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The Love of Friends.

OH, the love of friends! Is there aught that lends
Such joy in discharge of duty?
Is there any boon 'mid God's gifts wide-strewn
That so brightens our earthly way
As the knowledge sure that affection pure,
Like a river of strength and beauty,
From many a source lends its blessed course
To the sea of our heart each day?

Oh, the love of friends! It by far transcends
The renown told in song or story,
For the widest fame of a world-known name
Like an echo doth empty roll;
While the loving thought of a friend is fraught
With a fairer and purer glory,
For love is a sea of sweet sympathy
To solace and soothe the soul.

Oh, the love of friends! It is best when it blends
With love of God and His Mother,
When no carnal dross turns its gain to loss,
When 'tis born of the spirit, not sense;
For affection pure can alone endure
Throughout this world and the other:
O Mother mine, let my friends be thine,
And our love give thy Son no offense!

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

The Miracle of Notre Dame.*

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.



TWO hours' ride from Chicago eastward lands the traveler on the grounds of the University of Notre Dame, unique among the Catholic educational institutions of the country. The golden dome of the Main Building dominates the landscape for miles, and where its glittering strength does not penetrate, the

* Taken from *The Catholic News* of July 10.

great bell of the church near by, which booms on the air like the muffled roar of the surf at Long Branch, carries the glories of Mary, the patroness of the University. The lake in the rear of the Main Building, fed by streams pouring up from its bed of marl, reflects the yellow mass of buildings with crystalline clearness. From every point of the horizon it is visible, and at night the electric lights about the statue of Mary on its summit locate it for the eye. One never recovers from the wonder caused by the immensity of this institution. It is a town in itself, in size of territory, form, population and activities. The Main Building looks like the capitol of a state. Two good-sized lakes of spring water beautify the grounds, and beautiful groves shade their shores. The athletic grounds are worthy of an imperial city. The gymnasium and indoor track would shame New York, the theatre seats fourteen hundred persons, the various dormitories and houses shelter fifteen hundred. Everything is on a grand scale, and it must be, because this year the number of students passed the one thousand mark. This event had consequences.

There was not room in the University for the number. Twenty-five students had to be placed for the time in the boarding houses of the town. They did not wish to go, for life is too pleasant in Notre Dame, too novel to be given up for the ways of an ordinary city. Others were provided for in an old building with historic memories. It was the original college in which Father Sorin, the founder, began his great work. It stands within a few feet of the second lake, a brick structure, three stories high, one of which is below the ground level on the south side. It is a mere dot amid the great buildings which surround it. From this little

seed grew the wonders all around. A few feet from it is a modest log chapel, a replica of the first church in Northern Indiana, in which Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the Republic, used to say Mass. His remains now lie beneath it. Perhaps a score of young men lived in the old college during the last session, seniors mostly, who rigged up their rooms in the picturesque fashion of the college boy. They made it a delightful place, and gave me, the visitor, an evening to myself to see the "grad" at home, in his best clothes and finest manners, entertaining his friends. The door of the room opened out on a balcony overlooking the lake, the moon shone on the water, the stars overhead, and the lights of the Seminary gleamed on the opposite shore. What fine fellows, what happy, kindly, innocent faces, in which shone hope, energy and goodness! And they were as proud of their old, historic quarters as a nobleman of his ancestral castle.

Think of a single college administration providing for the daily needs of fifteen hundred persons, over one thousand of them young men and boys. It would take some space to tell how it is done. The storehouses tell one part of the tale, with the small railroad from the main line carting the freight to their doors. The new dormitory tells another part. It will be ready for occupation in September, and has been built after plans which took into consideration the best dormitories known. It has been named in honor of Father Walsh, a former president of the University, who died in his youth, as bitterly regretted as he was deeply loved; and it will enable every student to find shelter next year without going to the town. While it was going up the workmen enjoyed an experience new to them; during recreation hours the students stood about in numbers watching with interest the rising of the walls, commenting audibly upon the brick and mortar, the capacity of the masons, the probabilities of completion. Some of them in the darkness of the night undertook to lay the brick. It became a fad to inspect the work at least once in the day, and a common phrase among the lads was: "Let us go over and see how our building is getting on." It is a commentary on life

and the erratic philosophies of life to watch the daily capers of these boys. To live among them is to become young, jovial, saucy, thoughtless, as if the sap of youth were again pouring through your veins. And their teachers told me, even he who had the responsibility of the University discipline on his shoulders, that this feeling is theirs no less than the visitor's. The prefect of discipline, a young man with gray hair, holds a position akin to that of a general of a division. He is responsible for everything, from the day the University opens to the end. He did not seem to mind the work half as much as I did the mere thought of it.

But these professors and disciplinarians are trained to the work from their boyhood. It is part of them, and they fit into it like parts of a machine; the more important the part the harder its metal. The Rector of the University, Father Cavanaugh, is hardly forty, and looks younger, has a plump, smiling face, without a trace of care, so easily does well-trained youth lay aside at will its burdens. The mere daily administration he evidently considers an easy matter: the running of the different departments, the keeping up of the standard, and the entertainment of innumerable visitors. The real problems of university life are not concerned with such matters, and are kept for discussion at the council board. But they must bite into the soul. Notre Dame is a miracle, but its expenses must be easily one thousand dollars a day. And the gifts of the interested outsiders in sixty years have not yet footed up \$100,000. The whole labor of the Holy Cross community and the profits of the institution have been turned into Notre Dame. Fortunately the people at large are waking up to its existence and importance, and increased registration is the consequence. But there should be endowment to meet the increased demands for buildings and professors.

Among the professors there was one who had taken his degree in the Catholic University, and the thesis which won him his honors quite amazed me. It was a discussion of the ethical side of the modern drama. The author had seen very few plays. His investigations had all been made in libraries, by means of current reviews; yet he had

reached conclusions as accurate as William Winter himself, and his estimate of conditions was as high as it ought to be. As a rule, our students of literature suffer a Puritan horror of the drama, or fear to irritate their superiors by any show of esteem for it, or feel bound to condemn it on the usual hearsay. Father Carrico, of Notre Dame, discussed it academically, and reached conclusions quite opposed to those of clerical tradition and sincerely in accord with the facts and common sense. We expect such things from university professors, but we do not often get what we have a right to expect from them. However, one star of hope shines on the horizon.

