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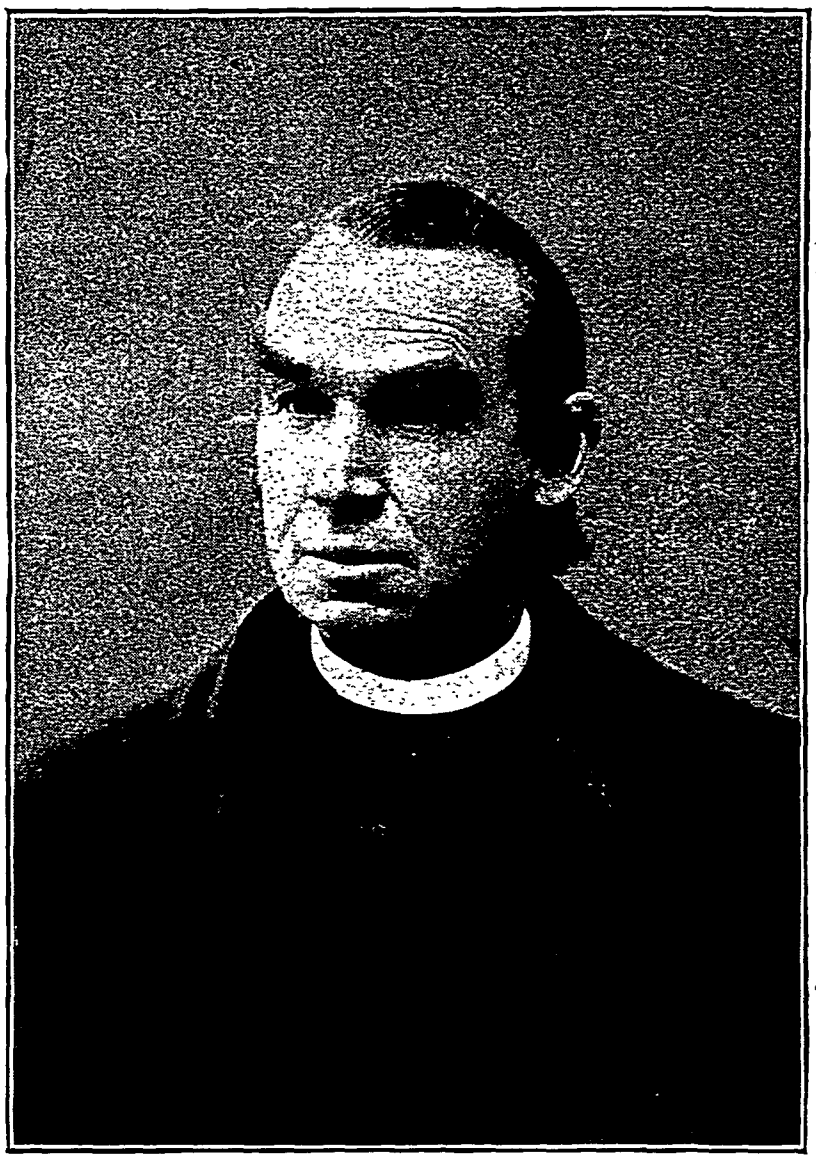

Born, June 20, 1822.

Died, May 7, 1905.

In Memoriam

THE REV. P. P. COONEY, C. S. C., ARMY-CHAPLAIN AND MISSIONER.

GOD'S minister of peace through blood-drenched years
When War's fierce jubilance enthralled the land,
'Mid crash of shot and shell his priestly hand,
Raised o'er the fallen, crowned their spent careers
With endless life. At length fair Peace appears,
And lo! God's Captain now, his brave command
He leads 'gainst error, sin, and all the band
Of rebel passions, haughty Pride's compeers.

His long, long day of valiant strife is o'er,
Yet clasps he still the standard of the Cross;
And though the ringing voice shall nevermore
Cheer Christian hosts where Satan's banners toss,
Full many a soul the memory will keep
Of him who in the Lord late fell asleep.

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

Wishes.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

I WOULD be a running stream
To the fainting flower,
To each thirsty, tapered blade
Maytime's freshest shower.

To the violet, purple-eyed,
In the noon-sun drooping,
I would be a leafy palm
With cool shade o'er-roofing.

To your eyes, deep-dimmed with tears,
To your breast, upheaving,
I would be a magic wand
Peaceful charms o'er-weaving.

The Hoosier Poet.

PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.

IN his *rôle* of "poet laureate of the common people," James Whitcomb Riley stands apart from all our modern-day writers.

Great literary geniuses of both England and our own country in the past century have all contributed their share of valuable literature to the intellectual world. They have furnished to the student of literature countless volumes of priceless material in poetry and prose; but since the days of Robert Burns no poet has gone down into the ranks of the common people as Riley has. For by his tender verses of love and of passion, of gayety and of youth, of sorrow and of misfortune, he has made that great mass of the unlearned, simple folk share with him in the matchless beauty of his thoughts, in the rich fantasy of his imagination, and in the depth of his emotion.

The poet was born in the year 1856, in Greenfield, Indiana, a small hamlet some twenty miles east of Indianapolis. His father, Captain Reuben A. Riley, was a lawyer of quite marked ability, but one who met with rather adverse fortunes. While his mother has been described for us by one who knew her as "a lady of exceeding excellence: herself, a versifier of no mean quality." And again, that "her life made her home a dear and hallowed place, whose memory can everywhere be traced in Riley's poems."

Riley, before he attained his position as a literary man of note, successively followed the occupation of drummer-boy in a circus, of a painter of signs, and of a printer's "devil." It was in 1882 that the Hoosier poet succeeded in securing a permanent position on the *Indianapolis Journal*, and since then he has been steadily forging ahead towards the goal of his ambition.

The fact is that very little has been written about the inner life of the poet; but what has been said here in connection with his biography will suffice for our purpose of studying him as a man of letters. Nevertheless, though biographers have failed to tell us much of his life and character, his poems have furnished us in abundance material by which we can form a fair estimate of just what kind of man Riley is. In his "Child Rhymes of Innocent Prattle" he has, in his own realistic way, pictured for us the most natural of childhood fancies and youthful frolics. But more than this, by these simple poems he has given us an idea of the kind of boy he himself must have been.

"The bear story that Alex 'est maked up his own se'f" is perhaps Riley's best portrayal of the genuine boy of elastic imagination and little memory. His short, pathetic poem, "The Happy Little Cripple," by its slow, sorrowful movement, touches the most tender chords of sympathy, and breathes a solemn, sweet prayer of pity for afflicted humanity. While "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," bubbling over with the mirth and happiness of two urchins, who have won the heart of a grey-haired aunt, confirms us in our opinion, that Riley himself must have been a simple, frank, noble boy,—a boy ever prone to mischief, yet always sensitive of the troubles of those about him, and blessed with a whole-souled, lovable, boyish disposition.

