about to disperse when an unknown knight appeared in the lists. It was Du Guesclin who had dared to come into the enemy's country. He refused to give his name, but challenged any of England's warriors to run a course with him. Five accepted the challenge, and were allowed by Du Guesclin to fight with whatever weapon they chose.

The first to fight was Sir Wm. Beauchamp. The two knights met in the centre of the lists. Beauchamp struck his opponent a shrewd blow upon the helmet, but was met with so frightful a thrust that he whirled out of his saddle and rolled over on the ground. Sir Thomas Percy met with little better success. His shield was split and he himself wounded in the side. Lord Audley and Du Guesclin struck each other fairly on the helmet. Bertrand sat rigid and firm on his charger, while the Englishman was sent back to his horse's crupper, and galloped half-way down the lists before he could recover himself. Sir Thomas Wake was

beaten to the ground with a battle-axe, and was carried to his pavillion. Sir Nigel Loring was the next; he chose the sword. The contest was long and well fought; for Loring was the best swordsman in the English army. Up and down went the long shining blades, round and round they circled in curves of glimmering light, crossing, meeting, with flash of sparks at every parry. At last Loring tired under the heavy blows of his opponent, and the prince tearing to lose his best swordsman, commanded Chandos to throw down his baton. These rapid successes gained over five celebrated warriors worked the crowd up to a pitch of wonder and admiration. Thunders of applause from the English soldiers, the citizens and peasants showed how well they were pleased with the unknown knight. Most of Du Guesclin's life was spent in war. He was a man of great physical strength. Broad shouldered, short and heavy-set, his face was marked with many scars, and once seen was never forgotten, and with deep-set, sparkling eyes, he was every inch a soldier and a leader.

Toward the close of the Hundred Years' War, France was in a wretched condition. The land was filled with roaming bands that were known as "free companies." They robbed and burned, and drove the poor peasants to starvation. Edward, in order to stop this state of affairs, called on Du Guesclin, his famous general, to gather these bands under his standard, and lead them into Spain against Pedro. This Du Guesclin did and thus rid his country of a great evil.

In the contest between Charles de Blois and Jean de Montfort for the dukedom of Brittany, Du Guesclin took part with the former. After King John had been taken prisoner by the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, Bertrand rendered important services to the Dauphin, afterward Charles V. He took Melun and several other fortified towns, and freed the Seine from the English. When Charles became king, Du Guesclin was created governor of Pontorson in the year 1364. In May of the same year he gained the battle of Cocherel, and was rewarded by the title of Count of Longueville and Marshal of Normandy. Although Du Guesclin was a great general, yet he was defeated and taken prisoner by the English under Sir John Chandos at the battle of Auray, not through his own fault, but on account of the stupidity of the French knights. He was set at liberty on the payment of a large ransom paid by

the Pope, the king, and several other princes.

His captivity did not lessen Du Guesclin's ardor. He immediately supported Henry, Count of Trastamare, against Pedro, the cruel king of Castile, but was again defeated and taken prisoner by the Black Prince. He was ransomed a second time; his enemies deeming it an honour to contribute to the payment. In 1369 he renewed the contest, defeated Pedro, and placed the crown on the head of Henry. As an acknowledgment of his services, Henry created Du Guesclin Count of Burgos, Duke of Molina and constable of Castile. Charles V. soon after recalled Bertrand to France, which had been again invaded by the English.

In the year 1370 Du Guesclin opened his campaigns against the English, and in a short time all of their possessions in France were in the hands of the French. He did not live long after his victories. While assisting his friend Sancerre in the siege of Chateaufort de Randon, in Languedoc, Bertrand was taken sick, and after a short illness died. He was buried with great pomp beside the burial vault of Charles V. The king was sorely grieved at the loss of his famous general, and all France, and even the enemies of the soldier, mourned on his account.

Wandering Thoughts.

"A real student loves to soar aloft to the mountain peaks of thought and contemplation.

"The happiest moments are those spent in useful dreaming.

"Two sure marks of a genius are concentration of thought and perseverance.

"One of the educator's duties is to acquaint us with our ignorance; for such acquaintance urges one to acquire knowledge.

"Suggestion is an electric button which, when pressed, sets the whole intellectual apparatus in motion.

"An educated mind is a full-blown rose whose fragrance rejuvenates all that come near.

"No man ought to forget that if he sows wild oats he will have to reap the same kind of crop.

"Robert Louis Stevenson said that when a cheerful person entered a room it was as if another candle had been lighted.

"A football team is made powerful by practising against strong opponents. Character is strengthened by opposition and hardship."

The Sinners' Bell.

BY HENRY E. BROWN, 1902.

(Translated from the German of Wilhelm Müller.)

IN olden days in Breslau dwelt,
 An ancient legend tells,
 A man of counsel and of deed,
 Engaged in making bells.

He moulded bells of different tones
 For chapel and for hall,
 But one great masterpiece he wrought
 That far surpassed them all.

This was the bell of Magdalen,
 Known as "The Sinners' Bell,"
 And many a wayward soul it called
 From the downward path to Hell.

How carefully he planned this work,
 With labour night and day!
 How carefully he worked to keep
 All blemishes away!

And when at last the hour had come
 For pouring in the metal,
 He calls to his apprentice boy
 To come and watch the kettle.

"I need a drink to strengthen me
 Before the time to mould;
 I'll leave you here alone awhile,—
 And mind, now, what you're told.

"Now don't you dare to touch that tap
 While I am gone away;
 If you should be so curious,
 Your life shall be to pay."

The boy stands at the cupola
 And stares into the fire,
 That roars and rolls and rumbles,
 Darting higher and still higher.

It roars and rumbles in his ears,
 It seems to dull his brain;
 It draws his fingers to the tap,
 Enticing him again.

