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The Last Bird.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

GOOD-BYE at last my faithful lark,
In the cold north current caught;
Long shall I yearn, with soul a-hark,
For songs I heard and hear them not.

What happiness was mine that time
I found you building house for three,—
The joy that set your thoughts a-chime,
Ah, all the hope it brought to me.

Then, woods were loud with many a voice,
With many a wing were meadows gay—
In you at least might I rejoice
On this leaf-woven autumn day.

Though all your mates had palmward flown,
And stirred the south with conquering lay—
Did I mistake your cheering tone?—
I thought that you would with me stay.

But now you go as all have gone;
Will spring bring you and them again?
Stern drives the blast that bears you on,
The blinding night rumbles in rain.

John Boyle O'Reilly.*

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.



WHENEVER pages flash the fervor that is again animating Irish letters—the music and beauty, the gracefulness and spiritual effect, the purity, naturalness and virility that have rebounded from wells long stagnant in the gloam of English disapproval—they always brand on the reader's heart names redolent of the sparkle and vivacity of Irish personality. Many are the literary sons of Erin whose trundle beds have been shaded by destinies that fairies plundered of the rainbow; for

Irish writers have been workers of the fanciful. On June 28, 1844, however, was stolen a ray of sunshine to weave in the destiny that was spun over Dowth Castle where a second son was born to William David O'Reilly and Elizabeth Boyle, his wife. And indeed that golden ray was the elevating factor that brought to the usual Irish imagination a manly strength and powerful expression that was to make its bearer the leading Irish-American poet and journalist.

From his parents Boyle O'Reilly received an intellectual heritage. His father, a capable educator, welded another to the many links of prelates, soldiers and statesmen that coupled their names to the chieftains of old; and his mother, cultured, generous and beloved of all the poor in the neighborhood, brought to him a fame that flowed from the ranks of Napoleon. Sprung from stock that had been history's nurse, he coupled the constitution and love of outdoor exercise of the father with a mother's warmth of heart and poetic bent of mind, and perpetuated all the qualities that had made both families the core of Ireland's existence.

He drank in the historic atmosphere of Dowth Castle, swam the Boyne and romped Tara's hill but nine short years—years that gave most of the natural color to his poetic training. Nature has reared few children in a paradise like that embracing O'Reilly's birthplace; but Nature never rears a child under influences so propitious and then expels him to adventures as she did this young poet whose only disobedience was a too great love for his faith, his country and his home.

Memory often conjures up this second Adam and the developing factor each new experience exerted; but when it does there always appears as of yesterday the evening

*. Written in competition for the English Essay Medal.

circle, the whistling winds, and the pale blue flame that licked the winter's grate when we sat eager for the story of him whose name then suggested other thoughts than those of a child romping around hallowed lakes that echo the songs of angels, and ruins that mellow poetic fruits in every imagination; other thoughts than those of a youth hidden in the shadows of those ivy-grown treasuries of lore, listening to the night-birds chanting Ireland's sorrows; other thoughts than those of manhood exiled and sunk in degradation's mire because its growing years had fed a love of freedom too great to be silenced in a heart so magnanimous. So romantic was his way through life, so heroic his bearing and so improbable his successful entry into a new manhood, that he shared the throne of childhood's realm with "Sinbad the Sailor," "Robinson Crusoe," and other leaders of that mystical hero band. Though maturer study has dispelled the halo of mystery, and the ideality of my boyhood's hero has broadened into the splendor of realness, still strongest are the associations of his name that came dancing when the comforters were tucked under my little back—associations so romantic that they vie to-day with those grounded on his poetic and journalistic achievements.

No matter how promising the bud, there may lurk a blighting frost; and the frost entered his life in the shape of a denial of every kindly influence that might blossom the opening bud into that burst of beauty that the genial suns had led one to anticipate. Still, if O'Reilly had known but the surroundings that batten poets of nature, the world might have laughed as he pushed aside other thoughts than those of beauty, and America's journals have known him but in the echoes of his laugh that came over the seas. The transient beauties of nature seldom entered the world whence came his inspirations. O'Reilly was taught in the school of humanity—the humanity that is seen where sufferings reign at their wildest; and this school reared him to an eminence in the field of letters seldom reached by an Irish poet. To other less brilliant writers have been given peace and a haven from the storms of life, but the exiled soldier-poet never knew

the ease of any but a checkered career.

When the evening breezes, laden with the smiles of Ireland, came floating over the waves, and the sun, low in the west, began its farewell kisses to the little isle purified by Atlantic's laving, there walked on England's shores a handsome, cheerful youth, who, ten years before, a lad so small that he must kneel on the chair to sign his indentures, was apprenticed to the Drogheda *Argus*. Every day's waning found him there listening to the echoes of Ireland's voice. And when the brooding storm of the vernal equinox that hung in the west was pregnant with angry flashes and smothered rumblings, the wild waves ripped from the universal gloam a wail of music and sorrow that boded nothing to other than tender Irish ears.

Oft had a father begged him back, often had a mother's heartstrings twanged an appeal to her dutiful son, and the childish prattle of brotherly lips had often called to the land where the sun's last rays were falling; but Ireland's wail brooked neither refusal nor delay. For Ireland, every moral responsibility was put aside when he returned to enter the "Prince of Wales Own" with the avowed intention of recruiting the ranks of his country's defenders. War clarions have started heroic blood, and a nations rending torn the webs that hinder a true heart's offering; but seldom does prosaic peace push aside the hangman's knot and shadow the traitor's death in the barracks' square while young manhood opens his veins that rich, red blood may balm a nation's wound.

The blood of the O'Reillys, sprung from martial springs, had boiled for ages beneath the trappings of war, and the handsome uniform of the "Tenth Hussars" was none too handsome for the manly boy, whose grace and beauty and youthful cheerfulness—the life of the barracks—knitted him closest to the warm hearts of the trusted troopers. In the barracks' room, as at Dowth, the recklessness and abandon that springs from the pure mischievous heart of a boy manifested itself; but her Majesty's ferrets could not unearth the smiling Irish lad who spread treasonable songs, made treasonable converts, nay, even embroidered treasonable designs in his saddle-cloth and topcoat. Barrack life for the "Tenth Hussars"

knew nothing but noonday sun while that generous, gifted rebel worked his rebellious proselytism, and suspicion was refracted from him solely by the love his fellows bore him. Wherever he was or whatever the political tension, O'Reilly could no more refrain from dabbling in verses than he could ward off the friendly feelings of those near him. His pen gave birth to many dramatic entertainments that brightened and made breezy the long winter nights where soldiers keep their endless watch.

Sunshine chased the shadows until an unexpected governmental attack stamped gloom on the undertaking in September, 1865. The Fenian organ was confiscated, its correspondence captured and leaders arrested by the wily servants of the queen. Many were the feelings of treachery well done as that band of Fenians glared hopelessly at the none-too partial balance in the crowded court. And in all that eager, half-sympathetic crowd there was none whose color fluttered like the fickle wind except the dark-eyed, well-proportioned guard at the door. And on one of the many times that he sought relief by turning away from that harrowing scene, he saw a fellow-conspirator bound away to the guard-house. Those nearest him were too engrossed in the proceedings to catch a half smothered "My turn comes next."

