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Lost Spring.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

To G. C. M.

IN thoughtless mood at morn I strolled along
Yond hillside slope among the blooms of May;
But time has laid the sweet-faced flowers away,
And hushed the melodies of summer song.
I knew not half the joy of that bright throng
Of nodding, blushing, smiling flowers that play
On soft-winged zephyrs, till they passed away,
And gray-clad hills the dreary days prolong.

'Tis so with you: the smile I used to know,
Your gentle words, the soft light of your eye,
Brought all unconscious to my youthful heart
A love and joy that set my life aglow.

'Twas mine to see the springtime flutter by
And know the loss of blighted love apart.

Letters A to F.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

(a)

From Mr. Danley to Miss Barnes.
HEIDELBERG, July the 1st.

DEAR ETHEL:—Almost everything comes in due time. To look back, I can scarcely realize that I have been abroad three years; and to look ahead, can not realize that I shall see you in a month, or perhaps less time than that. The past week has been a sad if memorable one, for in it we have sung our farewell student-songs and drunk our parting toasts. There were no dry eyes last night. If there is not much learning attached to some degrees, there are loads of sentiment. At this hour to-morrow night a week, I shall be aboard one of the continental trains hurrying toward the Channel. I shall make no

unnecessary stops. My student rambles and recreation days—those days of dreams and freedom—are now of the past. My folk write from home that I am needed there. I shall hope to call on you in New York. Our correspondence has been the most desultory of late; however, I have always kept in mind certain promises we made,—promises such as time or separation can not alter when hearts are true.

Please leave word for me at the *Hoffman House*. I'll cable when I leave England.

Yours,

WILL.

(b)

From Miss Barnes to Miss McKnight.

NEW YORK, July the 16th.

MY DARLING MARY:—Why weren't you at home when I called on you this afternoon? I have such news, such very bad news! That letter sent to your address which you forwarded to me was from Will Danley. He doesn't know that we have moved. Oh, I feel just terribly! You know all about Will's and my affair? I did always admire him so much; but,—oh, I don't know! These students when they get up into the higher studies do get so exacting and old maidenish.

I don't believe Will cares very much for me; yet I sometimes think he does. I so hate to disappoint him. Well, Will and I haven't common tastes, have we?—of course you don't know him; but do you think we have? Why, do you know, I've actually lain awake an hour or two some nights just trying to satisfy my moral scruples.

Now there's Harry—the dear boy. He says he positively can not live without me,—how foolish of him: but, truly, I do like to hear him say that. Harry and I are so much alike. O dear! these German universities with their pipe-smokers and beer-drinkers and,—well, I must acknowledge there are brains there too.

I'll tell you—I just can not help it—Harry loves me, and I guess I must care a wee bit for him. But I was so proud of Will. Still, Harry has style and money, and then he so needs some one to look after him.

I am now on the sixth page, Mary, and right here in cold ink I'm going to divulge my plan. Since you live where we used to, let Will call there and you pretend not to know the former occupants of the flat. Mean, isn't it? I tell you that drastic measures must be taken, for he will soon be rolling in. I almost repent,—no, I don't either! How I wish you were here to talk with me; still it is fortunate that you're not, for you would show me up too well to myself.

Anyway, I am decided to leave a letter at *The Hoffman* telling Will to call at the old address. I don't want to see you until the whole thing is over; for, in truth, I am ashamed to see you.

Affectionately yours,

ETHEL.

(c)

From Miss McKnight to Miss Barnes.

NEW YORK, August the 1st.

MY DEAR ETHEL:—I held my reply until your friend had come and gone. To speak plainly, I can not compliment you on your apparent fickleness. I find Mr. Danley to be just what I expected,—an educated young man and a gentleman. He was much taken aback when your deceit suddenly dawned upon him, and that was too much for me. I then insisted that he come into the parlour and chat for a time with me. I take no credit that there was a more natural color in his face in ten minutes. If I say truly, I'll add that there was more than a little color in my own face at about that time.

I greatly regret that such an unpleasant circumstance made us meet, but can not say when I ever before have taken a new acquaintance in just the same light. I do not see how you could do as you did—you very bad girl; yet, had you not, I should never,—oh! well, such theorizing on possibilities about what might or might not have been is highly useless. It can not be I'm smitten?

From your varied experience you should be able to quote the symptoms. Come down for dinner Thursday night!

Lovingly,

MARY.

(d)

To Silas Brown, Chicago, from William Danley, Buffalo.

BUFFALO, August the 10th.

MY DEAR BROWN:—I am home now a week. Have lots to say. Got the Ph. D. all right,—incidentally, I got the mitten. You will recall that I have written you much concerning an Ethel Barnes? Well, on my way home and in keeping with her appointment, I called at her old address in New York City, and what do you suppose I found? Sir, I found no Ethel, but instead about as sensible and as sweet a young lady as a life of irregular roots and higher philosophizing could make possible for any man.

It was pretty hard to expect to be met by your 'intended,' and instead to meet a carefully dressed and intellectually featured young dame entirely a stranger: equally unbeknown to you and the young lady of whom you were in quest. I guess I must have whitened in face, if, bachelor that I am, such show of feeling were possible. Leastwise, she insisted that I come in just the same and that I try to make out for the nonce that *she* was my friend.

Come on now, no smiles! She didn't wear jewelry or *rouge*, and, upon my word, she appeared sorry for me. I am now satisfied that she was sorry. Of late I haven't been bothering much with young ladies, German or American—maybe I am getting childish at an advanced age; but, Brown, what a difference in young ladies! Of course, no love in it; merely circumstantial, you know. It's not all owing to Miss Barnes' clever deceit. I fear for my constancy had I met Miss McKnight sooner.

I beg pardon, old man, this is too personal to be interesting. Such letters indeed come as the penalty of a tried friendship.

Most sincerely,

WILL.

(e)

From Miss McKnight to Miss Barnes.

BUFFALO, August the 27th.

MY DEAR ETHEL:—Since you said I had a number of the symptoms, I must tell you that your quondam lover and I have seen the Fair most thoroughly. We were three in the party; Miss Alice, my sister, acting the chaperon. I really felt somewhat romantic the other afternoon when we beheld the Falls from the Canadian side. You recall the old captain of the excursion steamer, "The Maid o' the

Mist"? It is too bad, but he is now dead, and his old joke about his boat being *made of the mist* is now only a tradition. Traditions, however, are romantic principally to those romantically inclined. Many sweet things have been said somehow or other. An inspired hour was that which saw a totally dark exposition ground gradually turned into a city of day. The illumination and electrical display is quite beyond description. The Midway with its *barkers* does not compare with the World's Fair. Next time I see you in person I have something most important to tell you. News is always most interesting,—particularly to women, is it not?

As I write I have vague mental representations of Horse-Shoe Bends, Suspension Bridges, and Herbert's Orchestra.

Lovingly yours,

MARY.

(f)

To Silas Brown, Chicago, from William Danley, Buffalo.

BUFFALO, August the 28th.

MY DEAR BROWN:—Was glad to get word from you. That Speculation of yours wasn't bad. Suppose you'll see Europe next year on the *margin*?

Have been pretty busy the last few days; Miss McKnight of New York has been taking in the Fair. Let me see,—did I ever speak to you of her? Too bad Illinois Day is so far off—otherwise you might meet some of your old friends and some *new* ones. There are times when good men deserve to be called the best—you would not refuse to be the *best man*!