There is one spot on the University grounds which bleeds—the spot where Brownson lies buried. His remains lie in the centre of the common chapel, under the great church, an oblong marble stone with an inscription marking the place. The Holy Cross community meets here for the morning meditation and Mass, and for the evening prayer. The holy life of Notre Dame surges all about his body. The innocent boys come and go on their spiritual duties, and sometimes pause to read the epitaph. The great spirit, which had to struggle always in heavy conditions, is now in glory, we trust; and the body which enshrined it lies like a jewel in a worthy frame. But the cause for which he strove—the diffusion of Christian truth by means of a great press—is hardly better than in his day, and with less excuse; for now the Catholic body has a sure footing, wealth, culture and leaders; and still the young writers have no market for printing, the leaders no organs of opinion, and the multitude no mirror of their own activities. Therefore, the writers must seek the secular field, the leaders remain silent or half heard, and the multitude sink in the flood of printed trash. Then remember that the Catholics of Germany, with our population, have 500 publications of all sorts, of which 225 are dailies; also that the Catholic writers of Germany have an organization of one thousand members, and that they run an employment agency and a pension bureau for their members. Brownson's grave is a sweet but sad feature of Notre Dame.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A Profession Acrostic.

By A. B.

So sweet the voice that echoed in thy soul
 In days of maidenhood from care all free,
 So pressing its refrain, "Come, follow Me,"
 That thou full soon didst cease to be heart-whole.
 Enamored of thy Lord, thy life's control
 Right joyously thou gavest Him, and He
 Made promise thou His future bride should be,
 Love-crowned and sharing His own gloriole.
 O happy day that sees His pledge fulfilled,
 Rare virgin thou to wed a Spouse divine!
 Enrapturement such as Our Lady thrilled
 Thy soul doth taste, for He is truly thine;
 Thine, not as earthly grooms, "till death do part"—
 Outlasting death, thine evermore His heart.

The Making of Jim.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

"I'm sorry lad," said Father Kelly, as he laid his wrinkled hand upon Jim Duggan's shoulder and looked long and earnestly into the boy's honest blue eyes. "You had a fine mother, Jim, and, God knows, she gave you a good bringing-up. You're a good boy too, but you've got an exalted opinion of yourself, something that your father, God rest his soul, never had, and, between the two of us, I'm afraid you won't amount to much—well, unless something happens to open your eyes. Now, remember Jim, I'm glad you're on the Force. You can do great things there, my boy, but don't, don't get the 'big head.'" The earnest old face fairly glowed with a fire such as Jim had never seen there before. "Get down to work, lad! Be a man, and you can't help but come out on top. Now, God bless you, Jim. I must be off to hear confessions again."

"Good-bye, Father Kelly," and Jim lifted his hat in reverence as he turned to leave, for after all, he loved this kind-hearted old priest who had scolded and romped and played with him from the time that he was a little youngster on his mother's knee. Yet something like a half-sarcastic smile forced its way over the large, handsome face of the lad, making it for a moment positively ugly.

"The idea," he sneered to himself, "of Father Kelly telling me what to do. Why, what does he know about the world and its opportunities? I'll show these busybodies that I'm able to take care of myself; and then they won't be so willing to give advice." Jim turned the corner and a moment later entered his boarding-house.

It was his first night on duty. In all the majesty of his new uniform he stood at the corner of Monroe and State Streets idly swinging his club. Already the sense of his importance had fired his imagination with the intensity of the romantic dreamer. What might not happen in the future? Even the coveted captaincy itself he felt must soon be his. They had given him the keys of the National Bank, too. Inspection was needed, the Captain had said, for a plot to rob the institution had been discovered. Jim was well aware of the responsibility resting upon him. He had thought of it, dreamed of it, even spoken of it a time or two to his chums in the factory since the appointment had been promised him six months before, and now it was all a fact.

Fifteen minutes had passed, but so far there had been no demand upon his bravery. Jim was anything but patient. His heart fairly burned within him. Would nothing happen? An assault, a runaway, a fire, anything, if only he, Jim Duggan, could be there at the critical moment. Then Father Kelly would see his mistake and realize to whom it was that he had been speaking. What did he know about the world that he should tell him, Jim Duggan, what to do?

"Pardon me, Officer,"—a woman's timid voice spoke close beside him—"there's a man following me and I'm afraid to go home. Will you take me to my uncle's house? See, it is only two blocks away—the Davis residence. Uncle will reward you, I'm sure. Oh, I'm so afraid the brute will rob me and, maybe, murder me."

Jim looked at the well-dressed young lady at his side. Davis! Who in the entire State had more political power than that man? Immediately Jim's magnanimous heart responded profusely.

"Where is the infamous villain?" he asked, grasping his "billy" with a mighty grip.

"Oh, he ran away when he saw you,"

the woman replied, "but I know he'll follow me. Please take me home, will you not, Mr. Officer?"

"You can trust yourself entirely to me," Jim answered in his most romantic tone. "On my honor, Miss, I'd defend you if all the crooks and robbers in the world should beset us," and taking the young lady by the arm Jim accompanied her homeward. On the way he spoke but little; his brain was too full of ideas. Had she not promised her uncle's influence? Jim at that moment keenly realized how much a backer, such as Davis, really meant in the city's political circles. Was she not beautiful and rich too? What might not happen in the future? Perhaps,—no,—yes,—perhaps, she would one day be Mrs. Duggan, and they might have a beautiful home such as the Davis' residence. So thrilling indeed were the possibilities that Jim for a moment almost forgot his mission. Then,—something happened. Three masked men sprang from the doorway of a deserted building, the young lady dashed a handful of pepper into his face, and in two minutes Jim found himself lying in the bed of a wagon, gagged, bound, and blindfolded.

"Where will I drive to Bill?" a low voice called from the front of the vehicle.

"Why, hang it, man, to the Devil's Ledge, and be quick about it, too," growled back the leader. "We'll show this Police Force who they're dealing with."

Jim shuddered at the very mention of the place. Devil's Ledge was a slender pinnacle of rock rising some fifty feet or more above the river and separated from the bluff by a space of about three feet. What if they should hurl him from its summit onto the rocks below? Horror filled his soul, and for a space he dared not even think. Ten minutes passed thus in silence, broken only by the low voices of the robbers and the roll of wheels upon the stony pavement. Then the wagon stopped.

"Now then," the voice ahead whispered, "out with him and quick about it. We've got to get at that Bank to-night, d'ye hear? To the Ledge with him!"

In an agony of horror Jim tried to cry out but could not. Four pairs of hands grasped him about the feet and arms and carried him along.

"All right, boys; easy there now; one at a time over that plank, there, stand him up." Jim did not struggle; he was too frightened to do anything.

