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Fancy.

THOMAS A. LAHEY. '11.

THE thing I saw on the mountain height
Was a corsair astride a steed;
And he rode along like a flash of light,
His long hair loose,—'twas a pretty sight,—
As he leap'd from the cliff full speed.

The thing I saw on the rocks below
Was a jumble of blood and stone.
With a madman's cap on the hillside snow
And an up-turned face, and a dark-red flow,—
And he died with a madman's groan.

Eucharistic Congress at Montreal.*

REV. P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.



FROM near and far people crowded every available train and boat to reach the city of the great Eucharistic Congress. Our boat proved no exception. It was jammed. Sitting room with a few feet of deck space was the best we could secure—and we were glad to secure that. The clouds hung low all morning and varied their weather offering from a heavy mist to a drizzling rain. So the much-heralded trip along the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands was seen as through a glass in a dark manner. Withal, even in that dark, dreary, cold trip of sixteen hours, when every summer cottage looked the picture of a house deserted, and every tree about it weighted down with rain, one could discern the possibilities of the scene under the glory of a summer sun. We passed over the

manifold rapids, except the last and—as they say—the worst. The boatmen balked at this, even as they had balked for several days before and after, not because it was in any degree dangerous, but because they were some hours behind the schedule time and preferred to let us land farther up the river.

The landing place proved to be Lachine, a suburb of Montreal. The passengers did not get off the boat for some hours—at least many did not. No train was in waiting and they were kept in a sort of quarantine till one arrived. They were crowded around the lower deck, awaiting patiently the hour of their deliverance. Probably it came, but some of us didn't wait to find out. Under the inspired leadership of one who seemed to understand conditions, several of us climbed out to dry land near the stern of the boat and were lost in the night. We found an interurban car and reached Montreal in safety.

Montreal! the city of the Congress! Already on that Tuesday evening it was alive to the days of glory that were presently to come upon it. In the glow of electric lights one could notice that the work of decoration was progressing fast. The signs of the time were everywhere: in the crowded street cars, in the coming and going of men and women on the sidewalks, in the rush at hotels and restaurants. It was rung out from the steeples of churches, and was shouted from the throats of newsboys. Along the line of procession were the white arches and the towers from which were to float the papal colors and bannerets of the Blessed Sacrament. Montreal was a glorious city that night; yet not with a human glory as of earth, but as with a divine glory as of heaven.

The Congress was opened on Wednesday, September 7, at St. James' Cathedral, by the

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reading of the message of His Holiness Pius X. proclaiming His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, special envoy of the Sovereign Pontiff. Then followed an address delivered by the Cardinal Legate to an audience that took up every available inch of space in the massive cathedral. Cardinal Vannutelli is not an orator in the generally accepted sense. His voice lacks the depth and carrying power essential to sway vast throngs. It is high-pitched and metallic. Withal, His Eminence gives the impression of earnestness, which is very probably as effective as the oratory of the schools. At midnight on Wednesday the Church of Notre Dame held about sixteen thousand people—mostly men—who were present for the Pontifical Midnight Mass. From the point of view of edification and as an expression of intimate Catholic life, the most notable exercise of the Congress took place here. Six bishops, including the Right Rev. celebrant, distributed Holy Communion for two hours to several thousand men. It was half-past two when the last communicant had received the Sacred Host.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday were partially given over to sectional and general meetings. As many of these meetings took place at the same hour it was, of course, impossible to witness the proceedings of all of them. These assemblies were divided somewhat as follows: General meetings were held in the Church of Notre Dame, from which the Blessed Sacrament had been removed. These meetings were held on Friday and Saturday evening, with an average attendance of sixteen thousand people at each meeting. The vast audiences were in a receptive mood and brimful of enthusiasm; but with few exceptions the orators scarcely measured up to the splendid opportunities offered for high eloquence. General meetings in English were held at Windsor Hall, at which topics of interest to clergy and laity were discussed. The general sections in French were held at the National Monument and Laval University which corresponded to the English meetings held at Windsor Hall. Special English meetings for the clergy took place at Sacred Heart Convent. The meetings for the French-speaking clergy were held at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Special sections were arranged for men at the Arena, while the women gathered in large numbers at Stanley Hall. It is quite beyond the province of this sketch to give even the briefest outline of the excellent papers read