Your old friend is becoming youthful. It is all owing to the Exposition. I hear you say that there are sundry kinds of *expositions*.—I candidly confess that I am hit.

As ever yours,

WILL.

Triplet.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

Somewhere across the sea
There's a ship in the golden west—
Richer than argosy,
Somewhere across the sea,
Yet ever adrift from me,
The hope that I prized the best.
Somewhere across the sea
There's a ship in the golden west.

Old Ring.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

Scrogan often visited my uncle's farm to buy young cattle. He owned a large tract of land on the Mississippi River, and he kept two good cattle dogs that followed him everywhere he went. Joe was a Scotch collie and a leader, Bessie was a shepherd and an excellent driver. I had come to know the dogs very well and met them with great delight whenever Scrogan visited my uncle. But one October evening I saw Joe trot up to our yard fence with a stranger by his side; the stranger wore a wide white ring around his neck; he had a speckled breast, black body and tan legs. His feet were white.

Scrogan explained that Bess had a sore foot and he had brought "Old Ring" along as company for Joe. I had been much disappointed, for Bess was my favourite; but when Scrogan said that Old Ring was good for nothing, but treeing 'coons I felt a joy peculiar to a boy of sixteen who loves a night stroll in the wood.

Old Ring was a 'coon dog! that meant much for me. It not only meant that I should have a hunt with him, but that I might be able to show a dog that was better than Shell, Joe Roberts' dog! Joe boasted that Shell would "tree anything," which was unstinted praise. Everybody admitted that Shell was a great dog, and he was. He was undoubtedly the best that we boys could find.

He did not hunt alone, we always had five or six dogs when we took a half night in the wood; but he was always the leader, and sure to follow a trail no matter how cold it might be, and certain of game when he "treed"—he never fooled us. Old Ring looked a typical 'coon dog. He appeared to be about a three-fourth hound, with broad breast, large full eyes, square jaws, with legs too thick and short for long runs, and a body too heavy for the chase. Poor fox hounds often make good 'coon dogs.

Next morning after Old Ring's arrival, Scrogan and my uncle started out to buy some cattle, leaving the hound behind. He was company for Joe on the long journeys when they had no cattle, but an utter nuisance when they had stock. They were to be gone over night, and I was to have a hunt in the meantime; Scrogan assured me that if there was a 'coon in our fifty-acre wood pasture, Ring would find it.

I did not waste much time getting the news to the neighbour boys, and before noon a half-dozen of them were over to see Ring. None of them placed much confidence in my story; they all admired Shell, Joe's dog. Jim Lyons and John Mattingly were the first to come to see him. Jim could find no fault with him, except that "he had an awfully lazy look about him," but John saw a failing that condemned Ring on the face of it. Ring was lying upon the porch half asleep and Aunt Mandy's old maltese cat was sitting deliberately upon the dog's feet! John burst into laughter when he saw Ring lying there.

"You don't mean to tell us that's your 'coon dog," he asked, still laughing.

"That's the 'coon dog!" I said boldly.

"Well, I wouldn't give fifteen cents for him!" John said in a disgusted way.

"You don't have to buy him!" I retorted.

"You're easy to let that man Scrogan stuff you," he went on, "you can see for yourself that that dog wouldn't tree anything—a good 'coon dog won't have anything to do with cats!"

Although I did not know that before, I had had a secret regret that Old Ring had let the cat come near him. I had hoped that he would give it a chase, for we did not like the cat about the house, but the old negro would have her pet. Besides, the cat looked very like a 'coon, big and gray, and it did seem strange that Ring would permit it to be near him, but he paid absolutely no attention to it.

"Well," I said, after a pause, "I've told you fellows just what Scrogan told me, and if you want to go hunting to-night we will try him anyway."

No one was willing to miss the hunt even though there was no hope of catching anything, so the boys promised to come for me at eight o'clock. During the afternoon Ring and I got to be very good friends, and when night came he seemed more than anxious for the hunt. I was anxious, too. I hurried through with supper and fixed up the lantern, cleaned the globe and trimmed the wick, and told my aunt and old Mandy that I was not coming back without a 'coon.

Just at eight o'clock I saw a light coming up through the pasture-field, and soon three or four dogs were scrambling through the yard fence, growling at one another and at Ring, poking their heads into every empty basket or keg they could find, and in all

curious as any good hunting dog should be.

"Hear you've got a new dog!" said Joe Roberts as I went out to the yard gate.

I knew the boys had given Ring a poor name, so I determined not to brag, yet I had perfect confidence in Old Ring.

"Yes, he's a new one," I replied.

"Any good?" asked one of the other boys.

"Don't know yet,—got to find that out to-night," I replied in a pleasant tone of voice.

"He looks like a sooner dog!" said George Demudde, getting behind me to see Ring.

The other boys laughed, and we started for the wood. The crowd was made up of six boys, as many dogs, two axes, a cross-cut saw and two lanterns—an outfit capable of capturing anything that might be found. The night was just right: cool, cloudy and damp. There was no wind and not a sound afloat except the screech of a flying squirrel along the edge of the timber and the hoot of a barn-owl out on the old dead tree in the open field.

The dogs were ready for a hunt, and they lost no time in starting into the wood; but there seemed to be nothing out. Once one of the little dogs began to bark, but we could tell he was not treeing, and we soon learned that he was chasing a rabbit. After awhile Fido, John Mattingly's dog, started a desperate howl only a little way from us, but Shell settled the whole matter when he came in by smelling about the tree, but refusing to bark. Fido was a squirrel dog, and he had found where one had gone up the tree late in the evening.

All the time Old Ring had stayed away from us, not coming in once until we got near the centre of the wood. Now and then we could hear his gallop as he passed us in the distance over the moist leaves, and the boys had granted one thing—he was a worker. When he did come to us, he had a self-satisfied look in his large, full eyes, and he seemed to try to tell us that there was not a 'coon in the timber. We had stopped when Ring came to us, and were sitting on the bank of a ravine. I was willing to take Ring's word for it that there was nothing out. The other boys were not so sure as I, but we had settled down for a little rest. Joe was just commenting on how well his dog was working when Shell "opened" away off in the neck of wood that ran up to my uncle's barns.

Ring was off in a moment. The boys scrambled up with axes and lanterns. We could hear the dogs dashing through the wood and underbrush, all going toward Shell.

We were soon still as death standing on the highest part of the rolling hillside that sank into the ravine. The sound in the leaves died, and all we could hear was Shell running alone. The trail seemed to lead toward the barns, but soon one of the dogs seemed to get in ahead, and before we knew it Shell and two more of the dogs were headed directly for us, and running fast.

"That's a 'coon!" two or three boys said in one breath.

"Yes, it was at the corn pens!" said one.

"They're running him hard!" exclaimed another.

"Wonder why the devil Old Ring doesn't get in!" I exclaimed, impatiently.

Some of the boys laughed and Joe remarked:

"Shell's the boy that can find 'em!"

"You bet!" said George Demudde,—"listen!"

"Treed!" shouted Joe, and we started off pell-mell through the wood toward the dogs.

We found them barking up a great black oak tree. Shell sat at the trunk pouring out his hoarse bay, Fido was jumping up against the tree biting off chunks of the rough bark, while the other dogs gathered around us and looked eagerly from us to the tree and then back again. Old Ring was nowhere near, but two or three calls brought him in, and he came trotting toward us as though nothing had happened. I pointed up the tree and persuaded him to smell, but he refused to bark; I was sure there was a 'coon up the tree and coaxed, but Old Ring would not pay any attention; finally he went off and lay down in the leaves. In the meantime the boys were circling the tree with the lanterns on top of their heads searching for the 'coon.