The poet has not, however, confined himself to the portrayal of child-life, but has exercised his poetical gifts to make more natural, and to reveal more plainly, the emotions of man in every stage of his life. We find him dealing with the peasant of rural simplicity, about whom he has drawn pictures unsurpassable in their beauty and naturalness.

At the touch of his pen we are brought to the scenes of "green fields," clothed with the fairest of wild flowers, to the banks of "Running Brooks," and "Swimming Pools," where the waters lap and laugh and gurgle and glisten in the golden sunshine; or are lulled to silent slumber by the lazy heat that pours down through green leaves and tangled boughs. Under the guidance of his poetic insight we can enjoy the pleasure of strolling 'neath stately elms and cedars, whose towering tops form a sort of green canopy above us; or by the easy movement of his verses we are made to lounge in lazy languor on the matted green grass under the protecting shade of enticing arbors.

The most widely known of his works along this line are," When the Green Gets Back in the Trees;" "Thoughts fer the Discuraged Farmer," and "When the Frost is on the Punkin." It is when dealing with the simple country-folk that Riley manifests that rare quality of seasoning humor with sadness, of crusting over a life of adversity with cheerfulness; and it is on account of this gift of pathetic humor that an English critic has aptly likened him to Dickens.

If any one vein of Riley's poems has won him his enviable place among the "World's Academy of Immortals," it has been his poems of love and passion, which of late have been grouped into one little volume under the title of "Riley's Love Lyrics." He undoubtedly achieves his greatest success in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." This poem carries with it, in its very movement, a touch of undying love and affection, and by its lazy, sentimental style settles down beneath the surface of rhythm, and wraps itself about the very fibres of the reader's soul. And how well the poet gives expression to his ideal of love in the lines:

And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

And then again with the exaction of a realist he pours out the rich sentiment of his poetic soul in the stanza:

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was grey;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

All of his love lyrics run in much the same strain as "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." He has written some of his poems of love in a serious mood which breathes of the sorrows and strifes of love rather than its blissfulness.

The poet has written many other works of more or less note; and, in fact, has written a drama which received a very favorable criticism; but his main sphere of action has been along that line of "heart to heart" poetry, of which type he is undoubtedly the chief exponent.

This Hoosier poet who so enjoys the company and atmospheric surroundings of the common people presents to the literary world a novel character. In him are combined all those peculiar qualities so necessary to the ideal poet: to the man whose soul is so steeped in the depths of his own emotions, so moored in the beauty of his own thoughts, that poetry alone can convey the sentiment of his rich, exalted soul. James Whitcomb Riley has, in his own simple way, gone down into the bottom of his own heart (Emerson says that means the going down into all hearts), and from that inexhaustible fountain of sentiment there has streamed forth in an unbroken flow of pure, elevating, poetry, the passionate love of the heart, the crude outpouring of a country's peasantry, and the innocent prattle of the lisping babe.

Riches vs. Breeches.

A "SPORT" goes over a barbed-wire fence;
He has to—that is why;
And fills his trousers with so many rents,
He waits for the sun to die.
What cares he for power and riches?
All he wants is a new pair of breeches.

A "chappy" sits down on a rustic bench
New painted an emerald green.
At parting it gives an affectionate wrench
His white ducks aren't fit to be seen.
What cares he for kings and riches?
All he wants is a new pair of breeches.

A "Willie" goes gaily to take a swim!
Of course 'tis free of charge,
A "hobo" strolls by, and the clothes fit him,
While "Willie" swims at large.
What cares he for power and riches?
He only wants a new pair of breeches.

T. A. H.

Song.

A SINGLE wave above the rest,
Its foamy crest reared high,
Then backward sank, while o'er it pressed
Great billows rushing by.

A single hope within my breast
Leaped up and ruled supreme;
'Tis buried now, like all the rest,
An unattained dream.

W. J. D.

The Story of the Great Tronjeb Diamond.

HARRY X. ROBERTS, '06.

It was about the middle of November and a drizzling rain was beating down outside my comfortable apartments. I had grown tired of watching through my windows the flickering lights of the street and the occasional passer-by, and was turning towards my warm fire when a knock came at my door. In response to my call of "Come in," there entered a curious-looking individual—a perfect stranger to me. He wore shabby clothes, and the growth of months was still visible upon his face.

"Well," said I, "your business here with me at this hour I can not surmise. Explain yourself."

Gradually he came to the object of his visit and his projects. He introduced himself as James Ettinger. He had just returned to this city from South Africa, where he had been in the employ of his brother, the well-known Henry S. Ettinger, who operated and owned one of the largest diamond mines of the Transvaal. I recalled the name of this wealthy man because I remembered having seen it in the newspapers of a month back in the list of the unhappy passengers who had perished in the wreck of the "Sea Queen," which went down somewhere off the western coast of Africa.

Ettinger told me that on the night of October 18 his brother had sent word to him to come over to his rooms, as he wished to see him and give him a few instructions concerning the management of the mines in his absence. This was on the eve of his departure for America. James accordingly went to his brother's home, and was ushered in by the maid servant. But, to continue in my guest's own words:

"I entered quietly, and had never seen my brother Henry in such a mood. When I arrived he was rapidly pacing up and down the room, his half-consumed cigar still between his lips. When he heard me move he suddenly wheeled, the unlit cigar unconsciously dropping to the floor, and after first looking at my hands he turned his eyes to my face and appeared immensely relieved when he saw who I was.

"'James,' said he, 'I have something to to say to you. When I leave to-morrow I shall carry with me the Tronjeb stone; I now have it concealed upon my person.' I then saw why he wheeled so suddenly when I came in; and why he first looked at my hands to see if I carried a weapon, or if I made a movement to draw one. It was an action in perfect harmony with my brother's nature, and, I believe, involuntary, for my brother was ever of a nervous and watchful disposition. But this action on his part seemed to me wholly unnecessary, as later on in the evening he told me that no one, save myself, knew of his intention to carry this priceless gem with him to the United States. He gave me some instructions about running the mines during his absence, and after bidding him good night I went home and retired. But I was restless and got little sleep that night. I would wake with a start, dreaming I had seen swarms of assassins with knives and weapons of all descriptions after my brother and the diamond.

"And now a few words about the stone itself. Many wealthy men, and even crowned heads, had bargained for it, but Henry was obstinate and would not sell. It was a peculiar stone, greatly eclipsing the famous 'Kohinoor,' and its cutting was the masterpiece of the firm in Paris which had undertaken the work. I had seen the gem but twice in my life, and it seemed to possess an influence over me, as in fact it did over all others who beheld it, a force which I could not explain. Once as I looked into its liquid blue depths I was strangely fascinated. I seemed unable to take my eyes from it, and felt myself falling, falling, I knew not where. With an effort I looked

up, and out of its hypnotic power I was myself once more. The effect was even more pronounced by artificial light, while in the dark it would glow with a bluish phosphorescence which is beyond the power of description. So much for the stone.