at the different assemblies. In general, there was a complete absence of any efforts at oratory, as in most instances the subjects assigned needed explanation and breadth of discussion rather than afforded themes to quicken emotion.

There were three outdoor processions. The Catholic young men of Montreal, to the number of ten thousand, marched through several streets and finally wound up at the Arena where they were addressed by the Papal Legate. They were variously grouped off into societies and military companies, and each preceded by its distinctive banner and all marching to the martial music of ten or fifteen bands. The children's parade is variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty thousand. Perhaps eighteen thousand is a fairly accurate guess. The little girls presented a very pretty spectacle in their white dresses and flowing veils. The boys were not so carefully looked after, and whatever of artistic merit they presented resulted more from variety than from uniformity. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament will be taken up presently.

The weather during the Congress was far and away ahead of what one might expect. For days before it had rained and rained till people began to forget blue sky and warm sun. It rained once during the Eucharistic Congress week. To be more exact it poured. That was Thursday night. People heard the deluge on their roofs, the lashing as of whips against their windows. Friday, 8:30 a. m. was set aside for the glory of the outdoor Mass on the wide acres below Mount Royal. The morning was dark and still. The streets were muddy, the street cars and automobiles and conveyances of every age and shape were mud-bespattered; the sloping field was soggy; the trees stood silent in the gloom of the clouded sky; every flag and banner and every piece of exposed bunting hung like a dead thing from tower and painted pole. Fifteen thousand had gathered on the sloping plain, and their number was swelling by a thousand with every minute. Then came word that the great outdoor Mass was postponed till at the same hour Saturday. Silently—perhaps disappointedly—the throngs turned their faces toward the city. Prophets shook their heads and said: "Tomorrow will be worse." Seers stood in groups and doled out wisdom about "pulling it off today." But prophets and wise men fell by the wayside and no human ear at Montreal

heard the "I told you so" of the man who always knows.

Saturday morning was a glory for a poet to revel in. Not a cloud soiled the vast expanse of blue sky, and the sun was a splendor climbing toward the zenith. Picture a massive white altar with trees still green for its immediate background, and beyond them, towering high, Mount Royal that is now immortal next after Tabor and Calvary. Below, a human ocean that neither surged nor murmured. It was silent and expectant and reverent. To the right of the altar one hundred and twenty bishops in purple cassocks and lace surplices were seated on a sloping platform. To the left, a choir of men numbering two hundred and fifty occupied a corresponding position. A large open space to the front was set apart for some three thousand of the reverend clergy. There was a pealing of bells from a specially constructed belfry. Presently they ceased and Most Reverend Archbishop Farley of New York with his assistants approached the massive altar. The outdoor Pontifical Mass was begun. The choir of two hundred and fifty voices, accompanied by a band, took up the music of the Mass. The singing was simple and harmonious throughout, free from solo offerings and dramatic climaxes. It was the music of the Church, sonorous and prayerful, which will haunt for years the memories of the two-hundred and fifty thousand people who heard it. After the Gospel, Archbishop O'Connell of Boston stepped to the front of the altar and paused for a moment to measure with his eyes the vast multitude whose faces were turned to him from the wide stretch of plain below. "Look around you," he said, "and consider well the full beauty and fuller significance of this wonderful scene. Nature and grace, earth and heaven are blending here all their varied splendors. For a moment this Mount Royal has become a second Tabor, and the very heavens have opened above this hallowed place where the angels of God descend in silent adoration around the throne of the Holy Eucharist." This brief selection may be called the keynote of Archbishop O'Connell's sermon. It was a dignified appeal for spiritual uplift by meditating on the time and the scene, rather than a purely dogmatic discourse on the Holy Eucharist. His voice was clear and resonant and carried far.