"Here he is!" Joe exclaimed, after a long search, "right up in that fork!"

We crowded around Joe, and sure enough there he was, his two bright eyes staring down at the lantern. When I saw him up there I determined to get Old Ring to take another try at it, and by great persuasion, yelling and exciting the other dogs we got Ring to bark just once; but the boys would not fool with him long, for we were anxious for the fight, and we soon fell to with axes and saw.

The sound of an axe has a peculiar charm of a still night when it is knocking great chips out of a "'coon tree." Two axes were at work on one side while the saw hummed through the green wood on the other. We were not long at the work. In twenty minutes the big

tree began to pop and we stopped to station out the dogs.

Joe took Shell out in the direction the 'coon was running when he was crowded up the tree; Fido, the next best fighter, was stationed on the opposite side; the curs were held off at a safe distance to right and left of Shell.

"Better get that fool hound of Scrogan's!" George Demudde suggested to me.

By way of excuse I remarked that Old Ring was in a strange place, so we couldn't expect much of him; besides, "he barked once anyway." George took him off to one side and I finished the chopping. The tree made a great roaring noise through the night air and came down with a thud, but before it hit the ground we heard our game pounce down on the leaves, and in a moment every dog was right on him. To our surprise he started back toward the barns and had run some little distance before the dogs caught him. We could hear them fighting as we scrambled through the underbrush, leaving everything but the lanterns behind, falling over logs and switching one another across the face with bushes as we rushed through.

"O he's a big 'un!" exclaimed the boy that got there first.

"After 'em, Fido!" shouted John as he came up.

"Shell got the dead grip!" triumphantly yelled Joe.

"Guess Jack ain't so poor!" broke in George Demudde, as he saw his cur joining in the fight.

"Where the dickens is Ring!" I said disappointed by not finding him there.

"There he is!" said Jim Lyons pointing to a dog sitting looking on from behind; and sure enough there was my boasted 'coon dog taking no part in the fight. All the boys shouted and laughed, and George said he ought to be killed.

As we looked back at our fight, we got the lantern on the dogs better and they began to give up; they saw it was about over. Suddenly the boys began to look curiously at the dead animal, then looked at one another; and as Shell gave the last bite at the broken ribs and drew back from it, lying there in a shapeless heap we recognized Mandy's old gray cat!

"Good 'coon dogs won't have anything to do with cats!" I chuckled out, as we started back for the saw and axes. But there came never an answer.

Varsity Verse.

WHEN SKIES ARE COLD.

WHEN skies are cold and clouds are gray,
 There then attends the close of day
 No wondrous rays to beautify
 The west: the winds are chill and dry
 And trees before them bend and sway.

On every side, look where we may
 Old Nature's clothed in bleak array;
 No vivid color greets the eye,
 When skies are cold.

Stray birds across the clouds speed by
 As wildly to their nests they fly;
 The russet flush then fades away,
 Till earthly forms in darkness lay;
 But here and there stars glint on high,
 When skies are cold.

F. C. S.

A BALLADE.

He fills you with an early woe,
 And makes you think 'tis good to die;
 He strives to make your young head know
 Such mental puzzles as would try
 The mind of one in wisdom high;
 He puts to flight your specious sham,
 And e'er insists upon the "why,"
 The prof. that sticks you in exam.

You "plug" at night to make a show
 In his alarming quiz, and nigh
 Is morn before to rest you go,
 You dream in question and reply,
 And never is the subject dry;
 How potent the nocturnal "cram!"
 But after all, I don't know why,
 The prof. he sticks you in exam.

Outside the class your talk may flow
 With pithy sense. What nought can buy,
 On any mate you then bestow,
 If he of mental stuff be "shy."
 You know it all, but by and by
 You're just like any other clam.
 A terror he, you won't deny,
 The prof. that sticks you in exam.

ENVOI.

Fellow, if care you fain would fly,
 Ease up your head, no longer cram;
 Seek light above, or calmly die,
 The prof. will stick you each exam.

P. P. MCE.

A SIDE LIGHT.

Exams. are o'er—a student lame,
 To the hospital—six weeks in bed.
 A lusty prof. twigg'd to his game,—
 "The pony bucked," he sadly said. B. V. K.

My First Quail Hunt.

HAVOLD H. DAVITT.

My uncle had a large farm about two hundred miles from my home, and when he had written for me to visit him, he gave such a vivid picture of good hunting that my father gave me a gun. He too knew what it was to hunt. I would not let them put the gun in my trunk when I left, but would carry it. To have packed it away like an ordinary thing, with its bright new case, would have been doing an injustice to the world. It was night when I reached my uncle's, and tired as I was I could not sleep. If imagination could kill, every quail in the country would have been dead before I slept.

The next morning was "great" quail—my uncle said so, and that was enough. The sun had been out but had gone back, leaving the air cool and clear. Fitted out in a hunting coat belonging to one of the men; and with enough cartridges about me to slaughter an army, I was ready. Then we went to the barn and unchained Tess, the setter, who, when she saw it meant a hunt, nearly went wild jumping and twisting as though possessed.

Our direction was toward a small lake which was on the west end of the farm, and near which my uncle said quail could most always be found. Tess was bounding along, her feelings not yet controlled when, on a sudden, her nose dropped to the ground and from a gallop her pace changed to a quick walk. She worked thus in a circle for a time, then throwing her head up she drew a long breath, and once more lowering her head started for a cornfield which lay to our right.

Though the corn had been cut, it had not been drawn from the field, but was left standing in shocks. Tess was about fifty yards ahead of us working back and forth, her nose close to the ground and her tail wagging with a fervor that told us she was close on quail.

We were about half way through when suddenly she became as rigid as stone. The wagging tail had stopped and from her nose to the end of her tail was one straight line. Her foreleg was lifted and pointed toward a little clump of ragweed. Although I had never seen anything like this before I knew as well as if I had hunted all my life that we had found quail. The words of my uncle to keep

cool were wasted. It would have been as easy for me to have performed a miracle. How could he expect one to be cool at such a time?

Slowly we went forward, our guns ready and my heart beating so loud that surely the quail must have heard. Suddenly the air seemed full of flying, whirring bodies. How I got my gun to my shoulder is more than I know, but somehow I fired both barrels.

I did not wait for the smoke to clear away, but rushed forward to see the quail fall to the ground, never dreaming for an instant that I could miss. I heard a laugh, and turning saw my uncle laughing as though he had seen the funniest thing in the world. He had not shot preferring to watch me. It was some time before I got over my disappointment at not hitting anything and being laughed at besides.

Though the larger part of the quail had flown into a field of buckwheat, which was near the lake and across a large meadow, many were strung out along the fences surrounding this field. My uncle had taken the dog and gone over to a corner of the field to pick up stray birds. Instead of waiting till he came back with the dog, I walked along the rail fence on the opposite side from him in the hope of getting a shot myself.

A field sparrow flying out of some blackberry bushes growing in a crook of the fence, so startled me that I raised my gun before I thought; before I could lower it, a peculiar clucking sound, which a quail sometimes gives before rising, sounded just ahead of me, and the next instant the quail was in full flight. Just as the quail was rising over the fence I fired, and could hardly believe my eyes. The quail rose about a foot higher in the air, then came tumbling to the ground, a bunch of fine feathers falling after. I could not help giving a shout as I ran forward to pick it up. My cup of joy so empty a moment before was now full.