"I came here in search of assistance in looking for the diamond, for, if I could but find the body of my poor brother, or even the vessel herself, I could undoubtedly accomplish my object. Now my proposition is that you will see a few of your wealthiest friends, and together we will fit out an expedition in search of the wreck of the 'Sea Queen.' But, mind you, you must keep our actions secret; for, let people once find out the object of our search and dozens of adventurers would be there before us. Of course there is no need of advising you not to prosecute the search independent of me, for I am the only person on this continent who knows the location of the vessel. As it is, I only found it out by the merest accident. I happened to be walking along the beach of a certain town on the western coast of Africa when I saw a native in the act of landing a small canoe. My eye was attracted by the queer paddle which the fellow used; it was a broken piece of wood on the face of which was painted SEA QU——, the board being here broken off. On inquiry he informed me that as his own paddle had broken when he was some little distance from shore one night he had picked up this piece of wood which he found floating near by. He was surprised to find this fastened to a large rope which he was forced to cut. I asked him if he had any means of telling me the place in which this was found. He informed me, much to my satisfaction, that he could, as he had noticed while engaged in cutting the rope that he could no longer see a certain light on the shore which he had distinctly seen both before and after he had left this particular spot; this seemed to puzzle him, and upon investigation he had found that a certain spire-shaped rock on the shore had hid the light at that place.

"This most remarkable coincidence and his keen observance fixed the place of the wreck in all save the distance from shore, and this, he informed me, was about one-half a mile. After he had shown me the rock and the place of the fire which he had seen, I thanked him and tossed him a few coins. A few days afterward I took ship for America. On arriving at New York I hastened to my home town; but I had been long absent from this country and found my relatives dead with the exception of an aged aunt who could not render me the necessary assistance in the way of money. So now you can see the nature of my business with you."

The next day I held a long consultation with my wealthiest friends whom I found willing and even eager to fit out the expedition. After two weeks of earnest effort our wrecking party was ready to sail. I had a cabin reserved for myself near the forepart of the ship, and Ettinger was next to me. As we left New York that December morning Ettinger came to my cabin and we had a long talk during which he told me more about the giant diamond. On January 21 we were well on our way, passing the northeastern coast of South America many leagues to the west of us. On February 27 we put up at a small town off the western coast of Africa, the location of which was about latitude south 24° 30′ and longitude 14° 30′ east of Greenwich, thus finishing our journey of over 5000 miles from New York. There is little twilight in these parts, but the sunset was a brilliant spectacle. All retired except Ettinger and I, who still sat on deck enjoying our cigars.

Away off in the east, the distance seeming greater in the moonless night than it really was, we could just distinguish the dim outlines of Bird Island. Long into the night we sat, Ettinger relating to me more of his brother and the famous stone for which we were searching, until at last about eleven o'clock we both retired.

The morning of February 28 dawned bright and clear. The crew of the ship were awake, and the grinding of the anchor chains as the anchor was being raised awoke me from a refreshing sleep. The ship was now in motion and heading for the narrow strip of water about ten miles in width which separates Bird Island from the mainland. A small boat was lowered from the ship, and a few men, myself among the number, proceeded to the spot from which the fire seen by the native had burnt. After pointing out the exact spot to the men as Ettinger

had described it to me, and instructing them to build a fire of greenwood, the smoke of which was to guide us to the wreck, I returned on board ship.

I had returned but ten minutes when I could see a column of smoke ascending vertically into the still atmosphere. After a little manœuvring we succeeded in placing this in line with the tip of the promontory on shore. We were now about one-half mile from the coast, and the lead read fifty fathoms. Divers were preparing to go down, and as I had been down a few times in my life I put on a suit to descend with them. Grappling irons being thrown and a piece of deck railing being brought to the surface we were assured that this was the right spot. Accordingly my helmet was screwn on and I let myself into the sea followed by the other four divers. When I became accustomed to the increased air pressure inside my helmet I saw through my face-plate what appeared to be the hull of a gigantic ship keeled over upon its side. Making my way slowly among the sea growths I advanced toward the half-buried hulk. I was greatly startled when a species of fish, resembling nothing I had ever before seen, peered inquiringly through my face-plate and then swiftly darted away.

The ship being tipped upon one side I had no difficulty in making my way, and soon found the stairway leading to what I assumed to be the passengers' quarters. I remembered that the number of Ettinger's state-room was six; I was now opposite twelve, and with two of the divers followed the decreasing numbers until I was opposite six. When the door of number six was broken open a terror seized my inner being the like of which I hope I may never again experience. We were face to face with the most terrifying and horrible creature I had ever seen. A monstrous devil fish had, through the opening in the side of the ship, entered the room. With sullenly flashing, phosphorescent eyes and long, slimy tentacles it stood guard there in that room of death.

There was a dim light inside, but I could see the tentacles ominously waving slowly to and fro and the eyes gleaming ghastly in their hideous sockets. With all the strength of a man frenzied by fear I grasped the sharp axe from my belt and hurled it straight at the monster's head. Owing to resistance of the water my effort was still comparatively feeble; but the axe glanced through the water and lodged squarely in the monster's head. There was a tremendous commotion, the water was colored with a black liquid, and seethed and boiled through the passages of the sunken vessel. When all was again calm I found myself in a heap on the opposite side of the ship. I thoroughly searched the state room, but could not find the body.

As I was making my way through the passage down which I had seen the devil fish disappear, I stumbled over something which I found to be a human body. Half mangled, it was dropped here by the sea demon in its flight, in whose grasp it had been. But by good chance the head and upper part of the body were intact. By means of my electric flashlight I identified it as the remains of Henry Ettinger—as his brother James had accurately described to me everything he wore when leaving South America, and had shown me his photograph. Carrying it outside the vessel I fastened it to a line let down for the purpose and it was soon on deck. I immediately followed with the rest of the divers and after removing my helmet I went to the body and underneath the shirt I found the little chamois bag I knew was there. Opening it there rolled out in my hand the great Tronjeb diamond, which by such a remarkable series of events was once more brought back to the light of the upper world where James Ettinger swears it will remain.

The Many-Lived

G. C. D.

He has gone from us forever, has our little blue-haired boy,
We will never see our darling any more;
Like a dream he passed away, on the 93d of May
He never died so suddenly before.

Oh! we filled his mouth with glue and we tried to bring him too,
But alas! all our efforts were in vain,
For in spite of all we tried he only smiled and died
And blew his nose and smiled and died again.

The Prairie Rose.

