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## Two Tributes.\*

### Ode to Father Sorin.

THE Master-sculptor wrought in worlds of clay.

And hewed in boundless adamantine blocks;  
Alone, on time's first long-houred working day,  
He shaped vast mountains from the solid rocks,  
And scooped the ocean hollows with His hand;  
His holy fingers coursed the river beds  
And touched with color earth's still barren land,  
Gave each fair star the glory that it sheds,  
And then, to crown the wonder of His plan,  
God made His masterpiece in forming man.

So sculptors chisel with the point of steel,  
So painters work with palette and with brush;  
On marble blocks one carves his life's ideal,  
The canvas prints the artist's true soul-flush.  
Yet others color, others deftly mould,  
To bring new worlds of beauty into birth:  
Not theirs the canvas nor the marble cold,  
Not theirs the masterpiece that breathes of earth—  
True sculptors they who find, like Him, their goal  
In working master-strokes upon the soul.

What need hast thou of monumental stone  
Or printed page, great Sorin? Ev'ry land  
Has reaped in noble lives what thou hast sown.  
This school, the product of thine eager hand,  
Will find in youthful souls as yet unborn,  
The virgin clay for God's own ma-ter-work.  
Yea! He foresaw thee on that primal morn,  
And from His labors thou didst never shirk.  
Great Sorin, God has called thee,—thou art gone,—  
But through the years thy noble work lives on.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

### Ode to Columbus.

RULER of fate, of Providence the hand  
God sent to lead thy race far o'er the sea  
Æneas-like, to find a virgin land,  
The fairest garden of all earth to be;—  
Great Christopher Columbus, Hail to thee!  
Bold in thy hopes and brave against all fears,  
Undaunted by the mockeries of men,  
Thou searched the mystery of unknown years,  
And rent the veil of ignorance: Beyond the ken  
Of dim-eyed mortals in all ages past  
Thy vision pierced the mists, and thou at last  
Made others see the visions God had granted thee.

This wondrous land sprang into magic being,  
The Queen of earth and glory of thy name,  
America, the gift of the all-seing  
Divinity from whom thy inspiration came.

Hail to thee again undaunted soul,  
Braving all peril and the opposing wrath  
Of warring elements in thy new path;  
Yet reaching gloriously the sought-for goal.  
No need of sculptured monument hast thou;  
For half the glories of the earth adorn thy brow.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

\*Read in Washington Hall at the exercises commemorative of Founder's and Discovery Day.

## The Golden Mean.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

(Horace, Odes, II, 10.)

It would be useless to attempt to praise Horace or his works in themselves. Master-critics of Latin poetry have done so time and again. He shall ever stand forth pre-eminent among Roman poets for the vast field that he has covered in his themes, and for the number of wonderfully beautiful meters that he has mastered.

Many have considered the ninth ode in the third book, "To Lydia," the most perfect of all the songs of Horace. And, indeed, it is a masterpiece, showing the indestructibility of true love. Its form is perfect, its meter attractive. The thought is beautiful and the dialogue strong.

But there is another ode, the tenth in the second book, "To Licinius Murena," happily entitled, "The Golden Mean," which rivals the ode "To Lydia" in thought, in form and certainly in meter. For if the latter shows the indestructibility of true human love, which doctrine was, at the time that Horace lived, at most, a bit of the best pagan philosophy, the former teaches the virtue of moderation which is Christian in its very essence. If "To Lydia" is attractive in its form of dialogue, "To Licinius" is not less beautiful, though more common, in its six stanzas of direct address. If the ode to Lydia is written in the musical Glyconic Asclepiadean stanza, the one to Licinius is sung in the immortal Sapphic verse, the most charming of all Horace's meters.

A knowledge of who Licinius Murena was will aid in understanding the true purpose and meaning of this beautiful song. Licinius was a relative by marriage to Maecenas; Terentia, the wife of Maecenas, being the adopted sister of Licinius. Maecenas was Horace's greatest friend. It was therefore probably through Maecenas that Horace took an interest in the young Licinius. He was a dashing young soldier, who grew so popular by his subduing the Salassi in 25 B. C. that in the year 23 he was chosen as colleague to Augustus in the consulship. The exact year in which the ode was written can not be ascertained; but it was probably

between 25 and 23 B. C., the time of Licinius' great successes, that Horace addressed this warning to the over-ambitious youth. The ode seems to have failed in effect, for Licinius Murena was executed in 23 B. C. for conspiracy.

This Carmen, "To Licinius," is a perfect little poem filled with beautiful thoughts and allegories. It is one of the most finished of all Horace's works. Professor Lincoln of Brown says concerning it: "Opening with a metaphor drawn from the sea, Horace teaches Licinius that a middle condition of life, the 'golden mean,' is the happiest and most secure, and illustrates this truth by examples from nature. In the last verse he returns to the sentiment and to the figure with which he began, and brings the ode to a most natural and graceful conclusion." In the edition of Horace's works by Professor C. L. Smith of Harvard we find the following comment on this ode: "It is," he says, "one of the most finished of Horace's poems, and consists, like much of his best work, of a chain of pithy, epigrammatic *sentential* on the conduct of life, presenting in various forms and under various figures his favorite doctrine of the 'golden mean.'"

In the first stanza Horace compares life to a great sea with its deeps and shoals and frequent storms. The allegory is charming, although it has long since become trite, having been used thousands of times since "To Licinius" was composed. Its great usage shows its worth. The translation here given is not perfect because a master translation is not to be found. It is used only to show the meaning of the ode and its figures.

Friend Licinius, filled will your days be with gladness,  
If you drive not too far on the high seas of life,  
Nor yet press too close the dark shore in misfortune  
While cautiously fearful of storm and of strife.

In the second stanza we find the true signification of the ode, the "Golden Mean," set forth. In it Licinius is told that a medium station of life is the most preferable of all positions, for, by being moderately wealthy, Horace says, a man avoids extreme poverty and also great riches, which, he claims, are not enjoyable on account of the envy of the world.

The man, who in life looks for moderate riches,  
From the toil and the want of the lowly is free;  
And, prudent, he seeks not an opulent palace,  
For he knows that the fool-world will envious be.

As proof that his advice against amassing great wealth and acquiring an extremely exalted position is sound and good, Horace takes three simple allegories from nature, the significance of which is plain to all because of the reality and simplicity of the examples. He says:

The wind shakes the tops of the loftiest pine trees;  
The higher the tower the greater the fall;  
The summits of mountains are oftenest smitten  
When lightning darts forth at great Jupiter's call.

