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A Dirge of Summer.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

GONE is the gladness of summer,
Gone is the summer's glow,
And nature dead or dying
Seems to speak of an unknown woe.
Dying the rose, and its heavy head
Hangs on a yellowing vine;
Faded the poppy's scarlet crown,
And mouldering the columbine.
Cold is the earth and heavy with death,
Drear are the winds as they blow;
Ah well, if winter would bury all
In his winding-sheet of snow.

"An Uncommercial Drama."—Part II.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.



WITH this production of "Casadh au t-Sugain," the career of the Irish Literary Theatre practically drew to a close, not from lack of interest but more from a lack of actors; for it was an impossibility that the amateurs who had been connected with Dr. Hyde's play could be held together, rehearsing and producing new plays continuously.

Mr. Fay, however, was still connected with the Ormonde Dramatic Society, an organization which had existed in Dublin for a number of years. This society was composed of persons of serious purpose who devoted their leisure time to drama in a systematic way, and whose interest in

the subject arose from a pure love of dramatic art.

Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Russell, known in the world of literature by his *nom de plume*, A. E., were both greatly interested in the work of this society, and suggested that it produce some dramas of the national type instead of the farces its members had hitherto presented.

Mr. Russell read to Mr. Fay his drama, "Deirdre," which Mr. Fay accepted immediately. Mr. Yeats then came forward with his one-act play, "Kathleen ni Houlihan," and rehearsals for both pieces began at once in the hall of the Dublin Coffee Palace.

Mr. Russell designed the costumes for these productions, and in many other ways proved a valuable aid to the actors whose work was naturally slow as they were practically breaking ground entirely new to them.

On April the 2d, 3d and 4th, 1902, this society, now known as the Irish National Dramatic Company, produced "Deirdre" and "Kathleen ni Houlihan" at Saint Teresa's Total Abstinence Hall, Clarendon Street, Dublin, before large and enthusiastic audiences.

Spurred on by the success of these performances, Mr. Fay and his company produced a little later in the year a number of other dramas prominent among which may be mentioned "The Sleep of the King," by Suemas O'Cuisan; "A Pot of Broth," by Mr. Yeats, and "The Laying of the Foundations," by Mr. Fred Ryan.

These dramas may be said to form a nucleus around which the drama of the Irish Literary Revival has grown. They are widely separated in point of motion, tone and technique, admirably proving how

versatile and widespread a drama can be built on the literature of Ireland—mythological, poetical and social.

In "Deirdre" Mr. Russell brought forth an old tale of the heroic Red-Branch Cycle—the days of pagan Ireland when tribal strife was uppermost and every chieftain was a hero.

Mr. Russell, like Mr. Yeats, is a mystic to the bone; a lyric poet of the highest order, who stands apart and is swayed by moods difficult to follow. His drama, therefore, was found to be something different, something almost incomprehensible to the masses. However, so perfect was his verse, so well did the players handle it with an absolute lack of all stage mannerism that his audience responded at once to the spirit of the old bardic tale.

The critics, however, and just the ones too that were intensely interested in the welfare of these productions, will not acknowledge that Mr. Russell's drama was a complete success. It was "too literary as a whole, too dependent upon the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing and not enough on a strong central emotion."

"Kathleen ni Houlihan" was a success, appealing as it did to the emotions of every country-loving Irishman. The name itself is suggestive of Irish oppression; for at a time in Irish history when it was a crime to sing the praises of the land, her sons created a mystical personage whom they called "Kathleen ni Houlihan" who stood as a symbol of benighted Ireland. To this personage they sang love songs, and wrote verse—their only means of expressing their love of country.

As might be expected, "Kathleen ni Houlihan" was a drama of the extreme national type. Mr. Stephen Gwinn, the eminent critic, has published an appreciation of this work in the *Fortnightly Review*, which gives, to some extent at least, a definite knowledge of how this drama appealed to the Dublin audiences.

In this review Mr. Gwinn says: "The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a

distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then, on a sudden impulse, Patrick faces round and says:

"Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying about the strange old woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other things to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune—a hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes, and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him and Peter handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, and Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

No need to explain to an Irish audience who the old woman is. The moment of her entrance a thrill seems to run throughout the house. Every Irishman there knows that this frail old woman is their own land, Kathleen ni Houlihan, bent beneath the foeman's yoke. And they know full well why she is there, why she wants help to put the strangers out of her house, the strangers who have taken her four green fields—the four provinces of Ireland.

There is nothing melodramatic about her entrance, nothing sensational in her words; yet to the Irish heart every sentence rings true—a living echo of the infamies that have for generations been perpetrated against the Poor Old Woman.

"She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so pregnant with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for

all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look, and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy Michael watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people questioned her, and she spoke of her travels on the road."

Bridget. "It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering."

Old Woman. "Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart."

Bridget. "What was it put you astray?"

Old Woman. "Too many strangers in the house."

Bridget. "Indeed you look as if you had your share of trouble."

Old Woman. "I have had trouble indeed."

Bridget. "What was it put the trouble on you?"

Old Woman. "My land that was taken from me."

Bridget. "Was it much land they took from you?"

Old Woman. "My four beautiful green fields."

Peter. "Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?"

Old Woman. "I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when any friends came to see me."

During all this dialogue Michael sits as if in a trance listening to the strange, melancholy voice of the Old Woman. At last he draws near her, and she addresses her talk to him alone. She tells of the days of her youth, of the men who have died for her—all symbols of Ireland's glorious past.

The old people grow more and more curious as to whom this strange creature can be. At last Bridget, overcome by her curiosity, asks the question that draws a climatic answer, setting the whole audience in the wildest cheers.

Bridget. "You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am."

Old Woman. "Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some who call me Kathleen ni Houlihan."

But the real climax is yet to come, for the Old Woman leaves the cottage chanting

a strange ditty of war and valor. Michael has forsaken the joys of his coming wedding, and the talk of his mother falls on heedless ears, for this stalwart son of Erin is listening to the chant of the Poor Old Woman—to his country's call to arms.

Patrick suddenly rushes in with the neighbors shouting: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Michael awakes from his trance, casts aside the sweetheart who clings about his neck, and, forsaking father, mother, home, rushes forward to follow the fortunes of Kathleen ni Houlihan.