He feels the faucet in his hands,
 'Tis turned, the deed is done,—
 As in a dream he stands and sees
 The flawless metal run.

He goes to meet the master
 To confess his guilty deed;
 To fall down at his master's feet
 And there for mercy plead.

But at the first word of the boy,
 The master's look grows black,
 The sense of injury is great,
 Wild rage drives reason back.

He plants his dagger in the breast
 Of the unhappy lad;

Then wildly rushes to the mould,
 With rage and grief half mad.

Perhaps he still may stem the flow,
 He may yet save the bell,—
 But, see! the work is finished;
 It poured out but too well.

He clears away the sand and sees,—
 And is sorry that he saw,—
 The bell stands there before him
 Without a single flaw.

The master yields himself for trial,
 Confesses to the deed.
 The thought of punishing this man
 Makes the judges' cold hearts bleed.

But there is nought to save him now,
 Blood cries out for its pay,—
 With head erect he hears them name
 The execution day.

And when at last the day comes round,
 They lead him to the place
 Where he's to die; they offer him
 The last repast of grace.

"I thank ye, lords," the master says,
 "Ye nobles dear and true,
 But there is one last favour that
 My heart demands of you.

"I want to hear the new bell ring—
 Let that sound be the last—
 I have prepared it and should know
 How well it has been cast."

The judges grant this last request,
 It seems so small a thing,
 And as the master goes to death
 He hears the new bell ring.

The master hears the bell ring out,
 Full, clear, without alloy;
 His eyes are swimming now with tears—
 They must be tears of joy.

His face lights up transfigured,
 He surely must have heard
 Some secret message in that clang
 To make him so assured.

With confidence he bowed his head
 Before the fatal stroke,—
 The peace which death had promised him
 By life is never broke.

This was the crown of all the bells
 That he had ever cast,
 The Sinners' Bell of Magdalen,
 His greatest and his last.

A Woman's Way.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.

"Charlie, there is a rumor in town to the effect that Tom Woodman is a very lucky dog," said a young book-keeper to a fellow employe of the first national bank.

"How is that?" the other asked.

"You know, of course, that he has been going with Grace James for some time?"

"Yes."

"Well, some one said last night at the Wards that they were engaged. It comes from a reliable source, too."

"I don't believe it, Harry. Do you think Grace is going to throw Harris over for Tom Woodman?" Charlie asked with a knowing look at his companion.

"I can't understand it; but it must be true," Harry answered as if to end the conversation.

"Well, what about that fellow Craik I told you I met in New York? He in my opinion is a pretty good entry, Harry."

"Craik? You have never said anything to me about Craik."

"Yes, I did. You know he was in college at Michigan when Grace was studying there."

"I don't remember; anyhow, I think Woodman has as good a chance as anyone. He is such a pushing fellow, and he takes with people better than anyone I know."

"Yes, but he hasn't the bank account, and that's what counts to-day, my boy."

There were hurried footsteps at the door, and in came Thomas Woodman, dressed in the height of fashion.

"Hello, Charlie."

"Good-morning, Mr. Thomas."

"How do you do, Harry," and Mr. Woodman, lately appointed assistant cashier of one of the largest banks in Denver, retired to the back office-room where he exchanged his street coat for a snug-fitting rather glaring office-coat.

In putting up his coat a note he had put into his pocket at home fell to the floor. The young banker strained his close-fitting trousers in recovering the note, but its contents repaid him amply for his trouble. The note read:

"I am coming to the bank to-morrow to see papa, and I have something to say to you."

"That's funny," thought Woodman. "What does she mean, anyhow?"

Woodman began to think over some of the

things he had done of late and came to the conclusion that something was wrong.

"All right, sir. Yes, Mr. Clarke said he would come again to-day. He said he wanted to see you personally."

"You are down late this morning, Thomas. I wish you would hurry and get some of those clearings off. You can read your letters some other time." The old president of the bank had spoken harshly to one of his clerks for the first time in a long while.

Woodman felt the reprimand keenly and before he knew answered:

"I was detained unavoidably, Mr. Thomas, or I should have been on time. I am not late often." Woodman's reply was rather saucy, but good natured, for he knew he was in the wrong.

Tom Woodman was a stranger in Denver three years ago, and to-day his family is wholly unknown. By his exemplary conduct and his close attention to his work he had ingratiated himself into the good will of his employers, and through them and their friends had met nearly everyone in Denver. The president of the bank was so taken with him that he had him to dinner at the James' home at least once every month. The only objection, and that a not very serious one, that could be made to Woodman was that he belonged to a number of clubs that had for their members some fast young men.

"Good morning, Mr. Woodman," said a sweet voice through the iron railing near Tom's desk. Woodman looked up and beheld the loveliest pair of blue eyes smiling in upon him.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Grace? I hardly expected you so soon," and Woodman put down his pen to open the iron gate that led to the rear office.

"Won't you come in and sit down? Mr. James is out, but we expect him back in a quarter of an hour."

"Well, let me see. Are you busy?" By this time all the clerks were craning their necks to get a look at the handsome girl.

"I have some work to do," Woodman answered suggestively, "but," he went on, "I suppose it can stand awhile." Grace smiled and said, as she seated herself in the chair Woodman had placed for her:

"Then, I'll stay."

"Excuse me just a moment, Miss Grace, until I send this message. Look at the morning paper there if you wish."

"Certainly. Yes I wish to see what it says about the reception. Please, don't stay long."

Woodman ran off and came back in three minutes.

"You know, Mr. Woodman," Grace began, "we are going to Cape May the day after to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Woodman, "I have been arranging some things for your father."

"Well, mamma has authorized me to ask you to come with us. Papa says you can get off from the bank; and then we are asking a few others, Harriet and Mrs. Brown and the Stuarts. We shall have a fine time."