Are not all these statements true? And is it not true that men in exalted positions are beset with temptations and trials that the man of the ordinary situation does not even know? It has been said that glory is a dizzy height, and few stand secure upon it. This is undoubtedly true. History proves it. These words were especially applicable to Licinius, for he was courted and flattered, and his ambitions to become great and renowned knew no restraint. The example of his own fall was but the result of his not having heeded the warnings of his friend Horace.

In the fourth, fifth and sixth stanzas Horace lays great stress on the noble doctrine of hope in trial. "Do not despair," he says in the fourth, "have courage in trouble, and in prosperity be not too confident, for fate is fickle. Keep your spirit in a happy restraint. Prosperity can not last forever, nor can trials; after winter comes the spring."

The fifth stanza states the same thought, as if to show the incalculable value of this doctrine. It teaches the consoling truths that troubles do not last forever, and tells Licinius to look to the future when beset with trials. To make the expression more beautiful Horace makes a graceful reference to Apollo and the lyric Muse. According to the pagan beliefs Apollo was the god of archery, of music and of poetry. By his arrows he could send pestilence upon the earth, and during the time of pestilence he allowed no Muse to pluck the tuneful strings of the lyre. When Horace says that Apollo sometimes arouses the Muse, he means that though pestilence (trials and troubles) may come upon us, they do not last forever. Apollo does not always bend his bow; he does not always send pestilence. The same god that brings trouble, takes it away.

A well-prepared soul ne'er despairs during trials,  
But fears in prosperity Fate's fickle hand;  
The same Jove that brings the bleak winter upon us  
Removes it and spreads the fair spring o'er the land.

If it's ill with us now, let us look to the future;  
Our pains and our troubles must soon from us go.  
Sometimes fair Apollo, the lyric Muse rouses  
From silence, nor always is bending his bow.

In the last stanza of the ode to Licinius, we see the same idea still continued. "In narrow circumstances," Horace says, "still be courageous and hopeful. If you are thus you will never fail in an undertaking." This is a truth that no one will deny. It is exemplified even in the most ordinary walks of life. The successful man is the man that can beat down discouragement and still work on with spirit and hope. After this last warning against despair, the song closes with an ingenious return to the first metaphor, the sea. Knowing well that Licinius' greatest danger was in his headlong ambition, Horace says: "Contract your sails in a prosperous gale, they are apt to be too much swollen:

When things go against you, be yet in high spirits,  
Undaunted in trial you never will fail,  
And wisely, too, lower your sails from the breezes,  
They are apt to be swelled in a prosperous gale.

These words close one of the most perfect poems ever written. A deep student of Horace has said: "It is a masterly ode on the virtue of moderation as the true lesson to be derived from philosophy and experience." The truths taught in this poem are lessons that the world has come to recognize as invaluable. Horace knew their worth and moulded his life accordingly. Aristippus put the "golden mean" down as the fundamental law of philosophy. Aristotle placed true virtue in the centre, away from all extremes. Christianity has not changed these principles, but has rather sought to strengthen them. Moderation is one of the chief Christian virtues. In this poem Horace shows his philosophy and religion better than in any other, because here he states a doctrine that is the sum of all doctrines. Herein he has taught a lesson to all mankind in whatever age man may live. In beauty and conception, in allegory and form, in meter and in nobility of purpose, the tenth ode in the second book rivals any ode in Horace, and surpasses many. If no other works of Horace were extant, he could by this alone be classed with the best Latin poets.

### The Voice of the Dead.

YE shades of living buds, once fair,  
 Frail leaves of gold,  
 That, falling, glint the autumn air,  
 Then sink to mould.

Unsouled ye teach inspired man  
 That life's weak bond  
 Is but a fleeting, tinselled span  
 With death beyond.

G. J. F.

### The Dempsey Air Motor Machine.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

Barney Dempsey, as he had come to be called by the people in and out of his district, was above all else a diplomat. He would have liked it better had they called him Mister Dempsey, but while he needed their votes he was willing to concede the point of being known as Barney.

Barney, although a state representative from the tenth district, was at no time called a statesman. He had worked himself up through the maze which overhangs a political district mainly through his ability along lines of diplomacy. He made it a rule never to express himself openly on any public question until it was voted on, and then he always voted with his party. If the Democrats were in favor of a bill before the house, so was Barney; but if he found his party lined up against it, there was no one who opposed it more severely than he. Only once had he ever risen to speak, and that time he was declared out of order.

At home among his constituents, Barney, because of his policy of never giving an opinion on any project until its fate had been decided, was considered to be a very wise man, for there were none among them who could accuse him of an injudicious act. He was highly conscious of the great esteem in which he was held by these selfsame constituents, and if ever there was a man who surrounded himself with a regal atmosphere when among his fellowmen, that man was Barney.

About the time that the honors of statesmanship began to fail to appease Barney's appetite for worldly fame he one day hap-

pened upon a struggling inventor who represented himself to Barney as Erasmus Hicks. He had several successful inventions to his credit according to the story which he told, but the one crowning effort of his life, it would seem, was doomed never to reach the world for lack of funds and a well-known man to give the project his name.

Mr. Hicks explained his latest invention at great length, and several times during the explanation he introduced numerous charts and blue prints which he believed would help materially to give Barney a full knowledge of the wonderful properties of the machine. When he concluded, however, Barney had about as clear an understanding of the subject as he did about parliamentary law. Of that he professed to have none. He said to his wife that it was a sort of street car with a windmill attachment which, after being started, would act in the air the same as the propeller of a boat does in water, and in this way the long-sought for perpetual motion machine would be harnessed by the hand of man.

Hicks was authority for the statement that five thousand dollars would be sufficient to establish a factory for the manufacture of the machines, and after the capitalists became aware of them, stock would easily sell at many times its par-value. There was no doubt whatever that such a machine would revolutionize all the present modes of transportation, for the energy used was taken directly from the elements at no cost to the consumer.

Hicks already had one machine completed in his workshop in a neighboring city and only a few days would be necessary for its transportation to an abandoned railroad track which lay a few miles outside Barney's home town. Once on this track, practical demonstrations of its wonderful power could be given, but until everything was ready for such tests Barney was to keep the affair private.

The whole thing took Barney much as a fever would. It was continually running in his mind during the day, and at night his dreams were filled with pictures in which the great invention was the central object. He pictured himself a multi-millionaire hobnobbing with kings and such. He could see his name handed down to posterity for

endless centuries as the man who made possible the application of perpetual motion in a practical way.

So occupied did he become that he forgot entirely about his duties as a statesman. He passed his oldest friends on the street without a salute. So deep in thought was he at all times that on one occasion when a slight shower of rain was falling he took his daughter's white silk umbrella with him on his way down town and continued to hold it over him as he went, long after the rain cloud had blown over.