HOW often on the prairie have I seen
The small red rose bedecked in modest green;
In every bud and tiny leaf so fair,
Distilling sweet perfume on the summer air.
How is it that in cold and heartless ground
This little plant so sweet a gift has found;
And in my heart each summer brings a pain
To know that we must meet and part again?

J. F. Q.

Thoughts on "Ivanhoe."

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

The adventures of Ivanhoe are supposed to have taken place about the time of King Richard's imprisonment in Germany, in round numbers, the year 1200. The historical characters mentioned in this novel are those of Prince John and his court; the other personages are merely legendary, or created by the author and placed in this epoch. Scott draws on history to give his romance the semblance of reality, or at least of probability. He displays great skill and laborious research in the delineation of the broad features of twelfth-century life, such as tournaments, chivalry, castles, the Jews, the serf, etc. The author is guilty of many minor anachronisms and is not wholly uninfluenced by prejudice. For example, in the journey through the woods Scott speaks of a scanty "police force" fifty years—according to Gardiner's History—before England was known to have such guardians of the peace. He lavishes all sorts of worldly excesses on a Cistercian only two generations after this order was reformed. He clothes his Cistercian prior in cardinal's robes, makes him guilty of nonsensical blessings and mock piety; moreover, Scott has the Palmer give a relic of the true cross as pledge to Brian, totally disregarding its sanctity; and he gives not the slightest intimation of how the Palmer came into possession of such a rare treasure. Such an author could not be an honest historian, nor was that his ambition when writing "Ivanhoe;" hence, whatever his fallacies and anachronisms be, they are subordinate with him to his story.

No doubt the majority of the readers of "Ivanhoe" feel the greatest interest in Rebecca, who is the apotheosis of self-denial and heroism. She is "no Jewess, but an angel from heaven!" She is humble yet dignified in her dealings with others; she is faithful to her creed; she scorns wealth and all temporal possessions, even her own happiness, in order to promote the well-being of her fellowmen,—creatures too blinded by national prejudice and self-interests to appreciate her sacrifices and to pay their due debt of gratitude. The virtuous Rebecca loves Ivanhoe with a pure and unmixed love, but shrinks from declaring her affection on account of the difference of their religious professions.

The self-sacrificing heroine pleads to Rowena for protection, not for her own sake but for the wounded Ivanhoe, "for," says she, "if evil chance him the last moment of your life would be embittered with regret for denying him that which I ask you." At Templestowe Rebecca endangers her life to keep her suffering patient informed on the proceedings of the battle. She struggles with herself lest she be an obstacle to Rowena. In the conclusion of the novel when we expect Rebecca to reap some fruit from her many trials and sufferings, we find her denying herself the satisfaction of seeing Ivanhoe. Instead, she pursues her work of self-abnegation to the utmost extent that her religion offers by entering some charitable community.

Rebecca leads a life of almost continual trials, some of which being the severest that her sex could be submitted to; but through all these vicissitudes she remains unaltered, invincible. She lacks no perfection to make her the ideal picture Scott had conceived; neither medical skill, linguistic knowledge, heroic resolve nor personal charms. This ultra-indealism throws her in the realm of the poetical or the supernatural, where failings and imperfections are unlooked for. The reader has a consciousness that whenever Scott calls on the intervention of Rebecca a magical transformation of events must ensue—failure would be an anomaly.

Rowena can not, nor need she, endure the trials that are heaped upon the fair Jewess. In the presence of Rebecca she is overawed and feels her inferiority. Her life is a narrow

one; but notwithstanding, she leads it in a true, noble, filial manner. No glaring defect makes her undeserving of Ivanhoe, but no struggle or heroic trait makes her the equal of Rebecca.

The story has proceeded very far before we concern ourselves directly with the Palmer, and when we do we realize our familiarity with this character. Nevertheless, our curiosity is never fully satisfied. The author repeatedly drops him, dealing with him only indirectly through the motives which appear to influence the other characters.

We admire Ivanhoe for his loyal patriotism to his country, his chivalrous interest in Richard, his fidelity to Rowena, and his gratitude to Rebecca; but in many respects he is a stereotyped hero, who, through a romantic life of adventures, which he of course surmounts, gains the object of his love. We can not feel the same sympathy with him that we feel for Gurth in as far as their fidelity to superiors is concerned. Few passages in the novel are more pathetic than the simple description of Gurth's compassion for the wounded Fangs. When writing this passage Scott must have had his own favorite Maida in mind. The rustic swineherd and the artful haggler with Isaac seem to be two different characters. Had Wamba been entrusted with the commission of paying the Jew it would seem a little more consistent. The innocent, faithful jester with his fidelity, devotion and unselfishness is a hero of the class to which he belongs. His humor is blunted with professionalism. The conservative Cedric is a stanch, narrow-minded, self-confident Saxon with an exalted notion of patriotism. King Richard and Locksley have not much in common, save the royal dignity peculiar to the former, and the motives that actuate them individually: the king is prompted by a rash, adventurous spirit; the outlaw has philanthropic views of his own, which, however irregular, are none the less admirable in their sincerity.

"Ivanhoe" is essentially a tale of knighthood in the decline of chivalry. Every page breathes the spirit of the age it portrays. The reader is continually in an atmosphere of feudal customs, ancient castles, exciting tournaments, and mediæval life. Its chivalry is discreditable in its relations with Rebecca. The populace is divided by the faithless John; the Templars have deteriorated; Saxon conservatism proves a failure; lawlessness is rife; and the very state seems to topple on an antiquated foundation. There must be a better mutual understanding between Norman and Saxon, between master and servant, between lord and tenant. Knighthood has bloomed and decayed. The chivalry of "Ivanhoe" is romantic, legendary and farcical. The characters are drawn in conformity with the age; and their relations with one another satirize the inadequacy of feudal institutions. Scott lays emphasis rather upon the chivalrous setting of the novel than upon characterization. The characters, on the whole, are typical rather than individual.

"Ivanhoe" is an instructive illustration of the domestic antiquities of Saxon England, of the life and manners of the twelfth century, of the contrast between Norman and Saxon, of the condition of the Jews, the decline of the Templars, the state of serfdom, and the decay of chivalry. The best impression the story imparts to us is the heroic fidelity and self-sacrifice of the unhappy Jewess. Next to her our sympathies rest with the simple and honest Gurth. Ivanhoe and Bois-Gilbert undergo the routine of hero and villain, respectively.

The artistic traits of the romance are the vivid descriptions of outdoor scenery, the realistic air of historical allusions, the delineation of mediæval types, the many dramatic situations, and the tactful employment of suspense which keeps the reader's interest unflagging and makes him impatient to read the novel throughout; and re-read it time and again with undiminished pleasure.

In the Distance.