The appearance of the Papal Legate, who

had been present for a short time at the Pontifical Mass at St. Patrick's Church, which took place on Saturday morning also, presented an element of the dramatic. His carriage drawn by four horses and accompanied by fifteen or twenty outriders, was first seen on the street beyond Fletcher's Field. Just at the Offertory the carriage paused directly below the altar. The Cardinal descended and, preceded by the cross-bearer with a bishop on either hand and some dozen pages holding up his train, walked up the roped aisle to his throne. Cheers greeted him, which he promptly silenced with a gesture, for the Holy Sacrifice was going on.

After the sermon in French by the gifted Dominican, Father Hage, which was delivered at the end of the mass, the Papal Legate, bishops and clergy walked down the roped aisle to the street. For some unaccountable reason the people got through the ropes and filled up the open space. The bishops' carriages were slow in getting away, people kept crowding in to reach the mile of street-cars that could not begin to accommodate them, and for a while the hierarchy, representing many lands, were pushed back and forth in the surging crowds. Finally the police got the situation in control, and two hundred and fifty thousand people left Fletcher's Field without accident.

On Sunday, the closing day of the Congress, Cardinal Vannutelli sang pontifical mass at St. James' Cathedral, and our own Cardinal Gibbons, who kept in the background all during the Eucharistic week, delivered the sermon. The Cardinal's sermon was simple in style and was given over chiefly to an explanation of the teachings of the Church in regard to the Holy Eucharist. It was reinforced with Scripture and apt anecdote which indicated at once the close student and book lover. Toward the conclusion of his sermon the Cardinal turned to the Legate and addressed him as follows:

"My dear Lord Cardinal Legate: Two years ago it was my good fortune to take part with Your Eminence in the celebration of the Eucharistic Congress in London. And now it is my distinguished privilege to participate with you in this great Congress of Montreal. Your Eminence will agree with me that this city well deserves the name of Montreal—The King's Mount; for has it not been dedicated this week with all possible splendor to the King of ages, who dwelleth on high?

"I know well how your heart has dilated with exultation and joy in contemplation of the scenes of the past few days. Your Eminence will be able to recount to the Holy Father the success which has crowned this Congress from beginning to end, thanks to the admirable foresight and guidance of the Archbishop of this city. You will tell His Holiness of the manifestations of faith and the outpouring of Catholic devotion which have marked its progress. You will speak of the solemn public procession through the streets of Montreal, without let or hindrance, but with the cordial co-operation and approval of the civic authorities and the piety and enthusiasm of its devoted people.

"You will speak of the love feast we enjoyed as a family of devoted children assembled around the spiritual Father of the faithful, whom we recognized and revered in the person of Your Eminence, his worthy representative."

The great closing procession began to form at half-past eleven on Sunday. By half-past twelve the first columns were marching to the base of Mount Royal. It was seven p. m. before the Papal Legate reached there, bearing the Sacred Host. The procession took about six hours to pass a given point, and the marching was rather rapid. It is impossible to estimate the crowds that stood along the line of march. Either side of the streets through which the procession passed was lined with solid masses of people. Perhaps a million persons were present that day in Montreal. Perfect order prevailed. Here and there along the line a well-drilled military company or neatly uniformed society was applauded. But in every instance this was long before the Sacred Host came in sight. The Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Club of New York, the Hibernians, the Cadets of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, in gold and white uniforms, received ovations all along the route. Some two hundred men, of every age and profession, appeared in the simple brown habit of the Third Order of St. Francis and proved unique figures in the immense procession. There were bands without number. Representatives of nearly every parish in the Archdiocese of Montreal flowed on and on in a seemingly never-ending stream. Chinese and Indians in native costumes were marching side by side with the white man. Members of the different religious Orders—Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, Holy Cross, Oblates, Marists and many others—