It was Hick's idea that the invention should be called, "The Dempsey Air Motor Machine." This was highly satisfactory to Barney and made him all the more willing to aid in establishing the wonderful merits of the machine in the minds of the public.

Finally Hicks announced to Barney that the machine was standing on the stretch of abandoned railroad ready for demonstration. He had covered it with a large area of canvas and had established a guard over it to prevent its identity becoming known. The private demonstration was to be held at seven o'clock in the evening to ensure greater secrecy.

Barney spent the afternoon walking the floor of his library smoking long, black cigars in feverish haste. It was evident the strain was becoming great. Hicks called at the house at six o'clock, and Barney could scarce stand or sit in one position for over a second at a time. Both journeyed out to the lonely stretch of country where the machine was located and arrived there a few minutes before seven. Hicks and his assistant drew the canvas covering from the machine, and Barney beheld with wonder and awe the finely finished instrument of locomotion. It was not quite as large as the ordinary street-car and appeared to be much lighter. On the front end was built the large wind-mill-like propeller which was to furnish the energy for the movement of the machine. The center of the wheel was placed about a foot above the top of the body, and to an observer the long, curved blades presented the appearance of something capable of furnishing unlimited power.

The machine stood at the top of an incline which Hicks had built on which he ran the rails. It was necessary it should

have somewhat of a start before the propeller would become effective. After the machine had reached a fair rate of speed the movement of it against the air caused the blades of the propeller to revolve at a high speed and this in turn transmitted the power which turned the wheels of the car. This was the explanation. Hicks gave. Barney, on seeing the machine move gracefully down the incline, increasing speed at every minute, was sure, as he lost sight of it in the thickly wooded country ahead, that here, indeed, was a perpetual motion machine.

Barney was fully satisfied, and as Hicks intended to go the whole length of the track, a distance of about ten miles, he decided to return to the city and complete the last part of the program of introducing the machine to the public—that is to see the newspapers.

The next morning all the dailies came out in big type announcing the wonderful discovery which had been made, and gave in detail the connection which the Hon. Barney Dempsey had with the affair. It was also announced that a public demonstration would be given that afternoon at three o'clock at which Mr. Dempsey would dispose of twenty thousand dollars worth of stock to the first comers at par.

The fact that Barney Dempsey had committed himself on the matter was sufficient reason why that afternoon, long before the appointed time for the great demonstration, the grounds in and around the starting-point were packed by hundreds of people. A great many more were there just to satisfy their curiosity, while a very large number were well supplied with money, and were eager to get in on the ground floor in case the machine proved successful.

At ten minutes to three, Erasmus Hicks, the inventor, and Hon. Barney Dempsey, the projector, were borne to a stand which was built beside the inclined plane.

The cry of, "Speech! Speech! Speech!" went up from all parts of the vast crowd. Barney was shaking as would a man with the palsy. He had wished to go through the proceedings with an air of calmness and command, but the roar of the huge crowd rather unsettled him. He removed his hat and said with his accustomed brevity:

"Ladies and gentlemen: To show my confidence in the inventor I hand him my check for five thousand dollars." He handed the check, which same act was suggested beforehand by Hicks, as a means of showing the people what great faith one of their fellow-townsmen had in the enterprise.

Hicks, the inventor, with his assistant now took his place in the car. Word was given to release the machine and it tore down the incline. The crowd cheered loud and long. The large propeller fairly sang, its movement was so fast, and it seemed that the machine was gaining speed at every foot. A moment later it seemed as though every man in the vast assemblage clamored for a chance to purchase stock certificates. So great was the desire of the people to get these certificates that their pushing and jostling made sale from the stand impossible. Hence it was announced that the certificates would be on sale at several business houses the next morning. As quiet began to settle on the crowd some one close to the stand inquired of Barney in a loud voice if it was possible to make the machine back up. This was a question which had not suggested itself even to Barney, and as it was taken up by the crowd he became greatly perplexed. He was about to inform the assemblage that the inventor would be back in a short time, and when he came it would be seen whether the machine was backing up or running, as it had left with the propeller to the front. Before he could make the announcement another person shouted: "How do you stop it, Barney?" This inquiry nearly felled poor Barney for that too was another point of which he had no knowledge.

Barney had left the stand for the blue prints and the written description of the invention, for out of these he hoped to get the information whereby he might be able to answer the questions put to him. While he searched for these articles he hoped Hicks would return in time to clear up matters.

The attention of the crowd was suddenly shifted to a boy who was seen riding a horse at break-neck speed toward the city, on the road a quarter of a mile away. He gained the attention of every person, for it was evident that something unusual had happened. When he reached the demonstration grounds those standing around the

outskirts of the crowd rushed to him. He was seen to be conversing in an excited manner, and as he finished a loud laugh went up from his listeners. Everyone of those who had heard the conversation took it upon himself to tell his neighbor, and as this progressed the laughs began to turn to jeers.

The story of the boy was to the effect that a strange looking car was seen to run off the track into the ditch at a point about seven miles distant. Two men were observed to leave the wreck and run along a near-by road. On reaching a farm house in front of which a horse and buggy were standing they appropriated the outfit, and when last seen were making for the thickly timbered country in the lake region. The car, he said, was badly damaged. The man who owned the horse had sent him to the city to inform the police, but there was little hope of getting the thieves, as they had reached the timber country before he was well started.

The crowd roared with laughter. All respect for Barney Dempsey was shattered, for it was evident he had been taken in by a couple of swindlers. The more they came to realize the thing the louder and heartier they laughed. Everybody began to scan the crowd for Barney, but he was nowhere to be seen. He at least escaped their jeers by leaving for the city. When it was found that Barney had gone the crowd quickly dispersed. All the papers in the state were full of the account of the big swindle next morning.

In regard to "The Dempsey Air Motor Machine" the great inventor had secreted within the body of the car a large storage battery. It was by this means that the car was moved, and this also was responsible for the movement of the large, fan-like propeller which Erasmus Hicks claimed had solved the vexatious problem of perpetual motion.

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### Faith.

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Beyond the star  
Aflame afar  
In fiery glow  
Across night's sea  
A fairer ray  
Reveals the way  
To me below  
Which leads my soul to Thee, F. C.



Varsity Verse.

BY THE SEA.

WHEN the breakers roar on the cliff-bound shore,  
And the surf leaps' gainst the sky,  
Afar from the sea to their haunts storm-free  
The fleet winged sea-gulls fly.