"Did you see an old woman down the path?" Peter asks of Patrick.

"No," replied the youth, "but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

(To be continued.)

The Gold and Blue.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Air: "When Love is Young."

THE glorious days are the days of our youth
When life bubbles over with joy,
The bird on the wing's not more happy and free
Than the life of a real college boy.
The sunshine and merriment beam on our face
While happiness glows through our days,
And our college is dear to our hearts as our bride
As we sing her praise.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for our dear colors,
The dear old Gold and Blue;
And when we see them streaming
What can a fellow do?
We'll cheer, we'll shout, we'll conquer;
Three cheers for N. D. U.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Notre Dame,
The Gold and Blue.

Hurrah for our team with its spirit so true;
Hurrah, for our heroes so bold;
Three cheers for the men who have conquered, and won
The fame for the Blue and the Gold
There's a thrill in our hearts when our colors are up;
There's a joy when our team's on the field,
And we'll fight every game to a glorious end
Never yield, yield, yield.

The Return.

OTTO A. SCHMID.

The evening sun sent the long shadows of the trees over the lawn, shrouding the house of Mrs. Shubert in a cool hazy atmosphere. It was an evening in October, the leaves were already tinted with autumn colors, and the mighty oaks were clothed in the royal purple. The little birds added their songs of cheer and joy to the picture, as though they too felt the grandeur of God's creations. All was life in its highest.

Through this scene of beauty, often called "Shady Glen" by the people of Norwood, moved Jack Archer alone and out of place in this happiness, for he wore a look of sadness. He was in the prime of life, strong, broad-shouldered, and he walked with a firm step. As he neared the house he greeted a number of people on the vine-clad porch, some of them friends, some acquaintances, and the rest strangers. He spoke to no one, but took a seat near his friend, Miss Sewell, who sat a little to one side, separated a few feet from the others.

"And how do you find old Norwood?" that frank young lady remarked. "I dare say, it has changed somewhat since you left."

"Yes, only too true, Norwood of twenty years ago, the town of my youth, is no more. Instead of the old dirt roads I now find paved streets; and in place of the meadows I see factories."

"Twenty years ago Norwood had but two stores, a little church, and streets of dust and mud. But look, Mr. Archer, the Norwood of to-day is a magnificent city, with great shops and stores; yonder is the great cathedral, and everywhere we have fine paved streets. Since gas was found in paying quantities about fifteen years ago, factories of all kinds have sprung up. Norwood is to-day a centre of commerce, a manufacturing city, a great metropolis. Don't you think it grand, Mr. Archer?"

But Jack paid no heed to her question; he was lost in thought. All too true, the quiet town was no more. This shady spot,

this secluded house with its trees and its shadowy lawn, was all that remained to remind lonesome Jack of the past. How he longed to have once more a glimpse of the town of twenty years ago, with his beloved father and mother, his friends and sweetheart; but alas, all were gone, never again to be seen or enjoyed. Years ago his parents had been summoned to appear before the Supreme Judge, and many of his friends had long since died. The few who remained were old men and women; they had forgotten him. Yes, truly, Jack Archer was a stranger in the town of his birth and childhood. Long he looked down through the trees, his eyes riveted on the hard brick street, which was a dusty road when he last saw it.

Night came on and the moon arose, but it shone on another town from that he loved so well. Carriages rolled by on the street; three-eyed automobiles flashed by puffing like locomotives; and in the distance street-cars rumbled and a railroad train passing near by shook the very earth. Norwood was a thriving commercial centre to which Jack had returned to spend his vacation, the first in years. How he had dreamed and longed for this day when he would again see his dear old home town. Cruel was the blow that shattered his hopes. Instead of a quiet, restful country town he found the same bustle and hurry and noise that he had endured for so many years in New York.

Jack Archer had left his native Norwood twenty years before, a youth eager for the sights of mighty New York. There, for twenty cruel long years he was held a slave to duty. He had been fairly successful; his law practice was good; his reputation flawless; his credit par excellence. He was not wealthy, nor yet poor; just one of that great middle class who live well and dress well, but who must work day after day and year after year. Time passed, and one after another his old friends were forgotten, new friends were made, new associations formed, so that for many years no letters of friendship held him connected with Norwood. In fact, he was no longer a Westerner, he was a New Yorker, heart and soul. Yet, deep, down in a crevice of his heart there burned a spark, the memory of

his parents and of his wife. All New York, with its money, its work and pleasure, and its hurry could not extinguish that spark. In time it would grow into a living flame; it would master him, and eventually drive him back to his childhood home and haunts.

That hour had come; it had driven him back to the wild and wondrous West. He had hoped to spend a few happy weeks with long-lost friends, and renew old-time ties of friendship. In his past duties and in his present expectations, he forgot that Norwood could change. He expected to find the little country village of the past, with its two stores, forever unchanged, unaltered. But alas, desires and reality are opposite factors. His Norwood was gone, vanished, never to return.

Late that night as he lay in bed, weary yet restless, tired but unable to sleep, his thoughts wandered back to his parents, the old home, and the dear ones who gathered around the table on a winter's evening to read, or study or tell stories. Page after page was turned over in the book of the past, memories long dormant now came back vivid and distinct. Somewhere out in the night the town clock struck the hour of midnight; he heard it, but he paid no attention to it. The scenes of the past loomed up—wavy, shadowy forms, ever growing dimmer, fainter, fewer. They stopped. He was asleep. And what a sleep it was, that first night's sleep in Norwood.

Again he is a boy, a boy of ten or twelve summers, free, happy, and merry, playing and frolicking, and smiled on by his contented mother. It is Jack Archer, the favorite of the town. He sees his mother, kisses her; he hugs his father; how he loves them. Together they enter the house, old, but well built of brown stone, low, and home-like. Like the pictures of a stereopticon the scene vanishes and before him is a broad stretch of country; a valley, a river, hills and woods and fields, and in it a crowd of boys and girls gathering nuts. Off to one side he sees the same Jack Archer, but he is not alone, for beside him is a girl, smaller than he, with black eyes and hair, for whom he is picking flowers. He kisses her; she runs from him.