I heard two shots, saw the smoke rise in the direction of my uncle, but could not see him; presently I could see him climb the fence and come toward me. When he saw my quail he laughingly accused me of shooting it on the ground, an unpardonable offense in a hunter's eyes, but his looks belied his words, for I saw he was pleased. He had missed his first shot, but got one on the second.

Calling the dog we started over toward the buckwheat. Here a very odd thing happened:

Tess, who was running ahead, jumped the fence and remained in exactly the same position in which she struck. She had scented the quail in the act of going over the fence, and true to her breeding made her point.

This time my nerves were cooler as we prepared to shoot, and though I missed again, my uncle told me that I had acted quite like an "old hand." He was a man not lavish in his praise and I felt better. Working the buckwheat through we got eleven more quail of which I could claim two, and as the bunch was about picked out we started round the lake. On our way around I got a shot at a rabbit, but I had yet to learn how deceptive that grey streak is, and missed him.

We were hungry by this time, and finding a big log we sat down and ate our lunch. It was a different dining-room from any I had ever before eaten in. The tall elms and oaks with half their branches bare, the falling leaves looking like miniature parachutes, making a vari-colored carpet, and now and then blowing out on the lake and making a fleet of little canoes. We found two more flocks of quail that day. Their hunting was but a repetition of the first. Sometimes hitting, more often missing, till the gathering darkness made it no longer safe to shoot.

When we came back that night, it was with the air of a finished hunter that I threw my quail in the basket with my uncle's, although I must confess I hated to let them go.

Many times have I hunted since then, and many times have I brought back a full bag, but none of them do I remember with so much pride as my this my first quail hunt.

An Irish Fair.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

A tour in Ireland is not complete, unless a visit is made to the fairs that are held in all the large market-towns of Ireland. Our party was on its return to the United States, when some one suggested that we attend a fair that was to be held at Macroom, a town about twenty-two miles from Cork. We rode from Killarney in a side-car, and tried to get accommodations at Chishom's Inn in a small village called Ballyvourney, but we could not be accommodated. The good old landlady, however, directed us to a farm-house, where

we could stay for the night. Luckily, we fell in with a farmer who was going to the Macroom fair that very night; so we went with him.

This farmer was sending some sheep to the fair. The farmer's wife also wanted to send something along with her husband's sheep, but whether she should send geese, hens or eggs puzzled her. At last, she decided to send six geese; and her instructions about the use of the money obtained from the sale of them would worry the most gentle disposition. She wanted more than the money would buy; yet, her good-natured husband listened patiently. She even suggested what he should do with the price of the sheep, and went as far as to caution him against entering a public-house,—a thing that few Irishmen can do when in town.

We started for Macroom shortly before midnight. The country through which we travelled was hilly and woody. If a person were to journey over the place during the daytime, he would find it lonesome; for there was not a house within a mile of the road, and very few persons ever went in that direction. The farmer told us many a ghost story, rounding off each one with an avowal of its veracity. More than once he so excited our imagination that we fancied every bush in the distance was other than a bunch of twigs. The clattering of the horses hoofs, as he jogged along the macadamized road, sounded like the noise of something else besides a mortal being; while the bleating of the sheep, and an occasional honk from a goose seemed to increase the awe arising from midnight stillness.

Darkness was just disappearing, and the sun was peeping over the eastern side of the town. We could see cart after cart, laden with different kinds of animals, hurrying at a rapid gait to reach the fair-grounds before others. Every cart-driver seemed to have the same intention; even our cart joined in the race. As our horse trotted at a break-neck speed over the hard road, we could hear the cries of those ahead of us, laughing at the comparative slowness of our horse, or at our attempts to pass them. Turning a bend in the road, we could plainly see all that were in front of us. There were about forty or fifty carts. Some had sheep, some hens, geese or calves; and some had a heifer. A few carts were occupied by persons going to the fair, merely out of curiosity.

It may seem strange for men and beasts to

be carried in the same kind of a wagon; but the Irish cart is so made that it is adapted to almost any purpose. It resembles the two-wheeled American truck-cart without springs. Usually, it is the only carriage an Irish farmer owns. In it he rides to town, church, or on a pleasure trip. It is, indeed, amusing to see a farmer with his wife and family going to a fair. On one of the shafts he sits driving the horse, while his wife and children sit on a bed of hay or straw in the middle of the cart.

When we arrived at the fair grounds, a large number of carts were lined up on both sides of the principal street. Each one was backed up against the curbstone; and anybody wishing to purchase walked up and down each sidewalk, examining the different kinds of stock at his leisure. Our farmer's cart was placed nearly at the end of this long line; for he had come late to the fair, and he took his place accordingly.

In a short time, the town was in an uproar. Here and there, men and women were hurriedly rushing from one shop to another; children were spinning tops on the streets, and a few ragamuffins were pelting stones at a donkey that was belching forth his inharmonious yells. In the square, numerous fakirs were trying to induce the farmers to buy their articles. First, one fakir would insist that his goods were the best; and as soon as his voice failed him, another fakir would more vehemently declare that he had the greatest bargains ever heard of. In different parts of the square were a few piles of apples. Instead of leaving them in the carts, their owners thought it wiser to dump them on the ground. By doing this, the apples would attract more attention. These piles were left in charge of women, and woe betide him that tried to cheat them. In another part of the square, other women were marching up and down; some had a bundle of fish on their heads, and others had a basket of sprats.

The place did not lack musicians. The blind fiddler, with a small tin cup by his side, sat in a corner by which the greatest crowd passed, and monotonously played one of the old Irish melodies. Pipers were there in great array. There were also one or two ballad singers, who were singing the praises of the Irish or the misdeeds of the English. As a rule, the patriotism of these singers depends on the sale of their sheets. Beggars, lame and blind, were there in numbers. It seemed to be their holiday. We were told that many

of these creatures were present at all the other fairs held in that county. More than once we were greeted with these words: "Kind, sir, may the blessing of God be upon you. Help a poor, blind man." After giving one of them a sixpence, he thanked us, saying: "May the Lord protect you and yours from all harm!" We wearied of these scenes and returned to the fair grounds.

Here and there, in groups, we saw old and young men, evidently discussing the state of the times. Men and women were wishing one another a "good fair day"; and youngsters, over-assiduous in their attempts to get all the fun they could out of the day, were playing their pranks on all the passers-by. At one place, we saw an old man about sixty or seventy years old, dressed in corduroy breeches and a swallow-tail coat. His legs were covered with gray stockings, and he wore a pair of low-cut shoes with a silver buckle on them. He was earnestly talking to another man; and every now and then would shake his head, wave his cane emphatically, and slap the man to whom he was talking on the back. In a little while he and the other man walked away in the direction of a public house, there to continue their conversation over a pint of porter or a glass of whiskey.

The cackling of hens, the bleating of sheep and the braying of jennets drew our attention to the fair itself. We saw many a sharp bargain struck. One in particular amused us: a young man that had a beautiful cow was trying to sell her to an old man. He wanted £14 for the cow; but the old man would give only £13 15s. After much wrangling, they split the difference, and the purchaser walked away with the air of one that had done a great deed.

Notwithstanding the sayings of those that never were present at a fair in Ireland, this fair was devoid of brawls or disturbances. The police, of course, were there, but this is also a common occurrence at the county fairs in our own country. The countryman, ever frank in his remarks, and liable to queer sayings while in town, might be ridiculed by some upstart, unless the police were there.