H. P. F.

THE task that seems so very great,
From which you daily shrink in dread,
Will never dwindle while you wait
And wish the way were clear ahead.
The traveller, whose feet have burned
On dusty slopes, in valleys deep,
Has only on the far heights learned
That distant hills are always steep.

The History of the Asteroids.

GEORGE J. FINNEGAN.

Long, long ago there lived in the sky on a little green island between the homes of the great gods Jupiter and Mars a beautiful goddess called Ducia. She was admitted to be the most beautiful divinity in the heavens; and even Venus in order to compare with her at all was obliged to stay near the Sun that she might appear bright from the reflected light of that great Father.

Ducia was a widow. Her good husband, Meldius, had died from an arrow of Apollo, who had thought in this way to win the fair goddess. But she refused ever to marry again, for she had promised Meldius that her life would be spent in caring for her four sons, Medusus, Brucius, Pallas and Æthrus.

The boys loved their mother very much, and did all in their power to make her happy. The most skilful workmen were employed; little lakes were made in which beautiful swans played, and jewelled bridges were placed across artificial channels; little ivory boats were always ready; and horses, as near like those of the Sun as possible, were obtained that Ducia might ride at eve in company with her sons. Even Vulcanus was sent for; and he built a beautiful palace of solid gold which rested on a foundation of whitish marble. It was magnificently furnished, each room being inlaid with a different kind of jewel. In the centre of the palace was a beautiful diamond throne on which Ducia sat when she received visitors.

So they lived most happily and would still be living so had it not been for the jealousy of Venus. She determined to destroy the fair Ducia. Knowing that the law of the heavens decreed that all widows must marry again she went to Father Jupiter and made a complaint against Ducia. Accordingly, Achilles was dispatched to the island as an ambassador from the great Father to command Ducia to marry. He arrived at eve, and was escorted into her presence as the last rays of the sun lit up the diamond throne on which she sat. The four boys were near, each on his little throne, and all received Achilles warmly.

"Welcome, good Achilles," said Ducia. "What happy errand brings you to us to-day?"

After kneeling before the throne for a moment he answered sadly:

"Dear goddess, I have come at the supreme command of Father Jove on a sad errand: he decrees that the great law of the heavens must be fulfilled, and you must marry."

Sadness at once reigned over the palace, for its inmates had never before known trouble. Ducia bowed her head as she thought of her promise to the good Meldius, and then raising her eyes saw that her sons were weeping, for they could not bear the thought of separation. This was sufficient, and she made answer:

"Go, good Achilles! Tell Father Jove that I have always hitherto obeyed his commands to the smallest detail, but that I can not do this."

Achilles departed sick at heart for he knew well the wrath of Jove. He arrived at Jupiter's palace late at night and told him the goddess' answer. Anger at once seized the great Father, and sparks of fire flew from his dilated nostrils and his mouth. Immediately he sent a thunderbolt against the island; everything being destroyed except Ducia and her four sons. The boys were hurled into space, and told that they must forever roam in separate paths around the sun. Ducia, too, was thrown into the air, but a kind old bear bore her away to the big Dipper in which she has since remained fixed.

This was the fate of the beautiful goddess. She is still in the Dipper and never ceases to mourn for her sons, whom she sometimes sees worn out and tired but unable to stop on their journey. At such times she weeps more and her tears often overflow the Dipper falling to the earth as rain.

If you take a telescope and look out on a starry night you can see these four boys each wending his weary way. They are known to us as Asteroids. So they will wander and so Ducia will continue to weep until Father Jove withdraws his terrible punishment; though there is little fear of his relenting, for he is inexorable in his wrath at disobedience.

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—The ancient city of St. Louis has many titles to the respect of American Catholics, but we venture to say that when most of us think of the metropolis of Missouri nowadays we think of it primarily as the home of Archbishop Glennon. Mentally as well as physically, His Grace is a large man, and the most various gifts blend harmoniously in him. He has the poetic temperament to give color and warmth to a singularly logical and incisive mind; he is a scholarly recluse who takes a large part in the social life of his episcopal city; he is "the guide, philosopher and friend" of every priest and layman in his diocese, yet his grave duties and his exalted dignity have no power to cloud over his charming personality or the exquisite playfulness with which he unbends. Masterful, learned, tactful, energetic, progressive and deliciously companionable, he has won his way irresistibly into the hearts of American Catholics over the whole country; but the SCHOLASTIC assures His Grace of St. Louis that nowhere will Sunday, May 14,—the day on which Cardinal Gibbons will confer the pallium on the archbishop—be hailed with more joy and enthusiasm than at Notre Dame. The name of the Most Rev. John Glennon, D. D.; is a bright tradition here.

Death of the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Profound sadness overspread every countenance at Notre Dame last Sunday when the doleful tolling of the bells proclaimed the death of the Rev. Peter P. Cooney, one of the most noted missionaries in the Congregation of the Holy Cross and probably the most heroic army-chaplain Indiana ever knew. He was a priest whose memory will never die; a patriot whose life of self-immolation demands enduring recognition.

This illustrious soldier of his God and of his country enlisted in the "Church Triumphant" at one a. m., the 7th of May, after a protracted exhaustion of a constitution that had borne eighty-three years of the most active and trying experiences.

At the Solemn Requiem Mass, which was sung in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Tuesday at ten o'clock, the Right Rev. Bishop Alerding pontificated with Fathers Cavanaugh and De Groot for his deacon and subdeacon. Our Very Rev. President was assistant priest and Fathers Callaghan and Hagerty were deacons of honor. The Reverend Father Connor was Master of Ceremonies and Mr. Clarence Kennedy his assistant. The visiting clergy who were present in the sanctuary were Fathers Crosson of Logansport, Burns of Wilmet, and Miller of Urbana, Ohio. Among the laity were notably some forty Sisters of the Holy Cross Congregation, one of whom was a near relative of Father Cooney's. Other relatives who attended the obsequies were Mrs. M. J. Cooney of Toledo, Mr. Joseph Duffey and Mr. Peter Reilley of Deerfield, Mich. Many friends and admirers, including members of the South Bend G. A. R. Post, demonstrated by their presence the high regard in which the deceased was everywhere held. The altar, candelabra and pulpit were draped in black, and the corpse, almost totally unaltered by the hand of death, was exposed at the foot of the nave. The Auten Post of the Women's Relief Corps presented a beautiful bouquet for which we tender our grateful acknowledgment.