"Now, Officer, listen to what I have to say," said the same low voice beside him. "Do you know where you are? Well, you're standing upon the pinnacle of Devil's Ledge. Move but a single step and you'll find yourself a mangled corpse on the rocks below; stand as you are for a couple of hours and you'll be rescued safe enough. It's yours to choose. Good-bye!" And hissing another word of warning into the policeman's ear, he stepped carefully away across the board over which they had come a few moments before. A light feminine laugh rang out from the distance as they departed, and Jim recognizing it as coming from the woman who had deceived him earlier in the evening, proceeded forthwith to call down vengeance upon the entire gentle sex. In a moment all was quiet again—they had gone to rob the bank.

Jim stood in a perfect daze, the idea of his precarious position weighing upon him. He tried to raise his hands to untie the bandage about his eyes, but they were too securely fastened. He endeavored to cry out, but his mouth was gagged, and the silence all about told him that it was useless, for the place was deserted. To stoop in any manner would perhaps cause him to lose his balance and fall headlong down upon the rocks below. There was no hope. There was no opportunity of escape or rescue before morning, and then, then, it might be too late.

Gradually, however, an idea entered Jim's mind. His feet as he noticed were slightly free so that he could if necessary take a few short steps. Why not edge carefully about the ledge and find the bridge? Once that was done, he could feel his way over, rouse the police, beat the burglars at their own game, and win renown. All the old hopes and fancies revived at the thought. Cautiously and by inches he felt his way to the edge of the rock. His only salvation lay in finding the bridge and warning the police.

Having reached the edge he followed it around feeling carefully for the bridge—but the bridge was gone! They had taken it

up after them. Jim almost gave himself up to despair. No hope of saving the bank remained—only the shame and disgrace of the affair, and dismissal from the Force. Another hour passed, an hour of awful reflections and terrible misgivings. Jim thought then as he had never thought before. Life seemed to take on a different aspect, and the duties of life became real, substantial things in the face of the difficulties to which he was now exposed. And Father Kelly! He thought of what the old priest had said to him only the day before, and with the recollection came a heartfelt repentance for his previous disposition. After some meditation Jim stood there a changed man,—ready now to meet and grapple with life and its realities, whatever they might be in the future. Unknowingly he had passed the crisis of his life, and now it was Jim the man that stood there awaiting release from his predicament. Suddenly the sound of footsteps fell upon his ears. The next moment a knife cut the band from about his eyes, and he found himself standing—*upon a huge stone in the middle of the city park.*

"Good-morning, lad!"

Jim turned his head quickly, only to find himself looking into the smiling eyes of Father Kelly.

"Just a minute now, son, till I get that gob out of your mouth—there now, you—"

"Oh, Father, the ledge—the Devil's Ledge—I thought I was on the Devil's Ledge."

"Look lad!"

Jim followed the direction of the priest's finger, and there a mile away and apparently unmoved by the base travesty that had been played upon its awful name, stood the Devil's Ledge."

"But the robbers! Quick Father, the National Bank, they've robbed it."

"No, they haven't, lad, for we've got the whole kit of them down in the city jail right now, and a sorry-looking lot they are indeed."

"But, Father, how—"

"How? Why, by mere chance, I got an inkling of the plot as I was coming home from the Mission out at Berkeley, and—well, I telephoned to the captain, that's all. When I innocently appeared upon the scene twenty minutes later, the police had the whole gang

lined up in front of the building. Then the captain rode up and called for you, Jimmie. Oh, but he was in a towering rage, my boy, when you weren't there, and, to cap it all, one of the robbers outs and tells him the whole story about your abduction."

Jim's face flushed with shame and mortification, but the old twinkle still remained in Father Kelly's eyes.

"Then lad, I—I—"

"Oh, Father, you spoke up for me? You pleaded for me?"

"No, Jim, there wasn't anything for me to say. It looked like a sorry plight for you till big Jack Hardy from down at the other end of the line put in: 'Who did the telephoning?' And right off they concluded that nobody but Jim Duggan could have done it. So there's your salvation lad. While they were all mixed up in praises, promotions and rewards I slipped away and here I am."

"Oh, Father you saved"—

"Tut, tut, my lad, now listen: just you keep mum and no one will ever be any the wiser. Now, my boy," the old face became serious again, and the laughing eyes took on the earnest expression of the priest, "take my advice: you can have all the honors, for you deserve them, but don't accept a reward or a promotion till you've earned it."

Jim stood there for a moment absolutely speechless. Then impulsively grasping the outstretched hand of the priest, he said in a voice broken with emotion:

"Father, you said last night that I wouldn't amount to much, unless something happened to open my eyes—it has happened. Forgive me, Father, and with God's help I'll be an ordinary officer and a—a man."

Jim was the hero of the hour. The papers, police officers and citizens, all spoke his praises and commented on his strategy, but through it all Jim retained a dignified silence, and Father Kelly an amused smile. A reward was posted and promotion offered, but to the astonishment of all Jim refused everything, asking only to be placed at his old position again. Father Kelly wouldn't tell and Jim didn't.

.....
Ten years later, Jim Duggan, Chief of the

Boston Police Force and one of the best officers that ever served in that position, went to his home town to attend a little memorial service in honor of Father Kelly. He was called upon for an address to which he responded with a worthy tribute in the course of which he recounted the incident of the attempted robbery of the Bank, and told who it was that did the telephoning.

Longing.

—
JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.
—

'TIS eventide. The golden day is dying,
Its fading smile illumines earth and sky;
In bush and forest-glade the wind is sighing,
And thousand diamonds glitter from on high.

'Tis eventide. A mist serene and tender
Surrounds the features of the dying day;
For all its brilliancy and all its splendor
Have withered with the light, and passed away.

'Tis eventide. But whence this silent sorrow?
Oh, speak, my heart! Oh, speak! Why art thou sad?
The night is short, and soon a beauteous morrow
Shall bring another day and make thee glad.

The Short Story.

—
DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.
—

A certain reviewer of the middle Nineteenth Century, airing a critic's judgment of conditions in what was then contemporary American literature, voiced the opinion that another few decades would witness the virtual conquest of the literary field by a new and unique form, the Short Story. The accuracy of this forecast needs no testimony. If it did, the vast bulk of short fiction sent out in the magazines to the public each month, and greedily devoured by it, would instantly give the lie to any contrary assertion. It is estimated that the 25,000,000 people composing the American reading public has each month a diet of between five and ten thousand stories served to it. Behind each individual member of that

vast number there is keen editorial perspicacity, searching out with avid eye the sort of fiction with which he hopes to please his patrons. And the most amazing fact about the whole concern is that the demand still seems to exceed the supply. For years magazine editors have not abated in the cry that never was the literary market wider open to the beginner and that never were the rewards larger. Both claims are true. The use, even in the best magazines, of trashy stuff shows a dearth of really good material, while the fact that many writers of not extraordinary talent have scored decided successes testifies to the certainty and the generosity of the reward that is forthcoming to the patient toiler.