'Neath the dark-browed sky swift storm-clouds ply,  
Racing mad with the waves below,  
While sailors in fear to the harbors steer  
Where boats rock to and fro.

A funeral song, as they dash along,  
The billows exultingly sing,  
Low chanting the fate of ship's human freight,  
On the reefs where no warnings ring.

But the dawn breaks clear, dispelling all fear  
From the fishers who wait the day,  
And the sails gleam white in the morning light,  
As they glide o'er the sea's highway.

T. C.

REAL WORTH.

Unearth yon flower-littered mound  
Where lies your hero laurel crowned,  
And see to what your fame is bound,  
What ye did trust!

A few short years of energy,  
In boasting of his pedigree,  
But now his kingly line and he  
Have shrunk to dust.

How vain and fleeting is a name,  
How false, proud world, thy truant fame,  
Thy honors and thy loud acclaim,  
When death draws nigh!  
Our goodly deeds, and they alone,  
May pass beyond when life has flown,  
To stand an ever-living throne,  
For us on high.

T. A. L.

SPIRITUAL RETREAT.

Afar is a land of mystic bloom  
And fragrance divinely rare,  
Where sunbeams twine in a sweet embrace  
And warm the soul with a holy grace  
Dispelling its misty gloom:  
In the sacred realms of prayer.

F. C.

HAPPINESS.

A little sunshine on the way,  
A little music all the day.  
A little looking for the right,  
A little slumber in the night—  
That is happiness.

A little friendship with the good,  
A little mingling with boyhood.  
A little helping of the low,  
A little pushing of the slow—  
That is happiness.

L. B.

The Heroic Soldier.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

It was a beautiful June morning in the year 1646 that Shamus O'Rourke, a young chieftain from Breffni, was seated in the home of Colonel MacMahon no great distance from the banks of the Blackwater. Beside him sat the fair daughter of the Colonel, a girl of some nineteen years.

"Yes, Helena," went on the chieftain, "this may be our last meeting, for, as you know, to-day the Confederate army under Owen Roe O'Neill will meet the Puritan rebels."

"But you are not going, Shamus?" broke in the maiden.

"I must hearken to my country's call, though she ask me to offer up the last drop of blood which flows through these veins. You will remain here unguarded while I am gone; but knowing that you are accustomed to the use of weapons I brought with me a shortsword which came down to me from my ancestors and which deals mortal blows to all who encounter it. This, the sword of the O'Rourke's, I will leave you, Helena, and when the din of battle is heard around the Confederate army, remember the perils of Shamus O'Rourke."

"I will be mindful of them, Shamus, and I will not forget you," replied the maiden as she wiped away her tears.

"Weep not, Helena, it is the voice of my country that calls. I must go to battle in defense of our altars and our firesides, to aid in freeing the country of those detestable Sassenachs, and, above all, to rid the world of *him*, who, if the Almighty had permitted it, would have snatched you away from me."

"If he shall escape your sword, Shamus, he shall not escape mine," answered Helena holding out the shortsword which O'Rourke had given her. But the chieftain did not catch the words which the maiden had uttered, and he rose to depart, for he had to arrive at Benburb early in the afternoon. Before leaving the apartment, however, he bade her a sorrowful adieu and left the imprint of a kiss upon her lips, which

was indicative of his pure and noble soul.

As Shamus sped on his way through the ravines that lay basking in the rays of the beaming sun the faint music of a distant harp greeted his ears, and the charming voice of Helena, blending with the strains of the instrument, breathed forth a soft melody which was borne towards the chieftain of Breffni on the wings of the morning breeze.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,  
And thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,  
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too.

As O'Neill reviewed his troops shortly before the conflict of that memorable afternoon he noticed that O'Rourke was not at his post.

"Where is O'Rourke!" demanded the General, greatly alarmed.

"He has not arrived yet," replied one of the officers. "He'll be here before the fun begins, for the O'Rourkes were never known to waver when their country was in need of assistance," was heard from the woods in front of which the Irish Confederates were arrayed. And straightway amid shouts and rejoicings the clan of O'Rourke issued from behind the trees and joined the army of Owen Roe.

Soon Monroe, who had encamped on the other side of the Blackwater, crossed the river and took his stand opposite the Irish army. As the Confederates advanced against the enemy, at the recollection of their violated homes and desecrated altars, such a desire for revenge burned within their breasts as the sword alone could satiate. But there was one among them whose anxiety for the fray it would be hard to describe; one who had a private wrong to settle with a certain dishonorable soldier of the covenanters. And having noticed this O'Neill approached him and said:

"Shamus, stand your ground bravely; I need but tell you that here you will encounter Major Maxwell."

At these words a smile of satisfaction lit up O'Rourke's countenance, for he remembered how the Major had attempted to bear off his beloved Helena about two weeks before. But he restrained himself for the present, and kept his eyes on O'Neill, who, seeing that the decisive moment had arrived, advanced towards the enemy saying:

"I myself will lead the way; let those who fail to follow me remember that they abandon their General."

"It will not be Shamus O'Rourke," said a voice from behind, and in a moment the young chieftain of Breffni was riding at the side of Owen Roe. The Confederate soldiers, beholding the bravery of their leader and the example which Shamus had set them, rushed forth upon their assailants and hewed them down in such vast numbers that soon the field was flowing with Puritan blood. Monroe, noticing the invincibility of the Irish troops and perceiving that resistance was vain, ordered a body of men under Major Maxwell to open a pass through the Celtic ranks.

"Shamus," cried Owen Roe, as he watched the enemy's maneuvers, "allow not Maxwell to effect a pass."

"Depend on me, General, he shall never escape alive from the heights of Benburb." And as he spoke Shamus dashed off with his men to oppose Maxwell's retreat. At the sight of O'Rourke the Major halted; but it was too late to return, and, as he well knew, the only hope of escape was through the hands of his inveterate foe.

The fiery spirit of the young chieftain was unbounded as he saw before him his detestable adversary, and having rushed upon him he would undoubtedly have cleft the miscreant asunder had not the latter been prompt in guarding off the blow, and in doing so the weapon reeled from O'Rourke's hand.

"Oh, for the sword of my forefathers! Alas for thee, Helena!" exclaimed Shamus as he saw inevitable death hovering above him. And, indeed, the upraised weapon was about to seal the fate of the young chieftain of Breffni, when a brave youth, whose uniform was that of a Confederate, dashed in upon the scene and with one blow of a short sword, whose lustre reflected the sun's rays in the ripples of the Blackwater, laid Maxwell lifeless on the blood-red field. The young rescuer seeing that the Puritans were taking to their heels with the Irish soldiers in pursuit approached O'Rourke and said:

"Shamus, that was a glorious victory. As you see, our horses can hardly tread here without stumbling over the bodies of the Sassenachs." But Shamus, who was



watching those who had gone in pursuit, hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"And whom may I thank for having saved my life to-day?"

