THE

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 19, 1901. No. 6.

A Picture.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

NOT hung on gilded walls of picture-mart
Nor placed in reliquary,
But in the dearest chamber of my heart,
Hallowed forever, from the world apart,
A mother's memory.

The Literary Sunrise.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

THE sunrise occupies a place in poetry and fiction second to no other daily occurrence, unless that be the sunset. Extravagance on this subject making use of "golden-bathed orients" and "incarnadined Eastern peaks" has long appeared indispensable to the writer.

Before the hangman can noose his victim, no matter how early and drear the scene, he must hold the proceeding until a stanza is inserted about the weirdness of the hour. With verse-like infidelity, the earth is made to have a few of the "shivers;" or, with pathetic fallacy, is forced to stop its wheels long enough to take a full breath or two of the rare morning air. This last manner of description can never be plausible, unless from a purely hygienic point of view.

In fiction, the bad man abandons his sleepless bed "to behold the majesty of the morn," and if the sun chances to rise that morning, the depraved man repents, almost. Later in the day that same man is very sure to curse his morning weakness; but then what an opportunity to draw lessons from sunrises in general!

One should be very thoughtless, were he ever so unfortunate as to write at all, to wish the availability of this literary gold mine lessened. If out of reach, gold cloud-linings and fan-shaped halos are beautiful and inexpensive objects to contemplate. Besides, though the sunrise does ordinarily occur daily, it can take place but in the morning, and need not be blamed for the literary heresies based on the other hours of the twenty-four. And then so much has been written of sunrises that is not bad.

Therefore let us consider a few of the written sunrises that have been good and not so evidently the product of stuffy garrets and the unsnuffed candle; the kind, in fact, that should point to a cheerful and stormless literary day if weather-signs count for aught.

Ghosts could scarcely be dispelled by a happier compliment to the coming day than,

> But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yond high eastern hill.

Shakspere may here be guilty of mythological error, for mythology makes big horses drag the sun-car; but literally "the morn" may have to walk. Anyway, he recognized the impossibility of a morning without a sunrise of some kind, and he respected geographical traditions about this taking place in the East.

This extract from "The Summer Dawn" by William Morris reads very like good description should:

> The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
> Faint and gray, 'twixt the leaves of the aspen betwixt the cloud bars
> That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:—
> Patient and colorless, though heaven's gold
> Waits to float through them along with the sun.
> Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
> The high elms wait, and restless and cold
> The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
> Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn
> Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.

Robert Browning's quatrain on "Parting at Morn" is a most famous quotation:

> Round the cape of a sudden came the sea
> And the sun looked over the mountain's rim;
> And straight was a path of gold for him,
> And the need of a world of men for me.

This, also, is by the same author:

Faster and more fast;
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

The sunrise would not be so harrowing a thing to read of after all if everyone wrote of it in the foregoing manner. Unfortunately, few men have been gifted enough to do as well, and still fewer sufficiently gifted to do better. Nevertheless, this extract from Shelley is more beautiful:

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: thro' a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:
'Tis lost! and thro' yon peak of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers; hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Stevenson invariably uses the best art in the scant space he gives to scenery and weather description. He says that no human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time. Stevenson condenses and suggests to so marked an extent that to the light reader the most striking part of his description is oftener the part left out. A more experienced reader, however, must of necessity acknowledge that Stevenson, and men of his gifts, do see much more in one sea storm or in one mountain sunrise than the less gifted could see in several lifetimes. Though in "Ebb-Tide" Stevenson use sa line or two more, the following shows how much space he sees fit to waste on one sunrise:—"Day was breaking, the East was tinging with strange fires the clouds breaking up for the coming of the sun."

The original intention of this paper was to insert some written sunrises that were most manifestly bad. On second reading, however, they appear so hopelessly bad that the responsibility of allowing them to see print again is too great. That they ever had been put in print was bad enough, to give them space in quotation seems worse. Yet the like perpetrations will undoubtedly continue to be practised as long as the sun continues to rise and heedless men continue to write about it; for, like the making of books, of the writings on sunrise there is no end.

Hands Up!

WILLIAM SHEA, 1902.

Going home from the theatre one night, I had a hundred and fifty dollars on my person in bills. In the afternoon my father had given me the money to deposit, but I reached the bank just a minute after closing. My conscience was reproaching me for carrying the money so long, when a dirty little urchin stepped up beside me, and looking me straight in the face, he said:

"Say, mister, I'm awful hungry—honest, I ain't no fake. Won't you give me a dime? I ain't had nothin' to eat since mornin'."

Ordinarily such an appeal would have been wasted on me, but that night my kindlier nature was aroused by the theme of the play I had seen, and I stopped.

"Pretty late hour to be hungry, isn't it, Bud? Do you get your supper at this hour every night?"

"No, sir," he replied, "lots o'nights I don't get none at all," and as the little fellow raised his hand to drive away a fly from his face I noticed that his fore arm was scarcely more than skin and bones.

"Haven't you a home?" I asked, to strike at the root of the matter.

"Yes, sir, but granny ain't always very good to me. She sent me —"

"Haven't you a mother?" I interrupted.

"No, sir,—not now I aint, but I used to. I was just a kid when she died, but Mabel can tell you all about her."

"Who's Mabel?" I asked.

The little fellow was warming up to his story. He chucked his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, and a smile of pity for my ignorance of Mabel lit up his dirty little countenance as he went on:

"Mabel! why, Mabel, she's my sister. You see that 'lectree light down there—then down to the next corner you see that big store there—well that's where Mabel works."

"It seems to me," I said, "that you don't talk like a very hungry boy."

"I guess I always talk just about the same, but I'm pretty hungry all right."

The fact that the boy was an orphan had won me completely, and I was going through all my pockets for change. None could be found. "Should I get out the bills?" Remembering that the smallest figure on any of

them was "ten" it took me only a short time to decide. A plan struck me like a flash: I could accompany the lad to a restaurant near by, have the pleasure of seeing him eat, pay for his meal, and if he proved to be a worthy youngster I might help him in the future.

"Well, come on, Bud," I continued after a pause, "I haven't any change, but just the same this won't be one of the nights that you go to bed hungry. There's a good restaurant, I think, in the middle of the next block."

"Oh! I know a dandy place, mister, just around the corner. The fellow that owns it is a friend—I mean I know the fellow that runs it."

"All right," I assented, "wherever you think they'll treat you best," and we started out. "What's your name," I asked? "JohnnyWayne," came back like a shot. Then, after a pause: "What's yourn?"

"Dan Auley," I replied, and then I asked him what he had been doing all day. He went on to describe how "Granny" had sent him away in the morning for breaking a plate how he had found some whisky-flasks about noon, sold them, bought afternoon papers with the proceeds and tried to sell them. The other fellows on the corner took his papers away from him and whipped him. When he had finished telling me his experiences we had gone several blocks and were well into a tough and poorly lighted portion of the city. This was out of my way, and I broke in impatiently: "Well, Johnny, where's your restaurant? This is farther than round the corner."

"It's right here, Mister—what's your name now? Oh! yes, Mr. Auley,—it's right here, Mr. Auley." And so it was—a dim, dirty dungeon. Still it was Johnny's place, and we went in. The keeper had the appearance of a convict, and I was glad a high counter separated us.

Three tough-looking fellows lolled lazily in their chairs at the lower end of the counter. Before Johnny had climbed into his high revolving stool the hard-faced waiter had yelled out an order to the cook in the rear and then he asked what mine would be. All that I cared for in that place was a cup of coffee, and by way of apology for my small order I explained my errand. An unsympathetic and, I thought afterward, a knowing smile was all that my politeness elicited. Johnny devoured an immense piece of round steak, more than half a loaf of rye bread and he drank three cups of coffee. All my doubts regarding the genuineness of his story were dispelled when I saw him eat. On paying for the Epicurean repast I tried to hide the size of my roll as best I could, but a twenty dollar bill came instead of a ten. Johnny and the brawny waiter exchanged glances.