Hardly was February of 1866 half gone when another soldier was bound and led in the wake of those whose efforts had been thwarted through a neglected signal, and whose sacrifice was propitious but for a mother's heartrending. Slowly and majestically the little group neared the guard-house. The evening sun shone full in the open face of a soldierly youth—a face stamped with honor rather than with shame. Over the field strode the colonel, proud in the appearance of his favored troopers. When his eyes met those of the shackled warrior they faltered but an instant; then frenzied with shame he leaped forward, stopped and gave vent to his pent-up feelings with "Damn you, O'Reilly, you have ruined the finest regiment in the service."

Although he always regretted, as he afterward told Justin McCarthy, that he worked for the Fenians' cause while wearing her

Majesty's livery, O'Reilly was staunch and true to the end. When the dank prison clanged its heavy gates behind him and many poor wretches were led by treachery to implicate their fellow-patriots, he was as silent as the sombre walls that denied him a breath of God's air. Try him as they would, no other than himself bore the stigma of crime in his own opinion.

Winter came, and the foul prison walls were incased between two purities, hearts within and snow without; but when June roses arrayed themselves to vie with that sentry who was the pride of the barracks, they decked in vain; for, when the great square received him that spring, it was not in the splendor of other years but a guarded guard, led to a tribunal he had often graced to become the centre of that picture he had formerly animated by the beauty of his appearance and martial bearing.

The old "Town Clock" tolled a June's death in beats as slow and steady as the sentry paces on the Square's edge. The last rays departing with a hurried glance at the life stirred up at the barracks' mess hall, hastened off to quicken the next day's anxious parade lest something of the excitement at "Royal Barracks" blossom unnoticed. Gray-haired veterans and the heroes of many campaigns blended serenity and authority with the flashing beauty of her Majesty's servants, all converging in the large hall wherein they had so often gathered. To the sons of Mars, hardened in court-martial proceedings, there was more of kingly reception than a rebel's staving off almost certain death in the close room.

Monotonous as the reading of the charge was, the variegated regimentals sat quietly, the stern judges eagerly hung on the form in the prisoner's box lest anything incriminating appear on those noble features; and no other distraction closed the charge but the defiant and unfaltering "Not guilty," rung forth in the resonance of the Irish heath. A rebel's trial needs not the siftings of many days and sleepless nights. His is a deed too open and an offense too grievous to expect the parleying of technical phrasings. O'Reilly's was a thrust at the vitals of the army that had shaken the British flag wherever the sun could dance its rays thereon, and it were folly to think that favor would

be beamed on such an offender no matter how much he had been loved.

Right and left were hurled the missiles of the prosecution. To right and left flashed the keen intellect and natural eloquence of the prisoner, parrying the attacks with the dexterity of a swordsman.

Every member of the "Tenth Hussars" brightened as the quickened trial neared its end. The prosecution had much to prove, and was beginning to weaken when the witness door admitted one whose appearance was a ray to the prisoner's hope. The state had called one of Fenianism's most ardent organizers.

Why was it every man quivered when he was sworn as head constable Talbot, a name he had never borne? Why did so many sturdy hands slip nearer and nearer to the rifle butt as the testimony went on? Why was it the black eyes flashed and the red of the prisoner's jacket at last conquered the flush of his face? The judges, soldiers everyone of them, too abashed to interpose, could not but listen while he who had done as much as any to brighten Ireland's hope of liberty sneeringly swore away all that was most dear to those who had been his nearest helpers. O'Reilly had handled the testimony of his fellow-soldiers as becomes the testimony of honored, trustworthy witnesses; he parried the prosecution's accusations with the zeal that springs from hated attacks; but when one whom he had encouraged, one whom he had engendered into the people's good will and sheltered as his own, was revealed in his true self, a liar, perjurer and sneak in the employment of the only nation that knows such employees, his great heart was smothered, and he longed for the trial's end, come as it may. Never yet has a shield for Erin's sons withstood a perjurer's swearings, and everyone knew that the Irish Hussar must go down, felled by the bite of a snake.

The death sentence fell on unhearing ears, for everyone loved O'Reilly, and they cared not what findings a court, influenced by such testimony, might make. They all knew that he had worked treason, yet they pitied him whose death was brought on by the sneaking coward who would swear away the life of a friend. Death was the

formal finding of the court. Everywhere in the British army were influential officers who had harbored an attraction of the soldierly Hussar of the Tenth, and their influence counted much towards weakening the sentence to twenty years of penal service.

O'Reilly was always hopeful, and prison bars could never keep out that angel that ever stimulated him with the same ardor that prompted him at Liverpool on his escaping trip to accost the English police for information. What thoughts then could have been called up by his fervid imagination when the bugles sang and the drums called forth martial array; while hither and thither scurried helmeted rider with fluttering standard and sheening plume. Regiment after regiment was paraded into the square garbed in the uniforms of solemnity. Few knew the occasion of such demonstration, and little did they reckon the squad that strode steadily from the guard-house with heads erect and firm paces, honored by a select guard. Anxiety reigned everywhere, and more than the sight of the condemned prisoners was needed to allay the doubts of an army.

Boyle O'Reilly, the one prisoner who wore his former trappings with little sign of wasted incarceration, could hardly refrain from saluting as he strode into the gaze of those that loved him, rebel though he be. Time was unnoted while the declaration of condemnation was pronounced against the little band. Here and there a commotion stirred, as one by one the prisoners were stripped of those glories of bygone days, and when last of all private O'Reilly stepped forth, his appearance betokened that of one to be epauletted rather than degraded with a nation's cruellest curse.

No merriment ran rampant at the Tenth Hussars that night. The law had been fed their choicest morsel; the prison drafts had quenched their brightest light and the Tenth Hussars were silent while others rejoiced that rebellion had fed its last ember. Little change came over O'Reilly with his confinement; for he knew too well the necessity of self-preservation, and to the very end he bore his trials and hardships as things rather to uplift than depress.

At Mountjoy, the downcast prisoners

watched his better nature triumphant over the surrounding dejection as he stood on the rude prison chair to trace the poetic strains of "The Irish Flag," "For Life" and "The Irish Soldier," on the wall. These three poems, scarcely forecasting the finish that later efforts were to emblazon, declared noisily the potentiality dormant beneath the prison stripes. Many varied criminals have since looked on those bits of scratched verse, and wondered at the author whose only signature was, "Written on the wall of my cell with a nail, July 17, 1866; once an English soldier; now an Irish felon; and proud of the exchange."