The vogue of the Short Story in America took its rise with Hawthorne and Poe. In 1842, a criticism of the former's work by the latter appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, and in consequence this date has been generally agreed upon as the most logical and the most convenient for fixing the entrance of the new form into literature. Previous to this time however, a great deal had been accomplished by American authors. The "Sketch Book" was given to the public not long after the opening of the Nineteenth Century. This work was considered more than an ordinary risk for the publisher to assume, but its rapid sale and the universal commendation which it called forth dissipated all doubt. Its success created an effect not unlike the discovery of new gold-fields, laying bare as it did, the existence of an unlimited virgin field whence the litterateur might reap the fruits of his labor. The "Tales of a Traveller," which shortly followed the "Sketch Book," enjoyed a like reception, and the position of the new form was secure. Poe and Hawthorne, following immediately in the footsteps of Irving, brought the story to a high development in perfection of technique, besides bringing a distinction to the American short story which it still retains.

Poe died in 1849; Irving in 1859 and Hawthorne in 1864. Since that time, in the judgment of Mr. Brander Matthews, not one writer of stories has appeared in America who has a clear right to be called "great." This critic's taste is, perhaps, excessively exacting; since from Chaucer and Boccaccio

in the Thirteenth Century to Kipling and De Maupassant in our own day, he can find only eight names worthy of the highest place. Doubtless, it is true that in making an arbitrary selection of the best writers in any form, merciless discrimination must be exercised. And even granting this, one's choices and rejections are often hard to explain. In the present instance, for example, one finds it hard to explain why Balzac among the French finds no place where two writers undoubtedly of lesser calibre. Merimée and De Maupassant are included. In like manner, none will place Kipling above Stevenson or Barrie, and many might question the critic's selection. But all of these choices can be justified by adducing the fact that they were first and foremost short-story artists, while this form claimed merely the secondary attention of the others. The most serious objection to be brought against Prof. Matthews' selection is a fault of omission rather than of commission. It is difficult to understand why such a distinguished laborer in this field as the late Björnsterne Björnson is not admitted to the roll of masters; Juan Pedro de Alarcon has some reason for a like grievance, though with less cause than Björnson.

In the main, however, one does best to rest content with the selection as it stands. Certainly no name is there without a sovereign right and the more one adds, the greater becomes the peril of opposition and disagreement.

Contemporary with Poe and Hawthorne there were numerous European writers who contributed to the growth and influence of the Short Story. Prosper Merimeé published his first story, "The Taking of the Redoubt," in 1829; four years before Poe wrote "A MS. Found in a Bottle," and three years before Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy" was given to the world. Tieck and Hofman among the Germans had also become distinguished as story-writers. The latter, indeed, has been styled the German Poe and has been credited with having been the inspiration of Poe's weird stories. This claim, however, rests upon slight grounds, since from the time he began to write, Poe was immeasurably the superior of the German in originality and imagination, as well as in technical skill. Hofman was

once described as the German Poe; a critic added the clever interpolation, "a very German Poe." The fact is that Poe and Hawthorne remain the masters in their own peculiar departments of the story. Poe accomplished the remarkable feat of attaining to supreme mastery in three kinds of stories, namely, the story of honor, the story of wonder founded on a scientific basis, and the detective story. Even other classifications might be found, but these three are clear, sharp and beyond dispute. A salient characteristic of both Poe and Hawthorne first noted in the refutation of the German claims cited above is the dominant Americanism to be found in the works and in the personalities of both men. This trait, however, was revealed differently in the two men. Hawthorne displayed it in his characters and in the ideals and morals he set forth, which were drawn straight from his own New England soil. Poe's mind manifested peculiarly American sympathies. His logic was cold and sure; he was a dabbler in speculative science, and he loved to play in the world of ghosts. Add to these qualities a weakness for subtle analysis, more often found in women than in men, but common to both Poe and Hawthorne, and you have a group of qualities which at once stamp the nationality of this great author.

Just as America was the cradle of the story, considered as a form apart, so the past century has witnessed in America the highest development of the story-teller's art. The French indeed with Merimée, Marguerite and De Maupassant, remain our technical masters, but this is to be expected. Technique is what the French strive for above all else, and they usually carry off the palm. Russia and Germany have also done much—it has remained for America, with her restless cosmopolitan population and the vast freshness of her energetic cities and the romance which centres about the peopled prairies, to stand above all nations.

"For fifty years," says an able authority, "the American short-story has had a supremacy which any competent critic could not but acknowledge." On Bret Harte and Cable, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, the recently deceased Miss

Jewett, and numerous others, fell the enchanted mantles of the earlier masters. And now, that most of these are gone, a new group has come on, which, in some respects, are even superior. Sidney Porter, or, as he is best known to fame, O. Henry, has earned his right to be called the American Maupassant, without the unsavory moral atmosphere of the latter. His stories approach the very acme of perfection in constructive skill. A racy humor informs almost every sentence he writes; nor is this without its reason, for he uses his witticisms as vehicles for his sharp shafts of "barnyard" philosophy. And no lesson is so well learned or so well heeded as that which a man swallows between bursts of laughter. O. Henry, besides being by all odds the most popular, is also one of the most competent literary artists of America. I do not mean by this that his style is as fine as that of Howells, or that he can analyze the wink of an eye with the keen precision of Henry James. O. Henry is of a different calibre. He does not write for "highbrows," but he is haughty, indeed who would not appreciate and enjoy his work. And when you say that what a man writes is universally accepted as the best of its kind, you bestow the sovereign praise.

The work of many other rather young American story writers is ample proof that America still leads the world in this department of literature. George Randolph Chester has created a typical American figure in J. Rufus Wallingford. George Pattulo's western stories breathe as pure and fresh an air of the still romantic west as Bret Harte's do. Edith Wharton's psychological tales, while inferior to Hawthorne's, are, nevertheless, admirably done. Numerous, almost numberless, other writers have gone to the roots of American life. To quote the observation of Thomas W. Higginson on this subject, "All the varied elements of our society are being sought out and exhibited.... The rapid multiplication of the portable kodak has scarcely surpassed the swift growth of local writers, each apparently having the same equipment of directness and vigor."