Outside the restaurant Johnny pleaded that he was afraid to go home alone. "I ain't 'zactly 'fraid," he said, "only I don't like to go alone."

This indicated genuine fear to me in conflict with boyish pride, so despite the fact that it was late I pushed along with the boy to complete the charity I had begun.

"Mabel'll be awful glad to see you, Mr. Auley," said Johnny by way of thanks. "You can just bet she's all right, too."

I certainly had not intended to enter Johnney's abode, but I wondered what kind of a sister such a boy would have, and what kind of a home. Besides, it would give me at least a little practical knowledge of the slums—and why should I be so worried about the money I had? Who knew that I had it? So I said: "All right, Johnny. I have entertained you, now you may entertain me. How far do you live?"

"Next to the last house in this block," he answered pointing. "Taint nice as you're used to I s'pose."

We were soon there. The street was quite dark, but I could see that the tumble-down structure wedged in between others of its kind had not been painted for years. The stairs creaked as we climbed them and the shivers chased up and down my back. Johnny leaped into the black depths two steps at a time and made me feel ashamed of myself.

"You'll hear granny scold now," he said, but shucks! I don't mind, I'm used to her."

I put my hand on Johnny's shoulder and he led the way through the dark hall. No one sand-bagged me in the passage, but before we reached the light the shrill voice of granny piped out: "Well, it's about time, you good-for-nothing young scallawag."

Immediately we were in her presence, and what a presence hers was: white-haired, almost toothless, stooped with age—she needed only to scowl to be the perfect expression of horror. Johnny relieved her amazement at my presence by saying: "This man's been awful good to me, granny."

"I met Johnny down street," I said, "and the poor boy was almost—I mean, he was very hungry—he ate like a woodman."

"Well, I'm not sure it isn't his own fault he was hungry," the old woman replied with a half angry gesture. "The young scallawag broke a plate this morning wiping the dishes, and I sent him away."

At this juncture Mabel entered.

"Why, Johnny," she said, and then seeing me she drew back.

"Come on, Mabel," shouted Johnny. "This man's been awful good to me. I want you to know him; he gave me a swell feed."

"I'm very glad that you were kind enough to help Johnny," and she bowed as she spoke.

During her opening speech I eyed her critically. She was all that Johnny had described her, and more. She was beautiful. The expression of her face bespoke all that is best in a woman. When my wits returned, I answered:

"I thoroughly enjoyed Johnny, and though my assistance was surely small, yet, 'there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving.'"

Granny excused herself on some pretense—I don't remember what—in fact, I didn't know at the time, and Mabel led me from the dining-room, kitchen, laundry and pantry combined to a small sitting-room scantily fitted out with the furniture of a generation ago.

"Johnny is a bright boy," she began, as she stepped forward to turn up the lamp, "and I'm sorry I can't send him to school."

"Why, the schools are free—" I noticed a deep blush come over her face and I stopped short.

"Yes, I know," she said, slowly, "but I earn scarcely enough for three of us to live on, and Johnny's clothes are hardly fit to be worn at school."

"That's not beyond remedy," I said, and drawing forth my all-healing roll I pulled out a ten dollar certificate and stuck the remainder in my outside waistcoat pocket, "this will at least give the boy a start," I said, offering her the money, "and I hope that you will allow me to call again." She was reluctant about taking the money, and accepted it only when I urged, "it is not you that I wish to benefit so much as your brother."

Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs; Mabel listened.

"Excuse me," she said rising," I'll be back directly."

Soon I could hear a muffled conversation in the other room. Several men were there, besides Johnny and Mabel. I tried to hear. It isn't honorable for me to listen I thought. These are surely suspicious circumstances, but that girl is noble—I'll trust her. Yet in spite of myself I listened. Johnny was speaking "You bet it's a bunch. I saw a 'fifty' and a 'twenty,' and he paid for my supper out of a 'ten.'" Then Mabel's voice. "Yes, I'm dead certain—in the right-hand lower vest pocket."

Before I could realize my position, much less plan an escape, four thugs stood before me. I recognized them immediately as Johnny's restaurant-keeper and the three loungers I had seen there.

"Well, Bud," spoke up the waiter, "I hope that coffee is bracin' your nerves because we got a kind o' shockin' request to make. We want your money. It's right there in that vest pocket."

"And there it will remain," I retorted with unwarranted determination.

"Now don't be foolish, kid," he said quietly. "There's four of us, and any one of us would make bad company for you."

Before I could answer this, a revolver gleamed in my face, and the customary phrase, "Hands up," rang in my ears, and up they went with such violence that they struck against the head of the bed, and I awoke. Then I turned over to the side that I don't dream on and I slept soundly till eight o'clock.

Sympathy.

(*A Pastel.*)

It is early morning of a day in late September. The air is sharp, the sunshine clear. The woods, heavily dressed in dark-green voliage, show numerous dew-washed nooks and leaf-hung recesses.

On the sunny side of the woods and in the higher branches of the trees a few birds are singing. Their songs are not gay, but full of quiet joy, with here and there a minor chord of sadness: summer is dying.

For a moment all is still, then from the graveyard near by comes the slow, regular toll of the passing bell. The birds seem to understand the message of its music; with bent heads they are still. A cloud crosses the sun. The air is cold. The birds remain silent, while the bell beats slowly on.

The sun appears again, coldly beautiful in pure white light, perchance like the soul just passed. The bell is hushed; its echoes, wandering through the trees, rouse the birds. They sing again, their notes fraught with the deep music of the bell.

C. L. O'D.

Varsity Verse.

AT THE POET'S GRAVE.

A SOUL that burned with a wild desire,
A heart ablaze with an ardent fire,
Were quenched when he fell and died;
And we laid him away where the daisies' nod,
And around his tomb the south wind sighed,
As we prayed to a merciful God.
Never again will the moving tide,
Aflame in a glow of shimmering light,
Nor the vasty solitude of night
Meet his wondering eyes;
Nor the violets blooming in the dell,
The hooded wood where he loved to dwell,
And the ever-changing skies.

No more will the winds that fill the trees,
The birds' sweet pipings on the breeze,
And the distant rumbling of the seas,
Break on his silent ear;
Nor his vision pierce the veil above,
And his heart beat fast at thoughts of love,
All fraught with hope and fear.

And we look in vain to catch that note
That rose in his heart to fill his throat,
And the fire that lit his eye,—
For he, beneath this sullen sod,
A bit of dust shall lie;
His soul has winged its flight to God—
And men shall stop and wonder why
That one who felt the poet's thrill,
Whose heart with music oft would fill,
Beneath the sod is cold and still,
Forever and for aye! J. J. S.

LIFE—A GAME OF FOOTBALL.

To-day he makes a great end-run,
The deafening cheers go forth from all,
Another plunge, the game is won—
The best man on the field this Fall.

To-morrow the goal is near; he stumbles;
The game depends upon that score;
The crowded bleacher roars and rumbles—
He's on the scrubs for evermore.

B. K.

A PANTING RACE.

Little by little the day wears on,
And we're glad when the evening comes,
But we long for the dawn, while we fidget and yawn,
And the sound of day's noisy drums.

The freshness of spring we tire of too soon,
And we wish for the summer's glow;
But a season so bright ceases soon to delight,
And we pray for the winter's snow.

In childhood's sweet days we look ever on,
And we long to be big, bearded men;
But wealth and renown are the gems for the crown,
We fain would bedeck us with them.

Ever on, ever on, till with silvery hair,
A rest at the final we crave;
And sober old age looking back on this stage
Sees the race has been on to the grave. F. B.

The Grayhound's Whine.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.