The little church is crowded, and up the

centre aisle two young people advance, a youth and a girl. He is dressed in black, and she in white, a thin veil hangs down over her back. It is Jack Archer's wedding. Now the priest nears the altar; and now, the happiest moment of his life has come he leads the lady to the altar. A few moments more and they are married; they are united in heaven and on earth; they are one until death. The priest prays over them.

"What's that?" he cried. He rubbed his eyes, gazed around. What was he doing; he held a ring in his hand; he looked around dumbfounded. There through the window he saw a cloud; no, it was smoke. He listened. What was that noise? Oh, a factory whistle, and that cloud was the smoke from the factories of the town. Gradually his mind cleared. He had been dreaming, and in his dream he had pulled off his ring, and he held it just as he had years before when he was married; it was the ring his wife had given him a short time before she died.

"I should be perfectly happy," he had said the evening before to Miss Sewell, "if I could but have one more glimpse of old Norwood."

But now in the morning he was gloomy, dazed and sad. His one wish had been to see the Norwood of twenty years ago. It was fulfilled, even more; he had had not only one glimpse but old friends, old scenes, and old events, happy and joyful. Yet here he was farther from being satisfied than he had been the day before.

The remainder of his vacation dragged on heavy, slow and uninteresting. Two weeks later he returned to his duty, glad to get away from this place that made him so unhappy. New York swallowed him, body and soul, and Norwood knew him no more.

LIFE is action, energy, effort, power of will manifesting themselves in ceaseless endeavors to approach even nearer to perfect truth and love. If we are to form a race of men in whom yearning and striving for the best is the master bent, we must bring education to bear upon will and character more than upon the intellectual faculties.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

FADE AWAY.

If your bets were on the Cubs,
 Fade away,
 If you think Purdue can beat us,
 Fade away.

When you see the prefect coming
 And he knows that you've been humming
 And perchance he'll start things humming,
 Fade away.

If Stensland had your money,
 Fade away;
 If Barry sees you smoking,
 Fade away.

Oh, it's good to stand and fight
 If you're sure you're in the right,
 But at times get out of sight,
 Fade away.

W. J. D.

A REPLY.

If folk like Stensland never came
 To this great school of Notre Dame,
 We'd have no need for our wire cage
 Their hands from books to disengage.

If on a slip your wants you'd write,
 I guess not "fifteen minutes," quite,
 We'd need in which to get, my lad,
 The book you want, if it we had.

If all the people in this school
 Were good as you, we'd need no rule.
 All these obnoxious laws are due
 To the uncouth, imposing few.

P. MUNRAV.

CONSTANT.

I saw the fire-light in her eyes
 Her face was wondrous fair;
 I wondered that a city maid
 Should be so free from care.

We talked until the night came on;
 The pallid moon did rise,
 The embers burned to ashes, still
 The light glowed in her eyes.

T. E. B.

LIMERICKS.

A girl named Sue in Sioux
 Has a suit for damages due.
 In an unguarded ditch
 She fell with a pitch,
 And now Sue intends to sue Sioux.

A man in St. Loo named Hugh
 Started a pile of wood to hew.
 A chunk did fly,
 Hit Hugh in the eye
 And now he's a different hue.

J. B. K.

The Identity of Love.—A Farce.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Persons.

DR. WOODBERRY. MRS. WOODBERRY (the doctor's wife.)
 MR. HASTINGS AND MR. LOVE (friends of the doctor.)

SCENE I.

Dr. Woodberry's home. Ten o'clock p. m. Dr. Woodberry is reading by the fireside, his wife has gone upstairs to retire. (The telephone rings.)

DR. Hello? Who is it? "Its Hastings," is it? Well, how are you? "You're fine?" that's good.... Yes, I'm feeling fine too. "Am I going to the races?" Of course, even if I have to work overtime to-morrow morning. "You won two hundred on Gocart?" Well, that's great. "Played her for a place," you say, "with odds ten to one?" Lucky man! Who are you going to play in the first race to-morrow? "Firebrand," eh? Is she good? You say "Mr. Love has a tip on Lady Bess?" Send him to the phone, please, Lady Bess is my favorite.

Mrs. Woodberry hears the talking and comes down to see who it is. She is not heard by Mr. Woodberry.)

DR. Is this you, Love?

MRS. W. (to herself). The wretch! Who is Love?

DR. Yes, Lady Bess is my favorite. What do you think of her?

MRS. W. Lady Bess! Oh! The scoundrel!

DR. That's what I thought. Well, Lady Bess has my money, and I'm willing to stand for her no matter what they say.

MRS. W. The villain! He lets Lady Bess carry his money after marrying me. I'll fix Lady Bess when I find out who she is, and Love too. I thought he only called that to me.

DR. All right, Love; we'll go to dinner to-morrow at the Annex and talk it over.

MRS. W. Gracious, he's going to take her to the Annex to dinner to talk it over. (She starts weeping and goes upstairs.)

DR. Good-bye (and rings off).

DR. I wonder if my wife would object to my going to the races. I ought to ask her; but if she objects I'll have to stop and—No, I can't do that. (He reads awhile and goes upstairs.)

SCENE II.

Dr. Woodberry's house, 8.30 o'clock a. m.

DR. Is breakfast ready, dear?

MRS. W. Yes. (*aside*) dear—It's a wonder it's not Love or Lady Bess.

DR. Aren't you going to eat something?

MRS. W. No.

DR. What's the matter; are you ill?

MRS. W. No, I'm not ill. Eat your breakfast if you want any, if you don't go without it.

DR. Why you never talked like that before, love, something must be wrong.

MRS. W. Don't call me love, you can call that to the girl you had at the telephone last night, or to Lady Bess who has your money. I don't want anything more to do with you. (*She begins to cry.*)

DR. Why, dear, you have things all mixed up.

MRS. W. So have you. Love and dear and Lady Bess—go with them—go with them.

DR. Why I was talking over the phone last evening to Mr. William Love, a friend of mine.

MRS. W. That's all very well—and Lady Bess is another friend, I suppose, and she is love, too, and has your money.

DR. (*aside.*) I can't explain who Lady Bess is without letting her know I go to the races.

MRS. W. Well, why don't you answer?

DR. Why, Lady Bess is—is my office girl, that we call Aggie.