Woodman did not answer immediately, but turned his head slightly to avoid the close scrutiny of his companion, and appeared to deliberate seriously. He felt that the invitation, though very unexpected, was a sort of return for his attention and his many little favors to the girl who was inviting him, and he wished it had never been given.

"You understand, of course," Grace said quickly, when she saw Woodman hesitate, "we shall be very glad to have you, even papa seems pleased."

Woodman was in a quandary. His bills were large and his salary as usual was as good as spent, for he owed nearly the whole of it. Life at the seashore without money and some new clothes he needed would be miserable.

"Yes," he said at last feeling that he could not well refuse, "I shall be delighted to go. Only I am afraid I shall be a great deal of trouble."

"You'll not be any trouble. Good-bye," Grace said rising, "tell papa I shall see him at luncheon," and the lovely girl tripped gayly out not-conscious of the *furor* she created among the clerks.

"I told you so," Harry Flood was saying to Charlie Smith, "did you see how pleasantly she smiled and how gentle he seemed?"

"You're jealous of him, Harry. She would have done the same to anyone else in a like position. You see, you don't understand these things."

Flood did not care what Smith thought; he was fully convinced that he was right.

"How do you do, Mr. Harris?" asked Grace as she came into the drawing-room that night to entertain Clarence Harris, a lawyer and a promising candidate for Congress. Harris looked melancholy as he stood staring into the bright, intelligent face of Miss James. He was not a great talker, and on these

occasions Grace took the burden of the conversation on herself. To-night, however, Harris had something to say. He had known Grace many years; almost since they were children, and Grace, though indifferent at times, had always taken a kindly interest in him and his affairs until lately. Of late she had grown distant, a change that he noticed only since she came from college. Something was wrong he thought, and he had chosen this night to find out what it was.

"I missed you from the dance the other evening, Miss Grace; you told me I thought that you would be there." Grace was somewhat disconcerted; she did tell Harris she was coming and had promised him a dance. Harris had made his first move.

"Yes, I said I should be there and I was, but my head began to ache and we came home early."

"Tom Woodman was there, too, was he not?" Harris was mad at himself for saying this.

"Yes, Mr. Woodman and I came home together," Grace said tossing her head and with a slight tone of anger in her voice.

"I beg pardon, Miss Grace, I was merely curious to know. I was very much disappointed when I saw you were not there, and I—" But Mrs. James was calling over the banister:

"Grace, don't forget to ask Mr. Harris to come up to Cape May." Mrs. James was afraid Grace wouldn't ask Harris. "All right, mamma."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. James, but really I can't go. My folk have gone, and I promised to run up to see them occasionally. I have so much work on hand that I shall hardly have time to do even that."

"But you must come for at least a few days, Mr. Harris. You have always been a friend of ours, and we shall be glad to have you."

Harris wanted to ask if Tom Woodman was going, but his other remark had had its effect.

"Well, I will come anyhow, Mrs. James."

When Harris went home that night he was in a gloomy mood. "It's all up with me, I think. Harris also ran," he was saying to himself as he strolled slowly homeward. "I wonder if she will marry that fellow Woodman? I hope not."

Grace also was gloomy when Harris left. She knew from her long acquaintance with him that he was very sensitive, and she could see that he was hurt at her words. "But

it had to come some time, and it may be better as it is," Grace thought, and she tried to forget Harris for the time.

The morning of departure came at last, and Woodman was at the station looking after everything as is his way. When the James family drew up he was as busy as could be.

"Well, Woodman is everything all right?" Mr. James said as a kind of greeting.

Woodman appeared greatly interested in Miss Brown's trunks, an interest that Grace did not like much. She thought Woodman more attentive than the occasion demanded.

Harriet Brown looked charming in her smart summer clothing, and one could hardly blame Woodman for his interest in her affairs. During the whole journey Woodman persisted in being pleasant to Miss Harriet, and when the train arrived at Cape May Grace was somewhat piqued.

"Mr. Woodman is a lovely fellow, Grace, I am so glad you have him with you," Harriet said as they rolled along the smooth gravel road. "You are always so considerate of me. When you come South next winter I shall treat you as nice as I can."

"I know you will, Harriet," Grace answered, after a little. "There is a large number here already," she added to change the conversation. Grace was thinking how stupid Harriet was at times.

The summer months passed rapidly, and September came before the James family realized it. Tom Woodman, the Browns, Harris, who came up for one day, and many other visitors to the James' cottage, had long been gone. The summer was over. A few days of packing and Cape May was deserted for the winter.

When the train bearing the home-coming party arrived in Denver, Tom Woodman was at the station, and who should touch him on the shoulder in a familiar way but Clarence Harris.

"Hello, old fellow," Harris was saying when he saw Woodman's grave expression. "Why, he went on after a moment, "you are not angry with me, Woodman? I hope I am not intruding."

"No," Woodman replied apologetically, "but what in the devil are you doing here, Harris?" Woodman had heard nothing from Grace since he left.

"Why I am going to Porto Rico to-night," Harris replied in rather a stiff manner.

"Is that so," Woodman said not noticing

Harris' change of manner. "What has caused this change in your affairs?"

"I have been appointed to a judgeship down there."

"Are you going alone?" It looked as if Woodman was afraid Harris would take Grace along.

"Oh! yes," Harris replied with a little laugh. He half divined Woodman's thoughts.

"Miss James is coming home to-night." There they are now," Woodman added as he saw the James party coming down the platform. Both men went forward to greet Grace.

"How do you do, Mr. Woodman, and you Mr. Harris?—how unexpected! Where did you learn that we were coming?" Grace looked more beautiful than ever; the stay at Cape May had improved her very much.

"Mamma, Mr. Harris and Mr. Woodman are here. Please tell George to hurry."