We were sitting round a turf fire watching the fantastic shapes the flames were continually assuming. Outside the wind howled dismally, and now and then showers of hail rattled against the back door and fell through the sooty chimney upon the hearth. The conversation was at a standstill. Everybody appeared absorbed in reflective thought. The whistling of the wind had a greater fascination than the gossip of the village. Tom Hennessy sat on a straw-bottomed chair on one side of the hearth, drawing figures on the ashes with his cudgel. Opposite him sat Granny O'Leary on a low seat of plaited rushes. The other members of the company were seated on stools and chairs, sucking the ends of their walking sticks and gazing intently at the flames. The fire burned brightly and shed a yellow lustre on the faces gathered round. Its heat was mild and diffusing, and by its light Granny O'Leary, straining her eyes and frequently missing a stitch, tried to knit a stocking. The clinking together of her knitting-needles kept time with the song she murmured. Suddenly she laid down her knitting with a sigh, and, rubbing her red eyes, said:

"Ten years ago, to-night, Ned died. God be good to his soul!"

Ned was the old woman's husband.

"'Tis little I thought," she continued, "I'd live this long after him.—Stir up the fire, Neddy."

I drew together the scattered coals, and a shower of sparks flew around the fireplace and up the black chimney.

"Give me your hand, *a stor*," she said, "my poor bones are sore, and I can hardly stand."

I helped her to her feet, and felt well repaid for the act when she said, in her grateful way, "God bless you, *a lanna!*" She took her staff in her hand and hobbled toward the door. Her form was bent almost double, so heavily did the burden of her eighty years press upon her. Her hair was almost as white as the neat linen cap she wore. Her face, on which still lingered the lines of youthful beauty, was furrowed with age and care. The lustre had left her eyes, but they yet possessed a gleam of sympathy and love. She wore a plain dress of home-made flannel, and over her shoulders

was pinned a red shawl which she had knitted with her own hands. With difficulty she reached the door, and opening it peered out into the wild, starry night. A cold gust of wind rushing toward the fire, made her shiver violently.

"'Tis a wild night, praise be to God!" she said coming back to the fire. She sat down, and, taking a rosary from her bosom, began to say her prayers. She hummed them in an audible, crooning tone with a rhythmical rise and fall in her voice.

For an instant the wind ceased its violence, and wild and long came to our ears the whine of a dog. The effect on the crowd around the fire was marvellous. They started from their reveries calling on God to help them. They looked at one another in great awe, but no one spoke. The old woman with the beads was the first to break the silence, and her cracked voice harmonized well with the wail of the wind. Her words were addressed to no one in particular.

"There's death in Sturdy's whine to-night, and my dream of blood is coming true. Oh! I wish I were sleeping in the graveyard, where no trouble could reach me."

Again the cry broke forth, and caused the old woman to throw up her hands and exclaim: "God, have mercy on us!"

Once more the plaintive whine blended with the wind, and the old woman turned to me and in a craving voice said:

"Call in Sturdy, Neddy, like a good boy."

I went out and began to call "Sturdy! Sturdy!" and in a moment, a big grayhound came crouching and fawning to my feet.

The moon was now shining full, and ragged clouds were scattered across the blue sky. The air was clear and biting, and two horsemen could be seen coming along the road in the distant horizon. A flock of sheep were lying by the thorn hedge chewing their cud.

When I reached the house the old woman was saying: "Something is surely going to happen, for I had a strange dream last night about a river of blood, and a man drowning in it. I shouldn't care so much about the dream, but to-day, as I was sitting under the big whitethorn out there, I saw a crow perching on the gable of the house, and now Sturdy's three whines makes me think that death is hanging over some one in this house—I wish Tom were home."

We all tried to dispel her fears, but in our own hearts was a taint of superstition, and we dared not own to ourselves that such portents were untrue.

The silence no longer continued around the fireplace. Tom Hennessy was saying that he knew hundreds of cases where dogs whined like Sturdy and nothing came of it.

"What kind of dogs were they?" asked the old woman.

"Oh! bless me if I know," answered Tom.

"That's it. I suppose they were common curs that had no power of prophecy in them. Do you think a pure-bred dog like Sturdy would whine without a reason? Ah! too well I know what comes of a dog's whine. I was no bigger than Neddy there, when my mother died, but I remember how the dog we had used to bring tears to our eyes a couple of nights before her death; and the same thing happened when my father died. You know yourself, Tom, that when Jack Riordan was killed at the Carricklee races, his sheep-dog whined all day. Believe my word, something is going to happen."

The exertion of so long a speech had exhausted Mrs. O'Leary, and she leant back against the wall for support. Her face was pale, and a deadly fear gnawed at her heart. We saw that we could not argue with her in her present state, and Tom Hennessy changed the subject, and began to tell of his adventures in the Australian Bush. His narratives lacked their usual sprightliness, and his audience was less attentive than on previous evenings. Mrs. O'Leary paid no attention to the conversation, but muttered her prayers and counted her beads with devotion. Now and then a sigh would escape her and betray the fear that racked her soul. At length Tom Hennessy stood up and said:

"I think I'll be going home. I have to be up early in the morning."

He buttoned his frieze coat closely around him and took a firmer grasp of his cudgel. Just as he opened the door we heard the sound of a horse galloping along the road. In a few seconds the horse and rider stopped at the door and we recognized "Sand" Naylon.

"God save you, Sandy," said Tom Hennessy. "What's your hurry?"

"Tom O'Leary fell off his horse down by the bridge and, I'm afraid, broke his neck. Has old Mrs. O'Leary, his mother, gone to bed?"

"No! no! don't let her hear you," said Tom Hennessy. Her poor heart is almost broken now, and this bad news may overpower her.

I'll go in, and if she has heard you I'll give some excuse; and maybe the case isn't so bad with Tom after all."

Tom went back toward the fire and the old woman, whose sight was poor, said:

"Is that you, Sandy? I thought I heard your voice."

"What in the world put Sandy into your head?" said Tom. "That's a man coming home from the fair. He says cattle were selling well to-day."

"Did he see our Tom?"

"I didn't ask him. I just came in to tell you that two-year old heifers were selling briskly. I suppose Tom got a good price for his pair. They were salable beasts. There's ten o'clock. I ought to be in bed an hour ago. Good night."

By the time Tom came out of the house again, we had hitched Sandy's horse to the common car. We drove back toward the bridge, and when we came near the spot, we saw a white rabbit rush from the body and hide in the masonry of the bridge.

We found Tom O'Leary where he had fallen, but his heart had ceased to beat. His face was lying in a pool of blood which had issued from his mouth and nostrils. Not a word was spoken. Our looks conveyed our thoughts. In grim silence we raised the lifeless body and laid it gently in the car.

In half an hour the keen was raised over the corpse, and loudest among the keeners was the strained voice of Mrs. O'Leary. The neighbouring women were coming in one by one, and to each she told the story of her forebodings and the grayhound's whine. Many were the "God have mercys" ejaculated that night, and many a woman's heart throbbed in superstitious fear and excitement.

Two days later a funeral passed along the road to the Abby graveyard. The west wind blew harshly, and hailstone showers every now and then swept furiously over the furze-clad hills. The sun occasionally shone through the rifted clouds, but there was no warmth in his scintillating rays.

The yellow coffin was lowered gently into the brown earth, and with uncovered heads the humble peasants sent a muttered prayer to heaven for the departed soul. Near the grave was Mrs. O'Leary resting on her staff. Her withered face was blue and her whole body shivered with cold.

Slowly the hole was filled, and silently one by one the mourners left the grave. The last shovelfuls of earth were thrown in, when with a heart-rending groan Mrs. O'Leary fell forward on her face. We raised her up. She was unconscious. Quickly we placed her in a carriage and drove home.

Next evening the grayhound's whine woke the wild echoes of the hills. Two days later the bell in the Abbey graveyard pealed out its lonely knell, and in a corner of the hallowed ground, beside a grave that was yet fresh, was laid Granny O'Leary.