Millbank, where even the guards suffered tortures, could exert no wracking force on him who sat on his upturned bucket reading the "Imitation of Christ," the one book that could alleviate the anguish that was driving other men mad. His cell was as close and gloomy as those of hardened criminals. Food that barely kept the heart beating was given all alike. Garb and appearance welded them into a composite of famished wrecks of manhood, and no distinguishing mark, save the card on each one's door, separated one from another.

At Chatham he sought flight to distance him from the vilest cells available. Hearts trampled in Liberty's cause ever nurture a smoldering flame that some day must feel the draft of heaven and break forth to greet its kin, the cheery sunshine. Heavy chains and unceasing labors are but shadows that keep only less impetuous men than O'Reilly from making a second though unsuccessful attempt to enjoy the air God spreads for all His children.

One prison of all England's earthly hells was worthy of such an unbreakable convict. But one prison in all the British land was hallowed by the blood of martyred Americans, and there too must that other sufferer in Liberty's cause grind a spirit that knows no gnawing. American blood had called forth blossoms here and there between the heavy flags of Dartmoor to nurture the seed then batten in the heart of poetic temperament. Dartmoor must receive him; and Dartmoor, all foul and barren, could do nought but pluck the string of human sympathy that Ireland's sufferings had entwined around his heart.

In a badly regulated light—God's sunshine strained through a solitary, corrugated window—a light that could barely pick its way down the filthy Dartmoor corridor, even the hardened sentry saw too clearly the half-starved patriots gnawing at what a dog would refuse to smell. England's convicted soldiers were there, but when the officials sought to heap new tortures on their leader he was not to be found. They sought him where the prisoners, knee deep in a cess-pool, ground bones; but the stench drove them back. They sought him in the drains where were washed up the bones of those captured while fighting beneath the eagles of France or defending the cotton ramparts at New Orleans. He was not there, and a monument erected by his hand stood in his stead, honoring the remains of those massacred for the same crime for which he suffered—a heart too full of love to brook oppression. They sought him on the ragged moor; for where hardest labors were to be found there worked those condemned as lovers of their country. A fog came rolling in while the guards marshalled the prisoners homeward, and a man, garbed in a suit of sheeting, was hastening over the moor from that hell of earthly tortures. No one caught a glimpse of that suitor behind a chimney on a town house while the guard passed; but two days later again came traces of him. A placid stream, save for a few ripples down where the bank rose high and the roots protruded, mirrored the crimson coats of them who scoured the country. When they removed the ripples cause, another slight lease on freedom dwindled for the wet, half-famished man whose countenance still bore traces of a power that ennoble the weakest and stimulates to deeds of heroism.

O'Reilly was always a dreamer, and prison environment could but weakly exert its enfeebling tusks on that imagination which nature had given and youthful training had reared. Truly he merited the reward he received, if prison offences are ever to receive retribution, and we need not be told that thence only the most wearing of labors were his lot. Deeper and deeper he sank into the mire of social outcasts. In proportion as the contaminating influences grew, so too developed a greater love for his fellows,

a greater grief at their oppression, and above all, what we to-day glory in, a greater insight into the things that tend to spread a mastery over the minds of the world.

Over a year of such confinement, with its tortures and added cruelties, must make the rumor of transportation agreeable to those who looked forward to increased torments with each day's dawn. The days were crisping and chasing the dead leaves bitter blasts, why should not life brown for manly youth and chase off strains of linking civilization? October verified the political prisoners' anxieties, when manacled and jeered they were paraded, shams of an army, in the face of a brisk sea breeze, to be separated, perhaps forever, from the land of their birth and the peoples of their race. Heavily chained they marched to the steamer with its iron-bound hatchways where frenzied prisoners clung to the bars and screeched in the yellow darkness.

Prisons had been dens for demons and prison yards the courts of hell; but in the hold of the prison ship reigned restraintless, maddened furiousness that shadowed every state of riotous disorder in human ken. For the criminals—and they varied through the many developments of crime—there was herding as of cattle, and the political prisoners fared little better. Slowly the old ship breasted the sea with the rising sun laughing on her larboard rigging. Crested breakers and swelling sails awoke inspirations in one prisoner's breast, and his fertile imagination lavished emotions through poetic veins.

O'Reilly's first thoughts at sea were for literary development, wherein he ever found consolation and inspiring potions. Father Delaney, the ship chaplain, supplied the paper; O'Reilly soon brought forth the rhymes and romantic phrasings, bits of descriptions and narrative sketches that went to make up the journal of the convicts. The pen of the sufferer is not as steady as that of the petted poet of ease; still, "The Wild Goose" sang strains that were scattered in an honest heart from the harps of angels. His was neither the song of the birds nor yet the dash of a painter's skill. Mankind dwarfed by British toil drinks but from the spring which bubbles nearest

his cell; and O'Reilly's must be the forms of the oldest bards and the method of the Teacher of men. He must tell a tale though he clothe it in the raiment of a siren.

The punishment cell of the Hougoumont, with its noose and hanging rings, was always filled; the hold was always a seething mass of boisterousness save on Saturday nights when the waves alone sought to still those bits of verse and bursts of rhetoric that rose from the huddled crowd beneath the yellow glare of the cabin lamp when O'Reilly read the "Wild Goose" to the prisoners.

Saturday night after passing the Cape of Good Hope, many a heart in that rough audience bled as the reader went through the lines that came so near their own experience in the "Flying Dutchman." Confinement did more than lack of inspiring surroundings to deny any generous poetic infusion into this mechanical poem which elevates the narrative quality by sheer force of a few descriptions truly impressed. He kept on turning off the products of his real self until the scent of the Bush raced with the first darts of an Australian sun to the boat grappling at Freemantle's Roadway in 1868. Four months of rolling life made the appearance of Freemantle's chaplain doubly agreeable to O'Reilly. Wherever there was a priest there was found relief, and especially so here, because to this meeting was coupled an influence that did much to augment his natural ability. The English government stops not to consider the development of her most dangerous convicts. A gang of incorrigible outcasts labored in the scorched interior, and Boyle O'Reilly must turn his back on the good priest's library to join these criminals that lurked on the confines of savagery.

Many a time he stood shoulder to shoulder with civilization's greatest offenders in the blistered drains and baked roadways longing for the sensuous shade that lolled beneath one of nature's sentries on the hillside. Many a time he stood, drunk with the varied hues of nature's beauty—beauty that knit itself into his soul seldom to reappear in metrical draperies. And when the Southern Cross was high in that broad expanse of blue, guards watched him wander out to the trackless Bush and contrasted the vigor of his manhood and integrity of development with the dwarfed Australians who were soon held by that attraction which had enslaved all the prison officials but one.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Varsity Verse.

THE SOLACE.

WHEN skies are gray and fields are sere,
 When fogs make trees, like monsters, leer
 And memory makes the heart to pine,
 Then 'mongst the cushions I recline
 And good tobacco lends me cheer.
 Then fancy takes unchecked career
 And visions sweet to me appear—
 The magic of the weed divine
 When skies are gray.
 And though life's road ahead looks drear
 To eyes unskilled, I little fear
 The future's mystic warning sign
 So long as on Partagas' shrine
 The fires of Nicotine burn clear
 When skies are gray.