After the bishop had pronounced the absolution of the dead, Father French delivered a short sermon full of genuine

sympathy. Briefly he recounted the history of Father Cooney's edification as student, priest and soldier, and concluded by pointing out the impressive lessons to be learned from such a worthy model. Next followed the procession, well-nigh one thousand strong, which, in its slow march to the Community cemetery, accompanied by the subdued strains of the college band, presented a truly imposing spectacle. The coffin was enveloped in the national ensign and borne by Fathers Maher, Peter Lauth, Crosson, Burns, Vagnier, and Sczyewski. Having arrived at the graveyard, the Very Reverend President Morrissey pronounced the final benediction over the corpse that was soon to lie beside the remains of the Rev. President Walsh in the same plot where rests the saintly Superior-General, Father Sorin, and the veteran Chaplain, Father Corby. Just before the grave was refilled with earth, Bro. Leander, as Commander of the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post, threw the customary American flag upon the soldier's coffin, saying: "In behalf of the Grand Republic for whose integrity and unity our late comrade, Rev. P. P. Cooney, offered his services during the War of the Rebellion, I deposit this flag." Such was the fitting close of a life heroically spent in the cause of union; not only of that national and temporal union, which was maintained after four years of copious bloodshed, but particularly of that universal and eternal union whereof the honored priest must now be a deserving partaker.

Father Cooney was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1822. He was but five years of age when his parents emigrated to America and settled on a farm near Monroe, Mich. Here, in one of the public schools, the ever-active little Peter diligently thumbed his hornbook, and in his sixteenth year, with a fund of elementary knowledge, continued his ideal student career in a branch institution of the University of Michigan. The already widespread reputation of Notre Dame University induced the zealous scholar to matriculate in her halls about the year 1851, and providentially to imbibe with the spirit of Catholic education the first conception of his vocation. After three years of unblemished record he took his leave of Father Sorin and attempted the *rôle* of teacher. However, he soon forsook this profession, and believing himself called to the priesthood, he pursued his studies, first in St. Charles' College, Md., and then in St. Mary's Theological Seminary at Baltimore. Often the pious seminarian pondered the endearing tranquillity of St. Aloysius' Home, to-day known as Holy Cross Hall; and in thought beheld himself performing his Thursday nocturnal adoration along with other members of Father Granger's "Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin." Such loving recollections of his *Alma Mater*, growing daily more captivating, finally drove the aspirant to secular priesthood to beg for entrance into the Novitiate at Notre Dame. He was admitted into the Congregation of the Holy Cross; was ordained at Fort Wayne, the 29th of June, 1859; and two days later said his first Mass in that college chapel where years before he had departed with no prospect of thus returning.

Immediately after his ordination Father Cooney was sent to Chicago as Vice-President of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake—the diocesan seminary which was conducted by the Holy Cross Congregation from the time of Bishop O'Regan's grant in 1856 until Bishop Duggan's episcopate. In this office of trust and toil the ardent priest labored most successfully until the outbreak of the Civil War. Though Father Sorin could ill afford to spare any of his sons or daughters, his loyal patriotism urged him to refer Governor Morton's request for chaplains to the Reverend Peter Cooney, who at once offered his services, and was officially appointed to the Thirty-Fifth Indiana Veteran Volunteers on the fourth of October, 1861.

We have testimony from every creed and quarter that Father Cooney was one of the bravest chaplains in the Army of the Cumberland. As one of his charge expressed it: "He's always where he can do good, and never idle." Constantly was he engaged either in the smoke of battle attending the sick or the dying and praying over the dead, or in the shadow of the tent exhorting, comforting, and instructing his flock.

If he was cool and brave where bullets flew thickest, he was solicitous and compassionate wherever his aid was possible. He was the same watchful gaurdian of all

that pertained to his soldiers' spiritual and temporal welfare whether in the discharge of his sacerdotal office or in dispelling the dull monotony of camp life by his rich fund of humor and unlimited supply of anecdotes. Thoroughly did he know human nature, leniently beheld its frailties, mildly reproved its failings, and zealously urged men to a faithful performance of their duty to God and country.

That the soldiers were deeply attached to their chaplain may be judged from the fact that on the day of his resignation they presented him with one thousand dollars in "greenbacks" for the purchase of a gold chalice and a set of vestments. These articles were procured by Father Cooney for his fortieth anniversary in August, 1899, and the chalice was again employed at his Requiem Mass. This sacred vessel is a unique masterpiece describing the chaplain in six typical attitudes, much like the scenes portrayed on the picture just inside the entrance of the Main Building.

After having served his country in the best years of his life and the gloomiest of her existence, Father Cooney was given the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind., as the immediate successor of the Very Reverend William Corby. He labored in this fruitful vineyard until 1870 when he entered upon twenty-five years of missionary work, the fruits of which were as widespread as they are unforgettable. For him it was a delight to preach the word of God, and for others of all denominations it was a coveted pleasure to hear it from his lips. As he grew older deafness set in and made it impossible for him to continue his ministerial duties; but he never complained, never murmured; he only smiled and prayed. The last epoch of his life is perhaps the most significant, for it stamps him as more than a soldier, more than a hero: it proclaims him a martyr with the meek forbearance of Job. His last days were one earnest prayer for a more intimate union with the God he had striven to serve, and on the first day of the Lord, in the month of his loving Mother, his sole petition was granted. The world admired, loved and mourned him, for none could gainsay this recognition of his greatness. *Requiescat in pace.*

H. M. K.

Another Victory in Debate.

The men who this year pushed the members of the first team for their places were not forced to give up debating work with the final preliminaries. Owing to the enthusiastic and enterprising spirit of Professor Reno a debate was arranged with De Pauw University for May 5 in which these men might represent Notre Dame.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

The men who added another victory to our unbroken list of triumphs were Wesley J. Donahue, '07, Charles L. O'Donnell, '06, and John C. McGinn, '06. The question for debate read: "Resolved, That Labor and Capital be compelled to settle their disputes through legally constituted or authorized boards of arbitration."

Mr. Charles W. Jewett of De Pauw was first speaker. He showed that legalized

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

compulsion in the settlement of disputes is one of the oldest practices of the civilized world; and that the present question resolved itself to this: Shall this force be left to the irresponsible accident of the strike, or shall it be applied equitably by government?

Mr. Wesley Donahue opened for the negative. He showed that a system of Compulsory Arbitration is not necessary. He held that the strike is only a temporary though necessary feature of our industrial progress, and should be left to the laborer as a last resort. He then outlined a system of Compulsory Investigation which he showed had all the advantages of Compulsory Arbitration and none of its faults. Mr. Donahue's strong, clear voice filled the hall, and his forcible delivery drove his arguments home.

Mr. Fred Pyke continued the argument for the affirmative. He held that there were only four ways of regulating industrial forces: publicity, conciliation, voluntary arbitration and compulsory arbitration. Examining the first three methods, and showing them defective in principle, he held up Compulsory Arbitration as the most efficient remedy for settling industrial disputes. Mr. Pyke spoke much too fast, a fact which detracted not a little from the general impression of his speech.