As Percy Told It.

R. E. HANLEY.

"Percy, I've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and I've determined to send you out West on that cattle ranch I bought last year. There your doings will not be known to my friends, and I shall not have the mortification of hearing you spoken of as that rascally young snob of a Maiston!"

These words were spoken by Mr. Maiston to his son J. Percy who stood near, and gave signs of his uneasiness by twirling his hat around his fingers and nervously shifting from one foot to the other.

"That affair of yesterday," said Percy, "was not my fault. You see, I was out with several of the boys and on the corner of J. Street was jollying some fellow who started a fight. That's why I was arrested."

"For the last six months," returned Mr. Maiston, ignoring Percy's somewhat doubtful explanation, "you have been conducting yourself in a manner that is anything but proper for the son of a gentleman. I sincerely hope that those cowboys will be less lenient with you than the judge was in the police court this morning. This afternoon you will get your things together, and I have arranged that you will leave on that nine-thirty train to-morrow morning." Percy spent the afternoon in packing up, and that evening he went around to his various friends, and railed at what he called his bad luck.

"The old man's 'sore' at me," he exclaimed, "and is going to send me out to herd cattle with the cowboys."

The next morning Percy left Boston, and five days later he was introduced by John Peters, the manager of the ranch, to the blue-shirted and fierce-looking cowboys, and when this ceremony was finished, Percy earnestly

wished that his father had seen fit to send him to some other place than among these uncouth barbarians.

Percy's overbearing manners soon made him very unpopular with the cowboys, and his life at the ranch, for the first two weeks, was not one of unmixed happiness. But, tired of the petty persecutions to which he was subjected, Percy resolved to make an example of the next person that attempted to make him appear ridiculous. His opportunity came sooner than he expected, but the result was somewhat different from what Percy had intended.

"Sandy" Jones, the biggest and ugliest of the ranch-hands, returned from town one afternoon, after he had drunk as much of Pat Brady's three-year-old as he could conveniently carry. When he entered the corral the only person in sight was J. Percy. "Sandy" suddenly remembered that on the previous day Percy had told him that he, 'Sandy,' was an ignorant 'lobster,' and that no civilized part of the country would allow him to roam at large.

While thinking of these words 'Sandy,' became stage-struck and determined to play William Tell, but he decided to modernize it and adapt it to present conditions.

"Hi there, Boston!" yelled 'Sandy,' as Percy was unsuccessfully attempting to cast a rope, and at each cast was entangling himself in a mesh of braided horsehide, "come over here and be the boy."

"Be the boy?" returned Percy, "I can't; for don't you know I attained my majority last March."

"I don't care what you attained," roared Sandy, you got to be the boy."

Percy became frightened at Sandy's fierce tones, and consented to be the boy, but he mildly asked Sandy what the boy was supposed to do.

"Ye he, Bos'n," explained Sandy, "I'm William Tell,—you're the boy; but as you ain't got no apple and as I ain't got no bow 'n arruho, we got to change that part of the business. You stand down there by that post and stick a cigarette in your face, and then I'll shoot it out."

Although Perey had consented to be the boy he declined to be the boy in this particular case. He observed that Sandy was none too steady on his feet, and made the very logical deduction that his hand would also be unsteady; and even if Sandy bad been sober, Percy had no desire to put his marksmanship to so severe a test.

"Sandy seeing that Percy was not very anxious to take his place by the post, ordered him to "get a move on him."

Percy suddenly determined to make an example of Sandy and to put a stop to all such persecutions in the future. He had the temerity to walk up to Sandy and hit him on the nose. What followed need not be told; but when John Peters returned to the house that night he found Percy propped up in bed, his eyes almost closed and his face presenting a generally disreputable appearance. Percy implored him to telegraph immediately to his father and ask him to bring him home.

A week later Percy with all his belongings took his departure from the ranch and thankfully hurried on to Boston. In answer to the question of his friends as to what was the matter with his face, Percy would ascribe its battered up condition to a railway accident that occurred on his way home.

The engagement of J. Percy Maiston to Miss Edith Holcomb was announced not long afterward. One evening a few days before their marriage Percy was telling Edith about his Western experiences.

"You see," said he, "if you let those Westerners bluff you they will keep it up, but if you once thoroughly humiliate them they will not trouble you any more.

"For instance," said Percy, growing reminiscent, "I was one day perfecting myself in casting the lasso, when an intoxicated ruffian named 'Sandy' insultingly said that he would shoot a cigarette out of my mouth. Having become very dexterous with the lasso I cast it over his shoulders, and it was but the matter of a few moments until I had him securely bound to a post. I left him there until evening when the other cowboys returning from the day's roundup released him. When I next met him a meeker or more humiliated man than 'Sandy' Jones, never walked. I felt that this was necessary, though 'Sandy' had the reputation of owning a private burial ground."

Miss Edith's eyes sparkled when Percy finished and she enthusiastically said: "Oh, Percy! let us go out there on our wedding tour, for I would like to see this great bully of a cowboy that you so severely humiliated."

"No, my dear," returned Percy, "those Westerners are too rough for you to associate with, and I think our wedding-tour had better be in some other direction."

Books and Magazines.

—Like every Catholic magazine for October, the *Carmelite Review* aims at the festivities of the month; informing and instructing its readers by means of terse essays, well-chosen editorials and unusual verse, how to make the best of the many opportunities holy Church affords us during October. The short story "With Both Hands" serves as a good typical story for Catholic magazines. It also illustrates that its author believes in the principles of her story. The *Review* is indeed fulfilling its mission.

—There are ideas in Mr. Chas. E. Russell's article, "Are there two Rudyard Kiplings?" in the *Cosmopolitan* for October, that may call for more than a few moments' consideration. Speaking of Mr. Kipling's achievements, he says: "The writing is always immensely clever; often it is brilliant; never has it noticeable flaws in its technical workmanship. But its brilliancy is granite and its sparkle a mica glitter." He goes on to say that Mr. Kipling is too materialistic in his writings to create sympathy, and hence they are unpalatable. There is much truth in these statements, but I wonder if all of us have received the same impression from Mr. Kipling's writings? Many facts stated in Mr. Mitchell's "Mine Worker's Life and Aims," may be used as a great object study for men interested in the Social Question. The story of Paul Jones is another evidence against the many abuses heaped upon him as a "cut throat, bearded and armed to the teeth." The stories of the magazine are clever and their illustrations are interesting because they tend toward the Gibson and Christie style. The name of Kemble under the picture of a negro is sufficient to draw admirers.

—A very interesting paper on anarchy, by Mr. Charles Johnston, is found in the *North American Review* for October. Mr. Johnston traces the causes of our awful outbreaks of anarchy back to the wretchedness and misery of the Italian peasantry, from which have sprung Caserio, Luccheni, Becci and Sipido; and to the Slavs, including the Poles,—ground down by indescribable hardships,—from whom the late Czolgosz sprang. This spirit is foreign to America, but the grooves worn in the minds of those unfortunate peoples by the grinding machines of tyranny, are too deep to be drawn out by a single generation. of democratic life, and our whole country is dotted with foreign settlements in which still live the bitter memories of oppression from which anarchy comes. "It is a frightful thing," the writer says, "to see such outbreaks of homicidal violence on the part of the poor and unprivileged, the neglected of the earth... but even more shocking, more discreditable to our humanity, more unworthy of our twenty centuries of Christian faith, is the almost universal cry for vengeance... for the extermination of these blinded, sinning mortals." Violence and oppression have bred this awful mania, and it is wrong to assume that violence or oppression can right it.

—The *Delineator* for November, published by Butterick Publishing Co., New York, differs a little from its predecessors in its make-up. The change brings the articles on the latest style of dress into greater prominence. Besides its chapter on embroidery, fancy stitches and lace making, there are several articles of interest to the general reader, namely, Tennyson, His City Call, and College News.