T. D. L.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Dreaming I see a bright clear dawn;
 And faintly hear the lark's glad cry.
 Awake, the vision bright is gone
 And in its place a long-drawn sigh.

J. M. R.

A WARM FUTURE.

There once was a man, Johnny Burns,
 Who gave a friend's card funny turns.
 The friend, "just for fun,"
 Shot him with a gun,
 And now that he's gone, Johnny burns.

T. A. H.

MODEST.

To show I'm a brother of English bards
 I have written this little stanza:
 If printed in gold and widely sold,
 I'm sure it would prove a bonanza.

J. F. S.

RONDEAU.

The Senior Class of peerless men!
 Would I could guide the golden pen
 Of mighty Milton or of Poe
 Or Scott! I'd make the whole world know
 This learned band of three and ten.

Each verdant hill and boggy fen
 In every land would waken then
 To whisper one the other: "Ho,
 The Senior Class!"

There's a set of noble men,
 Devoted, cheerful "grads" who, when
 Alumni still will live and grow
 With Notre Dame as mistletoe
 On Druid oak. So once again:

The Senior Class! H. M. K.

The Somnambulist.

WILLIAM D. JAMIESON.

As I recall the details of the terrible ordeal through which I passed, a sickening sensation creeps over me, and I half imagine that it was all a dream. My wife and I were living in one of the apartment buildings in the suburbs of New York. We had a cosy eight-room flat on the sixth story. A Mrs. Grant, who was the owner of the building, and Rosie, her daughter, a pretty young girl of twenty, lived on the top flat above us.

I was on very friendly terms with the old lady and her daughter, and often after a hard day's work in the bank, I would enjoy the coolness of the evening with them on the roof. My wife, however, seemed to dislike them, especially the young girl, and she frequently dissuaded me from spending the evening with them. But seeing that my wife's aversion was prompted by feelings of jealousy, I tried to allay her fears by asking her to go up with me. This she would never consent to do, so I always went alone.

Sometimes when I came up to the roof, I found a tall, good-looking fellow, called Jackson, in the company of the old lady and the young girl. He was very handsome and of a strikingly athletic build. I soon found out that he was a suitor for Rosie's hand. Later on I learned from Mrs. Grant that he was an acrobat; in fact, quite a celebrity in his profession. But this only served to increase the aversion which she already had for him. Finally she told her daughter that the young man could no longer call at the Grant home.

He did not come again, but we saw him the following night sitting on the opposite roof looking sad and dejected. He lived in another seven-story structure on the top flat, about twenty feet across the alley. It was the only building within two hundred feet of us. Our conversation turned on him, and Rosie told me that he took her refusal very much to heart, and that he was going out West in a day or so.

One evening on going up to the roof I found Rosie alone. She said her mother had gone to visit some friends in Harlem, and would not be home until the next day. I

did not stay long that night, for my wife had chided me more than usual, and began to cry when I persisted in going. I came down about nine o'clock, and I heard Rosie lock the door as I reached the stairway.

The following morning while getting ready to go to the bank, I was startled by loud knocking on the door. My wife on answering found two detectives who asked for me. They explained that I was a "suspect." Poor Rosie had been brutally murdered during the night. As I was the last one with her I was naturally regarded with suspicion. I protested my innocence, but to no avail; I was thrown into prison.

I immediately thought of Rosie's rejected suitor as the murderer, and I told the authorities. A close investigation was instigated, but in spite of the closest scrutiny on the part of the police no charge could be brought against him. They had learned from the young man's family that he had positively gone to the West over a month before the murder, and this statement was further borne out by telegraphic communication with the town to which he had gone.

Medical and criminal experts were called into the case, and the public were roused to the highest pitch of excitement. Everything about the house was examined in detail. The medical experts said death had been inflicted by some heavy, dull instrument. The girl had been beaten on the head while in bed—as the blood stains on the pillow seemed to indicate—and then dragged out on the floor where the blunt weapon was again used. The criminal evidently did not want money; for the jewelry and cash on the dressing-case remained untouched. There was no evidence of a struggle; everything in the house was in perfect order.

How did the murderer find an entrance? No one could possibly have come up the stairway without having been seen; for the janitor and his son remained in the hall-way all that night repairing the elevator. Nor could anyone have entered through the windows, for they were all bolted; besides, the flat was on the top story. Moreover, the door had to be broken open by the janitor when Mrs. Grant came that morning. The skylight opening into their private hallway might afford an entrance, but how could anyone reach the

roof? The nearest building was twenty feet away. After the closest scrutiny there seemed to be but one possible way of getting in, and that was through the door. The police felt sure that some one in the building in one of the flats above where the janitor was working must have a key. In spite of all the rewards, both by the civil authorities and private individuals, for the apprehension of the criminal, there was no clew. Truly this was a baffling case,—no apparent entrance, no apparent motive for the committing of such a crime by a stranger.

This only confirmed their suspicions of me. I was a friend of the family; I was often seen in company with them; my wife even testified that I was with Rosie on the night she was murdered. It was actually whispered that I was in love with the young girl. The police were confident too, that I had a key whereby I could gain admission to the flat. What confirmed this more was the fact that the key which belonged to the door was found on the floor, when it had been burst open, as if the insertion of the key, which they supposed I possessed, had forced the other one out.

The police "sweated" me again and again, but I always stuck to the same story. They could never shake me on that. This, however, only seemed to enrage them and strengthen their suspicions. They said I was one of the shrewdest criminals on record. I had concealed my motives for the crime; I had concealed my means of entrance to the flat; and above all, I persistently stuck to the same story. I engaged one of the best criminal lawyers in New York, and I convinced him that I was innocent. He came to see me every day, but the outlook kept growing darker and darker. The police were forging a terrible chain of circumstantial evidence around me. Conviction seemed a certainty.

Early one morning about ten months after Rosie's death I was startled by the excited pounding of the turn-key on my cell door. My lawyer rushed in exclaiming: "Mrs. Grant is murdered! Cheer up, old boy; I'll clear you yet. The old lady was found in exactly the same condition as Rosie. No evident entrance, no motive. I am going to solve this case or know why."

My lawyer scarcely ever came afterward.

He said that the mystery must be solved before I could ever hope for a release. He also told me that he had taken up residence in Mrs. Grant's flat which had been vacant since her death. Somehow he felt it might help him to clear up the case.

Four weeks after the murder of Mrs. Grant my lawyer came rushing in, but this time he shouted: "You are free!" Then he proceeded to tell me the whole story.

"Since I have lived in that flat of Mrs. Grant's I have often gone up on the roof to think over the cares of the day, and get a breath of fresh air, especially since the real warm weather has come. Many a night have I sat there until twelve and one o'clock trying to see my way through the difficulties of this case. Last night about one o'clock, I was startled by a noise on the opposite roof. I glanced over quickly, and I saw a tall, white figure swinging the arms violently. Not wanting to be seen I went down the skylight, and watched his further movements.