Mr. Charles O'Donnell was second speaker for the negative. He proved that Compulsory Arbitration meant state regulation of wages and prices. The court, he argued, must fix either the minimum or maximum wage: if it fixes the minimum it will not prevent strikes any more than Compulsory Investigation; if it fixes the maximum it will ruin industry. He then showed that

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.

Compulsory Arbitration fixing any wage, whether maximum or minimum, must eventually fix prices, and thus abolish competition. He closed by holding up English industry as an example in point. Mr. O'Donnell delivered his speech in a pleasing and forcible manner.

Mr. Guy McBride, the last speaker for the affirmative, argued that present industrial conditions needed immediate reform. He closed by summing up the arguments of the affirmative side. Mr. McBride was easily the strongest speaker for De Pauw. His voice was powerful and clear, and his forcible delivery captured the audience.

Mr. McGinn spoke last for Notre Dame. He showed that Compulsory Arbitration was impracticable for three reasons: Labor and Capital in the United States are opposed to it; the arbitration court could not regulate our inter-state industries; and, lastly, the court could not enforce unacceptable awards on the side of Labor. Mr. McGinn scored a strong point by advancing the fact that a compulsory arbitration law has been on the statute books of Pennsylvania for the last twelve years and has been utterly ineffective.

Mr. Donahue opened the rebuttals and was at his best. He held that our present laws are wholly sufficient to quell the violence accompanying strikes; asked the affirmative gentleman to show how a compulsory arbitration scheme would act in the present Chicago strike, and closed with a strong appeal for Compulsory Investigation.

Mr. McBride spent most of his time of rebuttal quoting statistics, showing that public opinion was not opposed to Compulsory Arbitration. He spoke with the same force and deliberation that marked his first speech.

Mr. O'Donnell for the negative insisted that the affirmative had avoided the main issue—they had not shown how Compulsory Arbitration would prevent the strike. Enforcing the question of Mr. Donahue, he called upon the affirmative to show how a compulsory board would act in the Chicago strike. Mr. O'Donnell surpassed himself in his rebuttal, and received generous applause from the audience.

Mr. Jewett tried to answer the argument of the second negative of fixing wages and prices. He also spent some time in showing that the compulsory board would not be liable to corruption.

Mr. McGinn closed the rebuttals for the negative, showing that the affirmative had avoided the main issue of the debate—the practicability of Compulsory Arbitration,—attacked their argument from analogy by showing the wide difference between our country and New Zealand, and closed by summing up the negative arguments.

Perhaps the best work in rebuttal was done by Mr. Pyke on the affirmative; but here again, as in his set speech, his matter lost in force because of his too rapid delivery.

The decision of the judges in favor of the negative, we venture on good authority to say, was not altogether a surprise to the house; while in some points our men might have been surpassed, perhaps in delivery, they went all around De Pauw in knowledge of the question and skilful handling of arguments. Much of their advantage here is due no doubt to the system in vogue at Notre Dame of picking the team, while the credit of finished team-work goes, in great measure, to Prof. Reno. The debaters wish to express publicly appreciation of the kindness shown them at De Pauw by their opponents in debating and others of the student body whom they had the pleasure of meeting, also to thank all those who in any way helped to fit them for their fight, especially the librarians of the South Bend Public Library.

E. P. B.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME AT WATERTOWN.

Hard luck seems to stay by us, and in the last three games of the series played away from home we lost two and won one. After losing a hard game to Beloit by the score of 2 to 0—both their runs being made by luck, one the result of a wild pitch and the other on an error—we lost again the next day to Northwestern College, Watertown, Wis., by the score of 8 to 6. Watertown got ten hits off Waldorf and O'Gorman; cracking the ball just when hits meant runs. The following account of the game we quote from the *Milwaukee Sentinel:*

"Watertown, Wis., May 3.—Northwestern

University of Watertown defeated the University of Notre Dame to-day by the score of 8 to 6. Score by innings:

Northwestern—2 1 2 0 0 1 1 1=8 10 12
Notre Dame—0 1 0 1 1 0 2 1=6 4 4

Batteries, Waldorf, O'Gorman and Sheehan; Herman and Windland.

NOTRE DAME AT EVANSTON.

On Thursday we lost to Northwestern in the hardest luck game of the season. The score was 2 to 1 in our favor up to the last half of the ninth inning. Burns pitched for us and pitched another great game, but there seems to be some kind of a "hoodoo" hanging over him. His work is always good, and yet he loses. Northwestern got but six hits, and the last, the one that brought victory, was certainly of the "horse-shoe" variety. The first two men up in the ninth flied out, and then Barker, who was put in to bat for Leischman, hit between first and second straight at Perce who came in to meet it; and then, just as he was about to gather it in, it hit a stone or piece of dirt and bounded high over his head, scoring a man from second.

Shea in attempting to catch a man at second was badly "spiked;" and although he finished the game he was compelled to leave the team in Chicago and come home. He is still limping and will not be able to play again for a week or two. There again came some of our hard luck. McGown, the fourth man up in the ninth, hit a fast one to Shea, which, on account of the injury received a few minutes before, he failed to handle cleanly; and that saved Northwestern from defeat, for he would undoubtedly have thrown the man out. And then came the "horseshoe" hit on which both men scored. Following is the summary:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2 b.	1	1	3	2	0
Welch, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Stopper, 1 b.	0	0	12	0	0
O'Neill, 3 b.	0	1	1	3	0
Perce, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gannon, l. f.	1	2	2	0	1
Shea, ss.	0	0	1	4	1
Sheehan, c.	0	1	5	0	0
Burns, p.	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	2	5	27	12	2

Northwestern	R	H	P	A	E
Phalen, c.	0	0	3	1	0
W'nbg'r, 2 b.	0	0	0	4	1
Du Bois, 3 b.	1	1	3	3	1
Catting, 1 b.	0	1	16	1	0
Eilers, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Burger, p	1	2	1	3	0
McGown, c. f.	1	0	3	0	0
L'schman, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Wilkinson, ss.	0	0	0	1	0
*Barker,	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	3	6	27	13	2

* Batted for Leischman.

Two-base hit—Du Bois. Three base hit—Barker. Stolen bases—Gannon, 2; Eilers, Burger. Struck out—By Burger, 2; by Burns, 3. Bases on balls, off Burger, 3; off Burns, 1. Passed balls, Phalen, 2. Umpire, Tindell.

ALBION WINS FROM NOTRE DAME.

We lost to Albion in a ragged game last Tuesday by the score of 9 to 2.

Burns pitched for the Varsity, and as usual pitched a good game. For seven innings he held them to two hits, those being made in the second. For the next five he let them down without a hit, but in the seventh they got two more, in the eighth two, and in the ninth one. But the "hoodoo" still stays by him; no matter how well he pitches he seems bound to lose. He struck out six men and gave one base on balls, but one wild pitch resulted in a run. Still hard luck is his, and he actually has more than his share. Striker pitched for Albion and let us down with two hits, one being made by O'Neill in the seventh and one by Stopper in the ninth. Manion robbed O'Neill of one that looked like a sure hit in the first inning by jumping in the air and spearing a line-drive just over the infield.