One thing in particular we observed: the Irish women as well as the men like to visit the public-house to treat their friends. We had scarcely stepped into one, when we became the object of concern for all within. Gathered at a long table, in the centre of the room, were several men and women drinking

porter and eating bread. We sat down among them and answered their questions about our country. One old man was certain that more gold could be obtained in one day in America than in a lifetime in Ireland. More than once he hinted at the "Foine toimes ye have in Americky." An old woman asked one of our party if he knew her son John. On inquiring, he ascertained that her son John was living in Portland, Oregon. She seemed to think that we should know her son; for in her opinion America was one large city. Another woman declared that she would not send her boy to America at all. She preferred to send him to California, or "Californy," as she called it.

We left this public-house and went back to the fair-grounds. There we saw the farmers preparing to go home. The blind fiddler had left the square; the beggars and maimed had gone elsewhere; the ballad singer was refreshing himself with a pint or two of porter; in fact, the whole town seemed deserted. Then, we too left the fair and took the late train for Cork.

The Music of the Ripples.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

(A Pastel.)

My little skiff ruffles the placid waters as I drift. The moonbeams play in the ripples that fly from the little boat, and the lake seems a huge platter of silver carved into a hundred sorts of fantastic forms. All is quiet, save the lapping of the ripples, and I listen to their music as I drift.

Old, old songs they sing to me, melodies of my childhood. I can see my mossed home beside the sunlit stream; the nodding willows casting long, weird shadows along the waters; the vast extent of wheat bending gracefully under its burden of gold. As the shadows of the willows lengthen along the river, my parents and my sisters gather at the doorstep. They are waiting for me at the cottage by the sunlit stream.

The keel of my boat rasps on the sands, and the song ceases—the song of my childhood that the ripples sing to me when I listen to their music as I drift.

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REPORTERS.

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—We found great pleasure during the week to welcome to the University Dr. Clancy, the distinguished Lord Bishop of Sligo, Ireland, and Professor in the Catholic University at Maynooth. Dr. Clancy in his tour through America is inspecting the educational institutions of our land. Wednesday night as he spoke in Washington Hall he paid a high compliment to our educational system in the United States, and then he went on to his theme: The Educational Problem in Ireland. His discourse was as logically arranged as it was scholarly, so that when he had finished we could grasp the subject in its entirety.

After showing the eminent place Ireland held in her pagan and her early Christian days as a nation of scholars,—the fame of her schools that brought men of all nations to her shores—Dr. Clancy traced the history of Irish educational reverses and successes down to our own day. Then he took up the three systems of education which Ireland knows: the primary, secondary and university systems, and gave these an exhaustive treatment. He was loud in his praise of the primary and the secondary systems, but he held that the Irish university problem is not as yet solved. He referred to Sir Robert Peel's effort in 1845 to solve this problem with the establishment of three Queens col-

leges; of Cardinal Cullen's university, which died with its founder in 1878; and of Mr. Gladstone's attempt in 1873, showing how futile all this work had been. But Dr. Clancy thinks that there is a brighter day dawning for the Irish university question.

Dr. Clancy stated that Ireland is looking for a number of specialists, in Gaelic, to give to the world the thousands of Irish manuscript that lay untranslated in Dublin University, and in the libraries of Europe.

A lecture of this kind necessarily appeals to all seeking things liberal.

—We find great pleasure in chronicling the visit of Bishop Spalding to the University. Friday night he opened up our lecture course. Bishop Spalding's fame as a thinker and educator and churchman is too well known for us to comment on it. His lecture will be found in next week's SCHOLASTIC. We expect our lecture course this year to be a banner one, containing as it does lectures from men, as Bourke Cockran, Henry Austin Adams, Father McLoughlin of New York, and James Field Spalding.

—Those that are inclined to scoff at the things that are beyond the intelligence, and especially at revealed religion, must be greatly influenced by a sermon such as Archbishop Christie delivered on the Holy Eucharist last Sunday. He said: "Some tell us that they can not accept what they can not see, for instance, a mystery. If there are no mysteries then the human intelligence is equal to the Divine intelligence. And when they tell us that they can not accept a teaching that contains a mystery, they are putting their intelligence on a par with God. They say that they can not understand how one substance can be changed into another, as the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, yet they can not explain the change of the sapling into a tree or a bud into a rose." Arguments like these stand on their own battlements.

—To the current numbers of the *North American Review* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Charles F. Twing, LL. D., President of Western Reserve University and Adalbert College, Cleveland, contributes two very clever and timely papers. The paper in the *North American Review* deals with "The Ethical Functions of Football." Here Mr. Twing in

his treatment of this subject advances five points. He holds (1) "that football represents the inexorable; for it has a side that is made up of mighty musts," fitting one to meet the iron law of nature, he must come in contact with when he goes out into the world. (2) "Football illustrates the value of the positive," as it forces man to do rather than to avoid. (3) "Football in its ethical relations represents the value of a compelling interest," forcing the individual into a life of activity and power rather than allowing a spirit of laziness to sit on him. (4) "Football embodies the process of self-discovery;" for it shows to a man his power to do or not to do; either giving him greater confidence in himself, or impelling him with a desire to grow stronger and abler. (5) "It embodies self-restraint"; and in thus doing, "it helps to make the finest type of the gentleman."

In his second paper in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he advances four points. He states that if he were a college student he would (1) "Care for his health," meaning thereby a proper development of the physical man. (2) He would "cultivate the major graces," a cultivation of which brings us beyond the Golden Rule, and is exemplified in the doctrine "not simply loving your neighbour as yourself, but loving him a little better." In short becoming a "good fellow" in the most honourable interpretation of the term. (3) He "would seek less for knowledge and more for the significance of knowledge," teaching himself to think and to do rather than to have stored in the recesses of his brain facts which represent great erudition and small application." (4) He "would try to do more than his duty," for the doing of this enlarges, broadens, deepens. It makes a man more the angel and less the brute.

These two papers, and especially the latter, have a significance that should not be passed over lightly by any of us. For they apply to us as college men; and they appeal to us with great force, taking, as they do, so liberal a view of athletics. We hold with Mr. Twing that the physical side of man should receive its perfect development as his mental side is growing deeper and broader. For after all is said, what great benefit is there to a man if his mind is stocked with vast and varied knowledge, but he himself stunted, dyspeptic and racked with great bodily sufferings? Less erudition, less midnight oil and more gymnastic work would have given him the form and the appearance of a man.

The Gold and Blue Victorious.

NOTRE DAME, 12; PURDUE, 6.

Before the largest and most enthusiastic crowd ever seen at a football contest on Cartier Field, Notre Dame defeated Purdue last Saturday in a game which was a battle royal from start to finish. The victory, however, was far more decisive than the score indicates. At the least two more touchdowns should have been scored by Notre Dame, but bad fumbling lost us the chance at the critical moment. Both teams were in excellent condition for the game, and were also about equally matched in weight.

Supporters of the two elevens were out in force. The bleachers on the west side were filled with rooters for the Gold and Blue, armed with megaphones and horns, while the Gold and Black partisans occupied those on the east. The rooting was very good and added spirit to the occasion. The songs, composed especially for the game, were well sung, and no doubt greatly encouraged our fellows in their efforts.