"The white figure ran back the full length of the roof, then started forward on a dead run. I thought the person intended to commit suicide; But horror of horrors, it leaped high into the air and landed on our roof. It came straight to the skylight, and I immediately started down. My first impulse was to seize my gun and fire, but some inexplicable curiosity made me wait. I hid in a corner and watched the figure go straight to my room, the one formerly occupied by Mrs. Grant and Rosie. The gas was in a peep, and I saw it was the figure of a tall man, clad in night shirt and slippers. I saw him raise his arms and strike the pillows, and I could hear a dull, heavy sound at each stroke. I drew up to the door and observed him more closely without being seen. He had a small pair of iron dumb-bells in his hands; his eyes were staring and blank, and his movements mechanical. He pulled the clothes and pillows from the bed and began to beat them as before.

"Fearing violence I called my son, a lad of eighteen, who slept in a back room, and together we waited and watched for the next move. But he did not do anything further. He had started to come out when something attracted his attention. It was his face in the mirror. He stood there blank

and staring, looking at himself. His face had a half-quizzical expression, as much as to say, 'Well, where did you come from?' Gradually his expression changed. His features took on a look of inexpressible terror. Suddenly he shrieked, 'Great God! where am I? What have I done? Oh! no, no, I didn't do it!'

"By this time perspiration was pouring down his face in streams. He seemed limp and helpless, and the dumb-bells dropped from his hands with a crash. We rushed into the room, but he shrank from us trembling in every limb. Finally we managed to assure him that no harm was intended, and succeeded in quieting him. We soon learned the whole cause of the mystery. The entrance to the house was an easy matter for that man: he was an acrobat, and could easily clear the space between the houses. With the dumb-bells he had killed his victims. He said he had loved Rosie very much, but that she and her mother refused to recognize him; and he often felt very bitter against them on that account.

"There was no blank stare in his face now. He looked perfectly intelligent. And then he came closer to me, and said: 'My God, man, I'm a somnambulist, and I killed poor Rosie and her mother while I was asleep. I feared to confess it lest the authorities would apprehend me; and not only hang me but bring everlasting disgrace on my family.'

"I thought Rosie might change her mind, so I came back from the West in a month. That very night I killed her while I was asleep. When I awoke in my room immediately afterward and saw the bloody dumb-bells I went almost insane with grief and fear. I knew what I had done, and I knew there was no time to lose. I must have been bent on murder, otherwise I should never have carried the dumb-bells in jumping. I told my people the whole affair, and started back that very night for the West.

"Within ten months I lost my position and came home. I was only back a couple of weeks when in another sleep-walking fit I killed the old lady. No one suspected me this time, however; for Rosie had been murdered in exactly the same way while I was apparently in the West, and I was home fully two weeks when Mrs. Grant was killed. I had determined to move away; I could never feel happy so near the spot where I had killed poor Rosie and her mother. But it is too late now; I've waited too long. I'm sorry, very sorry; but before God I don't think I'm responsible.'

"I assured the unfortunate man that the law would not hold him guilty. Then I reported the matter to the police; and here are your release papers."

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—Dec. 7, the date set for the Oratorical Contest, is rapidly approaching. Those who intend entering should be hard at work on delivery by this time. It should be borne in mind that ease in speaking can be attained ordinarily only by constant rehearsal and practice. Henry Clay, it is said, never delivered a speech in public which he had not previously tried on the oxen. It is well known that Daniel Webster declared that there is no such thing as extemporaneous oratory, and refused to speak when he was not prepared. Such opinions are surely worthy of weight, and should be heeded by those who are ambitious to become able speakers. The man who would represent us at Indianapolis next February would do well to improve the moments now.

—There are certain great truths which have been reiterated so often and under so many different forms that they have come to be regarded almost as platitudes and as such deserving of scorn. Frequently condemnation of the manner in which a truth is put leads to contempt, or at least disregard, for the underlying principle itself. From a merely artistic point of view the objection might be offered that were the truth in question expressed in a style sufficiently great, it would never receive any such unfortunate judgment. The

proverbs of Solomon are never flat; they will never lose their freshness; their force does not diminish with time. But not to all men is it given to speak as did Solomon; and for that reason, any effort, however humble, to advance humanity should be heeded. The occasion of this unintended sermonizing was this simple statement seen upon a placard: "But once—I go through life but once, therefore I can not afford to leave undone any good which lies in my power to do."

A few moments spent in serious reflection on those words will not be amiss even for college men whose lot is cast in the pleasant ways we go in. That sentence is an epitome of the practical philosophy of life.

—The recent election holds some lessons which anyone who does not view it from a purely partisan standpoint, can see. Minnesota gave the republican candidate for President a majority of eighty thousand votes, but elected a democratic governor by a majority of thirty thousand; so it is apparent that Minnesota is fortunate in having at least one hundred thousand citizens who are not chained to any party organization. In Missouri likewise the election of Folk, the prosecutor of the hoodlums, demonstrates anew the fact that Americans recognize courage and honesty in a candidate and are willing to reward it. Such decisions of the voters are auspicious omens for the future of the republic.

—The death of Sam T. Jones, the former mayor of Toledo, has elicited newspaper comment far and wide. The man's peculiar and winning personality, coupled with his intense desire to deal fairly with all men, made him a unique and lovable character. His sobriquet of "Golden Rule" shows how well this was recognized. Many of his schemes and policies were visionary because their author was essentially a dreamer and an idealist, nevertheless, the practical reforms he instituted are by no means inconsiderable. The results of his life should be measured more by what he intended than by what he accomplished. The world is better for having known him.

Rhodes Scholarships.

Those students of American colleges and universities who intend to make thorough studies of one subject or another should eagerly and expectantly look forward to the next examinations for the Rhodes scholarships. For the winner of one of these honors has in his power the facilities for preparing carefully and judiciously for whatever vocation or pursuit he wishes to follow; whether his inclination be for law, medicine, teaching, journalism, the ministry or other arts, or sciences. No student, who has a desire or intention of going abroad for the purpose of acquiring a higher and better education than, in his estimation can be obtained in this land, should fail to avail himself of the extraordinary opportunities offered through the munificence of the late Cecil Rhodes.

In the spring of 1904 the first examinations for these Scholarships were held in the different states of the Union, as well as in Germany and the British Empire. Those who were successful in their quest for privileges and distinction entered Oxford last month. In 1905 more scholars will be chosen, and in the following year, 1906, another and the last selection will be made. Thenceforth vacancies will be filled in rotation; as those that now hold appointments are graduated other candidates will take their places.