Woodman noticed when he turned a strange man walking with Mr. James and little Harry.

"Well, how are all my friends? There are some of the girls. Hello!" and Grace waved her small hand to a group standing inside the railing.

"Mr. Harris, have you been well? You look worried to-night. I hope you didn't put yourself out to come down here."

"Not in the least, Miss Grace," Harris said walking up. "I am very stupid to-night, that is all."

"And you, Mr. Woodman, you aren't saying a word. Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," Grace added and turned to wait for the others.

When the rest of the family came up the young man Harris and Woodman had noticed and whom Grace called George came over to them.

"Gentlemen," Grace began apparently somewhat nervous I wish to present Mr. Chas. Craik of New York," she hesitated a moment during which Harris looked at Woodman and he at Mr. Craik of New York with a peculiar expression, and added—"My husband."

Woodman winced visibly. He was so thunder struck that he hardly recognized the introduction. He stammered something and began to talk to Mrs. James.

"I am glad to meet you Mr. Craik, and I congratulate you on your marriage. Miss Grace allow me," Harris left them at the station from which he started for his new field. Woodman said good-bye at the gate. The next winter Miss Harriet Brown and Mr. Thomas Woodman were married in Denver.

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—There is an intellectual treat in store for the student body; that is, to hear the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding open the lecture course on the evening of November 17. Bishop Spalding is, without doubt, the leading figure among American educators. He stands for morality and true culture in education. Moreover, he supplies the element of sympathy that is lacking in Mr. Spencer. Whoever has heard the bishop speak, must admit that his power is such as to take the listener wholly away from the commonplace; and this because he is a man of heart as well as of thought.

—All the Catholic students made a most fitting close to their retreat by receiving Holy Communion on Thursday morning. Father Robert, C. P., who conducted it, gave a series of sermons which were strongly linked together in a logical manner. He began with man's obligation to his Creator, and ended by portraying a beautiful image of what the reward of the just will be. The retreat was assuredly a success.

Now that it and the exams are over we ought to work with a vim until Christmas. The cold days will soon be here, and then there will be

little to see outside except the chilled blue of the sky and the grey landscape.

We must perforce stay indoors a good deal; and while there we may as well use the time profitably. The holidays, of course, will be enjoyed whether one's standing is high or low; but call to mind occasionally that there are dear hearts at home who would like to see it high. So let all get down to serious study.

—The enthusiastic mass meeting of the students held in Brownson Hall reading-room Thursday evening is a hopeful sign. The purpose of the assembly was to perfect a system of "rooting" and to appoint marshals to lead the "rooters." Men were chosen in each of the halls for this purpose.

When Coach O'Dea stood forth to answer the many calls for him, he received a most hearty welcome. If Pat did not know before how popular he is with the boys, he found out at the meeting. Everyone of us can not help but admire the way in which he and McWeeney get into the game at practice. "Mac's" reception shows he has not lost any of his old-time favor with the students. Rousing cheers were given for Capt. John, and who says he does not deserve them?

The spirit shown by the student body is certainly praiseworthy. They warmly showed their gratitude toward the men who made so glorious a fight down at Bloomington. And this is only as it should be, for they merit all the praise we can give them. At Indiana where they heard no friendly voices cheering them on to victory, they made a fight that will be remembered in the Western football world for many a day. They were pitted against an excellent eleven, who were spurred on by the ringing cheers of their fellows. Yet the Indiana men showed no more pluck than did our brave lads.

We never had brighter prospects for honors, both on the gridiron and on track and field, than we have this year. We have good coaches, good material, good trainers. And we are glad to say there has been no past season that harmony and union among the students, the coaches and the players has been greater than it is now. Let us, therefore remember during the game to-day, and during other games, the one thing that every athlete who was called upon to speak last Thursday evening, closed his remarks with: "Fellows, you do the rooting, and we'll do the rest."

Indiana, 6; Notre Dame, 0.

Sorin, 10; Brownson, 0.

With four cripples and a badly bruised eleven, Manager Eggeman returned under the cover of night to the old camp where beat a thousand responsive but saddened hearts. The arrival of our eleven was like the return of an army after a fierce and bloody battle in which it was vanquished but not conquered. The result of the game was entirely unexpected, and many were the expressions of surprise when the result was known. We had forgotten, however, that our team went into the game with three men out of condition and with hardly a man on the eleven that had not some bruise or cut. Of course, to make excuses for the defeat would be a waste of time, nevertheless to put our men right in the eyes of our opponents is only just. Every man on the eleven firmly believes that our team with the men in condition could defeat Indiana on our own grounds. The cheering of a thousand rooters makes a big difference in the work of football men, and our fellows deserve unstinted praise for the remarkable showing they made..

Farley's playing created a sensation on the side-lines; and Captain John is now the football idol of two universities. Farragher also played excellent ball, and he, too, received his share of recognition from the spectators. The game, according to reports from every source, was the most hotly contested one ever played in the state. Both elevens worked like Trojans through the whole game, and every inch of ground that Indiana gained was earned by good hard work. Once in the first part of the game Notre Dame looked to be the winner, but both Farley and Farragher were injured a moment later, and our chance for victory faded away. After the first fifteen minutes our men played safe, and devoted their whole attention to defensive work. Farley's injuries interfered greatly with his playing, and prevented many Notre Dame gains.

NOTRE DAME.	THE LINE UP.	INDIANA.
Sammon	L E	McGovern
Farragher, Staudt	L T	Sparks
Gilmore	L G	Saunders
Winter, Pick	C	Hurley
Staudt, O'Connor	R G	Pike
Fortin	R T	Davidson
Hayes, O'Malley	R E	Rucker
Pick, Diebold	Q B	Foster
Kuppler	L H B	Clevenger
Farley	R H B	Teter
Lins	F B	Hawley

Touchdown, Hawley. Goal from down, Hawley, Referee, Wrenn. Umpire, Kelley. Time of halves, 30 minutes. Eggeman and Harris, time-keepers.