Everybody pronounces the game as the best exhibition seen on the field this season. The work of both teams was of the gilt-edged order at times. With the exception of the first few minutes of the second half when Purdue used the Princeton tandem so effectively, the defensive work of our men was superb. Time and again Captain Miller was forced to punt owing to the inability of the Purdue backs to make the required gain. The splendid defensive work was a surprise to the rooters. The interference was strong, Kirby, Doran, McGlew and Sammon doing good work in this respect.

Notre Dame's attack varied between straight line bucking and the tackles back formation, with here and there a few end runs. But few fake plays were tried. Purdue put up a strong defensive game, but could not impede the progress of our speedy backs. Seven times during the game the referee was obliged to measure the distance. On the offensive the visitors were powerless, the Princeton tandem being their only means of gaining. Lonergan made the longest run of the day but he was called back on account of off-side play; so this honour belongs to Captain Fortin who circled right end for eighteen yards. The

return of Faragher added new life to the team, while his playing was par-excellence. Every rush seemed to find him under it or in front of it. McGlew, our plucky quarterback, never made a fumble, while his offensive and aggressive work was magnificent. It is hard to pick out a centre trio as a rule for any special praise, but yet Sammon seemed to go through the guards or centre for five, six and seven yards whenever he made the try.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

Captain Miller of Purdue won the toss and chose the north goal. There was a strong wind at his back. Sammon kicked off forty-five yards to Minch who returned ten. Leslie and Knapp failed to gain, and Miller punted thirty yards to Sammon. Then Notre Dame began a series of line bucks and tackles back formations, with Sammon, Doran, Faragher, Kirby and Fortin, which brought the ball to the visitor's one-yard line. Excitement was intense. A touchdown seemed imminent. The signal was given, and both teams piled up in a heap. When they were disentangled it was discovered that the ball had been fumbled, and that a Purdue man had fallen on it. Leslie punted from behind goal line to Kirby on Purdue's forty-yard line. Kirby returned five. Sammon hammered centre for six. Kirby hit left side for fifteen, and Doran plunged through right tackle and end for ten. Doran made five more through same side. Sammon hit guard for five. On tackle back formation Faragher carried ball ten. Same formation with Fortin carrying ball yielded eight. Kirby circled tackle for six; Doran added eight more around right side; Sammon smashed through centre for five. Doran made six more, bringing ball to five-yard line. Sammon was pushed over for first touchdown after fourteen minutes of play and kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 6; Purdue, 0. This ended the scoring in this half. Leslie kicked off to Doran who returned fifteen. Sammon, Doran, Kirby, and Lonergan carried ball to centre of field where it was lost on downs. Purdue backs were unable to gain and Leslie was forced to punt. Line bucking and tackles back formation again were brought into play, Notre Dame rushing ball back to centre field. Here a quarter-back kick by McGlew was successfully made, Faragher securing ball on Purdue's thirty-yard line. Half ended with ball in Notre Dame's possession on Purdue's fifteen yard.

In the second half Leslie kicked off forty

yards to Doran who brought it back ten. Sammon hit centre for five; Doran plunged around right tackle for six, and Kirby made three more through guard and tackle. At this point, Purdue's defense stiffened, and Sammon dropped back to punt. Davidson broke through and blocked punt, Purdue securing ball on our twenty-five yard line. From here Berkshire, Davidson and Leslie, by means of mass plays and the Princeton tandem, carried the ball to our five-yard line. Then Knapp, right half back, by means of a fake tackle play, skipped through tackle and end for a touchdown after nine minutes of play. Score: Notre Dame, 6; Purdue, 6. Sammon kicked off fifty-five yards to Leslie who returned punt thirty yards to Sammon. Doran made ten yards, Fortin six, Kirby added five, and Faragher made five more on tackle play. Sammon smashed through centre for twelve, and a moment later added seven through guard. Doran broke through guard for twenty yards. Kirby hurdled the line for four, and Sammon pushed through centre for three. Faragher made six on a tackle play; Fortin added five more on same play, and Kirby again hurdled the line, this time for a gain of eight yards. Then Doran broke through for a touchdown, Sammon kicking goal. Score: Notre Dame, 12; Purdue, 6. During the remainder of this half both teams went into the game with redoubled energy; Notre Dame, however, outplayed Purdue, and by consistent playing kept the ball in Purdue territory. Another chance to score was lost by a fumble on the fifteen-yard line. The game was called a few minutes before time was up owing to darkness with the ball on visitor's forty-yard line in our possession.

THE LINE-UP:

Notre Dame	Position	Purdue
Lins	L. E.	Herkies, Minch
Faragher	L. T.	Davidson
Peele	L. G.	Riebel
Pick	C.	Berkshire
Winters	R. G.	Miller, Capt.
Fortin, Capt.	R. T.	Smith
Lonergan	R. E.	Hohn
McGlew	Q.	McCann
Kirby	R. H.	Mills
Doran	L. H.	Knapp
Sammon	F. B.	Bunch, Leslie

Touchdowns—Sammon, Doran, Knapp. Goals—Sammon, 2; Miller. Referee—Hadden, Michigan. Umpire—Jackson, Lake Forest. Linesmen—Farley, Notre Dame; Johnston, Purdue. Head Linesman—Studebaker. Time keepers, O'Neill, Notre Dame; Esterline, Purdue. Time of halves, 35 minutes. J. P. O'R.

Exchanges.

The Columbia Literary Monthly is the same excellent paper as of yore, and the November number is one of the best exchanges we have received. A skilful essay, "Tennyson as an Epic Poet," points out the faults in *The Idylls of the King* as an epic, and shows why Tennyson can not be called an epic poet. The essay shows serious thought, good comparison and more than a superficial knowledge of the subject. Fiction is the chief characteristic of the paper. "The Decision of the Dean" goes to show that woman, however inspiring she may be, is not the subject or inspiration of all good fiction. In "The Case of Mr. Blithers," the conversation seems a trifle unnatural, but the story is a very clever bit of work. Writers that leave nothing to suggestion might mend their folly by noting the pleasing effect of *L'Amour Comme Il Faut*. In "The Cardinal's Lime-kiln," the characterization is well done and the plot quite striking. It is to be regretted that this paper has no exchange column. We think that criticism from such a source would be beneficial and well appreciated.

We enjoy the *Tennessee University Magazine* because most of its pages are devoted to literary matter, particularly stories and verse. This gives it a freshness and vigour lacking in many of our exchanges. "From the Other Point of View" is interesting and well put together. A quaint type of humanity is pretty well characterized in "Prof. Hawkins, The Marvel." In some descriptions the writer drifts into "pathetic fallacy,"—once he even takes a chance at moralization. A great deal of what he says would do well enough in a separate article, hence there is too much diversion. The incidents leading up to the introduction of Prof. Hawkins himself are interesting, but they contain too much detail; that is somewhat like describing a dance, by first giving the history of the cotillion leader, then what he ate for breakfast that morning, etc. Why not jump into the story at once?

The author of the article, "Mediæval Influence of Catholicism," displays a great deal of "nerve" in trying to treat a subject with which he seems to be unfamiliar. Perhaps he has been reading some narrow-minded writer on the subject, takes him as an authority, and with those cramped notions proceeds to write.