From R. L. Henry's letter to the *Chicago Maroon* we gather this information, namely: that the British are inclined to look upon American students as next to barbarians; and furthermore that many of our prominent American colleges and universities had never been heard of in Oxford before the Rhodes scholars arrived. Such ideas and statements from our friends across the waters should only act as strong incentives to our students to demonstrate to the Britons that we are their peers in intellect as well as in athletic skill. These erroneous ideas about the youths of our nation should be speedily expelled from their minds. And in no way can this be more quickly and surely accomplished than by the aid of our young men in the universities; for they are the ones by whom our standing in

intellectual pursuits is judged. Hence to bring about the best results more students should enter the competitions for the Rhodes Scholarships.

Those who were successful in the previous examinations tell us that we should enter the contest fearlessly, confidently and determinedly. Better advice could not be given; for without courage, confidence and determination one can not hope to accomplish anything. This is an instance where there is everything to win and nothing to lose; so why let the opportunity pass unheeded? Do not imagine that it is necessary to have a degree or to be a senior in order that you may be eligible to try for a scholarship; far from it, for a glance at the standing of the Rhodes scholars of 1904 shows us that a majority of them were members of junior classes. We sincerely hope that when the next examinations for the Rhodes Scholarships are held the number of candidates will clearly indicate the increased interest due the bountifulness of Cecil Rhodes.

Book Reviews.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY. Wm. H. Judge, S. J.
John Murphy Co. Baltimore. 300 pages.

As Cardinal Gibbons writes in the Introduction, this work consists mainly of Father Judge's letters, which have been preserved by his friends and collected in a neatly bound and illustrated volume. The same fervor which actuated Father Judge in performing the work of a Jogues or a Xavier, pervades his simple and cheerful letters, inspiring the reader to imitate him in his apostolic zeal and self-denial. The book is more than a mere biography, or rather autobiography; it is, in addition, a valuable history of the Klondike by one who best understood its inhabitants and who most keenly sympathized with them. Father Judge did not write his letters for publication, nor did he try to excel a Cowper or a Walpole in epistolary style, and therefore we are the more attracted by their humble, simple and cheerful tone.

—For twenty-two years "The Catholic Home Annual" has come from the Benziger Brothers' firm; and by reason of its choice

reading-matter and neat appearance it continues to win for itself a deserved welcome in every Catholic family. The Annual for 1905 is now ready.

—From the same firm we have received a timely booklet by the Reverend A. A. Lambing, LL. D., entitled "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin." In some sixteen chapters Father Lambing gives a clear and succinct statement of the growth and development of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

—If there is one thing more than another that destroys the desire of anyone to begin alone the work in any department of nature study, it is the difficulty in finding literature free from technical terms and obscure scientific explanations; these justly make a beginner lose interest at the outset. This difficulty, however, is overcome in the little booklet, entitled "How to Know One Hundred Wild Birds of Indiana," by D. Lange and published by the Educational Publishing Co. of Boston. It deals with the subject in an easy, readable manner, avoiding the technicalities that are often unnecessarily introduced. It supplies to anyone who would become an observer in so interesting a department of nature-study, a booklet that can not fail to give a clear understanding at once. The few remarks on the first pages regarding the care and protection of birds are timely and well put. The order in which the birds are placed for study, and the clear-cut and intelligible descriptions given for each bird, recommend the booklet to anyone who would become familiar with the birds of Indiana. The work is especially suitable as a guide into nature-study in primary schools.

Athletic Notes.

KANSAS DEFEATS THE VARSITY.

During the first thirty minutes of play at Lawrence, Kansas, last Saturday, our Varsity outplayed the State University men at every point of the game. Following the kick-off, Guthrie, Fansler and Church carried the ball to the 10-yard line twice only to lose it by a series of unlucky plays. Guthrie skirted the ends at will, once for a run of

65 yards for a score which was not allowed. Our line, during the first half, showed its best defensive work of the year, Kansas being unable to gain consistently at any time.

But the second half was a different story. Shortly after the kick-off the long and tiresome trip from South Bend began to tell on our already crippled men who were compelled to retire in favor of plucky but lighter and inexperienced men. With the make-up of our line changed completely, it was no task for the Kansas backs to tear through for substantial gains, and though our men fought desperately four scores were made, one a mere fluke on a fumble. Condition told in the long run, and we were compelled to accept our defeat gracefully.

Shaughnessy, our long, curly-headed captain, went into the game despite the protests of Coach Salmon and Trainer Holland, and celebrated his return by another of his brilliant runs, this time going the length of the field for one score. Dave Guthrie and Fansler were our best ground gainers behind the line. Guthrie was able to gain at will all during the first half and, outside of his long run, which was not allowed, made a number of substantial gains. Fansler at full-back surprised all by his fine defensive and offensive work, and it looks as though he will be kept back after this. Silver was at end again, and as usual stopped all attempts to gain around his position. Nat is developing into a fast end rapidly, and if McNerney is kept out of the game it is probable Nat will hold down end in the Purdue game with Coad at quarter. The team work, snap and vigor of the whole team during the first half was the best seen this year, and if they can duplicate it for two halves at Lafayette we need have no fear about the disposition of the State honors. Line-up:

Kansas	
Fleischman	L. E.
Donald	L. T.
Royer	L. G.
Michaelson	C.
Brunner	R. G.
Ackermann	R. T.
Hicks	R. E.
Poler	Q. B.
Green	L. H. B.
Myers	R. H. B.
Lee, Russell	F. B.

Notre Dame

Bracken, Warldorf, Keefe	R. E.
Funk, O'Neill, Feeley	R. T.
Donovan	R. G.
Sheehan	C.
Beacom	L. G.
Murphy	L. T.
Silver	L. E.
Coad	Q. B.
Church, Shaughnessy	R. H. B.
Guthrie	L. H. B.
Fansler, Draper	F. B.

Umpire — Brown, Kansas City. Referee — Connor, Leavenworth. Head linesman — Dr. H. T. Jones.

* *

Wonder who the backers of Wisconsin and Northwestern at Notre Dame will pick for the next "sure thing"?

* *

The smile which Nat Silver wears on Sunday morning is a true index to the fortunes of the North Division (Chicago) team on the gridiron. The many victories of the Chicago boys have caused Nat's smile to spread, until now it is the one that won't wear off. Manager O'Connor of Sorin is trying to secure a game with the North Division boys after their game with Exeter. If he is successful we can be sure that Dan O'Connor, Geoghegan and the rest will give a good account of themselves.

* *

The Sorin-Corby and De Pauw-Notre Dame games will be the last chance for the rooters this season. Cheer-masters, who will serve in both games, should be elected in every Hall at once, and they should see that their men get busy and keep busy.

* *

Houston, a sophomore from Toledo, and Glasser, a freshman from Rochester (N. Y.), will represent Purdue in the indoor tennis tournament between Purdue and Notre Dame which will take place at Notre Dame in December. Our representatives have not been chosen yet, but most likely Loughran and O'Connor, both Law '05, will play the doubles, with Funk '06, Voigt '05 or Loughran in the singles.