The Sorin Hall football team mowed down the Brownson Hall team Sunday like cannon balls going through a rice field. Their play against the guards back showed that they had in their line-up masterly guardship and superior tactics.

Most of the Sorin attacks were directed against the Brownson guard and tackle, and seldom failed to gain ground. Sorin teamwork was perfect, and the interference of their backs and ends was excellent considering that this was the second game played this year. It was simply a case of Brownson being swept away like masts in a storm by the beef and the brawn of Sorin Hall.

It was a hard matter to pick the best man, so eleven gold badges of honor must be awarded. "Runt," however, must receive his first. Time after time he bucked the line after the manner of a fast express train, running around, plunging through half a dozen men, carrying half of them with him down the field to a touchdown.

Hay, the Mexican wonder, who received his first football lessons on the sandy tracks of Mexico, carried off the honors with a left "flat wheel" and a "charlie-horse" on his left index finger.

The third badge of golden honor is bestowed upon Leland S. McCaughern, whose cork was pulled early in the first half, but with lots of Western atmosphere and training, he may yet develop into one of the best quarterbacks Sorin Hall has ever had.

"Butch" Campbell, the actor player at half-back, continued to receive his usual round of applause from the grand stand, which, by the way, was packed.

Our auburn, curly-locked, shrewd and cunning Fox, although bothered by the hirsute appendage before his nasal gland, which took most of his time to keep in position during the fierce scrimmages, for he refused to wear a nose guard for fear of hampering its growth had his "light put out" several times during the game.

Politics found its way into the game in that fleet-footed follower of the Gold Standard, who is always lively in his country's cause. Joe was in evidence in every play and generally at the bottom.

The bench was represented by our common friend Judge Cooney, who in former years

played with the Varsity, but who can not spare the time away from his studies this season to help win the Western championship. He was always willing to render a decision on the most intricate point which was concurred in not only by the players but by the entire multitude. Needless to state he was often the centre of attraction, running down the field clutching the pigskin to his breast; he was as a bill collector who never failed to make his way.

McGee, who played next the Judge, was more than equal the Brownson tackle, who, although heavier than our sturdy "Mac," was not near enough to be classed as even an "Also-ran."

The entire weight of the team was in the centre trio who averaged over two hundred and forty (unofficial) pounds to a man, but who demonstrated that they can do lots of other things besides playing football. Toward the end Chauncey Wellington became desperate, and his loud "tear-them up, boys," was pitiable in its solemnness. "Batch" and Kearney with their immense weight seemed to get stronger, and holes large enough to drive a tally-ho through were opened for the backs.

The officials, McWeeney and Farragher, did their work well and no partiality was shown. Special mention of time-keeper O'Connor should be noted, and although his watch ran down during the second half, he still stuck to his post. Parties desiring the appearance of the Sorin Hall team as a money-maker, will please apply to "Jack" Mullen, substitute and manager. When "Runt" carried the ball over the line for the last time and Sorin Hall closed the game with a touchdown, the Brownsonites accused the time-keeper of imitating Joshua. They claim that when the watch-holder saw the Sorinites had to gain twelve yards to cross the line and had only half a minute to do it in, he commanded the sun to stand on the east side of the fence. Sol stood, and hence the Brownsonites fell before their foes as did the Amorrhites of old before the men of Israel.

THE LINE-UP.

BROWNSON.

Matterson
McGinley
Althoff
Smith
Hogan
Barry
McGarrell
Reihing
Staples
Riley
Richon

L E
L T
L G
C
R G
R T
R E
Q B
L H
R H
F B

SORIN.

Sullivan
McGee
Hanley
Yockey
Kearney
Cooney
Hay
McCaughern
Cornell
Campbell
Fox

Athletic Notes.

The "College Man's Number" of *The Saturday Evening Post*, published October the 27th, should be carefully read by every young man who is interested in the business of acquiring an education. Athletics, of course, are given due consideration. Mr. E. H. Miles, in an article entitled "Fallacies about Training," makes some valuable suggestions for the benefit of those who are liable to be over-trained. In one passage he says: "It is strange that, while the trainers perpetually teach their men to exercise, and try to teach them how to exercise, they never teach them to rest." Elsewhere in the article he advocates the air bath, and complains that it is not sufficiently used as a means of training. Finally, he declares that "little spells of exercise between hours of work should be insisted on by all school authorities."

It is to be supposed that the protest made by Harvard against McCracken's right to play football this year for Pennsylvania and the consequent stand taken in the matter by the Faculty Athletic Committee of the latter university, will give rise to some modification in the expression of the rule in regard to eligibility, so that future misunderstandings may be avoided. Pennsylvania's contention is thus worded by the *New York Sun*:

As Mr. McCracken played only in minor games his first year, this is only his fourth year of football, and as he did not compete in the Varsity track games until the spring, his term of eligibility does not expire until four years from that date; that is, a man's eligibility does not follow the college year, but must be computed by the calendar year.

In the West a difficulty somewhat similar to this has arisen in the case of Atwood of Chicago University. Here again the rule does not cover the case with sufficient exactness.

Not long ago announcement was made in this column of the supposed fact that Dennis Horgan had established a new world's record for the 16lb shot put. Later reports are to the effect that the record will not stand because the shot was slightly under weight. Blunders of this kind should make those who have athletic meets in charge more careful of details. In the selection of a shot, a hammer, or a discus great care should be given to this consideration; then, too, there should be no pretense at making measurements with anything but a steel tape.

Exchanges.