"You may thank one who is dear to you, Shamus, and to whom you are as dear as life itself."

And thinking that reference was made to Helena MacMahon, the young chieftain answered:

"I do not wonder that you have risked your life for hers. But you will accompany me to her home, for I fear that some mischief might have befallen her in my absence."

"Most gladly, Shamus, as I am desirous of going that way myself."

"The distance is not far," responded the young chieftain, "and how glad I shall be to see Helena again and tell her that nothing can separate us any longer."

"And she'll be glad too, Shamus, will she not?" remarked the youth. But O'Rourke could not answer. There was something in his companion's voice which seemed to cast a spell over him; and when he tried to make a reply words failed the chieftain of Breffni. So they rode on in silence through the picturesque surroundings that adorn the banks of the Blackwater until they reached that part of the country where the river directs its course into the charming county of Monaghan. Here O'Rourke, gazing with an impatient eye at a large castle before them, drew near his companion and said:

"Dismount, noble sir, and enter the dwelling of the MacMahons, for it is a friendly retreat to the soldier who loves his country, and doubly so to the savior of Shamus O'Rourke."

"I wonder not that it is a welcome habitation for thy protector, Shamus. Proceed and I will follow."

Before these words were uttered the youth had bounded from the steed and was following the young chieftain into the stately domicile of the MacMahons. But no sooner had they entered than a servant rushed in greatly excited and hardly able to speak.

"What's the matter!" demanded O'Rourke, perceiving the worried appearance of the servant.

"Helena is nowhere to be found. Shortly before the clash of arms was echoed from

the heights of Benburb a mounted soldier left here, and since his departure she has not been seen."

"Why didn't you pursue him when you knew she was missing?" retorted the chieftain almost exasperated.

"It's well for himself that he didn't," broke in the young soldier, who till now had remained silent. "What would you say if I told you it was my steed that carried off Helena MacMahon?"

On hearing this O'Rourke's wrath knew no bounds; and he was about to draw his sword, but the composed demeanor of his companion somewhat soothed his fiery passion, and his hand dropped powerlessly to his side as the chieftain of Breffni thought of his escape at Benburb. Silence reigned throughout the castle of the MacMahons for some moments, and a close observer could readily perceive that a violent struggle was taking place within the troubled breast of O'Rourke. At length he approached his companion and said:

"Sir, it is not because I do not love Helena that you escape my vengeance; but when I fain would unsheathe the sword my arm is powerless, and a voice seems to say to me: 'Strike not, Shamus, strike not.'"

"I see that you are a worthy lover and not less upright than Helena considered you," replied his companion.

"May God look down on me as favorably and may the friendship which has grown up between us not vanish as quickly as it came."

"Then let it be so, Shamus," was the reply. And with the right hand the young soldier drew forth a blood-stained sword from its scabbard and laid it at O'Rourke's feet; while with the left the covering which served as a protection for the head was removed and immediately a mass of beautiful hair fell down upon the charming apparition. The blood that stained the brilliant short sword was that of Major Maxwell. The young soldier proved to be Helena MacMahon.

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THERE are many things in which they who have only industry and method are quite as sure to attain their end, as they who have talent.—*Spalding*.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 23, 1909,

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—The old students of Pittsburg are an object-lesson in the kind of college patriotism that counts. The circular sent out by their committee urging

A Lesson in Loyalty a large attendance at from the the Notre Dame-Pittsburg Pittsburg Old Boys. game makes one feel that every man down there is a

live wire. Through the well-worded document there runs a spirit of fine loyalty which time and contact with the work-a-day world seem not to have diminished. Such a spirit is as rare as it is refreshing. Too often when students leave here and take up other work, the links that should bind them to their university home are broken in the push and jostle of the world of affairs. Too often they manifest no special interest in the continued development of their *Alma Mater* when they pass beyond her gates. Too often also they get the impression that once they go out from the immediate care of the University they cease to be of any special interest to her any more. This should not be. The same feeling that binds one to his home and to his country, should bind him to his school. It is his first love. Therein he sowed and gathered in his harvest of knowledge. Therein he felt the first sentiments of patriotism as they were brought to the surface in the struggles of the athletic field, or in

those higher forms of contest which brought mind against mind in the academic arena of debate. A man who attends a university, remains for a few years and passes out, without carrying with him a feeling of solid loyalty and love for the institution wherein doubtless the brightest years of his life were spent has not derived a full measure of benefit from his educational experience. In his hours of work and worry memory should take him back to familiar haunts, to familiar friends. There are stretches of lonesomeness, of heart-aches along the road of every human life. Memory can take us back through stretches of time to our schooldays when care-free we wandered. The very remembrance will sweeten our sorrows. The true student is the loyal student, be he of the past or of the present. He is loyal not for shame's sake or by words, but in his heart, by reason of his large love. Pittsburg old boys give evidence of the right spirit. Doubtless the same wellnigh fanatic loyalty exists in other cities. Unity, devotion and a commendable desire to be doing things will bring the light from under the bushel.

—Experienced pedagogists tell us that very little training can be given by the teacher alone. His position is essentially that of a guide or director.

Literary and Debating Societies. As to the student himself, it depends more upon what he does out of the lecture room,—in the library, at his desk, in the laboratory,—as to whether or not he will make a success of his studies. Educational institutions have recognized this, and as a consequence, we find them at the present day laying great stress on these distinctive phases of student life. But there is another department in this line, which is perhaps often neglected, where it might be more widely adopted with the happiest results; that is literary and debating societies. The world to-day needs efficient public speakers, and trivial as it may seem to the uninitiated, there is an ever-increasing demand for the popular entertainer; not the man that can make a fool of himself by the murdering of a comic recitation, but the man who is able to sing a song, render a piano solo, present a comic, dramatic, or pathetic selec-

tion,—and do it well. We are often forced to deplore the utter lack of grace and self-confidence displayed by otherwise well-educated men in public addresses; such faults necessarily destroy whatever force a man's words may possess, eloquent though they be in themselves. Would not a little of that public experience in youth, perhaps, have eliminated the greater part, if not all, of these incongruities? Our college societies, whatever else be their aim, can certainly succeed in doing all this. As a matter of other commendation, it might also be mentioned, that they teach the student the working principles of parliamentary law, give him a practical knowledge of up-to-date questions, and, above all, bring him into an intimate and closer connection with the intellectual side of his own everyday companions.