* *

The personal request of Stagg of Chicago and Baird of Michigan, who feared that their game in Chicago would be injured in point of attendance by the Sorin-Corby

game, which was set for this afternoon, caused the postponement until Wednesday of the annual "slaughter-fest," but Mngrs. O'Connor and Emerson insist it will take place as advertised. Dan O'Connor has chosen his team, and, until the game, will drill them for speed and endurance. Corby's line-up has been kept secret for political reasons, but Sorin will line up as follows:— Diebold and Fahey, ends; Fansler, O'Shea or Ames, tackles; Tobin and Callicrate, guards; Lally, centre; O'Neill and O'Connor, half-backs; Opfergelt, full-back, and Geoghegan, quarter-back.

* *

Captain Dan O'Connor of the Varsity baseball team has begun to lay his plans for next season though the moleskin hero is just in his prime. Besides, Capt. Dan, O'Neill, Geoghegan, McNerney, Shaughnessy and O'Gorman of last year's team are in school. Opfergelt and Burns ought to make good in the box, and if the injury hoodoo keeps away from them our ball-tossers will be another winner.

* *

Trainer Holland has started to get the men into condition for De Pauw and Purdue. The long trip to Kansas and the stop in St. Louis to see the Fair and the Pike, has put the men out of condition, but a week of hard work will do wonders. McNerney and Shaughnessy are the only men who are still suffering from their injuries.

* *

Frank Earl Hering and Chief of Police McWeeney, both old Varsity Coaches, have offered Coach Salmon their services in assisting the preparation for Purdue. With the assistance of these able athletes, former coaches, the team should be in fairly good condition for the Thanksgiving game.

* *

Although Indiana University has had several close calls this year, she has usually won out by a Hare.

* *

The result of this afternoon's contests will play an important part in the disposition of Championship honors all over the country. Michigan and Chicago hold the centre of the stage for their meeting,

but the Wisconsin-Minnesota game will be closely watched. Illinois will try to add to the honors won from Chicago last week by beating McCornack's team. Here in Indiana the great game will be that between Purdue and the State University. A victory for the boys from Lafayette means that the Championship will go to the winners of the Purdue-Notre Dame game on Thanksgiving Day, and both teams are worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm over their prospects for a victory; in fact, Indiana practically claims that a victory and the Championship are certain. But Purdue will have something to say in that regard, and we advise both teams not to forget Captain "Shag" and his crowd of pigskin artists here at Notre Dame.

* *

Reports from De Pauw state that the Methodists are confident of putting Notre Dame out of the running. They have a fast team with plenty of weight behind them, and on comparative scores should rank with Purdue and Indiana. Coach Salmon does not intend to take any chances, and will keep his men hard at work until the game. A number of Hall players have signified their intentions of increasing the size of the squad, and it is to be hoped that they keep their word. If some of the big men who have not donned a suit this year would come out and line up with the Varsity they would greatly aid the Coach, and from the looks of some of the tardy ones, they might, with a little energy make good.

* *

Jack O'Neill and Keefe were each in two plays at Kansas, both being put out by kicks in the head.

* *

Poler, the K. U. quarter, who is called the Eckersall of Kansas, ran up against a snag in Shaughnessy and Silver. The nearest he came to a gain was when Healy got him for a loss of three yards.

* *

Captain "Eckie" Wagner of Corby was in Chicago last week having his picture taken. Chicago American, please wire.

ROBERT R. CLARKE.

Card of Sympathy.

On behalf of the Senior class, we, the undersigned, express our sympathy for our fellow-classman, John R. Voigt, in the loss he has sustained in the recent death of his grandfather.

L. J. Salmon
Clarence Kennedy
D. P. Murphy.—Committee.

Personals.

—Mr. J. J. Abercrombie was the welcome visitor of the University last Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Bosler of Louisville, Ky., are visiting their son William in Sorin Hall.

—We take great pleasure in chronicling the fact that Mr. Thomas L. Donnelly is successfully engaged with the Michigan Central in Niles, Michigan. Tom was one of the best in his class and a general favorite among his fellow-students.

—Mr. Joseph A. Fahey (C. E. '03) is at present located with the Oregon Short Line in Salt Lake City, Utah. "Georgia" won the Ellsworth C. Hughes medal awarded for the best record in mathematics (Civil Engineering Course).

—Another Notre Dame alumnus to loom up prominently of late in politics is Mr. Carl Otto, B. S. '77, who has been nominated by the Democrats in convention at St. Louis last week for district attorney. His many friends among the Faculty congratulate him and are confident of his further success.

—Mr. Walter M. Daly (Litt. B. '04), since leaving the University, has been making rapid strides toward the goal of success. He has replaced his brother in a large real estate business in Madison, S. D. Besides distinguishing himself as an earnest student, Walter was also the star distance man of our track teams of '03 and '04.

—The Reverend Father John Rossiter, M. S. S., Enniscorthy, Ireland, who is on an extended visit to this country, was a guest of the University during the week. The reverend visitor showed much interest in the scientific department here, and remarked that the study of the sciences had of late become very popular in Ireland.

—Mr. Henry E. Brown, Litt. B. '02, recently paid a short visit to his friends at the University. Henry will be pleasantly remembered as the class poet of '02. He at present occupies the responsible position of private secretary to the General Passenger Agent

of the Burlington Route with headquarters in Chicago. We may safely predict a bright future for Henry from his energetic and cheerful disposition displayed at Notre Dame.

—It is no surprise to learn from an old student in Chicago that since his connection with the Chicago Union Traction Company Mr. Joseph V. Sullivan, A. B. '96, has been very rapidly promoted. He is now General-Supervisor, a position second only to that of General-Superintendent of the Company, which is one of the largest aggregations of capital in the United States. Mr. Sullivan's record while at Notre Dame was of the very best, both as regards character and talent, and it was this happy combination of qualities that secured him such almost unexampled advancement in his new field of effort.

—The many friends among the faculty and students of Mr. Joseph J. Sullivan, Litt B. '01, LL. B. '02, will learn with great pleasure of his engagement to Miss Annabelle Horan of Chicago, the wedding to take place on Nov. 15. Mr. Sullivan's career at Notre Dame was of the most brilliant order, not only as a hard-working student but also as an athlete; for besides being editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC and a member of the Law Debating team '01-'02, he was also our crack pole vaulter and high jumper. Since leaving the University, Mr. Sullivan has attained great success in the practice of Law in Chicago. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend to its former editor its best wishes on this happy occasion.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harrison, New York City; Henry F. Moy, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Dr. W. J. Hennessy, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Railton, Chicago; D. J. Cullinan, Pittsburg, Pa.; C. Martin Wyckiff, Bedminster, N. J.; Rev. John J. Rossiter, M. S. S., Ireland; H. F. Hudson, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McNair, St. Louis, Mo.; George L. Curtis, Buffalo, N. Y.; James R. Jenkins, Chicago; Fred Hulbert, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Joseph Abercrombie, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fulton, Dallas, Texas; S. H. Webster, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. W. H. Dye, Gloversville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Farrelly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. G. M. LaVelle, Mrs. Charles E. Silsbee, Niles; Mrs. V. L. and Mr. Ralph Miller, Bridgewater, Va.; J. W. McCarthy, Fresno, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. C. Romig, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. L. Lawson, Deadwood, South Dakota; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stanton, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. John Sullivan, Galesbury, Ill.; Mrs. and Miss E. E. McMorran, Chicago; W. P. McNally, Lexington, Ky.; John Flaherty, Elgin, Ill.; F. D. McDonnell, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Hazel Rawlings, Sidell, Ill.; Mrs. W. R. Cockrane, Mrs. G. B. and Miss E. S. Gehlert, St. Joseph, Mich.; Mr. G. L. Stoltchen, Chicago.