wearing their distinctive habits were picturesque figures in the great onward march. The secular clergy, some in cassock and surplice, some in red or white dalmatics, some in white or red chasubles, were there to the number of three thousand. Then followed the bishops and archbishops, wearing the cope and mitre, each attended by two chaplains. They numbered very probably one hundred and fifty; and as they passed, a part of the great procession, they looked indeed worthy successors of the Apostles. Acolytes bearing candles, some fifteen thurifers swinging censers, a guard of soldiers composed of the 65th Canadian regiment—and then the high canopy appeared, beneath which walked Cardinal Vannutelli bearing the Sacred Host. It was a solemn moment. The throngs on either side were hushed to silence and knelt in adoration while the Lord of the Tabernacle passed by. Cardinal Logue, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Bruchesi followed, accompanied by their chaplains. The Mayor of Montreal in his uniform of office, the Premier of all Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, federal judges, aldermen and other city, state and federal officers brought up the rear of the procession. It was fully seven o'clock before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given from the altar on Fletcher's Field. After the immense throngs were blessed by the Sacred Host from monstrance uplifted by the Cardinal Legate they dispersed quietly. Thus the week of Eucharistic triumphs was brought to a fitting close, and those who witnessed the manifold splendors will long remember the scene and the time.

A Question of Sanity.

C. L.

Spring was abroad upon the world. Like a soul it quickened every dead thing. Tree limbs that awhile ago stood naked before the winds of the frozen lakes were rich in fresh young leaves that took in the dew and waxed large in the warmth of the sun.

"They're coming," said Phil, as he glanced over a letter he had just received.

"Who?" questioned Berger who happened to be about at the time.

"My sisters. Didn't I tell you?"

"No. How many are they?"

"Twenty - seven. How many do you suppose?"

"I don't suppose anything, I simply ask."

"Well, just two."

"Ages?"

"Seventeen and twelve."

"Names?"

"Say, you're no Pinkerton detective I hope."

"Come on—the names."

"Marie and Ethel."

"Marie and Ethel—Ethel and Marie."

Berger weighed the names in the balance of his brain.

"Of course, I expect an introduction."

"Sure thing. They'll be honored; also their parents and most remote ancestors," answered Phil.

"Now, Phil, there is a time for everything—for church and baseball, for heavy drama and light acting. Just now I'm for heavy drama."

"Well, you're certainly a heavy actor," which reference to Berger's weight had been doing service as a witticism ever since that young man was enrolled as a student.

"Phil, I must tell you one thing. You have your place in this world as pretty nearly everybody has. They call it vocation or avocation or something like that. Now, I don't know what your special work in this world is. But I do know you'll never make a comedian because you're not witty. Moreover, never try to be witty. Whenever you try, you're a ninety-nine per cent failure."

"Well, you put on such formalities about an introduction to my sisters that I can't see any sense to it," replied Phil.

"You can't see any sense to it! Then how do you suppose I am going to meet your sisters if you don't introduce me?" questioned Berger.

"Why, just walk up the front steps and say 'I'm Berger, of whom you have heard so much.'"

"Nonsense—Westfield is in the back woods, if that's how you act there."

"Well, that's how we act. We don't understand any other way. My sisters don't understand any other way."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Berger who was now at the very brink of belief.

"Of course I do."

"And you think I should introduce myself in that way?"

"It's the only way they know. Isn't that sufficient?" Berger stood at the brink of belief

no longer. He plunged in head first.

"When do they get here?"

"Tomorrow at nine-thirty."

"I'll be there—at the front porch. Don't forget," was Berger's final warning as he went off to his room.

Phil picked up his books and set out for his Chemistry class. He quickened his pace and caught up with Joe who was moving slowly with his text-book open. He was making final preparations for an oral quiz.