Our runs came in the seventh. Stopper, first man up, drew a base on balls, tried to steal second and was thrown out. O'Neill followed with a hit, stole second and stole third. Welch drew a base on balls, and stole second. Gannon came up next, and O'Neill and Welch both scored on the out from third to first. But the rally did not last long; the next man up flied out. In the ninth Perce tried to score from second on Stopper's hit, but was thrown out, and that ended our chances.

Albion scored two runs in the second, one in the third, two in the fourth, three in the seventh and one in the eighth.

Our fielding was ragged at times and we made seven errors, everyone of which was costly, and the result was the greater number of Albion runs.

Albion	R	H	P	A	E
Squires, l. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Brail, c. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Ellerby, 3 b.	0	0	2	2	0
Bliss, c.	2	0	9	1	1
Striker, p.	2	2	4	2	0
Hyne, 1 b.	0	1	9	1	0
Frye, 2 b.	2	1	1	3	1
Manion, ss.	0	0	1	1	0
Howe, r. f.	1	1	0	1	1
Totals	9	7	27	11	3

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2 b.	0	0	3	2	0
Perce, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Stopper, 1 b.	0	1	10	0	0
O'Neill, 3 b. ss.,	1	1	5	2	0
Welch, c. f.	1	0	1	1	0
Gannon, ss., 3 b.	0	0	1	4	3
Waldorf, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, c.	0	0	6	0	1
Burns, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	2	2	27	10	7

Two base hit—Squires. Wild pitch—Burns, 2. Bases on balls—Off Burns, 1; off Striker, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Ellerby, Frye. Struck out—By Burns, 6; by Striker, 8. Double plays—Gannon to McNerny to Stopper. Stolen bases—O'Neill, 2; Welch, 1; Striker, Bliss, Frye, 2. Umpire, Deehan.

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NOTRE DAME WINS AT KANKAKEE.

On May 5 we won from St. Viateur's by the score of 2 to 1.

Waldorf pitched for the Varsity and pitched a good game, holding them to a few scattered hits, and fielded his position well.

Our first run came in the first inning. McNerny, the first man up, made a three bagger. Welch, the next man up, flied out. Stopper, next up, put a fast one down the infield, and Sheehan, running for McNerny, scored.

In the third inning, with two men out, St. Viateur's made their only run. With two men out the next one up got a hit, stole second and scored from second on the next hit, tieing the score.

Our last run came in the seventh. Stopper, first up, got a hit; O'Neill came next with a base on balls, and Gannon followed with another hit, sending O'Neill to second. O'Neill led off and tempted a throw by the catcher, whereupon Stopper scored from third. Martin pitched for St. Viateur's and held us to four hits. The game on the whole was a good exhibition of baseball.

***

Dr. John A. Stoeckley of South Bend accompanied the team to Lansing, where he participated as an official. For his kindness in this particular the management and the members of the track-team wish to thank him.

Michigan "Aggies" Win Dual Meet.

Michigan Agriculture College won the Dual Meet with Notre Dame last Saturday by a score of 75 to 56. We were unfortunate in losing the services of Captain Draper in the first event on the programme. He fell on the high hurdles and wrenched his ankle so badly that he was unable to take part in the sprints or the low hurdles. With the injured ankle he went into the weight events, winning the shot put and taking second in the discus throw.

The "Aggies" have a good team, and it was unfortunate that we did not have Draper all through the meet, for it would have undoubtedly proven a closer and more interesting race. In Moon, M. A. C. has a wonderful sprinter. He ran the 220, Saturday, on a slow track in :22 2-5 and clipped off the 100 in :10 1-5 and has done it in even time.

Beacom was the strong man for Notre Dame and our highest point winner. He won the hammer, discus and second in the shot put. Scales came next, winning the high hurdles, third in the low, and the high jump.

Keefe won the half-mile in 2:13 1-5, but could easily have finished in 2:05, as he simply trotted the last hundred. O'Shea ran a good race and finished second.

O'Connell ran well in the quarter, but the track was too heavy for him; had the track been fast, he would very likely have won, as he seemed to be the fastest man, but could not carry the mud. Lally won third in the 100 and 220 and ran a good race in both. He is an exceptional good finisher. He comes from behind with a wonderful burst of speed, and always gets in time for a place. He should develop into one of the best sprinters we have ever had.

Powers won second in the two-mile run, which was pulled off in a perfect downpour, and he certainly has in him the stuff that make winners.

Bracken won the pole vault by forfeit, ran second in the low hurdles, and won third in the broad jump.

120-yard hurdles—Scales, N. D., first; Graham; M. A. C., second; Sewall, M. A. C., third. Time, :16 2 5,

Discus—Beacom, N. D., first; Draper, N. D., second. Donovan, N. D., third. 107 feet 5½ inches.

One-mile—Wait, M. A. C., first; Holdsworth, M. A. C., second; Hatfield, M. A. C., third. Time, 4:55 3-5.

100-yard dash—Moon, M. A. C, first; Graham, M. A. C., second; Lally, N. D., third. Time, :10 1-5.

Running broad-jump—Moon, M. A. C., first; Nickolson, M. A. C., second; Bracken, N. D., third. Distance, 21 feet 4½ inches.

440-yard dash—Graham, M. A. C., first; Tryon, M. A. C., second; Keefe, N. D., third. Time, :54 4-5.

Shot put—Draper, N. D., first; Beacom, N. D., second; Burroughs, M. A. C., third. Distance, 37 feet 3¼ inches.

Two-mile run—Wait, M. A. C., first; Powers, N. D., second; Darby, M. A. C., third. Time, 11:07 1-5.

220-yard hurdles—McKenna, M. A. C., first; Bracken, N. D., second; Scales, N. D., third. Time, :27 2-5.

Half-mile run—Keefe, N. D., first; O'Shea, N. D., second; Burrill, M. A. C., third. Time, 2:13 1-5.

220-yard dash—Moon, M. A. C., first; Pearsell, M. A. C., second; Lally, N. D., third. Time, :22 2-5.

Hammer-throw—Beacom, N. D., first; Keatz, M. A. C., second; McKenna, M. A. C., third. Distance, 108 feet 8 inches.

M. A. C. forfeited first place in the pole vault and high jump to N. D. Relay, one mile. M. A. C. won. Time, 3:39.

R. L. B.

—Lost—A small four-blade penknife. Finder please inquire Room 38 Sorin Hall.

—Lost—A valuable fountain-pen. Finder please return to Room 1 Sorin Hall, and receive reward.