—The October number of *Harpers' Magazine* is full of that cleverness which has always characterized this magazine. With such authors as John Burroughs, Paul Leicester Fox, Mary E. Wilkins, John Vance Cheney and others of like reputation, as contributors, *Harpers' Magazine* always appeals to us. The October number, however, contains a very clever bit of nature study by John Burroughs, entitled Babes in the Woods. Whatever Mr. Burroughs writes has a charm, but this paper especially shows that fulness of observation which is ever in the work of that author. Zitkala-Sa, the Indian Maid, contributes a short paper which contains much feeling, showing the author's familiarity with the material she handles.

—Miss Elinor E. Tong of South Bend, Ind., has edited a "New Manual of Catholic Devotions" (the John Murphy Co, Baltimore), and the work is very well done. She has a remarkably broad selection of prayers in a handy volume. There are two editions of the book, and either might readily be carried in a man's pocket—an important fact, because if a prayer-book is bulky a man will have nothing to do with it. The editor has shown excellent taste in the selection of material, and has carefully kept the text within the boundary of the old accepted devotions, not admitting mere fashionable sentimentality. The proof-reading was carefully done. On page 273 there is a *qui* for *quæ* in the *O Salutaris*, but no other error was noticed by us.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 19, 1901.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame 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, Indiana.

—We should here like to call attention to the magnificent manner, in which Messrs. Wm. and James O'Connor of Evanston, Ill., received our football team, after the Northwestern game. The team sat down at their hospitable board, where they were entertained by these two worthy gentlemen, and other old students. The Notre Dame Alumni Asssociation, in Chicago, had made arrangements to banquet the team at Kinsley's, when it was discovered that Mr. O'Connor had written to our athletic manager, some time before, requesting that "this honour,' 'as he termed it, be allowed to him. We hope to have the pleasure, at some near day, of showing our appreciation for the loyalty of our old students.

—We that have a touch of the dreamer in us like to wander back along that oft-trod stream of time; we seek to go beyond the civilization that surrounds us, and in the wilds and forests of the West live and think as the pioneers of civilization lived and thought. We desire to judge men of that day, not by our time and customs but by the men that have struggled against obstacles like unto those that confronted this advance-guard of culture. To us that are thus inclined, Father Fitte's sermon on Father Sorin last Sunday especially appealed. This was Founder's Day; and he paid a tribute to a man whose name shall live as long as there is a stone upon a stone at Notre Dame. Taking Father Sorin's career as his theme, Father Fitte showed the similarity between his life and that of Edward the Confessor. We had never before thought over the parity in the work of those two men, separated by so many centuries. But as the sermon developed, the truth came home to us that though their conceptions and the results achieved were of different magnitude, their aim in life and the means sought to reach this end were the same.

—The saying has become old, that the men who win the prizes in college are the ones that often fail in after-life. So many instances proving this have been brought to the notice of men of stability of character that they have ceased to enter the race for medals, holding that all their reserve force must be stored away until they have entered that broad field where talent and perseverance alone count. The contest for medals, in many instances, it is true, represent but little; but then again, they stand for much more than words can express. Of this latter kind is the medal offered by Dr. O'Malley to the Gaelic class. This study is purely a labour of love, and if at the end of the year one student can show some token of recognition where he has surpassed his fellows, this token will be honour indeed.

—We are in possession of an invitation, extended by the President and Faculty of Mt. St. Mary's of the West, to our President, Father Morrissey, to attend the Golden Jubilee of her Seminary. This will be held on October 22, 23, 1901. There is something stronger than a feeling of reciprocal interest existing between Mt. St. Mary's of the West and Notre Dame, for many of the clergymen that have taken orders there look upon Notre Dame as their mother college.

The noble work this Seminary has been doing for half a century requires but few words of commendation from us. The men it has turned out prove the efficiency and thoroughness of its course.

Bishop Spalding will be the orator of the second day of the Jubilee. This is especially pleasing to many of us at Notre Dame, for we look upon him as the first thinker in America.

—Those that have heard the imputation that a college course unfits a man for the practical things of life, will find some interesting figures dealing with the subject in the "College Man's Number" of the *Saturday Post*. This data is furnished by the "latest edition of a biographical dictionary, and includes practically everybody in America that is known outside his own block. In this hospitable Hall of Fame are found the names of 11,551 persons, of whom 9760 furnished details about their education. Of these 4521 are graduates of American colleges and universities, 289 are graduates of West Point and Annapolis, 965 attended college without graduating, 366 were educated abroad, 2059 are graduates of medical, scientific, theological and law schools. Thus 8200 out of 9760 persons, or 84 *per centum* of the whole, have some sort of higher education. In addition, 282 were privately educated, their training in many places reaching collegiate grade, and 1249 were trained in academies, seminaries, normal schools and high schools. That leaves 315 out of 9760, or 3 *per centum*, with no more than the common school education, which some gentlemen of note think all that is good for a business man." Figures like these are powerful proofs for any logical mind.

—In the same number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Henry J. Furber, Jr., chairman of the General Organizing Committee, contributes an interesting paper dealing with the International Olympian Games to be held in Chicago, 1904. In this article he calls for the development of our best athletes, that America may carry everything before her as she did in the Olympian games in Greece.

A word to the Notre Dame athletes would now be timely. For the past four years we have shown that we can develop material out of which champions are made. And there is no reason why this should not go on in the future. All it requires is but the conscientious training of those that have athletic ability. Those games are but two years and six months off—not too long for a young athlete to train that he may round out to his full perfection.

In calling attention to those Olympian games, we do not mean to place the brawn on a level with the brain, but yet we think that the honour would be a great one, if a young man at the finish of his collegiate work could win a laurel wreath in those games that were a part of the creed of the ancient Greeks.

Exchanges.

An old student of Washburn "is an expert advertising man," says *The Washburn Review*. Undoubtedly "ad rushers," as *The Review* calls them, will be plentiful at the close of this scholastic year, since to outsiders the number of September 13th is interesting for its advertisements. Come now, wake up, and show us what you can do in a literary line! Literary ability is not shown in advertisements, entertainments and reception notices. Your intention is to chronicle local happenings, personals, etc., but a paper for and by the students should contain literary contributions by the students, if it expects to move in the best society of college magazines.

***

From the acquaintance of our latest visitor, *The Wolverine*, we expect a great deal of pleasure. In the "Decree of Fate," George Cole is very well characterized, the conversation is nearly always natural, and the letter at the end has a pathetic note, but the plot is a little too violent. Of the letters of Freshmen in our exchanges those of "David Banks, '05" are the best. He describes his accidents in good faith; in fact, the unsophisticated Mr. Banks is just as "green" as a Freshman can be. "The Wolverine Primer" runs in the same humorous vein. Surely dulness and ponderosity, the bore of exchange editors, can not be charged against *The Wolverine!*

***

Decided improvement is shown in *The University of Chicago Weekly*. The "Issue for Freshmen" is bubbling with humor and satire against "The Green," with just an occasional stab at the Sophomores, "the wisest men in the university." Some clever ideas and ludicrous situations are found in "The Letters of a Freshman," but they are inferior to "Letters of David Banks, '05" in *The Wolverine*. "Chicago spirit is metropolitan, cosmopolitan, universal," writes an upper class man; but that reads as though it might have been perpetrated by some all-important Freshman, inflated with the idea that he is attending a great university, and that the world has been waiting for him to compile a few adjectives to define "Chicago spirit." Stories and verse relate to the troubles of the Freshman in a humorous manner, but some of the "Don'ts for Freshies" might apply equally as well to the worthy upper class men. G. W. B.

Northwestern, 2; Notre Dame, 0.

But two points were scored in the Northwestern game, and these were made in the first half when Sammon was forced over our line for a safety.