"Say, Joe, I've just pulled off one on Berg."

"What is it?" Joe kept on reading.

"You know Marie and Ethel are coming tomorrow?" Yes, Joe knew they were coming; in fact Phil had told him so a month ago. Indeed he knew the girls themselves very well, having visited at Phil's home during the Christmas holidays.

"I told Berger that the only kind of introduction they will understand is for him to walk up the front steps of the porch and say—'I'm Berger of whom you have heard so much.'"

In an instant Joe's book was closed.

"Will he do it?"

"Sure thing. He promised."

"I'll be there as sure as life. I'll bring Donlan and Maxman and Moon along."

"That's understood, of course. But what bothers me now is how my sisters will take it. 'Twill be funny to us, but 'twill be mighty odd to them."

"Well, just make it odd." Joe's brain was already working at high speed.

"Yes, but how?"

"Phil, you're a common everyday dray horse—nothing more, nothing less."

"Have mind upon your health. Tempt me no further," Phil was continually calling up Shakespeare.

"So you don't see?" They were nearing Chemistry hall and Joe's time was limited.

"No, I don't," Phil confessed.

"Then," very loftily, "I shall enlighten you. When you see Berger rounding the church, call your sisters' attention to him by saying 'There comes a very nice fellow but a little off. He always walks up to strangers and says: "I'm Berger of whom you have heard so much." Of course you will explain that his name is Berger, that he is perfectly harmless and that everyone round here understands him; that his present condition is due to being hit on the head by a baseball while young."

"Will it work?" asked Phil doubtfully. They were now walking up the steps of the chemistry building.

"Much better than I will at quiz this morning," Joe assured as they passed through the door.

Marie and Ethel arrived and their coming meant rec for Phil. At nine-thirty they were not on the front porch. To be exact, they were coming out from Washington Hall at that time. Phil and Joe were with them. Joe took it on himself to act the guide.

"That dome," he explained, "is the highest in the world."

"Higher than the dome of the capitol?" questioned Marie in surprise.

"Yes, just five inches higher. They intended to build the dome of the capitol higher than ours, but they had a strike or ran out of bricks or something."

"Too bad!" Marie assumed an expression of abiding regret.

"That building is the post-office; twenty-eight million letters pass through it every day."

"Twenty-eight million!" came from both girls simultaneously.

"Yes, sure thing."

Marie looked at her brother, but said brother's face told no tales.

"You surely do not mean to say that twenty-eight million letters pass through that post-office every day?"

"Yes, your ladyship, I certainly do."

"I can't believe it," said her "ladyship" with finality.

"I probably should have explained that I referred to the letters of the alphabet."

"Well!" exclaimed both girls in supreme disgust, and then they all laughed.

Moon, Maxman and Donlan joined the party in the afternoon, but Berger had not put in an appearance. In the evening they were examining certain pictures in the large parlor when he entered. He advanced in his grandest style, lifted his hat and said: "Ladies, I am Berger of whom you have heard so much." They looked at Berger of whom they had heard indeed, for their brother had mentioned him. But they were not prepared for the type of Berger that stood hat in hand before them. Joe was somewhat behind Berger. In an instant he caught the girls' inquiring eyes and in almost the same instant shook his head mournfully and described a circle on his forehead with the

index finger. They understood, the more so when Phil whispered ever so softly—

"A little off, but perfectly harmless."

Marie offered her hand. "Why, yes, we have heard our brother speak of you very often, Mr. Berger. Indeed, we almost know you."

"I'll bet Phil has been saying all kinds of things about me?"

Joe again shook his head and looked the picture of complete hopelessness.

"All kinds of *nice* things," corrected Marie.

"That's pleasant," was the only idea that suggested itself to Fritz at the moment. An awkward silence followed during which the four other lads gazed in silent sympathy at Berger. The girls looked away at one of the paintings by way of seeking relief.