MRS. W. Yes. You let your office girl carry your money. Just like you, isn't it? You think I'm green. (*She begins crying again and goes upstairs.*)

SCENE III.

The Annex. Dr. Woodberry and Mr. Love are at table.

DR. So you think Lady Bess is the winner, do you?

MR. L. Wait till you see. If she is not the one, I'll never believe another tip.

DR. Well, if Lady Bess gets me into as much trouble in financial matters as she has in social affairs I'm a goner.

MRS. W. (*At the door of café.*) Why it's a man he's with. Maybe his name is Mr. Love,—but that don't settle the question of Lady Bess.

MR. L. Why, what's the trouble?

DR. My wife heard me saying, "Hello Love," and talking about Lady Bess last night. I explained to her who Love was, but I did not like to let her in on the race game, and tried to avoid it by saying Lady Bess was my office girl.

MR. L. Nonsense! tell her who Lady Bess is, even if you have to stay home from the races. You can bet just the same.

DR. I don't know about—there's my wife at the door. I suppose she heard me making the date with you and came to see who Love was.

MR. L. Go and make yourself square. It's the right thing. Go on (*He goes over to his wife*).

DR. I came to tell you the truth. Mr. Love is the man I was sitting at table with and Lady Bess is a horse whom I have some money on. I didn't want to tell you this morning because I thought you would object to my going to the races. But I don't care now if you do. I like you better than the races.

MRS. W. Oh! I declare. What a silly thing I was to believe you were going with another girl. And do you really like the races?

DR. Yes. I always have had a liking for them.

MRS. W. So have I. Why don't you take me to one?

DR. You shall come this afternoon. Come in and have dinner and meet Mr. Love.

MRS. W. Hurrah for Lady Bess! I hope she wins.

A Meditation.

O GLORIOUS isle immersed in happier seas!
My eye, in search, no wanderer meets; but yet
As o'er thy hills, thy grassy glades and leas,
My gaze inventive peers, a fairer sight is met.

I see no village churchyard, specked with tombs,
Where pleasure's tone to sorrow must give way;
I see no palace, church, or stately rooms,
But nature crowned with joy of sunlit day.

I thought how God must jealous be indeed,
When of the vast expanse of earth, He holds
This floating fragment pure, from vileness freed,
Hither to go when nations scorn His folds.
So must your life among your fellows be,
That God, from others thrust, may fly to thee.

J. J. Q.

Autumn Night beside the Sea.

THE sun is set, and with his parting beams
 Touches the treetops with their foliage gold;
 Away across the moorland I behold
 The lighthouse, that far on distant cairn gleams—
 The street lamp of the sea, to me it seems,
 A stringed to highest heaven. Around unrolled
 Move black banners of the night, hailing bold
 Armies of sleep that deal to men sweet dreams.

O autumn night, beside the joyous sea,
 O autumn night so wonderful and yet
 So full of sadness and so full of pain,
 Forever and forever thou shalt be
 To me a place that I can not forget,
 To some a landmark of a new domain.

H. R.

The Falcon of Sir Federigo.

JESSE ROTH, '10.

Longfellow's "Tales of the Wayside Inn" has always been popular even in its most ample form, yet most of the several poems are rarely quoted, and with the exception of "Paul Revere's Ride" and "Lady Wentworth," they are not widely read. It is a collection of poems which had accumulated upon their author and demanded a title-page in common. They were first known as "Sudbury Tales," but later by the name which they now bear.

The Inn was situated in the town of Sudbury about twenty miles from Cambridge. Here in the evening a group of friends would assemble to tell of travels and stories of their own land. A student from the sunny land of Italy related the following story.

One warm summer morning, Sir Federigo, weary with his labor in his garden, sat on a rude bench under his cottage eaves. Below him were the roofs and spires of Florence which seemed to lift themselves up from the River Arno. To him the beautiful city was but a tomb in which were buried his wasted fortunes and lost love. He had lavished all his wealth in banquets and tours. "The ideal woman of a young man's dreams," Monna Giovanna, was won by his rival. In poverty, pain and disgrace,

Federigo withdrew to the small farm on the hillside, the last of his once vast domain.

Here this melancholy man worked in his garden, pruned his grapes and planted his fig tree. His only companion was his falcon, and on him he bestowed "the love with which his nature overflowed." The bird sat beside his master, this bright morning, also dreaming—dreaming of the chase, of the scythe-like sweep and the headlong plunge through undying gulfs of air; then awaking suddenly, he looked into his master's face, as much as to say, Sir Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?

Sir Federigo was not thinking of the chase, but of her lovely face which he is almost sure he sees in the shadows before him; herself and yet not herself, but a lovely child oblivious of everything but the presence of the falcon. "Beautiful falcon," said he, "would that I might hold thee on my wrist or see thee fly." The voice was hers, and it made a strange feeling, not to say pain, seize his very heart. "Who is thy mother, my fair-haired boy," said Sir Federigo, laying his hand on the child's head. "Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay and play with your falcon? We live in that large house just beyond your garden wall." He then took the little boy on his knee and told him stories about his falcon until Sir Federigo became a dear friend of Monna Giovanna's son.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime, had come to spend the summer in her grand villa, half-way up the hill overlooking Florence; here with her boy she whiled the hours away as best she could. Meanwhile, the child rejoicing in his strength, stormed down the terrace, chased the peacock, or climbed the trellises for fruit; but his chief pastime was to watch a falcon which would soar into sight and then downward swoop at some distant call. He had often wondered who the master of this bird might be, till on this beautiful morning when he found both the falcon and the master at their cottage door.

But now a shadow sank over the grand mansion, for the beautiful boy became ill, and day by day grew worse. The fond mother's heart could not be comforted and often when sitting by his side she would

say: "What can I do to comfort thee?" At last the child gave answer to her imploring tone, "Give me," said he, "Sir Federigo's falcon for my own."

What answer could the astonished mother make? Could she ask such a favor at a luckless lover's hand? Though well she knew that her request would be granted. No other falcon would the child accept, for in all the land Sir Federigo's was the best, his pride, his passion and delight. But for her child's sake she promised, and then promised to keep her promise true. With this she saw her child fall asleep.