Local Items.

—J. "Stumps" Parker has been working faithfully trying to discover what kin he is to Alton B. Poor "Stumps!"

—Signor "Jose" Lantry had the nerve to bet fifty cents on Parker. Our stout friend has not a very bright outlook for a sporting career.

—George Knox of Corby Hall lost a pocket-book containing a sum of money on election eve. If found, please return to the owner.

—A charming smoker was held in Sorin last Tuesday evening to celebrate the victory of the "First Voters' League" and hear the election returns.

—The many friends of Doctor Stoeckley, donor of the Stoeckley gold medal, will hear with pleasure of his election as President of the N. Indiana Dental Association.

—The Senior Literary Society held an interesting debate last Wednesday afternoon on the question: "Resolved, That Labor and Capital should be forced to settle their disputes before a Legalized Board of Arbitration."

—The Pennsylvania Club is making elaborate plans for a dance to be given in Pittsburg during the Christmas vacation. It promises to be among the big events in Smoketown and a credit to the Pennsylvania students at Notre Dame.

—A very enjoyable social was held at St. Joe last Tuesday evening. Dancing and whist were indulged in until a late hour, after which Bro. Florian treated all to a nice collation. We can easily guess why Bro. Florian is so popular among the boys.

—Election day was a gala event at Notre Dame. Many of us cast our first vote, and on everyone's lips was the saying "vote early and often." In the evening a special wire furnished the news to the different halls assembled to hear the election returns.

—The Junior law class organized last Wednesday. The following officers were elected: President, Louis Wagner; Vice-President, Terry Cosgrove; Secretary, Geo. McFadden; Treasurer, Ralph Madden; Class Poet, Stephen Riordan; Class Historian, Robert Clarke; Sergeant-at-Arms, Clayton Golden. Much interest was manifested, and everyone seemed imbued with a spirit of keeping a high standard for the law class of 1906. An executive committee, consisting of Francis Hanzel, Raymond Dashbach and Thos. Harris, was appointed by the Chair.

—It has got abroad that the Junior class is at work rehearsing Shakspeare's Tempest

and that Mr. Willie Robinson was to impersonate an airy sprite. The class takes this occasion to deny the insidious rumor, and as for Willie being a sprite, it is simply impossible.

—Lost—Either in the telephone room in the college or on the way therefrom to the post-office, a pair of beads; finder, please leave them at the post-office and receive reward.

—Mr. Enrique O. Cando has a large squad of green oarsmen at work in the Gym. They are following a special course of work outlined for them by Mr. Canedo whose aquatic skill has gained him an enviable reputation.

—All who intend to compete for the Breen Oratorical medal should hand their essays to the Prefect of Studies on or before Nov. 20. The winner of the oratorical medal has also the privilege of representing Notre Dame in the State Oratorical Contest.

—Last Tuesday the students of the various halls were entertained by Master Elton Crepeau who sang several solos. Master Elton's clear voice, possessing wonderful volume for so youthful a musician, won great admiration from all who heard him and merited the generous applause which greeted him.

—The students from Ohio met recently and organized a state club. Professor Edwards read an interesting paper on college societies and gave many valuable suggestions as to the future plans of the club. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, James Edwards; President, Byrne Daly; Vice-President, C. J. Du Brul; Secretary, Alphonse Ill; Treasurer, Albert E. Kotte. Messrs. McFarland, Roach and Devine were appointed to draw up a constitution.

—The two first Minim teams, under the leadership of Brennan and Schneider had a battle royal on the Minim gridiron last Sunday afternoon. Fortune favored Capt. Schneider's warriors, and when the last half ended they had the scalps of Captain Brennan's braves dangling from their belts. On the winning side the work of Cavanaugh, Schneider and Kranz was very fine, while on the other side the work of Brennan and Remp was equally meritorious. The winners of this series are entitled to wear the coveted Minim Special Monogram.

—Things have been quiet in Moot-Court circles of late owing to the many important events which have taken place at Notre Dame during the past few weeks. There has been only one trial to date and that was won by Messrs. Gruber and McCarthy who defeated Messrs. Schwab and Hanzel. Court will be held every Saturday evening from now on, and many interesting cases will be called for trial. Among the young

attorneys the Madden brothers, "Rap" and Dan, are the most promising. They will demonstrate their skill in a number of cases this year.

—A magnificent specimen has recently been obtained by the University for the physical geography class. It is a boulder weighing several tons found in a gravel pit near the Lake Shore tracks seven miles west of South Bend, and was placed back of Corby Hall near the Grotto. It is a handsome piece of rock to look upon as it has several different colored bands crossing its surface horizontally except that they are much distorted and crumpled at one end. Its peculiar interest to students of geology is that two faults cross it from bottom to top, drawing somewhat nearer together towards the upper part. The block between the two faults has slipped down about three inches as is shown by the horizontal bands, and molten rock from below has been intruded along the faults reuniting the blocks. Finally this fragment was broken off its parent ledge in the North and brought to this part of the country by a glacier.

—Last Saturday evening the faculty of the University were given a delightful entertainment by the students of Brownson Hall in the form of a Halloween dance. The old gymnasium was very tastefully decorated with long festoons of vari-colored ribbon, among which many-colored electric lights were interspersed producing a beautiful effect. The dance was opened at 7.30 p. m., with a Grand March, led by Prof. Edwards and lady. During the march all present received very dainty and well-arranged programs containing the order of dances and the names of the various committees in charge. The orchestra deserves special commendation for the exquisite music rendered during the dances and frequent encores. Cigars were distributed during the evening, affording the lovers of the weed present a chance to indulge their hobby. At ten o'clock ice-cream and cake were served, and the last dance—entitled on the program Bullinsky Reelavitals—received a hearty encore from the many who were reluctant to follow the instructions at the end of the program, "All Aboard for Dreamland." That the dance was a tremendous success goes without saying. The gentlemen on the committee merit special praise and are deserving of the many congratulations accorded them by all present at the enjoyable occasion. Such an exhibition of good feeling and friendship is certainly reassuring to the members of the faculty who desire to express their appreciation of the kind reception given them by the Brownson students and also to congratulate the members of the Hall on the great success of the Halloween dance.