We lost last Saturday's game; but there is no stigma to this defeat, for we felt that had the day been a dry one, our story might have a different ending. With a field that literally ran in mud and water, the team put up a magnificent defensive game in the first half, and a strong aggressive game in the second half, bringing the ball, by a series of rushes, from their ten-yard line to Northwestern's three-yard line. We have no excuses to offer why we did not score, but we admire the strong defense put up by our opponents when we were within the shadow of their goal.

It was impossible to get a proper estimate of the ability of both teams, for the game was played for the greater part in the middle of the field, where the mud was four inches deep. So that after a few minutes of play it was impossible to distinguish one player from another. And though the ball was a mass of slime, but few fumbles marred the contest.

The playing was necessarily slow. McChesney found great difficulty in getting off his punts, being blocked twice, but the weight of the ball seemed to add more power to Sammon's leg. Owing to the ball being so slippery the Varsity backs played up close, and then began a series of rushes against Northwestern's heavy line. But these did not seem to avail much in the first half, so time and again Sammon was forced to punt. Our linemen at centre, Pick, Gillen and O'Malley, played a strong aggressive game; and Farragher and Fortin seemed to be mixed up in every Northwestern play. The playing of the ends was much in evidence, after the first few minutes of play. And our heavy half backs, Lins and Hannan, were under all scrimmage.

Sammon kicked to Northwestern's fifteen-yard line, and Johnson brought the ball back twenty yards. Northwestern, by a series of quick tandem plays, rushed the ball to our thirty-five yard line. Elliott got around the end for twenty-seven yards, and had a clear field for Notre Dame's goal when McGlew brought him down in a running tackle. After that it seemed that McGlew's curly head was seen arising from a puddle of mud after every good tackle. Then the Varsity braced, and McChesney was forced to punt. He drove the ball over the goal line. Sammon punted from the twenty five-yard line. Northwestern by a series of rushes brought the ball to the Varsity's twenty-yard line. Here they lost, and Johnson brought the ball back twenty yards to retain it. Northwestern could make no impression on the line, and McChesney was forced to punt, sending the ball to McGlew at the five-yard line. Here Sammon, Lins and Hannan made eight yards; they were held, and Sammon dropped back to punt. The ball was slimy and the pass was somewhat high. Sammon juggled the ball for a minute, and as he recovered himself and started across the field, he was tackled by Allen and Elliott and forced over the line, giving Northwestern a safety. The ball was then kicked out from the twenty-five yard line. After this the play was continually in the middle of the field. Here Pick broke through and blocked McChesney's kick.

In the second half McChesney kicked off to Lins who brought the ball back twenty yards. We were held for downs on our thirty-five yard line. Then Elliott, Johnson, Ward, and Dietz, aided by their famous tandem play, brought the ball back to our ten-yard line, where they were held for downs. Here the Varsity braced. Sammon was pitted against either side of the line for gains of five and ten yards. Northwestern's line seemed to fall like paper before Farragher and Gillen's onslaughts. Down to Northwestern's forty-five yard line went Sammon, Lins and Hannan before they were stopped. Then McChesney was forced to punt, but Farragher broke through, blocking the ball, and McGlew fell on it. Sammon, Lins and Hannan were pitted against the line again, bringing the ball down to Northwestern's three-yard line. The hopes of the Notre Dame rooters went up, but it seems we were not destined to score. McChesney kicked the ball out into the middle of the field, and here the game was fought out during the last two minutes of play.

NOHTHWESTERN		NOTRE DAME
Elliott	L. E.	Doran, Neerie
Fleager	L. T.	Farragher
Mauerman	L. G.	Gillen
Allen	C.	Pick
A. Baird	R. G.	O'Malley
Paddock	R. T.	Fortin
McChesney	R. E.	Lonergan
Johnson	Q. B.	McGlew
Ward	L. H. B.	Kirby, Hannan
G. O. Dietz	R. H. B.	Lins
Davidson	F. B.	Sammon

Referee, Fred Hayner, Lake Forest. Umpire, Everts Wrenn, Harvard. Timekeepers, Herbert and Koppelman. Linesmen, Collins and West. Time of halves, 25 min.

Personals.

—Word comes that Max Rice (student '87–'90) has become a very successful business man in Indianapolis, Ind.

—Mr. O'Keefe of St. Joseph's Hall had the pleasure of a brief visit from his sister, Genevieve of Three Rivers, Mich.

—Geo. Weitzel, winner of the Mason Medal in '90, has been appointed Lieutenant of the Engineering Corps in the Philippines.

—Mr. John Lilly (A. B. '01) of Chicago, Ill., and Mr. W. D. Lynch of West Bend, Wis., have entered the Northwestern Medical School.

—Miss Nellie Daly and Miss Mabel Easton of Dowagiac, Michigan, were the guests of Bernard Daly and Vitus Jones last Sunday.

—Mr. Rufus P. Jones (student '95–'97) of Dowagiac, Michigan, has been visiting his brothers, Vitus and Henry during the past week.

—Mr. E. L. Dacker (student '92–'93), South Bend, Ind., has just passed the examination for first Engineer in the transport service in the Navy.

—Professor Sweet of the North Division High School, accompanied by Mr. Williams of Chicago, was the guest of Father Quinlan last Sunday.

—John Healy (student '74–'77) of Elgin, Ill., brought Mr. Lew Lasher to Carroll Hall. Mr. Healy has become one of the most prominent lawyers in Elgin.

—Mr. Ed Brown (Litt. B. '99) has received the position of assistant cashier in the Bank of Sheldon, Iowa. Owing to his manly character much confidence was placed in Ed while here.

—Dr. Welker of Gambier, Ohio, called at the University during the week to renew his acquaintances among the Faculty. He states that Vincent Welker of last year's class is studying medicine at Rush Medical.

—Mr. and Mrs. Victor M. Gore of Benton Harbor, Mich., spent Thursday with their son, Fletcher, of Carroll Hall. Mr. Gore enjoys the reputation of being one of the best lawyers and orators in southwestern Michigan.

—Student days of '68–'9 were recalled by the recent visit of Mr. Robert B. Coddington who entered his son in Brownson Hall. This was the first time Mr. Coddington has had an opportunity to renew his relations with the University since he left.

—The Rev. William Burke (student of '96) made a brief but welcome visit to old teachers and friends at the University this week. Father Burke is affiliated to the Archdiocese of Chicago, but is at present exercising his ministry in St. Louis, Mo. He is secretary of the Second Eucharistic Congress, soon to convene in that city.

Carroll Hall Track Meet.

The Annual Fall Track Meet of the young athletes of Carroll Hall was held last Tuesday afternoon on Cartier Field, under the direction of Father Quinlan. Although but a few days' preparation had been made for the Meet, the youngsters made a splendid showing. The track events were well contested, and served to bring out some good talent. The fight for second place in the half mile was the best of the afternoon, Cahill finishing a foot in front of Foley. Sweeney ran this event in good time. Hall, Carr, Cahill and Kotte did some good work in the dashes and in the distance runs. Young Taylor was easily the star in the field events, his graceful vaulting and high jumping winning the admiration of the onlookers. The half-mile bicycle race called for a great deal of excitement. Gilmurry had a handsome handicap, and set up a hot pace from the very beginning. Though the Scotchmen tried their hardest they could not overtake him. Pryor proved to be the best all-around athlete, securing one first, one second, and three third places.

This meet, it is true, did not prove what the Carroll hallers are capable of. It only served to give us a line on those youngsters that have athletic ability and who should some day make strong athletes. So our hope is that the work of athletic training will not be suffered to lag among them. The summary:

One hundred and twenty yard hurdles—Kotte, 1st; Cahill, 2d; Pryor, 3d. Time, 19 4-5 seconds.

One hundred yard dash—Carr, 1st; Hall, 2d; Kotte, 3d. Time, 11 3-5 seconds.