On the morrow, a bright September morning, two ladies passed through the gates of the grand villa on their way to Sir Federigo's humble cottage. One was close-hooded and "had the attractive grace which sorrow sometimes lends to a woman's face." The other walked by the mother's side, her hood thrown back and her golden hair flying with the breeze, for in her heart was music. Thus they walked, Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend.

They found Sir Federigo like Adam delving in the soil. When he espied the visitors his garden seemed to be glorified and his long-lost Eden restored again. The river winding through the valley below did not seem like the Arno but the Euphrates watering paradise. Monna Giovanna broke the silence.

"Sir Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For past unkindness. I who ne'er before
Would pass the threshold of your door;
I who in happier days such a pride maintained,
Refused your bouquets and your gifts disdained,
This morning come a self-invited guest
To put your generous nature to the test
And breakfast with you under your own vine.
To which he answers: 'Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feelings or of thought
From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other days.'"

After further talk he left his guests to prepare a feast for them. A feast—how he yearned for all the splendor of other days, the ruby glass, the silver and gold! He searched the cupboard but found nothing to set before his guests. Just then the falcon eyed his master with a sagacious look which said as plain as language: "If anything is wanted, I am here." Then with

almost mad impulse he seized the bird, no longer victor now, but victim. O would not the loaf of bread, the purple grapes, the fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot and the flask of wine have been sufficient without the falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready he summoned Monna Giovanna and her companion. The room that they entered, low, small and mean, seemed by their presence to be changed into a spacious banquet hall, the rude chair upon which she sat, into a throne, the poor falcon into a bird of paradise, and the food they ate seemed to have a celestial flavor.

When this repast was ended the anxious mother asked for the one-time pride of Sir Federigo's heart, his falcon; not for her sake, but that her dear child might live. He replied, with tears of love and pity in his eyes, that if he had known but one short hour before he would gladly have parted with the falcon both for her and her child's sake. But now that is impossible, for the brave bird had been sacrificed to furnish food for their breakfast. The mother with a heavy heart slowly retraced her footsteps homeward.

Three days later Sir Federigo heard ten strokes tolled from the little chapel near by. Alas! the child was dead. Three months went by, but now a merrier chime is heard, for at Christmas time Sir Federigo, in the villa half-way up the hill, is seated at another feast, and at his side is Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride, never before so beautiful, so fair or so kind. She is enthroned once more on the rustic chair, and on the back is carved the image of a falcon, below is an inscription: "All things come round to him who will but wait."

My friend, for whom philosophy and poetry are but incidental, who simply renounces as not intended for him insight into the ultimate problems, and moves on wholly secure in obedience to conscience, teaches me the frivolity of literary men and literary moods. He is a genuine man, however incomplete, and his life centres in eternal truth, while talkers and writers are often but echoes and semblances of real men.—*Spalding*.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 27, 1906.

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—With the end of October near, the time set apart for our annual retreat is at hand. And just a word about this retreat. No one expects any of us to act like saints, but everyone does count upon us to enter into the spirit of the exercise. If there is an advantage in being a Catholic, then why not be a real Catholic; why not become a living, active one?

Our faith is a serious matter; it is not a thing that we have tumbled onto by chance; neither is it a form we have elected from many forms, because we think that everyone should have some sort of a religion. It is a prominent and powerful factor in our very existence. So when times come around that are epochs, times which tell us to be a little more serious than is our custom, we should make the most of them. It is a duty we owe ourselves, an obligation that mere manly nature—aside from proper religious tendencies—impresses upon us. Monsignor Vaughan comes to us with the reputation of a brilliant man and powerful speaker. That the faculty should choose him to give the retreat is sufficient proof of his ability. The University has done its part, it remains for the

student body now to respond. Unless we take the retreat seriously and resolve to become better men, the attempt to throw us in the way to absorb culture and the essentials of manly character will have failed.

—The action of Mr. J. V. Clarke, President of the Hibernian Bank, Chicago, in making an annual grant of \$75 to be distributed as prize money among the three best debaters of the University, calls for the grateful recognition of faculty, students and friends of Notre Dame. The fact that Mr. Clarke is not an alumnus of our *Alma Mater* merely adds to his merit in making the gift. Notre Dame's record in inter-collegiate debating is without doubt better than that of any American university. We have taken thirteen chances with strong institutions and have won in every case. This is a matter of which our own people ought to be proud, and it is somewhat of a puzzle to us that so few of them manifest interest in a practical way. There ought to be an endowment for debating work of at least \$50,000, and if the amount were double that figure, it would be all the better. Mr. J. V. Clarke has set an example on a modest scale which every Notre Dame man of means ought to note with some interest.

—A long-felt want has been supplied in the recent formation of the Inter-Hall Debating League. Its primary purpose is to afford the preparatory students that training in public debate which the collegiate men get in the preliminary tryouts for the Varsity teams. To this end preparatory and first-year collegiate men only are eligible for the Inter-Hall debates. As the Inter-Hall athletic contests develop raw material which later becomes available for the Varsity baseball and football teams, so the Inter-Hall debating contests will develop a corps of experienced debaters anxious to try for our inter-collegiate debating teams. And those who shall be so fortunate as to represent their respective Halls in the

coming contests, have a right to hope to be winners for Notre Dame in Inter-Collegiate debate a few years hence. The plan deserves every encouragement. The men in their respective halls should get busy at once with the determination to capture the banner which awaits the Inter-Hall champions. Try for your Hall team. Should you fail to make it this year you are getting in shape for next year.

—We want to call your attention to that Indianapolis trip. You and all of us want Notre Dame to win, that's why we are going down there. The team is going to play, and you are going to help them and root. Meetings have been held in all the halls, and the men know what to do. Because of the decision of the faculty board everyone is required to write home and get his parents' consent. The drill masters should be busy by this time, and the yells should be gotten out. There is considerable work for the committee to do, so everyone get busy.

Monsignor Canon Vaughan.

The Rt. Rev. John Canon Vaughan, who is to conduct the annual retreat for the University, is not only a preacher of great reputation but a distinguished author as well. Our library boasts of the following volumes from the pen of Canon Vaughan: "Thoughts for All Times;" "Life After Death;" "Faith and Folly;" "Earth to Heaven;" "The Bible, Its Use and Abuse."