—Every once in a while a protest is raised against the abuse of the liberty of the press, but the voice is as of one crying in the wilderness. For

**The Press and the Present** some strange reason  
**Trouble in Spain.** the press delights, like the trickster Puck, in

leading astray its credulous readers. A most remarkable case of this singular attitude of the daily press is the stand taken with regard to the present troubles in Spain. Almost without exception the metropolitan newspapers have sneeringly referred in editorial squibs to King Alfonso's conduct in the execution of Ferrer, as inhuman and unchristian, or, at least, impolitic. Headlines in heavy type announce that all Europe is aroused in protest, while the text of the despatch says that anarchists are holding riotous meetings and throwing bombs, shouting, "*Abajo la iglesia!*" "*Vive l'anarchie!*" While there is no willful distortion of facts, a very wrong impression is created, for the average reader gets most of his knowledge of foreign affairs from headlines. If the unthinking editors only knew with whom they are making common cause! Ferrer represents the worst type of a most dangerous class,—the educated leader of the radical socialist party that is gnawing the vitals of Latin government. He has been a constant menace to law in Spain for several years. He was forced to suspend his school

a few years ago for supposed implication in the attempt of the Calle Mayor on the life of the King. His disciples, men and women, are sowing seeds of discord broadcast, though, God be thanked, there are but few of them in this country. The King of Spain should be congratulated instead of reviled for the firm stand he has taken, and his defamers justly rebuked instead of encouraged in their dishonorable practice.

—There appeared in the *South Bend Tribune* of October 18 what, perhaps, was considered by the scribe thereof a racy piece of small talk about Heze

**An Explanation.** Clark, Coach of the Rose Poly football team. The SCHOLASTIC

has no special interest in the scribe, unless it be a yearning for his head at this moment since his nonsense makes this writing necessary. It is needless to assure Mr. Clark that every man here has the highest appreciation of his sense of fair play and fine decency. He knows too that no one connected with the University would ever write anything in any way reflecting on his position as a sportsman and a gentleman of rare parts. So far as the SCHOLASTIC has been able to learn, the squib in question was not written by any person from Notre Dame, and we are all sorry the stranger did not hunt elsewhere for football gossip.

In athletic contests Notre Dame shuns the cheap policy of faultfinding and whining. In victory,—and we have had our share,—we shake hands and congratulate ourselves and feel that life is indeed rosy. In defeat—we have drunk of that also—we grin and bear, and hope for better luck next time. Notre Dame does not whine, she does not rehash time-worn stories about unfair umpires, nor does she encourage her charges to bring home hard tales about bad treatment. We just work along, meeting old-time rivals and newcomers. Win or lose, we hope to be game. We are more interested that men should have a right concept of our spirit and policy than a high appreciation of our teams. And there are few men whose good opinion in this respect we cherish more fondly than we do the opinion of our friend and well-wisher, Mr. Heze Clark.



Honor to Colonel Hoynes.

Seldom if ever in the history of the University was there such a demonstration accorded to one held so high in the respect of the students, as the banquet tendered to Colonel William Hoynes, at the Oliver Hotel, Oct. 13, welcoming him back to the Deanship of the Law Department after an absence of a year in European countries.

At seven o'clock the members of the law classes assembled in the banquet room and stood at their places awaiting the arrival of the guests for whom subpoenas had been issued. Presently Rev. Fathers Cavanaugh and Schumacher, Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Prof. G. A. Farabaugh and the guest of honor, Col. William Hoynes, entered and were received with applause. Mr. Farabaugh acting in the dual rôle of judge and toastmaster called the court to order. Nothing was wanting to the joviality or festivity of the occasion.

As the "soft blue veil of vapor" began to transcend, Mr. Farabaugh arose, and with the characteristic expertness of a toastmaster, introduced Leo F. Buckley, '11, in behalf of the Junior Class as a "sample of legal brilliancy." In a masterly address he developed the thought that, "As Father Sorin created the University, so did Colonel

Hoynes create the Law Department." His remarks were very fitting and appropriate.

Paul J. Donovan, '10, responded to the toast "His Honor, The Client" in an able manner. Otto A. Schmid, '12, in behalf of the Freshman, rendered a most eloquent tribute to the Colonel. His toast was perhaps the most oratorical of the evening, being replete with rich metaphors. George W. Sands, '10, on "Leading Cases" met the demands of the assembly by citing in pleasing fashion excerpts from the decisions of famous Moot-Court trials. His talk was frequently punctuated with laughter and at the end vigorously applauded. During the intermission Mr. Farabaugh took leave of the court to "twine a bit of myrtle" around the history of his former professor.

James E. Deery, '10, responded to the toast "The Classes," and delighted the banqueters with a choice selection of humor. In closing his remarks Mr. Deery presented a cane to the guest in behalf of the classes. The Colonel arose amid applause that lasted fully five minutes and reached the corridors. He was visibly overcome and there was a hesitancy in his speech as he expressed his appreciation for the "kindly welcome" and "thoughtful remembrance." His response was in that cheery, gentle, paternal way that has endeared him to all his classes. He eloquently appealed to the boys to be under all circumstances, "honest, upright, truthful men."

The occasion would have been commonplace had not the worthy toastmaster called upon the guests to supply the desert of the evening. President Cavanaugh was first on the menu of intellectual sweets. In his characteristic way he charmed the assembly with his delightful sallies on his time-honored friend, the Colonel. In closing he paid a lasting tribute to the man who had fashioned men's minds and whose lives were exemplified in the life of their teacher, emphasizing what has been so nobly said: "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Father Schumacher touched the right cord in everyone present when he said: "Be honest, boys, because it is right." Hon. Timothy E. Howard filled the cup of honesty to overflowing. The deep sincerity of his remarks could find no better exemplification than in his own noble life.

### Personals.

—Arthur Drum, student 1906-7, is in the employment of the Freehold Realty Company, Pittsburg.

—Howard McAleenan, of Peoria, student for the past six years, was here for the Rose Poly game last Saturday.

—Joseph Donahue of Kokomo, Indiana, student in Pharmacy last year, paid a visit to his brother and friends here this week.

—Robert L. Bracken (LL. B. '09), successful in the legal profession at Polo, Ill., was recently married to Miss Lillis Laurence of that city.

—Through some unaccountable mistake the name of Mgr. Callaghan of Boston was omitted from our list of distinguished visitors in last week's issue.

—Robert Beechinor, student 1898-9, is now in Tonopah, Nevada, engaged in mining work. He will return to the University in January to complete his studies.

—Edward Frauenheim, student 1906-7, especially famous because of his connection with the German band here that year, is in business with his brother, the concern being the Specialty Foundry Company, Pittsburg.