So much, it is hoped, will suffice to show that to-day the American story-writer has opened before him the widest scope of any

laborer in literature. Every influence in our national life has been made the theme of the writer. Every social problem that arises is sooner or later made the germ of story after story. Jack London has perhaps disseminated the socialist creed as widely as Marx or Berger. Alaska, where the Klondike gold-fields were discovered some ten years ago, are the scene of some of the freshest and most virile American fiction, Rex Beach's stories and novels. Long before the Wright brothers achieved their fame, the magazines were filled with stories based on the possibilities of the airship and aëroplane. So it goes on in ever-increasing volume.

The significance of these facts is deep. They mean that the Short Story of the present day has become a genuine reflection of American life in all its phases—each one a snap-shot, as it were, of some phase or of some viewpoint. So true has this become that it may be said that the surest index to our ideas and ideals is to be found, not in the magazine of current events, but in the magazine of reputable, first-class fiction. This argues an enduring vitality for the story, and certainly present indications point to no wane in its popularity. Another encouraging circumstance is, that as long as conditions remain as they are, the very best writers will be attracted to the use of the story form. This is what the public wants, and what the public wants it gets, when it is willing to pay the price.

A large number of books have been written on the general subject of "How to write Short Stories," so that by this time the bibliography of the story would more than fill Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf. One of the best, as well as one of the earliest, of these, is "Short Story writing," by Charles Raymond Barrett. This is a book written in a popular style, and should prove of great benefit to the amateur of ordinary talent. Another handy and instructive little volume is "The Philosophy of the Short Story," by Brander Matthews, frequent quotations from which have been made in this essay. Schools and editorial bureaus have sprung up in large numbers with expressed purpose of helping the beginner into print. Only recently a new one of these was started by George Randolph Chester. He has also, it is said, prepared

an exhaustive treatise on the subject of story writing.

The history of literature has seldom witnessed such a development. Another century, or possibly even another few decades, may witness the decline of the Short Story, but in history, our age will be remembered as the epoch of the short story no less than the Elizabethan period was the drama's. Men of unquestionable genius have here offered their finest fruits, and this is enough. It is likely that the critic who ventured the assertion already quoted, that by our time the story might become a recognized literary form, would feel intensely elated with his prophetic power could he see to what extent its development has been carried. What the future has in store one can not say, but it is safe to predict that we have not yet seen the highest perfection.

The Real Worth.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

IN the land of fragrant flowers,
Sunny slopes and balmy airs,
'Tis its scent that gives the rosebud
Half the glory that it bears.

Tho' its leaves may droop and wither,
Tho' its beauty may decline,
Still its perfume lingers after
Like a something half divine.

Tho' the glint may leave its petals,
Tho' the pearl-dew drip away,
Still the perfume of the rosebud
Triumphs over death's decay.

In the land of human sorrows,
In the vale of bitter tears,
'Tis the good men do that blossoms
In the light of after years.

Tho' one's fame and worldly power,
For which worldlings vainly crave,
Disappear and be forgotten
In the silence of the grave;

Tho' one's wealth and classic learning
Fades and sinks with death away,
All the good one has accomplished
Triumphs over death's decay.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, August, 1909.

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—The Sixty-fifth Annual Commencement brought to a close one of the best chapters in the history of the University. In every department of college activity **Retrospective.** the scholastic year 1908-'09 has been most successful. Notre Dame still holds her high position among the schools in oratory and debating. In every branch of athletics, football, track, basketball and baseball, she has put out a winning team. During the year the student enrollment passed the one thousand mark, and this is especially gratifying from the fact that the increase of more than a hundred has been almost entirely in the collegiate department. As a result of this growth Walsh Hall, the new dormitory building, has been started and will be ready for use in the Fall. The past year also marks the introduction of two new courses, Mining Engineering and Chemical Engineering. The Faculty has been considerably strengthened by the addition of new members, most particularly in the School of Law. Between the students and teachers the most cordial relations have existed, and a fine spirit of comradeship has marked student intercourse. In a word, the year that has just closed has been a most satisfactory one, and Notre Dame has every reason to be proud of the work accomplished, and to look forward to still greater things in the year to come.

It will be pleasant news to the students of the University that there are practically no changes in the faculty list this year. Familiar faces will greet the old boys on their return next month.

The officers of the University remain the same. Rev. Dominic O'Malley, C. S. C., Rector of Sorin Hall, has been promoted to the presidency of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis. The regret which this news will inspire in Sorinites is softened somewhat by the announcement that Father Walter Lavin, C. S. C., replaces him as Rector. Other prefects in Sorin are the Rev. Dr. Walsh, C. S. C., head of the Department of Economics, and Rev. Dr. J. Burke, C. S. C., Professor of History. The staff of Corby Hall remains the same, except that Rev. Dr. Thomas Irving, C. S. C., replaces Dr. Walsh. The Rev. M. A. Quinlan, C. S. C., has been named as Rector of Walsh Hall and with him are associated as disciplinarians the Rev. M. Szalewski, C. S. C., the Rev. J. McManus, C. S. C., and Mr. A. Weisbecker, C. S. C. The condition of Brother Celestine's health makes it uncertain whether he will resume his old place in Brownson Hall. Brother Prosper, C. S. C., has been appointed to the faculty in St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati and is replaced by Brother Sevrin, C. S. C., of that faculty. There is no change in Holy Cross, Carroll or St. Joseph's.

Professor Michael Shea, whose service to the University for the past five years was so highly valued will not return next year. His cheerful brother, John, will also be absent from the University. Prof. Lantry has accepted an important position in Ohio, and Professors Dwan and Dillon have also accepted other engagements. Each of these teachers leaves a splendid record of devotedness and competency behind him and each carries away with him the good will of the faculty and students.

It is a pleasure to announce that Colonel Hoynes, beloved of many generations of students and admired throughout the country for his profound knowledge of law, will resume his place as the dean of the law department after an absence of one year. With Colonel Hoynes and Judge Howard

devoting all their time to the law school this faculty becomes exceptionally strong.

Dr. Monaghan, a favorite teacher, returns to the University for at least one month of teaching in economics. Dr. Frank J. Powers, a former professor who has been prosecuting his medical studies for the past four years returns as a teacher of science. The Rev. M. Szalewski, C. S. C., comes to take up the newly-established course in Polish History and Literature. The Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., late President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, has been selected as professor of Irish History. He will also have classes in English for which he is remarkably well qualified. The Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C., Ph. D. becomes professor of Physics. Mr. Francis W. Kerwick, a graduate of the School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania, is added to the faculty of Architecture. Mr. Charles A. Sauter, a graduate of the Ziegfeld Conservatory of Music in Chicago has been chosen instructor in piano. Mr. Frank Zink, A. B., '08 of Canton, Ohio; Mr. Joseph Reis, of Fairbury, Illinois; Mr. C. A. Roach, of Indianapolis, Ind.; and Mr. Daniel R. Foley, of Toledo, Ohio, have been added to the preparatory faculty. Negotiations for certain other teachers are still in progress.