Monsignor Vaughan comes of one of the oldest families of the old aristocracy of England. One of his brothers was the late Cardinal Vaughan, another was Archbishop Vaughan of Sydney, Australia, another is Father Bernard Vaughan whose onslaughts on the English "smart set" attracted so much attention, another is Father Kenelm Vaughan, a very remarkable priest in many ways, but best known in the United States as the compiler of "The Divine Armory of Sacred Scripture." It is a privilege to have Monsignor Canon Vaughan to conduct our spiritual exercises.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 28; P. AND S., 0.

Notre Dame defeated the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago last Saturday by the score of 28 to 0.

The game was devoid of interest, so far as sensational plays were concerned. Straight football was used by both teams, and the game can be called a very ordinary exhibition of the sport. The Varsity's offense was ragged at times and its defense little better. Then again the team would spurt up and for a few minutes would play good fast football.

The Doctors were in poor physical condition and lacked team work, but they had enough individual stars to put up a good game. Once in the first half Frogner broke through the Varsity line and ran twenty yards towards the goal before Captain Bracken upset him. Aside from the one long run the Doctors were never dangerous and never were in striking distance of Notre Dame's goal again. The visitors were allowed the privilege of taking men out of the games and putting them back in again, as their condition would not permit them to play the entire game.

LINE-UP.

Notre Dame (28).		P. and S. (0).
Bervy	L. E.	Hutchison
Beacom	L. T.	W. McCormick
Eggeman	L. G.	Vale
Sheehan	C.	Clark, Hercik
Munson	R. G.	Kraut
Dolan, Doyle	R. T.	R. McCormick
Keeffe	R. E.	Meachem
Bracken	Q. B.	Galloway
O. and E. Hutzell	L. H.	Conroy, Norris
Callicrate	R. H.	McGuire, Mortensen
Miller	F. B.	Frogner

Touchdowns—Beachem (3), Dolan, Callicrate. Goals from touchdown—Beacom (3). Umpire—Bundy. Referee, Studebaker. Head linesman—Funk, Notre Dame. Time of halves—Twenty-five and twenty-minutes.

* *

Captain Bracken made the longest run so far this season in the game last Saturday. He caught a punt on his own 5-yard line and sprinted the length of the field for a touchdown, only to be called back to the 55-yard line where it was claimed he stepped outside.

Beacom, Dolan and Bracken were the most consistent ground-gainers.

* *

Callicrate played the best game he has put up this year; he picked his openings well and used good head work, which netted him several long runs.

* *

"Jerry" Sheehan is the same tower of strength in the centre of the line.

* *

Keeffe replaced Bracken at quarter the last few minutes of play and played the position for all it was worth, tearing off a 15-yard run around left end, and doubling back on the next play around right end for ten.

* *

The practice the past week, until Thursday, had been very mediocre and in spots wretched, but on Thursday afternoon the best form of the year was displayed by the regulars, and they went through a signal practice which was nearly perfect.

* *

Coach Barry left the team in the hands of Captain Bracken last Saturday as he went to Chicago to see Purdue and Chicago battle, and to-day he is watching Indiana and Chicago.

* *

Another week until the Purdue game. Night practice will be the order next week. Lights are being installed in the Gym, and for at least three nights the men will be requested to don their suits for a night session.

* *

Curtice who had the bone in his hand broken a week ago suffered a double dose from the injury. The bone was set wrong, and it was only discovered a week after the accident had occurred which occasioned a re-setting of the hand. It was hoped Curtice would get in the game against Michigan "Aggies," but there appears to be no chance.

* *

Captain Bracken received a letter from Frank Binz, who had his foot crushed a few weeks ago, in which Binz tells him

that the injury, although serious, is not as bad as first reported, and that he will return to school in about three weeks.

* *

The best exhibition of drop kicking that has been seen on Cartier Field since the days of Coach O'Dea was furnished by Curtis on Friday. He put twenty-five out of thirty chances between the posts from the 45-yard line.

* *

O'Flynn was out this week, and if his shoulder continues to improve he will be in shape for Indiana and Purdue.

* *

Bonnan, the star right-fielder, reported for practice Tuesday. Coach Barry is giving him a trial at quarter where he is showing up well.

* *

"Bumper" Waldorf, Captain of the baseball team is out now. Waldorf is one of the best, if not the best, punter in the school. He has made his monogram in football for the past two years at half-back and full-back.

* *

Corby went up to Laporte full of pepper and with all kinds of fighting spirit. However, the town team proved too strong for them, Laporte winning 5-0. P. M. M.

Wunderlee Trio.

Thursday, October 25, the students were pleased to hear again this year the Wunderlee trio. The trio was composed of Mr. Wunderlee, violinist; Miss Margaret Wunderlee, harpist; and Mr. Williams, violin celloist. The selections rendered were well appreciated and called forth the applause of the house; although we must confess that "Back to Philadelphia in the Morning" has struck Notre Dame quite annually. This is not intended to throw discredit on the work of the baritone soloist travelling with the Wunderlee trio, on the contrary, he was recalled repeatedly. The trio presented an enjoyable entertainment, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing them again.

Notes from the Colleges.

Harvard can boast of the largest college library in the United States—700,000 volumes. Yale, Columbia and Cornell follow in order. Having 200,000; 133,000; 126,000, respectively.

* *

"American colleges to-day nourish loafing and develop idlers." This is the statement of Prof. W. G. Hale of Chicago University.

* *

An appropriation of \$110,000 was recently given to the University of Minnesota for the purpose of erecting a hospital building.

* *

The football outlook at Madison is brightening.

* *

State Clubs are taking a hold in other universities. Chicago has a Colorado Club.

* *

"Home Making and Home Keeping" is the new course at St. Mary's. Why not institute a "home winning" branch at Notre Dame?

* *

The *Columbiad* of September prints a likeness of their new president, and our late professor Father J. J. Gallagher, C. S. C.

* *

Northwestern is enthusiastic over her class football scheme.

* *

Alma Mater, the famous old college song, is being revived and sung as a prelude to mass meetings and as a finale to great victories at Cornell.

* *

Poor Freshmen of Purdue! The green, cap designed by the Sophomores, is the latest woe.

* *

The Yale Athletic Association puts a price of \$500 on their new season tickets, which admits the holder to all games including football, baseball and track.