—Mr. Charles A. Campbell of Philadelphia, who was a student here forty-four years ago visited the University recently. He noted many changes since the good old days when he was here.

—On Tuesday Ignatius McNamee (A. B., '09) went from here to Washington where he was joined by Wesley J. Donahue, C. S. C. (Litt. B., 1907). On Thursday the two silver-tongued orators left New York for Rome, where they will complete their theological studies.

—Leo J. Hannon (M. E., 1909), who went to Panama immediately after graduation to accept a splendid position with an engineering firm, is meeting with success. Leo bore a remarkable record as a student, and is fulfilling the promise of his years here.

—The Hon. David E. Shanahan, of the Illinois Legislature, and Mr. Thomas Carr, of the United States Customs Service, Chicago, were among the visitors last week. It was a pleasure to meet these distinguished gentlemen, and we hope to see them soon again.

—Patrick M. Malloy (LL. B., 1907) visited

last week at Notre Dame. Mr. Malloy is now of the firm of Davidson & Malloy. He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time, excelling chiefly in forensic eloquence. He goes out into the great western country a noble example of what *Alma Mater* expects of every one of her sons.

—Francis J. Kilkenny (Com'l '93), visited the University last week. Mr. Kilkenny occupies a confidential position with Mr. Lawrence J. Murray, Comptroller of the Treasury, Washington, D. C. At present he is greatly interested in the Irish Home Coming Association organized by him and having for its object to encourage Irishmen to visit the old land in 1910. Mr. Kilkenny deserves great credit for planning this vast enterprise and for carrying it so far towards successful completion.

### Safety Valve.

Do not, Mr. Prep, say *skermage* for *scrimmage*, and as you cherish the memory of your ancestors, don't say *guy* for *person*.

\* \*

There are twenty-two red-heads in the University, bald heads not counted.

\* \*

N. D. to her warriors: Sons of mine, do your duty this P. M.

\* \*

As for knocking, let it not be so much as mentioned.

\* \*

Hon. John Tully gets through tackle with the information that Walsh hall will have house-warming when the radiators get settled.

\* \*

In regard to the Dome—hands off!

\* \*

May we say without knocking, that St. Joseph expected to beat Sorin, but did not, and Sorin did not expect to beat St. Joseph and was not disappointed.

\* \*

The joint law classes did themselves honor in honoring their Dean. He is a man distinguished in his profession, yet with a vision wider than the horizon of legal quiddities. His fine nature has not been

soured by time; rather, like rare wine, it has mellowed with years. He has hosts of friends from the President of the University, who found time to break bread with the lawyers and their honored guest, down to the least among us. *Ad multos annos*, Colonel!

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Suggestion to Carrollites: Save up all your old gab in the wash-room before breakfast for Cartier Field.

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Retreat next week followed by exams. Let us be cheerful.

#### University Bulletin.

The students' Annual Retreat beginning Monday evening will be preached this year by Right Rev. James J. Keane, Bishop of Cheyenne. The exercises will be concluded on Monday, Nov. 1st, at the eight o'clock solemn services.

Examinations will be held on November 2d and 3d. Class-work counts 50% of the bulletin mark. Students who are entitled to make up the work missed at the opening of the term should secure a permit from the Director of Studies.

Students wishing to enter the Sophomore, Junior and Senior contests in oratory, preliminary to the Breen Medal contest Dec. 4, should hand in their names to Prof. Speiss without delay. The preliminary contests will be held about the middle of November.

#### Local Items.

—Exams are only a week off.

—Oh Pickles! McCarry got a letter.

—An electric clock has been installed in Holy Cross Hall.

—The South Bend contingent is growing in numbers at each football game.

—The Walsh Hall roof gardens have undergone a successful inauguration.

—Mickey says that Prof. Spiess wants to know who stole the sheet-iron thunderstorm from the stage to patch the dome.

—Lost—"Remington's Practice of Pharmacy." Probably left in Brownson wash-

room. Finder please leave with Brother Alphonsus.

—The removal of a number of old fir trees from the park in front of Walsh hall has made a decided improvement in the appearance of the campus.

—Indian summer caused the trees to bud, and they were almost ready to leaf when the cold spell came, and now the leaves are leaving (Freshman humor).

—A very comprehensive course of readings has been assigned to the Sophomore English class. The first instalment includes poets and poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

—At a meeting of the Senior Class held last Monday afternoon it was decided to allow the Senior Law men a proportionate representation on all committees, including the Dome board.

—Last Tuesday Walsh Hall had 45 occupants. Nearly all the rooms had radiators in them, and every blue face has disappeared. Hruza was the last Brownsonite to enter the new hall.

—Several rows of bleachers have been moved from the west to the east side of the gridiron for the accommodation of the students. The west bleachers have been reserved for visitors.

—John Tully says that the person who mistakenly removed the English book from his desk would do well to return the same (the book, not the desk) in order to avoid trouble—on Tully's part.

—The Parliamentary Law class of the Law Freshmen has reorganized. At the first meeting, held last Monday, the following officers were elected: President, C. J. Hagerty; Vice-President, M. J. Brennan; Secretary, Otto Schmidt. The class will hold regular weekly meetings.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society met last Sunday evening for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Peter Meersman was chosen President; Paul Byrne, Vice-President; James Devitt, Secretary; Chas. Murray, Treasurer; Gilbert Marcille, Chaplain; and Joseph Grobarski, Sergeant-at-Arms. The enrollment of the society so far numbers thirty-four.

—The Apostolate of Religious Reading has at present 120 volumes. Since its estab-



lishment, ten copies of "A Missionary's Notebook" have had 84 readers; and seven copies of "Fabiola" have had 47 readers. Some of Christian Reid's stories bid fair to equal these two books in popularity.

—"Resolved that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited by law" was the subject adopted for general discussion by St. Joseph's Debating Society at their last regular meeting. A recitation by J. Huerkamp, "Navigation of the Air" by Geiger, a reading by "Bill" Williams and a talk by Milroy, made up the other numbers of the program.

—The Holy Cross Literary Society held its first regular meeting on Sunday, Oct. 17. The program was largely impromptu and included a vocal selection by Mr. Mulloy, a reading by Mr. Heiser and an impromptu debate by the society. A committee, composed of Messrs. Wenninger, McDonald and Toole, was appointed to revise the constitution. Considerable routine business was transacted, after which the meeting adjourned.