"Can't anybody talk?" questioned Berger. The lads remained silent and stared at him with steady eyes. The girls began to feel uncomfortable.

"Miss Donnelly," said Fritz, who was determined to keep talking, "I'm afraid you find us boys very dull."

"The pictures are very interesting," answered Ethel.

"So they are." Berger noticed the sly admission as to the dullness of the company. Presently he walked over to a celebrated landscape painting. "Perhaps you would like to look at this," he said addressing the young ladies. He turned to switch the electric light on for better effect. The girls were about to go over when Phil and Joe whispered to them to be careful. Berger turned round to find they had not moved. His fellow-freshmen still kept looking at him with the same dreadful stare. Berger lost patience.

"What's the matter? Are you fellows crazy?" The thing was so utterly ridiculous they could not keep up the farce any longer, but burst out laughing. Ethel looked at her brother and then at Joe. So the young man wasn't insane after all. She felt she ought to be angry and so did Berger. But the young readily forgave.

"Miss Donnelly, you have been insulted, I have been libelled. I propose our revenge. Are you with me?"

"Yes, if I may."

"You have promised Joe for the sophomore hop tomorrow night. In view of his conduct this evening, come with me."

"I accept your invitation, Mr. Berger, just to prove I consider you perfectly sane."

Varsity Verse.

ACCOMPLISHED.

One sought to paint that joy which makes a heaven.
But fancy would not pierce the bending blue,
Till weary grown, he knelt with soul new-shriven;
Then angel-voices, and he whispered—"home!"
T. A. L.

FOOLS AND FOOLS.

This man was never known to hunt a snipe nor rock
a boat,
He never sought the gas leak that exploded;
He was never known to argue with an angry billy goat,
But he looked into a gun that wasn't loaded.
J. F. O'H.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Just as a bird with wings outspread
Into the blue will tend,
Just so good thoughts though never said,
To heaven above ascend.
B. E.

IN CORBY.

In Corby once there lived a man
Whose name was Isidore McCann;
He went to town most every night,
For skiving was his chief delight.

He came home late one night, 'tis said,
And found the prefect near his bed;
He counted stars till break of day;
He ain't the same since then, they say.
O.H.

SUNSET.

The final song of day is sung
And to his cloudy bed
He sinks—while vesper bells are rung—
With golden plumes outspread.
P. M.

SIC SEMPER.

Freddy had a baseball,
Freddy had a drum,
Freddy had a great big
Stick of chewing gum.

Freddy had a sister,
(Cutest little thing)—
Freddy wanted music;
Freddy said to sing.

Sister said she wouldn't—
Freddy said, "All right;
You can sing or whistle,
Or you'll have to fight."

She was an insurgent;
Freddy got her goat:
The darling shoved the baseball
Down her precious throat.

Freddy tucked her snugly
In his little drum,
Rolled her down the hill and
Went on chewing gum.
J.

HERE'S HOPING.

Today,
By the way,
N. D. has gone to play.
M. A. C.—
Gee!
Believe me,
You'll see
Some football by our Varsity.
It appears,
So one hears,
Mid doubts and fears
The "Aggies" have not lost
A single game to foreign host
For seven golden years.
Well,
They must be swell
And play like,—
O dear,
Never fear,
We won't be so rude
As have that single naughty word intrude
His rough personality here;
So here's hoping
'Gainst all kinds of doping,
That after Varsity's game
The "Aggies," submissive and tame,
Will say,
"A well-a-day!
We turned earth and heaven
And made it seven.
On eight
Straight
We had a great big hunch:
Well, it's all over now—that N. D. bunch!"
L.

IN OCTOBER.

O the woods are gold and glory,
In October.
And the air is full of story
In October.
While the reckless fancy flees,
Like the busy honey bees,
To the sweets in memory's leas
In October.