Eight hundred and eighty yard run—Sweeney, 1st; Cahill, 2d; Foley, 3d. Time, 2 minutes and 55 seconds.

Half mile bicycle (Handicap)—Gillmurry, 50 yards, 1st; Desmond, 40 yds., 2d; Pryor, 50 yds., 3d. Time, 1:28.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Hall, 1st; Carr, 2d; Ziebold, 3d. Time, 26 3-5 seconds.

Four hundred and forty yard dash—Cahill, 1st; Sweeney, 2d; H. Berggen, 3d. Time, 1:05.

Half mile bicycle—Pryor, 1st; Smith, 2d; Mooney, 3d. Time 1:30.

One hundred yard dash (special race for thirteen-year old boys)—Mooney, 1st; Guirl, 2d; Keiler, 3d. Time, 13 1-5 seconds.

Twelve pound shot put—Fleisher, 1st, 36 feet 5 inches; Lantry, 2d, 35 feet 8 inches; Peery, 3d, 31 feet 5 inches.

High jump—Taylor, 1st, 4 feet 8 inches; Peery, 2d, 4 feet 5 inches; Pryor, 3d, 4 feet 4 inches.

Pole vault—Taylor, 1st, 7 feet 8 inches; Pryor, 2d, 7 feet 1 inch; Carey, 3d, 6 feet 8 inches.

Running broad jump—Hall, 1st, 16 feet 9 inches; Taylor, 2d, 16 feet 7½ inches; Peery, 3d, 15 feet 10 inches.

J. P. O'R.

St. Edward's Hall Track Meet.

The Minims had their fall track meet last Thursday. The events were hotly contested and showed the enthusiasm with which the tots entered all the events. The meet had been wisely arranged by Brother Cajetan, so that nearly everybody would win something. The sixty-yard dash was a hard tussle between Fox and Rousseau, but Fox finally won. In the hurdle race, Randle made an excellent showing; but the four hundred and forty-yard dash, won by McDermott, seemed to catch the crowd. In the evening the prizes, fully eighty in number, were distributed by Brother Cajetan. As W. McBride and E. Kelly, the heroes of a sack race, came up for their prizes, those tots were fascinated by two large, richly decorated loaf cakes, and departed with one apiece.

First fifty yard sack race—Bernard Mulligan, 1st; T. McDermott, 2d. Time, 22 2-5.

Second sack race—R. Graham, 1st; H. Guirl, 2d. Time, 22 4-5.

Third sack race—L. Robinson, 1st; W. Gasman, 2d. Time, 24.

Fourth sack race—E. Costello, 1st; M. Rudolf, 2d. Time, 31.

First three-legged race—J. McBride and P. Munsen, 1st. Time, 11 flat.

First sixty-yard dash—H. Fox, 1st; E. Rouseau, 2d. Time, 7 1-5.

Second sixty-yard dash—W. Kasper, 1st; C. Shonlau, 2d. Time, 8 4-5.

Third sixty-yard dash—E. Van Zandt 1st; C.Von Phul. 2d. Time, 9.

Fourth sixty-yard dash—F. Spengler, 1st; C. Connolly, 2d. Time, 10 2-5.

Fifth sixty-yard dash—E. Small, 1st; W. Rudolph, 2d. Time, 12 3-5.

Second three-legged race—L. Mooney and C. J. McFarland, 1st. Time, 11 2-5.

Third three-legged race—E. Kelly and W. McBride, 1st. Time, 12 3-5.

Frist hurdle race—D. Randle, 1st; J. Gelder, 2d. Time, 11 1-5.

Second hurdle race—L. Weist, 1st; R. Costello, 2d. Time, 13.

Third hurdle race—W. Upman, 1st; K. Boyce, 2d. Time, 12 1-5.

First four hundred and forty-yard dash—C. McDermott, 1st; C. Reilly, 2d. Time, 68 4-5.

Second four hundred and forty-yard dash—G. Casey, 1st; E. O'Bryan, 2d. Time, 74 4-5.

Third three hundred yard run—R. Hall, 1st; R. McGill, 2d. Time, 28.

Fourth three hundred yard run—P. Weber, 1st. Time, 35.

First ⅔ mile bicycle race—J. Berteling, 1st; H. Guirl, 2d. Time, 2:18.

Second ⅔ mile bicycle race—C. Green, 1st; F. Baud, 2d. Time. 2:20.

Third ⅔ mile bicycle race—H. Smith, 1st; B. Smith, 2d. Time, 14:12:5

Local Items.

—SPECIAL NOTICE: Examinations on October 22 and 24.

—Mr. Strauss of Carroll Hall received a visit from his father and mother last Sunday.

—FOUND—A watch on Brownson Hall campus. Owner, call for it at students' office.

—Prizes for the Carroll Hall meet were donated through the kindness of the Reverend President.

—Masters Rempe, of St. Edward's Hall, were delighted by a visit from their mother during the week.

—Leppert: Have you got any mucilage? Robinson: I don't need any. All my mental faculties are intact.

—Oscar would like to explain that it isn't the price of the nose guard that he objects to, but the size of it.

—It was an interesting sight to see a brave school-girl feeding bon-bons to a young Wolf last Sunday afternoon.

—The concert course will open up next Wednesday, October 23d. Another concert will follow October 29th.

—Mrs. J. E. Bassitt of Elkhart, accompanied by Mrs. J. Hasberger, visited her son Royal of St. Edward's Hall recently.

—Over five thousand volumes, dealing with archeology and kindred subjects, have been added to the library since June.

—All those desiring to exchange or to renew their books in the library may do so at 9:30 a. m. on class days, and in the morning on Thursdays and Sundays.

—The "Preps" have reorganized for the season. Although light, the young fellows make up in speed what they lack in weight. They easily defeated the heavy Mexican eleven in their first game last Sunday morning.

—Gov. S. Tone and staff paid a flying visit to the Fair grounds the other day. The Governor was struck by the beauty of the place; and the "antics" and "comical capers" of our mascot, Mr. Goat, greatly pleased him. *Village Critic* please copy.

—The St. Joe "Specials" are getting blue-moulded for a game of Rugby. After being disappointed three times by the Brownsonites, they are beginning to lose hope of ever demonstrating to the football world, the material of which they are composed.

—NOTICE.—Confessions are heard in the church every Saturday evening, at half-past seven o'clock. Until further notice a priest will be found at that time in Father Cavanaugh's confessional, near the front door.

—The Brownson Hall football team defeated St. Joseph's Hall team last Thursday morning in an interesting game by a score of 5 to 0.

This is the fourth consecutive victory for the Brownsonites. Brownson now lays claim to the Inter-Hall championship, and is prepared to defend it against all comers.

—"Music! oh! how faint how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

If anybody doubts Tom Moore's words, let him hear Gorland and Leppert in the musical farce, "Close the door tight."

—A few notes from Mitchell on nuts: "You take a hickory nut this way," said Mitchell to a crowd of legal lights on the steps of Sorin Hall. "After you have cracked the shell with your molars you throw away the stems, and then calmly eat the shell, kernel and all. It will not hurt your digestive organs, if you can eat the shell, for these bits of shell act like gravel in a chicken. This is the proximate cause of that famous epic, "She's the only pebble on the beach."

—At the meeting of the Philopatrians, last Wednesday evening, an excellent programme was given: Messrs. Eaton and Grey recited two humorous pieces. After this the debate began. It is: Resolved, That football is more brutal than prize fighting. Foley and Norris gave good arguments for the affirmative and were given the decision. McCarthy and Markey did good work for the negative. After a recitation by Mr. Berkley, several impromptu pieces were delivered, and the society then adjourned.

—The birthday of the beloved President of the handball trust, Mr. M. Erson, fell on Tuesday last, the sympathetic members fell on him, and, he overcome with emotion and other things, fell on the earth. It was an awful fall, but he rose again. The Trust kept open house all afternoon in his honor, and in the evening gave a tiddle-de-wink party. Many distinguished persons called during the day to offer congratulations. The Messrs. Bailey sent their regrets and a beautiful bunch of sun-flowers. Several other gifts were received.