You take too much for granted, my friend. Since you try to treat the subject in less than two pages, we prefer to think that lack of space prevented you from giving arguments to support your opinions. You talk of people, especially the ignorant, connecting mystery with divinity, and of "dark, unrevealed mystery" inspiring people with "awe and reverence." Perhaps in those days there were some men just as wise as you that were inspired with awe and reverence. Please name some of these "dark, unrevealed mysteries." By the way, what other kinds of mysteries are there besides unrevealed mysteries? "By thus conforming," you say, "to the notions of men, the respect....of the people was secured." Do you really think that the aim of the Church was to conform with the notions of the people? Or is it not a fact that the teaching of the Church was opposed to the notions and passions of men? "And it was this very diffusion of knowledge," you say, "that in the end struck the death blow to Catholicism in England and Germany. Men began to think and reason," etc. So men did not begin to think until about the thirteenth century? Why not drag the origin of thinking down to our own day, and say that you are the first to think, and that during the past centuries the world has been holding its breath in expectancy until you should advance your opinion on Catholicism? You say that "Wycliff appeared, declaring that all men possessed a personal relation with God," etc. That is rather vague. What do you mean? Do you mean to say that the Church excludes the idea of a personal relation between God and man? "The great work of Catholicism was then over," you say. "...The morals of society, like the arts and sciences, have undergone a development. The mission of the Roman Church was to add one link to this growth. This it achieved, and the chain then fell into the hands of the reformers." These sentences sound very well. But what do you mean? Have you proven anything? You seem to be writing principally to cultivate your style. Is it not the general opinion that the Catholic Church is now stronger than ever? In considering the character of a Church that is vigorously growing at a time when, as we are told, hosts of men are drifting into irreligion, would it not be charitable to conclude that its mission was something more than to add one link to the development of the morals of society?

Personals.

—The friends of Miss Winifred Cooney of Toledo, Ohio, were delighted by her call.

—Father Le Fontine, diocesan inspector of the Catholic Schools in Indiana, was an honoured guest at the University lately.

—The Rev. Father Spillard, President of Holy Cross College, New Orleans, La., has been spending a few days at the University.

—The Benedicts have been reinforced by two more of the old students. This was announced by the grateful reception of the invitations of Mr. Henry Wurzer, (Law, '98) and Mr. Lewis E. Fadely, student '95-'7.

—Mr. Joseph Kenny, one of our strongest debaters last year, and winner of the oratorical contest, has been selected by Earlham College as its representative in the State oratorical contest. Mr. Kenny easily won the oratorical contest at Earlham this fall.

—Father De Groot of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind., pleased his many friends here by spending the afternoon with them. Owing to Father's near-by parish, one would expect him to call frequently; but duty demands him constantly in his field of labour.

—The following persons called to see kinsfolk during the week: Miss Florence Gray from St. Mary's of the Woods, visited her brother of Carroll Hall. Miss Mary Johnson and Mr. Baude of Chicago spent Sunday with Master F. Baude of St. Edward's Hall. The Masters H. and P. Farrell of St. Edward's Hall were delighted by the company of Mr. De McHugh of Chicago.

—Last week Fathers Maguire, Crumley, Quinlan and Ready had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Mr. James Kanaley, Los Angeles, Cal. a school-mate of theirs while at the Catholic University. Mr. Kanaley was married in Los Angeles four weeks ago. He called at the University to see his cousin, John Hennessy, of Holy Cross Hall, and to renew acquaintance with his old school-mates.

—The current number of the *North American Review* contains the following account of the rise and success of one of the old students:

Robert A. Pinkerton is the Eastern Manager of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. He was born at Dundee, Kane County, Illinois, in 1848, and was educated at Notre Dame University. In 1864 his father, Allan Pinkerton, took charge of the United States Secret Service in the Department of the Gulf with headquarters at New Orleans, under Major-General Canby, and in the following year Robert A. Pinkerton joined the service, remaining in it till the close of the Civil War. In the course of his career Mr. Pinkerton has managed a great number of important cases, and a multitude of noted criminals have been arrested by or through him, and he has rendered specially valuable services to the community by his efforts to institute among various classes of business men—such as the American Banker's Association, Jeweller's Union, etc.—organized measures for the protection of their property against the designs of malefactors.

Local Items.

—The plunge bath seems to be in great favour among the students. In fact, so popular has it become that the needle and shower baths are almost forgotten.

—We notice that the band is reaching a better perfection day by day. But yet we are looking for more members. So those that have anything of the musical in them should call on Professor Roche.

—The Moot Court will open up its yearly work next Thursday with Colonel Hoynes on the bench. Here is where all our young lawyers have first displayed that ability which has marked their after careers. This work is as interesting to an outsider as to a lawyer. And those who do not understand the workings of the courts of their land can determine here how court work is done.

—Mr. Con Nolan of Toledo, Ohio, recently sent a fine collection of cut glass to a friend at the University, who is very thankful for the gift. The collection was turned out by the Libbey Glass Works of Toledo, where the most artistic work in the country is done. It was this company that made the famous glass dress which was presented to Princess Eulalia of Spain on the occasion of her visit to the World's Fair in Chicago.

—The two Minim teams played their first game for the championship of St. Edward's Hall, on November 10. The "Specials" won by a score of 10 to 0. Brilliant plays were made by Masters Young and Berteling for the "Specials." McDermont and Randle were the "stars" for the second team. The next game will be played November 17 on Cartier Field. A good game may be expected, as the youngsters are coached by some of the best players on the Varsity.

—Special to the *South Bend Tribune*.

Lafayette, Ind., Nov. 13.—Purdue's football eleven and students, who attended the football game between Notre Dame and Purdue at South Bend last Saturday, have nothing but words of praise for Notre Dame. The treatment of the Notre Dame students toward Purdue men was all that could be desired. Although Purdue regrets her defeat, she realizes that Notre Dame won the contest in a straight and honourable manner, there being no slugging or foul tactics in the game. Purdue students to a man are with Notre Dame in next Saturday's contest, and nothing will suit the local students more than to see Notre Dame whip Indiana to a standstill.

—We are more than pleased to note in these columns that we are the proud possessor of a real literary light and a natural born orator. It is a noteworthy fact that were this genius to don the *toga virilis* that Cicero was wont to wear, or to shave one side of his *caput* as Demosthenes did in his successful attempt to hide himself from society he would remind us of these two illustrious ancients—he is so

different. He struts about as only a Kentucky colonel can. He wears a heavy black sweater to protect his voice during all kinds of weather, and the dear little red cap would attract the gaze of anyone.

—Corby Hall held its first mass meeting of the year last week to elect yell-masters for the game with Purdue and Indiana. Messrs. Magie and Dempsey were nominated and unanimously elected, and from the manner in which they conducted the affair it might be inferred that there was no mistake made in the selection. Followed by a band of rooters, armed to the teeth with all the implements of rooting were these two leaders, attired in their fanciest costumes and bedecked with the colours that will ever send a thrill through the frames of our rooters; they marched through the gates and assembled on the bleachers. Then hostilities began. Enduring qualities tell in such encounters, and Corby Hall came out victorious.

—For those desiring to keep an itemized account of their expenditure, the following model discovered among some papers of the great Chinese philosopher, Wun Bay Lee, may be useful:

Oct. 20—1 noospoiper Chickago Kronikel	.05
" 21—Buttons on my kote (charged on bill	.00
" 22—Spent in candy shop (me and John)	.15
" 26—Gote fite (me and John)	.20
" 28—Anuther gold Brick	1.00
" 30—Handball Trust	.50
Awl twogether	1.90

Missin ten sents which must have been spent at candy shop, or sum uther plase.