"No more football dates," so say the fair Co-eds at Ohio Wesleyan. And all this sacrifice, they'll have us know, is because more men will be at the games, and more men in the games, if the "duty" and the "pleasure" of taking girls is put beyond the smitten student.

* *

Stagg and Moynihan of Illinois are having a lively time over the "Watson Case," in which the latter charges Stagg with enticing Watson to Chicago from Champagne.

* *

The President of Chicago University is in receipt of a strikingly significant memorial to President Harper, in a resolution engraved on parchment and signed by the presidents of the leading American universities.

* *

Hearstism is not accepted as consistent with the dignity of the faculty and students of Cornell. They are for Hughes almost to a man.

* *

Minnesota faces a crisis in her football season. At least six of her best men are conditioned, and the coming examination will decide whether Minnesota team will rank among the top-notchers, or be only of mediocre quality.

* *

Northwestern is to have a new auditorium.

* *

The *Indiana Daily Student* says that the football prospects are bright and that the team has manifested an unusual amount of the football spirit the past week.

* *

The *De Pauw* came out with a neat cartoon, "Anticipation," preparatory to the Michigan Aggie game. Because of certain circumstances the second in the series, "Realization," will not follow.

* *

The *Daily* and *Magazine*, both University of Minnesota student publications, are with Roosevelt in his phonetic spelling campaign, and will adopt as a starter the 300 word list of simplified spelling. P. M. M.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Statement of Facts.

HAGAMAN V. WAYMAN.

This is an action of assumpsit. It is brought to recover compensation for furnishing necessities, including board, lodging, washing, medical attendance, nursing, etc., to Stephen Wayman, Jr., son of Stephen Wayman, Sr., the defendant. The cause of action arose under these circumstances, to wit:

On the 4th day of January, 1905, Stephen Wayman, Jr., accepted the position of clerk in the grocery store of James W. Hunter & Co., of Mishawaka, St. Joseph County, Ind. He worked faithfully in that capacity until August the 20th, and meantime rose to the position of head clerk. His parents, Stephen Wayman, Sr., and Minerva G. Wayman, were lavish in expressions of pride and pleasure at his success, as he was their only son. He had lived with them until the time of his accepting service at Mishawaka, and then he was about 23 years of age. As he was doing so well they felt warranted in breaking up housekeeping and making a visit to the home of their childhood in New York. This they did, starting about the 27th of July, 1905. On the 22d of August following the young man became very ill and was forced to quit work. Toward evening he was seized with a high fever, supposed to be infectious, and the proprietor of his boarding house declined to have him carried there. On hearing this, Dr. Benjamin Hagaman, who had been called to attend him, said: "The poor fellow must not be left here to die like an outcast. Take him to my house." He was carried there, and from that time until the 29th of March, 1906, he received at the doctor's home board, lodging, nursing, medical attendance and all the necessities of which he stood in need. That day the father and mother returned to South Bend, made their way to Mishawaka, called on the doctor, stated that they would pay him in full for his services, requested him to send his bill and took their son home with them. The father said to the doctor in the course of the conversation:

"So far as money can pay you be assured that you shall be paid in full, but so far as our sense of obligation and gratitude is concerned it can not be measured by money. No amount of money can discharge that. To us it is sacred. As compared with it money is dross." The next day the bill was received, and it amounted only to the modest sum of \$500. Stephen Wayman, Sr., at once acknowledged its receipt, stated that it was very reasonable and that he would pay it the following week. But he did not do so. When the following week came he said to the doctor: "My son is well now, thanks to your skill and kind ministrations. Accept the assurance of my heartfelt gratitude for your generosity in having furnished him with a home and everything he needed during his protracted illness. As I said, my gratitude can not be measured by money. I will never forget you or your kind family. You may rest assured of that. If you or any member of your family should fall sick at any time I will try to do in return as much as you have done for me and mine. But, doctor, I can not pay you any money. I can not spare it, as I need what is now available to start the young man in business. Don't ask it. Good bye!" The doctor now sues for the amount stated in his bill. How much, if anything can he recover?

* *

Victor Hilding (Law '03), is engaged in the practice of the profession at Grand Rapids, Mich. He has met with exceptional success and ranks among the foremost of the younger attorneys in that city.

* *

Benjamin S. Pickett (Law '98) is referred to in Denver as one of the exceptionally promising young men of that city, and he has already attained to a high standing at the bar. As a student his industry and gentlemanly deportment combined to make an enviable record for him at Notre Dame.

* *

A letter from Frank McCarthy (Law '06) says that he and the whole Notre Dame contingent passed the Illinois bar examination.

Personal.

—Thos. Healy (Law '06) writes that he has successfully passed the Illinois Bar examination.

—Mr. L. B. Davis and wife, of St. Louis, were recent callers at the University. Mr. Davis attended Notre Dame from September, 1888, to June, 1891. While a student here he carried off many honors.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Kearney, of Chicago, spent a day visiting friends at Notre Dame recently. Mr. Kearney was graduated in Law in 1898, and his career as a student was a bright one.

—Announcement of the wedding of Mr. Joseph A. Moran, Pharmacy '04, to Miss Mary Katherine Zins Fischer has reached Notre Dame. The wedding took place in Indianapolis on September 5, and the couple now reside in Dover, N. J. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

—Mr. and Mrs. William J. Ryan of Hancock, Mich., visited Notre Dame recently while on their honeymoon. Mr. Ryan was a favorite at the University when a student, and his many friends were glad to welcome him back to his *Alma Mater*, and to extend to him and his bride the wish that their whole life would be a honeymoon.

—The *Oregonian*, Portland's leading daily, in a recent issue gives great praise to John Lane Connor, formerly professor of elocution at Notre Dame, for his rendition of the rôle of the shepherd boy in "Parsifal." The article, which is nearly a column in length, concludes: "If there were nothing in the performance but the Parsifal of John Lane Connor, the entire evening would be well spent."

—On Thursday was solemnized the marriage of Miss Rose Marie Fox and Mr. Charles Mahlone Niezer at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Fort Wayne. Mr. Niezer is a graduate of the Law department and stands in the front rank of Indiana's brilliant and capable lawyers. The Fox family has always been connected with Notre Dame, and the wedding which has taken place is a source of double pleasure to Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC extends its congratulations.