The new teachers are all men of experience and of assured competency. Their record has been carefully examined and it is confidently believed that the faculty has been strengthened by their appointment.

Nine Ordained to the Priesthood.

On Saturday morning, June 26th, Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, of Fort Wayne, conferred the holy priesthood on the Revs. Ernest A. Davis, Joseph H. Burke, Thomas G. Irving, George J. McNamara, John M. Ryan, Eugene P. Burke, Cornelius J. Hagerty, Albert E. Blin and John B. Delaunay of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

This was the largest number ordained at Notre Dame for several years, and the occasion was most impressive in every respect. The ceremony, under the direction of the Rev. William Connor, Master of Ceremonies, was conducted in perfect order. The large church was filled with the members

of the Congregation and relatives and friends of those to be ordained. The two choirs of Seminarians and Brothers rendered the Mass, the several hymns and psalms in their best manner.

After their ordination the new priests left for their home parishes—Fathers Davis and Hagerty at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend; Father Eugene Burke at St. Columbkille's, Chicago; Father Ryan at the Church of the Nativity, Chicago; Father Irving at St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis.; Father J. Burke at St. Joseph's Church, Richwood, Wis., and Father McNamara at Covington, Kentucky. Fathers Blin and Delaunay, whose homes are in France, celebrated their first Masses at Notre Dame on Sunday, the 27th, the former in the Chapel of Holy Cross Seminary, the latter in the University Church.

All the young priests, except Father Delaunay, made their collegiate studies at Notre Dame, and are well remembered by all the students of a few years ago. Fathers Davis, J. Burke, Irving and McNamara were members of the Class of 1904; Fathers Ryan, E. Burke, Hagerty and Blin graduated in the Class of 1906. Father Delaunay, who made his collegiate studies in France, is also well known here as member of the Faculty during the year 1907-8. Last September he went back to Washington for advance courses in the Sacred Sciences and received, in June last, the bachelor's degree in Theology and the bachelor's in Canon Law. He will return again to Washington to pursue farther these studies and to teach in Holy Cross College. Fathers E. Burke, Ryan and Hagerty will also go back to Washington to teach and to continue their courses in their respective specialties at the University. Father Davis, who has specialized in the Science of Chemistry, will teach that subject next year at Columbia University, Portland, Ore. Father McNamara is assigned to New Orleans, while Fathers J. Burke and Irving will serve on the Faculty at Notre Dame. Both of them received the doctorate at the Catholic University in June, Father Irving having specialized for four years in the Science of Physics and Father Burke in American History. Father Blin left Notre Dame early in July for Rome, whence, after a year or so of preparation at the Apostolic Mission College of the Congregation, he will repair to India to join the band of Holy Cross Missionaries laboring in Bengal.

Walsh Hall.

The yearly increase in the enrollment of students at Notre Dame has made the erection of Walsh Hall, the new residence building of the University, a positive necessity. As an example of modern college architecture it stands high in the ranks of splendid university buildings, and it is believed that in finish and equipment it is the best college dormitory in America.

Walsh Hall is a pressed brick structure with Bedford stone trimmings. Its dimensions are 230 feet by 41 feet, and it is situated about 100 feet south of Sorin Hall facing the quadrangle. It will add greatly to the general appearance of the campus,

of a commodious study room, 12x14 feet with a bay window, and a bedroom on either side 8 feet by 14 feet in dimensions; attached to one of these bedrooms is a private bath and toilet. All the rear rooms, each being from 10 to 14 feet by 14 feet in area, are single rooms, fitted with stationary wash bowels and hot and cold water. There are only four single rooms on the front side and these are located on the second and third floors immediately over the side entrances. A chapel is to occupy the north end of the first floor. The attic will contain 24 rooms, each from 10 to 14 feet by 14 feet in dimension. The trunk rooms will occupy, one the northwest and the other the southwest corner of the attic. A trunk lift conveys luggage to the upper floors.



prolonging the quadrangle effect and adding to the impressive grouping that has always been a distinguishing feature of Notre Dame.

Walsh Hall embraces three stories, besides an admirable basement and attic, and is capable of accommodating 104 students. The floors throughout will be of hard wood except the corridors and bath-rooms which are built of reinforced concrete, covered with Roman ceramic mosaics. An auditorium will be located in the south half of the basement where students of the Hall can assemble. The north half is divided into a billiard and pool room and a general smoking room. The front rooms on the first, second and third floors are to be made up of suites of three rooms each, consisting

A general toilet including baths and showers on each floor is convenient to all single rooms. A drinking fountain is installed on every floor. Partitions in rooms are of hollow, fire-proof tile, the walls and ceilings being covered with wire lath and plaster, making practically a fire-proof building. At intervals through the corridors are arranged fire-proof doors that may be closed, thus preventing any possible spread of fire.

Walsh Hall will be open to undergraduate or freshmen students who desire private rooms for residence. Sorin Hall will still be retained for sophomore, junior and senior collegiate men. Corby Hall will also remain practically as it is now, for students who have not attained sophomore standing.

The Annual Retreat.

The Annual Retreat, with its home-coming at Notre Dame, is always a welcome event in the life of the religious of Holy Cross. The attendance this year was large in consequence of the numbers that came from the other colleges of the Congregation. The retreat opening on Sunday evening, June 27th, and closing on the morning of the following Saturday, was preached by Rev. Father Phillip of the Congregation of the Passion, and the Community was fortunate in having such an able retreat-master. All the sermons were characterized by earnestness, solidity of substance and the practical quality coming from long experience. The solemn renewal of vows by all the religious and the Papal Benediction by the Missionary brought to an end the week's exercises.

Following the close of the Retreat there took place, as is the custom, the ceremony of conferring the habit upon the young men entering the Novitiate. The ceremony was held in the Chapel of the Novitiate, and was attended by many of the religious of the Congregation and relatives of the recipients. Eight Seminarians and eight Brothers received the habit from the hands of Very Rev. Father Morrissey, Provincial: Richard J. Collentine, Argyle, Wis.; John A. Devers, Scranton, Pa.; Fred H. Gassensmith, Odell, Ill.; Patrick J. Hagerty, Scranton, Pa.; Harry A. Ledwidge, Pittsburg, Pa.; James I. O'Brien, Detroit, Mich.; Hippolitus Skopowski, Russia; John J. Wroble, South Bend, Ind.; Harold Hinderschied of Massillon, O., who received the name of Brother Vincent; William Hoynes, Cleveland, O., Brother Benet; Francis Moraczewski, Chicago, Ill., Brother Sigismund; Robert Lewis, Bedford, Ind., Brother Alexis; Max Mikitynski, Chicago, Ill., Brother Casimir; James Scott, Manistee, Mich., Brother Camillus; Sylvester Ignace, Grand Rapids, Mich., Brother Norbert; Edward Brown, Enniscorthy, Ireland, Brother Kieran.