The jester's bump of egotism in the *Wrinkle* is abnormally developed; but since this is his calling he must be true to it. The philosopher who writes the "Universal Anecdote" in the *Red and Blue* proved his depth of wisdom in his cleverness and application of production. The "Silent Man" of the *Tiger* is a satire upon the American spirit of advertisement and progress. The sonnet on the "Triumph of Death" in the *Red and Blue* shows something more than skilful wording or arduous work.

**

In an able editorial the *U. of M. Daily* explains why it usually devotes so much space to football and other athletic events. The writer regrets that most of the college dailies, and even some of the weeklies, have to depend mainly for financial support on those interested in sports. The *U. of M.* has found out by experience that literary matter in a college daily is not well received by the ordinary student. Hence for self-preservation it has to print the kind of news most acceptable to the student body in general.

**

The intellectual ability of American college women is favorably shown in the *Wellesley Magazine* for October. Its pages contain articles that combine strength and grace—a union not always found in the writings of girls. The essay on Huysmans shows a keen appreciation of the mystic character. Although our knowledge of the peculiar transactions in Huysmans' life is limited, we get a clear picture of him as a man, an artist and a mystic. "The Awakening of Kurshaw" and "Two Sides of It" are clever, especially "The Awakening of Kurshaw" which shows, besides a good delineation of character, strong word painting.

**

Even if the *Yale Courant* contained articles of no importance, the cleverness of its design would strongly recommend it. "The Little Mucker in Paradise" is a rare bit of realism tinged with idealism. The author understands his character well. "Gooseberry Tarts" and "The Great Antiseptic Barber Shop" are stories somewhat out of the ordinary, but their development is good. We do not understand how any college student who has pondered sadly over his Latin could dedicate a few stanzas to Horace. Horace appeals to us best in a good translation. J. J. S.

Personals.

—Dr. D. C. Knott of Plymouth, Ind., recently visited his son of Carroll Hall.

—Judge J. R. Carr of Cassopolis, Mich., was lately a guest of the University.

—Mr. Fred W. Watts of Niagara Falls, N. Y., paid a recent visit to the University.

—Dr. James M. Dinnen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., called on his son William of Sorin Hall last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Strong of Cripple Creek, Colorado, made a short stay at the University.

—Mrs. Foley and her daughter of Chicago made a recent visit to friends. We learned that her son Charles, who for some years was a popular student here, is at present working for his father.

—The Rev. Thomas Moreschini, O. S. M., of Chicago, better known among his Irish parishioners as "Father Tom," was a recent guest of the President at dinner. He was accompanied by Mon. Achille Dizy, an artist of repute. Mon. Dizy is also a resident of Chicago.

—The Rev. Eugene Sheehy, of the County Limerick Ireland, recently made an extended visit at the University. He is at present making a tour throughout the United States giving lectures which are accompanied by stereopticon views of Irish scenes. His purpose is to raise funds enough to build a church at Bruree, Limerick. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him every success in the work he has undertaken.

—We had the honor to entertain for a few hours on Thursday last the Rev. P. J. O'Callahan, a member of the missionary order of Paulists. Most of the older students remember the retreat conducted by Father O'Callahan at Notre Dame four years ago. During the forepart of the week, Father O'Callahan was engaged in the retreat at St. Mary's Academy. He left Friday morning for Chicago.

—We are always pleased to hear good tidings of the University's graduates. We have just learned that Paul Jerome Ragan (A. B., '97, LL. B., 1900) has become prominent, politically, in the State of Ohio. Anyone that has ever heard Paul's fiery Attic eloquence can well imagine the influence he is exerting in Republican politics. While here at school he made a record that others might well strive for. Though among the first to promote the cause of athletics, he was equally enthusiastic in regard to his studies. This is evidenced by the fact that he carried off the Classical medal, as well as the Breen medal for oratory. Paul was also a member of the 1900 debating team in its successful contest against Indianapolis. For the past few years he was editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

Local Items.

—Grogan and Riley have been appointed yell masters in Brownson Hall.

—Our friend who kicks the floor so hard when he walks will please "get onto himself."

—Francis, dear, kindly put that comb and glass away—it has certainly done its work.

—Corby Hall has at last formed a football team, and from the present outlook it is a winner.

—Lost: A four-bladed knife marked J. C. Finder please return to the prefect of Brownson Hall.

—"Our friend" was getting his "feelings" into the work the other day. The key-board certainly suffered.

—Mr. J. A. Buckler has just finished a neat design of an iron drum to be built in the machine shop here.

—If John had his book in his hand and mind on it, as he has that picture, I think that he would certainly be a shining light in his classes.

—If the steam-man don't get a hustle on himself and shovel in some coal, he runs the risk of getting the same job in the next world that he has in this, if we have any influence with the committee there.

—McDermott's team was defeated last Saturday by Riley's men, and it was the first time that they had been scored upon. Riley's end-runs and Offergeld's tackle were the brilliant parts of the game. Score, 11-6.

—Jim, Corby's Poet Laureate, will soon present his latest effort, "Me and Nanny Goat," to the public. He announces that the great musical prodigy, Miguel Dakee, will put the words to music. Notice of sale will be given in our next issue.

—The road to the stile has been greatly improved by trimming the trees. We can see through better. Now if they would only take away the policeman and the dogs. But it is better this way, boys, for "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

—WANTED BOARD.—Young man wishing to perfect himself on the violin desires board for the winter with a deaf mute family living on the Automobile line entering Notre Dame.

Address: H. P. B., Room 1906,
Sorin Hall.

—Professor Roche has been working very diligently with a view to furthering the progress of the choir. The young men, if they would co-operate with him in his efforts, would be further advanced than they already are. Yet, that the Professor has well succeeded with the boys may be inferred from the singing on Sundays.