—A laudable attempt is made to systematize rooting. A rooters' meeting was held in the big gym on Monday afternoon, and Deery and Attley were chosen cheer leaders. Yell-practice was held Thursday and Friday. Heretofore we have been compelled to rely solely on the, at least, abbreviated encouragement of Old College; but this system has its disadvantages, for when the wind is westerly, the sound fails to carry across the fence, and the well-meant enthusiasm is wasted on the desert air of the diamond.

—The Junior Class held a most interesting meeting Tuesday evening. The chairman of the dance committee decided that he was ready to plant the first instalment of funds, so President Heyl proceeded to raise the necessary wherewithal. One distinguished member of the class became so enthused that in a moving oration he conveyed the intelligence that the increased duties which the lengthening of the Arts and Letters course brought to bear on him made it impossible for him to go scouting for a maiden fair, but he wished, nevertheless, to be considered a live member, and begged the committee, with tears in his eyes, to accept his humble contribution. Fine work, Tom! But what will Ophelia have to say about it?

#### Athletic Notes.

Last Saturday the Rose Poly team met an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Varsity on Cartier Field, Captain Edward's men piling up a total of 60 points to 11 for the down-state boys.

The name of Heze Clark is one that has always been respected at Notre Dame. Heze has the rep, not only of having been a star half-back, but of always having been a good square sporting man. Now we know that Heze also is a good coach. With several of his best men out of the line-up because of injuries received in the Vanderbilt game, the down-state team put a game fight all the way, although it was evident from the start that they were out of their class. As it was, the Varsity backs tore through Poly's line and circled the ends almost at will. Miller was a regular whirlwind. Time after time when it seemed as though his advance must be stopped, he managed to wriggle out of the grasp of his opponents and carry the ball many yards farther. It was the same form that he exhibited at Indianapolis last year which gained him a place on the all-state team. Hamilton ran the team in good style and executed some pretty forward passes which were received by Collins, Philbrook, Dimmick and Dolan. As a result of two of the forward passes, Collins made a run of fifteen yards for a touchdown, and Philbrook ran about half the length of the field for another score.

Both of Poly's touchdowns were made on flukes. On one occasion Schmitt attempted an onside kick. Bill was a little slow, and before he could get the ball off he was borne to the ground by several of Clark's men. The pigskin rolled a little to one side. Capt. Standan happened to be looking in the right direction, saw the oval alone and unprotected, scooped it up and began his way hastily towards our goal-line. Philbrook started after him, but captain of the red and gray forces had too much of a lead and continued on his way without interruption. In the second half, Poly managed to get the ball well down toward our goal-line and tried for a field goal. The kick was blocked and bounded into Wentz's

hands. Wenté was headed towards our line at the time, and was too surprised to stop, so he ambled over the line, scoring Poly's second and last touchdown. Bradford kicked goal.

The Line-Up:

Notre Dame (60)		Rose Poly (11)
Matthews, Duffy	L. E.	Roll, Reben
Philbrook, Keller, Edwards	L. T.	Wenté
Edwards, Keeler	L. G.	Davidson
Lynch, Brennan	C.	Offut
Dolan, Glynn	R. G.	Black
Dimmick, Dolan	R. T.	Standeau
Collins	R. E.	Larsen, Shook
Hamilton	Q.	Bradford
Miller	L. H.	Strauss
Ryan, Schmitt	R. H.	Baker, Root
Vaughan	F.	Hoffner

Touchdowns—Miller, 4; Vaughan, 3; Philbrook, Dimmick, Collins, Ryan, Standeau, Wenté. Goals from touchdown—Ryan, 3; Schmitt, 2; Bradford. Time of halves—25 and 20. Referee—Enslie of Purdue. Umpire—Campbell of Penn State. Timers—Wasson of Notre Dame, Butler of Rose Poly. Head linesman—Kane of Georgetown.

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VARSETY NOTES.

Eckersall knows a good thing when he sees it. Did you read his write up in the *Chicago Tribune*?

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\* \*

The Varsity squad has been materially strengthened by the addition of Freeze, Moloney, Moriarty, Attley, and Kelly. The first two mentioned have won football monograms.

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\* \*

Moriarty's work in the scrimmage last Tuesday tickled the scrub supporters. He carried the ball several times for substantial gains, picking holes like a veteran.

\*  
\* \*

If Red Kelley is as good on the gridiron as he is on the diamond, he will have no trouble at all in filling a backfield or end position in a satisfactory manner.

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\* \*

Wednesday's scrimmage leaves lots of room for doubt in our mind as to the result of to-day's game. The Varsity play seemed somewhat ragged.

\*  
\* \*

Hamilton's defensive work in the scrimmage last Wednesday was a pretty sight. Three times he saved the Varsity from being scored upon by splendid tackles.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL

The St. Joseph and Sorin teams met in conflict on Cartier Field, Sunday, Oct. 17, and after battling for forty minutes, retired without either side having been able to score.

That it was a fight to the finish may be adjudged from the fact that time was taken out for some injured player after nearly every scrimmage. Great credit is due to Coach Collins of Sorin and to Coach Miller of St. Joseph, as well as to their respective pupils. From the number of substitutes lined up on the St. Joseph bench it would seem that the hall spirit over there is far from being on the wane. This has ever been the case. It would pay some of the dwellers of other halls to live a little while in St. Joseph, and try to imbibe somewhat of this enthusiasm. But although the Sorin squad was weak in point of numbers, they more than made up for this by their plucky fighting. Every man on the team was in the game for all he was worth, and in the second half especially they outclassed St. Joseph, keeping the ball in the latter's territory until the last few minutes of play.

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One of the features of the game that caused the wise ones to sit up and take notice was McDonough's punting. Mac responded nobly every time he was called upon and booted the oval forty and fifty yards at a clip. Howard, full-back for St. Joseph, was the bright star of the game. His work was almost phenomenal, particularly on defense. Not a tackle was missed by him whenever the opportunity offered to make one.

Funk, Zink and McDonald, all played a splendid game for St. Joseph, while Rice, Kennedy, Keefe, and Brislin showed up well for Sorin.

The line-up:

Sorin (0)		St. Joseph (0)
Kennedy	L. E.	McDonald, Hilkert
		Coffman
McDonough	L. T.	Finnegan
Dietrich	L. G.	McSweeney
DeLandro	C.	O'Brien
Lennartz	R. G.	Murphy
Hughes, Trumbull	R. T.	Ruthkowski
Rice	R. E.	O'Mara, Walsh
Washburn	Q.	Kane, Smith
Brislin, Ely	L. H.	Zink, O'Mara
Keefe,	R. H.	Funk, Smith
Ennis	F. B.	Howard, Funk
Time of halves—Twenty minutes. Referee—Matthews.		
Umpire—Kelly.		
		L. C. M.