—After all there is nothing like honest practice. We can cite innumerable instances to prove this truth, but on this occasion we will take a most remarkable case. Mr. E. J. Kenny has astonished his companions by the rapidity of his improvement in voice culture. He has succeeded in rounding a horrible sneeze to a velocity tenor that puts to shame the "crested bird that flaps his wings at dawn." And yet we need not be surprised; for according to Chas. Casey, his biograper, he was only three days old when he tried to sing. At the age of three weeks he was so proficient in vowel sounds that he unconsciously became the tutor of all kinds of fowl. His mellifluous tone was often copied by the parrot and imitated by the mocking birds. In the still dreary hours of twilight he was then, as he is now, the petted darling of song. In a word, everything vied in doing honour to him who is undoubtedly the greatest "roar" of the present century.

—Last Friday W. B. W. received and had issued invitations to all his friends. Several of the most prominent members of the Corby

family were present, while many others sent their regrets. Mr. Summers regrets to state that he will hardly be able to attend as he had received a previous invitation from the Casino Club of which he is a very active member. Mr. Mulcrone is more than disappointed to think that he is unable to attend as his collar is at the laundry; however, he will call personally within a few days. Mr. Maggee will be kept very busy with his studies and consequently would beg excusal. Mr. Rayback announces that he expects the paper hanger that very afternoon, and as his apartments are all torn up he would be more than obliged to be excused. Several others were received, but these few showed the originality and also the diligence which everywhere characterizes the Corby Hall student.

—"What do you think of evolution"? said Lawyer Casey the other day to his friend Garland, as the latter tried to give his opinion about the weather. "Oh! I don't know," replied Garland opening his mouth and tightening his canvas belt, "I don't believe it will rain; they say that the clouds are made up of light and shade like a lesson in physics." "I did not ask you about clouds or medicine" answered Casey lighting a cigarette. "Some of you people talk like men overboard." In the meantime, table poet Leppert came on the scene, and when asked to throw light on the subject, he wiped his glasses with brown paper, held his corn-cob in his hand, and with a dramatic move of his right leg, said: "Evolution means that we are constantly changing already; here, for instance, as it were, we are always going round on a large wheel. Here Mer Fee, the musical, put in an appearance, and when the scientists got a glimpse of his mustache, they shrieked and fled in despair. They met, however, in the southwest corner of St. Joseph's Hall, first floor, and decided to discuss further on the 31st of November, "The Science of Evolution; Its Cares and Responsibilities."

—Art Gallery, about the year 5,602 *Anno Domini*: Now ladies and Gentlemen, with your kind permission (short interval while they are relieved of their permission) we will proceed to examine the portraits of the famous men of long ago. These men all lived in the Automobile Age, and did several other things to make their names immortal. The first picture to your right is that of the celebrated Count Frederick Von Mihers, sport and philosopher. This picture of the Count is one of the best extant. It was painted by the great artist Florencio White, with a common ordinary toothbrush and three buckets of cheap paint. At the age of sixteen the Count could distinguish the difference between a royal flush and a common labourer without the least hesitation. His famous expression

"Give me odds, or give me up," will live as long as most of us. It is as philosopher, however, that we know him best. His biographer relates that even as a youth he was addicted to philosophical trances, and that on one occasion while attending class he fell into such a trance. The professor called loudly upon the Count to recite, but received no reply. There the Count lay, a large juicy smile on his smooth-shaven face such as no artist could ever attempt to paint, and large chunks of sweat projecting out on his thought repository. The professor, however, who was lacking in those finer feelings that go to make up the artist, rudely grabbed the hapless Count by the back of the neck, shook him violently and shouted: "Your turn, Mr Mihers, your turn." The Count rubbed his eyes cautiously, glanced at the professor a moment and then coolly said, "Beg pawdon, 'fessah, beg pawdon. What's trump?" The Count lived to a ripe old age and spent the latter years of his life in writing philosophical treatises. He also in conjunction with Kel Lee, P.G., wrote that invaluable book "Side Glances at English History, or Two Years A Long Stretch." And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, we will have to evacuate as it is time for the Fire Company to practise. Next week I will show you portraits of Sir Crimothy Timmons, Ex-Chief Kinney, and the famous Chinese bard, Way Lee.

—The "Knocker" changes his form of verse this week, writing, as he states, about a "famous contemporary." He is known to none but the initiated.

I will tell you of a friend of mine that once was light and gay,
Until he muttered nonsense and then was led away:
His mind was on the gravy, his hands upon the spoon,
But dear, O! dear! I hate to speak about that dreadful noon.

He curled the little bristles that adorn his handsome face,
And there's scarcely need to tell you that his hands were out of place;
He called for milk just thrice in vain, the waiter answered "nix,"
There was no milk at dinner, for the cow was seized with kicks.

The boys began to josh him about his pretty tie
But what cared he for joshing, his thoughts were on the pie;
He called the waiter to his side and whispered in his ear,
And when the boys began to laugh he murmured "dear, dear, dear."

They laughed at this the harder and this friend of mine was sore,
If he is wise he'll cut it out from now for evermore;
It's time for him to see it and he ought to rub his eyes,
To benefit the table and to make himself more wise.

—At the hour when the moon begins to lose himself in the land of boxers and "Ki Yi's," and Pick's bass flat snore disturbs the peaceful slumbers of the Sorinites, Church and Voight

arose. With stealthy steps they moved down to the fumigator's apartments.

"Two thousand volts, I think will kill him," whispered Church.

"With forty amperes and seven hundred feet of double insulated copper wire, we'll be able to do the work instantaneously," came from Voight in his *basso profundo* voice. "But are you sure he hasn't escaped?"

"Impossible, I put him in a specially made, hand-forged steel cage, built and guaranteed by Krug & Stephan, hand forgers."

"Then he will die!"

"Sh! Come close Voight, I have an idea! I had it before I went to bed but lost it. It has come back. Ah! it is a great idea. We'll get Teddy to charm the prisoner with an *inter-miserere* from Brassband Wolf on the piano, while we electrocute him."

"Bravo Church, a great idea."

A vigorous bombardment of the Rough Rider's stronghold induced Teddy to come forth. "Would he lend his talents to alleviate the sufferings of a poor creature about to be electrocuted? Why,—certainly." Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to allow one ready to cross the last gulch, an opportunity to tell those of other regions that his finish on this side of the great divide was cheered by him of immortal musical soul.

The piano was moved near the cage. To each foot of the prisoner a wire was attached, and multitudinous wires were run in and out and fastened to different parts of the "guaranteed" structure until it resembled a "loop the loops." With sombre countenances and solemn movements, Church and Voight examined the electric attachments, switches, fuses and plugs. After due consideration and an application to elementary physics, they declared everything in perfect working order.

"Now Teddy, put forth your best efforts. Let the prisoner not say in the infernal regions that his last moments were not the most blissful of his life," counselled Church.

Then Sorin Hall was awakened with such music, the like of which it never heard before. With a *moderato* introduction, played *pianissimo*, increasing slowly in volumes, the sound floated on the morning air. From a four-four, Teddy kept playing faster and faster, running through *andantes*, *non troppo*, *sonatos*, *pizzicatos*, *intermezzos* and *potatoes*. He broke forth in a six-eighth *formoso*. The prisoner became rigid. Then it was that the Rough Riders rode hard; quicker and quicker became the pace; higher and higher rose the sharps and flats, while keys, strings and pedals went in all directions. It was like unto the roaring of Bill Higgins, the great rooter.

"Now! now! is the time," shouted Church, "turn on the current."

"No use," sadly answered Voight, "the poor little mouse is dead."