—The Mexican and the Cuban students in our midst are fast taking to American ways. Among them is noticeable a desire of emulation in every kind of athletics. They practise during recreation, and show by their plays and signals that they are pretty well up in football science. They have not yet, however, become inured to the vigor and endurance required in the game; but these two essentials will be fully acquired in time. Last week there was a contest between them and the hardy players of Brownson Hall. The game resulted in a score for the latter of 11 to 0. Of course, this was to be expected. Still, it shows much proficiency in the Mexican-Cuban team to hold the Brownson eleven down to such a score.

—The St. Joe "Buffaloes" met and defeated the Carroll Hall "Specials" last Sunday in one of the best contested games of the season. In the first half of play the Specials kicked to Buffaloes. The ball was fumbled and the Specials got it. The teams wrestled for downs. St. Joe fumbled ball, but Zaehnle, their halfback, snatched it, and made a touchdown. Curtis failed to kick goal. During the second half the game was evenly contested, but in the last minute of play, Zaehnle ran sixty yards and was downed at Carroll Hall's yard line. Time was up, and the score remained 5 to 0 in St. Joe's favor. The championship of the minor teams is now between the Buffaloes and the ex-Juniors who will play on October the 24th.

—"Farragher awake and Farragher asleep are two different persons. The Farragher awake is a gentleman; the Farragher asleep is a-a-a sno-snorer. For the Farragher awake we have nothing but words of praise; for the other Farragher we must invent some terrible machine. Would that we were able to construct a machine capable of shooting off 316 eight-inch guns, 412 Smith and Wesson's, with 1632 trip hammers, 6596 sixteen lb. shots, 4101 smaller shots. All these to be put off at the snorer's head. Then innumerable pins, needles, and hat pins rammed into his body from all sides. To offset the din such a machine would create, have it so arranged that alarm clocks, church bells, whistles, gongs, fire alarms, grind organs, and the chimes will play 'Good-Bye, Dolly, I must Leave You.' Gentlemen, the time has come when snorers must be-bang whe-e-w, biff, zip, ram, bing—" Extract from a speech delivered by Socrates Mer Phee the night of the Big Wind.

—The "Knocker" has started his series of descriptive poems on our famous contemporaries. No comment is necessary:

Ya—ya—U
Hello, halloo,
Wah hoo! Hoo wah!
Bang!
He is here, the mighty one,
Out from the woolly West, this son
Of genius, Apollo-like,
Along the vasty blue doth run
Until he's here.
Sombrero-clad, and debonair,
Easy like and free from care,
He saunters here and loiters there,
As if he owns the place.
But he doesn't, it's his way.
No offense; it's just the gay,
Happy effervescence of the boy.
Spoiled? Of course, he's the joy
Of maids and matrons; he's it,
The leading light and spirit,—
The Chief.

—He is back. Better late than never. One by one they pass over the river,—that is Hydraulic Avenue coming this way. The other day while the leaves fell gently, and the lower clouds caught on the high tree-tops, he came. Not as the conquering hero comes, not as the snow from a frost-heap did he come, but as a noble educator and careful

student should. He is back. Had he remained away longer he would not have come sooner. But it was a wedding which detained him. And the presents given were so costly. He was explaining it all to a knot of fellows in Judge Cooney's old room the other night. "The best present of all," he said, warming up to the subject, "was the present the groom gave,—one of those diamond,—diamond,—why, you know—one of those decorations a girl pins in her hair!"

"Oh! you mean a rat, O'Gray De?" spoke up Tommy D. Wire.

The meeting dissolved and rat-traps are set in all Sorin Hall rooms.

—Billie Din Nen has success in running off yards of sleep. But if he would only sleep and not dream! Ah, there's the *rub!* (This isn't a Pear's Soap advertisement). Some nights since, Billie was most undoubtedly in the land of S. Nod, Esq; however, he found it hard to convince himself that he was only dreaming. The troubles incident to man's existence were mightily bothersome. From mumbling such romantic effusions as, "I told her it would be so! I knew it! I'll fix him!" he suddenly sat up in bed and gazed large-eyedly at that big blue poster over against the opposite wall. He took it for a Fort Wayne policeman, and said bravely: "Say, boss, don't you ever get weary?" [Good word "weary," for the policeman's name was Willie]. Just then a passing breeze rustled the poster which the dreamer took for an affirmative. "It's a shame, old man, you are on the force. For when I'm tired and looking for *ar-rest*, all I have to do is to call a policeman."

—Messrs. Meirs and Kel Lee, in their learned book on English History, have added a chapter entitled, the "Unsuccessful Quest for Donnoughmac." 'Tis unnecessary to comment upon the work of these worthy gentlemen.

"Once upon a time Count Mire held court in his room, when Crimothy Timmons, a barrister, came before him and craved a boon: it was for vengeance upon one Donnoughmac. The Count saluted him, and demanded of him wherefore he made such lamentations. To which Crimothy answered:

"Sir Count, speak low, for yonder is Donnoughmac's castle, and if he hear us speak he will come and destroy us. For thou canst not make resistance to him, he is so fierce and strong.

"Tell thy troubles," said the Count.

"Well," said Sir Crimothy, "there never were men who shirketh fame with so much sensitiveness as ourselves. Yet we have had it thrust upon us by Donnoughmac. We can endure this state of things no longer. We must burst out in regard to our sufferings. Our woes have been dragged before the public, and they grin hyena-like. Why are we not allowed to luxuriate quietly in our own wretchedness?"

"Now, fellow," said Count Mire, canst thou bring me there where Donnoughmac haunteth?"

"Yea, sure," said Sir Crimothy, "lo! yonder where thou seest 64 shalt thou find him. Then the Count called to him Sir Kel Lee and Sir Kinee and said, "saddle me the ass." The four departed and rode forth till they came to Donnoughmac's haunts, and there they found a stranger—one Barre. "We have come to attack Donnoughmac," said the Count.

"Go," said the stranger, "he whom thou seekest is above, warbling out his tuneful soul. Hear him not. for thou canst not survive it. Do not attack him until thou hast good arms; and I shall be very anxious concerning thee."

"If we are alive," said the Count, "Donnoughmac shall hear tidings of us next week." And with that they departed.

—[Miss Piper, who answers confidentially all the queries for the Sorin Hallers, was unexpectedly called away. As she left she requested us to publish her replies.]

Ex-Chief—From your picture I wouldn't think your mouth too large for a man. But then a stitch on either side might do no harm. If I were you, I do not think that I would try to regain my lost power; but if you are convinced that the fire department may become demoralized, under its present head, that is another question.

Tommy—If there is a secret reason why you should always keep your hat on, your friends will appreciate that fact. As to borrowing tobacco from your friends, that is legitimate in Sorin Hall.

Wolfe—Yes, you should return a box of candy, if the girl offered you a piece.

S. Hirk—You say that your complexion is not clear. Try Lady Pinkham's powders. No, I would not grow angry if I were you when the boys jolly me.

Herbert—Yes, it is better to be a real good athlete than president of a college.

V. Oight—If you are convinced that you will make a singer, there is no reason why you should not practice.

Dubbs—If the girl doesn't write soon drop her another letter. Perhaps she is just sounding the depth of your affection.

George B.—Yes, if I were you I'd write a poem in honour of the girl. I am sure that it will move her.

Studie—Perhaps her father is justified in forbidding you to his house. No, I do not think that he would waylay you as you rode along on a bicycle.

F. Mer Phee—It is hard for me to answer your query as to whether it is better to be a musician or an orator. But if you have good talent in either direction, you should cultivate both fields.

Harry F.—Since the last remedy failed to help your moustache, I do not think that I can do anything for you.