After their term in the Novitiate the Seminarians will go to Holy Cross College, Catholic University, Washington, D. C., for their Theological and University courses, and the Brothers to Dujarié Institute, Notre Dame, to complete their studies preparatory or teaching or other kinds of work.

Home-Coming for South Bend.

We have received from the South Bend Chamber of Commerce the following for publication regarding the home-coming event to be held in South Bend next October:

"It will doubtless be of more than passing interest to graduates and friends of Notre Dame and St. Mary's to know that South Bend will have a great home-coming celebration from Oct. 3 to 9 inclusive under the direction of the South Bend Chamber of Commerce. Numerous committees have been named and Col. George N. Studebaker, of South Bend's great vehicle plant, has been elected Director-General of the event. F. A. Miller, editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, who is president of the Chamber of Commerce, speaking of the home-coming, said:

"South Bend's first home-coming celebration will be held at a time when the city and its surrounding country should be in their best appearance. The Chamber of Commerce selected the week of Oct. 3 to 9 because we thought it the most suitable time. I hope all graduates of Notre Dame and St. Mary's will keep the date in mind and come back to South Bend to see what the city has done since they left school. I desire to suggest that the many classes of these two magnificent institutions immediately begin arrangements for class reunions during home-coming week. Such events would bring together many who have not seen each other for years and be pleasant and profitable, at the same time attracting to the institutions a large number who have not returned since being graduated. I sincerely hope both St. Mary's and Notre Dame will aid South Bend, which is so proud of them and their splendid educational work, in every possible way to make the October home-coming a great success."

Scattered throughout the whole United States are many thousands of men who think of South Bend chiefly as the home of the University of Notre Dame. To all these *Alma Mater* extends an invitation to be a party of the home-coming pilgrimage. Be it only assured that a small percentage of our old students will take part in this reunion and the success of home-coming week is placed beyond doubt.

Personals.

—John C. O'Neill (C. E., 1905) is now with the C. & N. W. Engineers at Pierre, S. D.

—William F. Montavon (A. B., 1898,) is now living at San Fernando, La. Union, P. I.

—Captain John Murphy is now attached to the Coast Artillery Corps stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco.

—We regret to announce the death of the father of Raidy Guthrie at Louisville, Kentucky, June 28. *R. I. P.*

—Phil Paschal, former student, is in the real estate business in San Francisco. His address is Speed, Paschal & Co.

—John M. Cooney, A. M., Professor at Notre Dame during 1901–2 is President of Columbian College, Owensboro, Ky.

—J. Krieger, old student, has charge of the Foundry Equipment Engineering at the Calumet Engineering Works, Harvey, Ill.

—The death is announced of Frank C. Hubbell, student, who passed away in Goshen, July 23d, at the age of sixty-five.

—James P. Fogarty announces that his present address is Suite 606 Betz Building, Broad above Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

—John J. Corcoran, an old student of the University, is connected with the Iron County National Bank, Crystal Falls, Wisconsin.

—Arthur M. Geary, an old student, is now employed with the National Transit Company, Oil City, Pa. Arthur is working hard and is sure to succeed.

—James A. Toohey, who completed the short Electrical Course in 1908, is employed in the operating department of the Rochester Gas and Electric Company, Rochester, N. Y.

—Captain Joseph C. Cusick is now engaged in the Commissary Department of the army, with headquarters at San Francisco, Cal. His address is 1006 North Point Street.

—William Downs was married recently in Williamsport, Pa. The bride, who was Miss Wright of Williamsport, is a charming and accomplished woman. "Barlow" McAvoy was groomsman.

—The Governor of Indiana has accepted an invitation from President Cavanaugh to visit the University some time this Fall.

His Excellency, needless to say, is sure of a cordial welcome.

—Edward McDonough, the Varsity backstop for the past two years, has been taken in tow by the Philadelphia Nationals. He is mentioned as a heady, capable player, able to throw fast and accurately to second and make a batting average of .325.

—Frank M. Barron, a former student of the University, is the Chicago representative of the Bluff City Lumber Company of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. The American *Lumberman*, noting this fact, refers to Notre Dame as "an institution noted for the thoroughness of its tutelage."

—On the evening of July 12th the Notre Dame University Club of Pittsburg gave its first summer dance at Luna Park Pavillion. Heretofore the Club has given its annual dances during the Christmas holidays. On the executive committee were E. E. Frauenheim, L. A. Williams and H. J. Geoghegan.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Adeline R. Diaz and Mr. Harry N. Roberts (C. E., 1906), which took place in Flaxiaco, Oaxaca, Mexico, on Wednesday June 9th. Harry Roberts was one of the most popular men of his time while at Notre Dame, and a great multitude of friends extend to him congratulations and best wishes.

—Prof. Frank O'Hara, Professor of Economics at Notre Dame for some years, has been appointed Professor of Political Economy at the Catholic University, Washington. Dr. O'Hara was most highly regarded during his term of professorship here, and he carries with him the best wishes of all who know him.

—Stewart M. Graham, student in Civil Engineering for a couple of years, is now in charge of the track elevation of the Lake Shore tracks leading out of Chicago to the Indiana line. The position is an excellent one in every way. Graham returned to Notre Dame on July 5th and in the afternoon visited South Bend where he won second place in the fifteen-mile Marathon race.

—Frank C. Walker (LL. B. '09) has passed the examination for admission to the State Bar of Montana with flying colors. His work, as a member of the distinguished trio which wrested the honors in debating from

Georgetown University last year, is sufficient guarantee that he will become such a lawyer as Notre Dame is proud to have numbered among her Alumni. His office is in the State Savings Bank Building, Butte, Mont.

—The *Tribune-Herald* of Rome, Ga., in a recent edition, gives an account of the work of J. A. Fahey (C. E., 1903), of which the following is an excerpt: "One of the boys of whom Rome is proud is J. A. Fahey, who has opened his office as civil engineer. As all Romans know, and as all strangers will find out, he is a quick, accurate and reliable engineer. His work is absolutely honest and conscientious, and of the quality known as 'dependable.'"