—Every hall at Notre Dame but Brownson

has a literary and debating society. Why is it that Brownson with its splendid material for such a society remains inactive? In the weekly meetings, which are attended by students from all the halls, it is easy to pick out those who have practice at speaking. This practice they have in their own societies, and we of Brownson Hall will not deny that practice makes perfect. Now that the examinations are over, it would be well for the Brownson boys to consider this matter, and if possible to organize a literary and debating society. Once organized it can not but be successful, for who ever heard the word "fail" from a Brownsonite?

—Sullivan is up to his old tricks: Disturbing the peace.

Teacher of Latin: Write the boy said that I kissed a girl.

PUPIL: Puer dixit ut ego osculant puellam

TEACHER: No! no! How would Cæsar do that?

PUPIL: With his lips.

—"Say, Bill, do you smell something burning?"

"Sure, I do; don't you see Mr. Prepfecto over there scorching?"

"He must have a fire insurance policy on his life to run such a risk as that, Bill?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Jack, he wants to see how many times he can go from here to the city and back without meeting some one he knows, and you see he's got to go pretty fast."

—It was a dark and stormy night. The wind blew a gale across the campus and whistled through the leafless trees in a sad, melancholy manner. One lad alone braved the terrors of the night, and walked up and down the old walk as if in search of some friend. Every now and then he would pause for a moment and with eyes cast heavenwards and hands outstretched, commence that mournful ditty, "Where, oh where, is my little Pete gone?" And the wind catching the echo of his words in their mad embrace would hurl them up against the gym. Suddenly everything became quiet. The wind died away, the moon arose in all her glory, and the stars reflected their most brilliant light, for he had found Pete.

—We are glad to see that there are a goodly number of contests between the inter-hall teams. Such contests beget a friendly rivalry, which is conducive to the advancement of sports in general. Each hall has a good first team. There is a force, however, that is not rivalry, but jealousy that impels one of the halls to claim that they have a right to play Varsity scrubs on their first eleven.

This is not fair play. The "scrubs" are oftentimes as good as the men on the Varsity. An untrained player, no matter how hard he strives, can do nothing against a man who has been rolled around the gridiron since September. In all reason, the scrubs should not be

allowed to play in inter-hall games. Moreover, no single hall can arrogate to itself the power of making rules for all the others.

--The latest. Prof: Mr. Casey, have you your exercise to-day?

CASEY (His face a royal flush): Ye-e—that is—I did h-a-a-have. No. I mean—Yes, Professor.

PROF: Show it to me.

CASEY (small beads of perspiration commencing to appear on his forehead): I d-i-dn't I—I—h-a-a-v-e-n't got it.

PROF. (Angrily): What's that?

CASEY (Excitedly): I mean—that is—Prof. I meant to say I haven't got it with me.

PROF: Then where is it?

CASEY (The sweat pouring out in torrents): I—I—le-e-e-ft it—I mean I lo-o—

PROF. (Stamping his footlets): Out with it, Mr. Casey—out with it.

CASEY (In despair): I ca-a-a-n't, Professor; I lost it on the campus, and the Goat found it and ate it.

Ten minutes later the Professor recovered.

—At a mass meeting of Brownsonites held in the gym last Monday evening, McGlue was unanimously elected captain of the newly organized football team. In a neat little speech of acceptance, Captain McGlue said, among other things, that he hoped, with the assistance and good will of the candidates for the team, to turn out the champion Inter-hall football team of the University. This we know he can do if the men under him get into their work with the right spirit. We observed at practise the other day, however, that some of the men went about the matter in a half-hearted fashion; a few appeared to be dissatisfied about the way this or that play was directed, and that two or three tried to direct the whole proceedings themselves, entirely oblivious of the fact that a captain had been chosen for that very purpose. This will not do. It does not show the right spirit. The men of Brownson Hall have always been noted for that very thing—they always displayed the right spirit in whatever they undertook. It is very discouraging to a captain when his men do not display this spirit, and work in harmony with him. For this reason we feel obliged to call the attention of the candidates to the matter in these columns. The success of our Hall in other branches of athletics should stimulate you to strive for her success in this branch as well, and we know she will succeed if only the proper spirit is displayed by you. So now, men, pull together.

—through the courtesy of Honest John Hanna Berry, we are able to print below a copy of a letter received by him from Wm. Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Candidate for President of these free and independent States of ours (Hifo! Hifo! halt!). Honest John feels very proud of the recognition

shown him by his party's candidate, and says that if Bryan is elected he expects to pluck a plum off the Political Fruit Tree as a reward for his valiant services and his harmonious whoops in the cause of Free Silver and Billy Bryan. We do not pose as prophets, but we feel justified in making three guesses, the law allows us no more. The guesses are, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; Supreme Post Master General of Big Swamp Co., Ill., or Retirement to private life. But then, Tuesday is close at hand.

(On board train 13, pulling out of Spudsville, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1900, A. D., Y. M. E. This latter addendum means Year of my Election. Republicans put N. I. T. after it. Wonder why?)

DEAR JOHNNIE:—Your letter of recent date was read by me with wide-open eyes, and with my heart doing some tall bucking against my spare ribs. So Meyers is a Rep.? and Magie, and Rye Lee, and—but that's enough. What brought about this sudden addition to the Rep's ranks? Your last letter stated that there was only one—Sullivan, I think is his name—and now you say they are becoming powerful. My dear John, with the many representatives you have from Tammany Hall such a state of affairs must not continue. McDonough and Taylor are two of Croker's greatest lieutenants. Why do they not squelch Meyers? Wake them up!

As regards the arguments you wish to hurl against Meyers and his band, I have this to say: When he speaks of Trusts, bring him up to B. Leopard. Tell him the Ice Trust has melted away before the angry and virulent onslaughts of "Terrible Teddy," and that Free Silver is a dead issue and so is McKinley. If he doesn't believe you, have nothing more to do with him. I have no doubt but that the American people will declare themselves in my favor next Tuesday, despite Hanna, Meyers, Sullivan, and the rest of that clique.