Local Items.

—Fall surely.

—Welcome Aggies!

—Lost—A fountain pen. Return same to Maguire.

—What we want this afternoon is plenty of good lusty rooting.

—Get next to our new song in this issue and learn it. We'll need it later on.

—Literary men and aspiring greats!—the SCHOLASTIC wants contributions. Room 26, Sorin Hall.

—The enthusiasm at the Brownson-Corby game was the right stuff. Now put that into the Varsity games and we must win, now and always.

—The last exam. was buried to-day at five o'clock. May it rest in peace with those that have likewise lived and worried us, but who were "killed" as befitted them.

—300 feet of ditch is being dug from Sorin to Mechanic's Hall. The purpose is to bring heat over to the new machinisst. However, said men maintain if necessary they can work hard enough to keep warm. The matter is open to debate.

—The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. J. V. Clarke, President of the Hibernian Bank, Chicago, has kindly offered to donate \$75 annually, be on behalf of his family, for prize money to distributed among the three best debaters of the University.

—A meeting of the men in Sorin was held Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a team whose slogan is: "Fade away, little uns." Brogan of baseball notoriety was elected Captain. The Sorinites are now practising. It is to be hoped they will stick out a week at least this time.

—What about the bleachers? We would like to see some boxes, barrells, discarded chairs, or 2x4's put in position on Cartier Field. It's rather a fierce proposition, to say the least, to bring visiting rooters here and have no place to sit down, not to mention the inconvenience our own student body undergoes at every game.

—Last Wednesday, evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting. After the regular business had been transacted, the subject for debate with Brownson was discussed. Already fifteen members have entered for the preliminaries, and it is expected that St. Joe will have a strong team in the field.

—Last Thursday morning the St. Joe Tigers defeated the ex-Juniors by the score

of 6 to 5. The game was exciting from the kick-off. The youngsters were in good condition and are rapidly forming into a fast eleven. For the ex-Juniors, Boyle played the star game, while for the Tigers the work of Conlin, Cull and Barry, as also that of Hurley at quarter-back, was worthy of any hall team.

—Varnum Parrish, '07, is coming to the front as an orator. At a recent reunion of the Seventy-Sixth Volunteer Infantry of Illinois, Mr. Parrish delivered an address in behalf of the young men of America, and his words made a great impression upon his hearers.

There is a growing demand for student orators, and any young man of ambition who wishes to go before the public may find an engagement. Mr. Parrish's example should be followed by other students of Notre Dame.

—A boa constrictor was presented to the department of science Wednesday by Mr. George Senrich of South Bend, who got it from a car of bananas shipped from South America. The reptile is two feet long; it is about two years of age, and feeds upon creatures, such as mice and frogs, which it kills by crushing. "Dock" McCarty captured a live mouse Thursday and planned on giving the newcomer a square meal, and thereby live up to Notre Dame's reputation for hospitality. The mouse, however, died, evidently from fright, before the snake had an opportunity to strike it.

—On Wednesday the 17th, the Philopatrian Society gave a very pretty rendition of Maurice Francis Egan's sketch, "The Rising of the Moon," in Washington Hall. The performance was for the Philopatrians exclusively who have a very large enrollment this year. The selection was preceded by an overture by W. Downing which was very well done. The cast consisted of C. Sorg, R. P. Dwyer, H. Warren, C. Berkley, A. Dolan, and M. Richards. Sorg and Richards merited much praise for their excellent interpretation of the parts assigned them. Then came a piano selection by R. Newton, as a fitting close to round off such a delightful program.

—At a regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society Thursday evening, the 18th inst., twelve more new members were admitted. The meeting was full of life, and some excellent speeches were given by Messrs. Dolan, Boyle, Arvey, Carville, Roth, Miller, Hundley and Bonnan. The report of the Committee on programs were read, also the report of the Committee on Inter-Hall debates. The date for the preliminary debate was set for Nov. 8, for which 26 candidates have entered. Places and sides were drawn and length of speeches

limited to four minutes. In the Brownson-St. Joe debate, to be held Dec. 6th, St. Joe has the choice of sides on the question of Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities.

—A very interesting sight may be seen during the recreation periods in the Carroll Hall grove. A number of red squirrels have made their home there and have become remarkably tame. The boys stand beneath a tree and call "squirrelie," and soon one of the nimble little fellows will descend to the ground and come up to his would-be feeder. The boys have even got the squirrels on their shoulders. The great confidence which these squirrels show is due to the fact that they have become accustomed to the presence of persons who do not try to hurt them. The Carrollites are to be commended for their humaneness toward their frisky squirrel friends whose actions afford them a great deal of enjoyment.

—The New York State Club, the pioneer among the state societies at Notre Dame, was reorganized Wednesday evening with a membership of twenty. The following officers were elected: President, John B. Kanaley; Vice-President, Arthur J. Cooke; Secretary and Treasurer, Edwin D. Bonnan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Raymond D. Scanlon; Hon. President, Rev. Father Cavanaugh; Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father McManus. The aims and prospects of the club were discussed, and it was decided to continue the bi-weekly meetings at which musical and literary programs will be presented. The sons of the Empire State have always been to the fore in every branch of college life, and it is safe to say this year's club will strive to be true to their motto Excelsior, and make their club a force for the higher and better things of student activity.

—Prospects for a good team in St. Joseph's Hall were never brighter. This season the Hall can boast of two teams composed of some of the best Inter-Hall players. Owing to some misunderstanding the game played between Corby and St. Joe was declared off, and will be played over again. Both teams were well matched. What Corby lacked in weight they made up in speed and experience, and although the St. Joe team was composed mostly of inexperienced men they succeeded in defeating Corby by the score of 6 to 0. The line-up plunging of Schmid, O'Brien and Duffy was the chief feature of the game. For Corby, Heyl showed up well at quarter, and Kelly at full-back. The St. Joe line-up was as follows, Papin, R. E.; Deiner, R. T.; Jurischek, R. G.; Burns, Centre; Barry, L. G.; Collier, L. T.; McMahon, L. E.; Schmid, R. H. B.; O'Brien; L. H. B.; Duffy, F. B.