—Edward P. Cleary (Litt. B. '09) returned to the University about the middle of July to take the position of bookkeeper in the Students' Office. Ed is beloved by everyone, and we are glad to have him with us for at least another year. Francis X. Cull (Ph. B., 1908), who held the position last year, intends, after some weeks of vacation, to devote himself to newspaper work. Frank takes with him the wishes of all for the highest success in journalistic work.

—The University of St. Mary's, Galveston, Texas, has recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its management by the Jesuits. The President of the University is the Rev. Alphonsus Elmer Otis (B. S., 1884). It is interesting to note that this school was presided over by Brother Boniface, C. S. C., from 1870 to 1873 and by Brother John Chrysostom, C. S. C., from 1873 to 1877. A handsome souvenir brochure has been published in connection with the Jubilee exercises.

—On June 17th the Cathedral Club of Brooklyn met the physicians and surgeons of that city in a game of baseball, the proceeds of which were used for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital. "Doc" Correa, a former Notre Dame captain, played short and captained the Cathedral Club team, while on the opposing side were Drs. Griffen and McShee; members of Notre Dame's '01 team. Needless to say with such choice players on the diamond, the undertaking was a success.

—The New Orleans *Morning Star* of July 31st gives a portrait and sketch of P. E.

Burke, old student, of whom it speaks in this flattering way: "In business circles he is known as a man of exemplary habits, fully trustworthy and with a bright career before him. The large number of acquaintances which he enjoys rejoice over the material success which has been attained by him in his chosen profession in the Insurance field. Mr. Burke is the Deputy Grand Knight of New Orleans Council, No. 714, Knights of Columbus; also a member of the Board of Control of the Leper Home, of which he is the President, and President of St. Joseph's Conference, Society St. Vincent de Paul. The Hibernia Insurance Company, of which he is the secretary, is one of the oldest and strongest of the local companies, and competing strongly with the best foreign companies for the best class of business. Mr. Burke is happily married to the daughter of our highly esteemed citizen, Mr. John T. Gibbons, who is a brother of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons."

—In a recent meeting of the Auten Post, No. 8 of the G. A. R. held in South Bend, the following resolutions were drafted in favor of the monument to the Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., to be erected on the Battlefield of Gettysburg:

"Headquarters Auten Post, No. 8,
Department of Indiana, G. A. R.

"Whereas, this Post has learned that a movement is under way to erect a monument to the Rev. William Corby on the rock of Gettysburg, where he performed the sublime act of blessing the troops of the Irish Brigade before their entry in the great battle; therefore, be it

"Resolved by Auten Post, Department of Indiana, G. A. R., that we sympathize most heartily with the work of setting up a monument to the heroic priest.

"Resolved, further, that we congratulate the religious of our sister post of Notre Dame, that their former Post Commander is to be honored as one of the distinguished chaplains of the United States army; and we assure those comrades of ours that none will more sincerely rejoice with them in the accomplishment of the erection of this patriotic monument than their comrades of Auten Post; unanimously adopted on the 28th day of May, 1909.

Benjamin F. Yerrick, Post Com.
Timothy E. Howard, Adjutant."

Dujarié Institute.

On Tuesday evening, August 10th, the students of Dujarié Institute brought the scholastic work of their summer school to a close with an interesting program in compliment to their Superior, Brother Aiden, C. S. C. Recitations, vocal and instrumental selections filled up the evening's entertainment. Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, Provincial, closed the exercises of the young students by expressing his approval of the work they had done during the summer's session, and his hope that they would continue next year the same spirit of earnestness and study which they had shown during this session. The exercises were attended by the religious from all the houses at the University.

 New Football Coach

The Faculty Board of Control has announced the successor to Victor Place, football coach of last season, to be Mr. F. C. Longman. Mr. Longman served as full-back on the University of Michigan's team for three years, 1903, '04 and '05. During these years Michigan was defeated only once, that defeat being by a score of 2 to 0.

After leaving Michigan, Mr. Longman was engaged as football coach by the University of Arkansas of whose team he had charge during the years 1906 and '07. During these two years, Arkansas had the best football teams in the history of the University. In 1908 he was employed as coach of the Wooster University team in Wooster, Ohio, and under his tutelage Wooster beat Ohio State University for the first time in eighteen years.

His success as coach has been remarkable, his teams having defeated teams coached by both Curtis and Herustein, former Michigan stars of wide reputation. Mr. Longman is not only a master of the old style of football, but by continual study of the new style and practical application, he has grasped all the fine points of the new game, and is as thoroughly acquainted with it as any coach in the country.

The new coach will report early in September, and all football candidates are advised to be here to begin work under him as soon as possible.

Local Items.

—Sacred Heart Church is one of the few that enjoy the great privilege of the Portiuncula Indulgence. Accordingly, August the 2d was a day of devotion at Notre Dame. A Mass was celebrated every half hour during the morning. All day long members of the parish, many from the city and numbers of religious were making their visits. The exercises were closed at five o'clock with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—In consequence of the great number that were to be provided for last year the need of more room in the Varsity kitchen was keenly felt by the culinary department. Hence a considerable addition is now being made to the building which will contribute greatly to the convenience of the cooks and waiters. But the remedy will most likely be only temporary, for if the present rate of growth continues the demand for brain foods will necessitate a new culinary plant of proportionate dimensions.

—Owing to the considerable revision and the preparation of new programs the General Catalogue of the University for 1908-9 has been a little late in coming from the press. It was issued some days ago, however, and is now being mailed as fast as possible to the many applicants. Every issue of this bulletin shows some addition that must be of interest to those concerned in the matter of education. The new offering of note in the present issue is a well-defined course in Chemical Engineering, the introduction of which the first will be welcomed as opportunity by those who wish to follow that line of work.

—If you would have the news in a paragraph—*Alma Mater* is enjoying a very quiet vacation, save the hammering on the new building and the racket of the score of Minims whom she would not permit to go home.—A big mess of little fishes with many bones were forwarded from the Lakes at Lawton. The name of the donor was not given, but "Mickey" is suspected.—The Varsity stoics are playing what they call baseball for summer diversion. Errors are not counted.—"Denny" Morrison constitutes the student body of Old College and wonders just what the "Ten" Dome will be. Gutierrez is trying to steal an occult march on Prof. McHugh by doing two years' work ahead of time.—Our Uncle Samuel has brought us no tidings yet from our friends on vacation. SCHOLASTIC editors are very scarce. The century plants have many points of interest for visitors, and—that's all.