Well, that's enough of politics for the present. How are my old friends, Murphy Glasheen, *et cetera*? Give them my regards. The sample package of "joker" tobacco you sent me came in very handy. I had just run out and was on the edge of despair when your package came along and rescued me. This simple little act of kindness has touched me in a tender spot, and you may be sure it shall not go unrewarded. Adieu until after election, and then perhaps it shall be farewell!

Yours devotedly,

Wm. J. Bryan.

—TEACHER: Mr. B., what does the case of *McClurg v. Terry*, 21 N. J. eq. 225, decide?

MR. B.: The parties in that case went through the formalities of a marriage, and were pronounced man and wife by a person who was authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. The parties, however, took this step merely as a joke—not intending it to be a marriage—

and it was therefore held by the court that there was no valid marriage.

TEACHER: Yes, it was a joke.

SMART JOE: I saw an account in the newspaper the other day of a case similar to that, and the court held the marriage was valid.

TEACHER: Well, that was no joke.

—The following cases are on the docket of the University Moot Court for trial: (1125) *Wilson vs. Morton*: Barry and O'Meara, plaintiff; McInerney and McGee defendant.—(1126) *Price vs. Young*: Cooney and Sullivan, plaintiff; Kuppler and Highstone, defendant.—(1127) *Black vs. M. C. R.R. Co.*: Gallagher and Mitchell, plaintiff; Yockey and Cooney, defendant.—(1128) *Fergus vs. Payne*: Stricken off at plaintiff's cost.—(1129) *Turbott vs. Wade*: Stricken off at plaintiff's cost.—(1130) *Crawford vs. Harrison*: Barry and O'Meara, plaintiff; Gallagher and Mitchell, defendant.—(1131) *Cass and Mason vs. Brown*: Baldwin and Crimmins, plaintiff; McGee and Cleary, defendant.—(1132) *State vs. White*: McWeeny for people; Highstone, defendant.—(1133) *Gray vs. Brown*: Yockey and Lavelle, plaintiff; Hernandez and Corley, defendant.—(1134) *People ex vel Jones*: McInerney, people; Curry and Baldwin, defendant.—(1135) *Patterson vs. Patterson*: McGee and Lippman, plaintiff; Kuppler and Donahue, defendant.—(1136) *Frost vs. Snow*: Gallagher and Highstone, plaintiff; Barry and Meyers, defendant.

—It is interesting to read the trials of young men trying to make their mark in this world. Harry and Tom are studying to be lawyers, and the following episode was related by a person living in the vicinity of Tom's room:

Wednesday evening Harry came down to Tom's room with a stock of books to prepare for the trial which was to take place the following morning.

"Harry," said Tom, "I want to know, first of all, what is circumstantial evidence?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Harry; "circumstantial evidence is that evidence which tends to prove a disputed fact by proof of other facts which have a legitimate tendency to lead the mind to a conclusion that the fact exists which is sought to be established. For example: suppose you were walking along the street with a brick in your hand, and your hand was behind your back, as it were, and you should come across a number of men standing on a corner, so to speak, and you threw the brick on the ground. Now, when the brick struck the ground one of the men rushed out and grabbed the brick, the natural conclusion would be that the man who picked up the brick was a hod-carrier. But if he should hit you with the brick, he would be presumed to be a brick-layer. On the other hand, if the brick was a gold brick, you would be presumed to be a bunco man and the fellow who picked up the brick, a farmer.

"Again, suppose you should send a man down in your wine-cellar to get a jug of wine, and the man was whistling the entire time while he was in the cellar, it would be a very hard matter to prove that he drank any wine while he was in the cellar.

"Furthermore, suppose you were a prefect in a college, and you saw a 'foxy' boy come around with a 'sheepish' look on his face, you would be justified in concluding that he just came back from skiving."

"Harry, old man," remarked Tom, "from that last example I thoroughly understand what circumstantial evidence is."

—Owing to the great number of queries which are handed in at our office from day to day, we find it necessary to open an Information Bureau. In this bureau we shall endeavor to give complete, truthful, learned, unbiassed and gentlemanly answers to queries dealing with any subject upon, around, about, in, or below the sun, except on April the first and foggy days. We make this bold and sweeping statement with a tranquillity of mind that would make the most enlightened encyclopedia that was ever bound blush for shame. In fact, so great is our confidence in our own ability, we can not think of anything we undertake turning out otherwise than successful. For the benefit of those who wish to make queries we have this to say: Be sure and write on both sides of your paper and in as unintelligible a scrawl as you can be guilty of. If possible write your questions in Spanish, Greek, German, Italian or Rag Time Chinese hieroglyphics. This will add a little novelty to the affair, and, at the same time, make us feel no remorse of conscience or tremulous pulsations when we draw (we take drawing lessons) our pay. It will also afford our interpreter and hand-writing expert a great deal of practice which he stands greatly in need of and which he might not otherwise obtain. Below we answer some of the questions which were handed in lately.

MR. ED.: How can I become rich?—RICHON.

There are several ways. For instance, by finding a million dollars, or by mistake. A more simple method, however, would be to cut off the two last letters (on) of your name. That would leave you rich.—ED.

DEAR ED.: If the œsophagus of a man should become involved in an altercation with his pharynx and his larynx in an endeavor to restore peace and should lose its epiglottis, what would you call it?—J. N. BERRY.

It.—ED.

DEAR ED.: I am a sprinter, but have never broken any records. What would you advise?—BILL RYE LEE.

Quit sprinting.—ED.

DEAR ED.: Did you see Pete?—K. L. IHER.

We refer you to Vol. I, page 711, Encyclopedia Britannica.—ED.