O the winds are perfume laden,
In October.
And the sky's a blushing maiden,
In October.
If perchance there come a day
For a wedding,—and there may—
Why, the world's in best array
In October.

O the world is like a treasure,
In October.
Like a heaped o'erflowing measure,
In October.
For the seeds in springtime sown,
And to fruit in summer grown,
Nature yields unto her own
In October,
C. C. M.

A Heroic Deed.

A. A. HILKERT, '11.

The war of the Rebellion had been in progress for three years. The North was steadily gaining ground. General Lee, as a last resource, resolved to send General Early with his cavalry to raid the regions bordering the Ohio. Early, with a promptness characteristic of him, immediately moved his troops into Kentucky to begin operations. Many days were spent in pillaging and destroying. Fields rich with golden harvests were turned into deserts. Villages were sacked and burned. In fact, Early's men gave this beautiful region the appearance of a land accursed by God. They were wont to go out in small bands determined upon committing deeds that would outdo any that could be narrated in the evening around the camp fire.

It was on such an excursion as this that Oliver Thurston chanced to come upon a beautiful plantation nestled among the trees of a thickly wooded forest. Hailing his companions he pointed out the plantation which lay before them as a helpless lamb before wolves. With great haste they dashed through the thicket, and before anyone was aware of their presence, had obtained complete control of the situation. Thurston entered the house and at the point of the pistol commanded the inmates to step out.

The household was composed of a middle-aged lady, well dressed, and bearing the unmistakable marks of refinement, a small bright-eyed boy of ten, a golden-haired girl of six, and several servants. Greatly surprised and frightened at the sudden appearance of Thurston, the inmates of the house obeyed his mandates without any demonstrations. When safely in the hands of Thurston's companions a rigid examination was begun. Upon their refusing to declare that they were sympathizers with the Confederacy their hands were bound and a guard of two men placed over them. Thurston and his companions straightway entered the house and began rummaging its contents. One of the men chanced upon a letter which revealed to them it was Captain Summer's house they had in control, and that Captain Summers was a soldier in the Union Army and at present with Sherman in Georgia. This

information seemed to satisfy them. Without further ceremony they stripped the house of all its valuables. Everything was investigated; every nook and corner was searched. Whatever appeared valuable was taken. The remainder was left lying about the floor to be trodden under foot.

Mrs. Summers, seeing her beautiful little home, the work of fifteen years, pillaged and ruined in a few moments, displayed remarkable courage. Not the least sign of emotion gratified the intruders. Amidst a crowd of weeping servants she stood as calm and courageous as any war-tried veteran could have stood. She, indeed, deserved to have a brave soldier for a husband.

When Thurston and his gang had collected all the valuables of the house and had taken as many of the horses and cattle out of the stable as they could manage, they unbound their captives, commanded them to return to the house, and then set out on their journey back to the camp. As the troopers disappeared among the trees and underbrush, Mrs. Summers sent up a sigh to heaven laden with a prayer that this horrible war might come to an end. She then turned to her children and servants and told them not to weep, for incidents such as this always follow in the footsteps of war. "Things will soon be different," she said, "when papa returns."

* * * * *

Just six months later as the winds were howling among the trees and the drifting snow was banking itself against the doors and windows Mrs. Summers was seated beside the hearth surrounded by her children and servants. She was reading a passage from the life of Christ which told of Christ's wonderful charity towards His enemies, when a knock was heard.

"John," she said, addressing one of her servants, "go see who's there."

John quickly returned with the reply:

"It's some poor beggar."

"Show him in," said Mrs. Summers, "perhaps we can help him."

The servant returned to the door and bade the beggar enter.

The man with feeble steps and bowed head slowly entered the room. His right hand was clasped tightly around as much of his left arm as he had left with the evident purpose of alleviating pain. As the man approached the fire Mrs. Summers scanned his face.

"That face!" she exclaimed. "It seems to me that I have seen that face before." At these words the beggar raised his eyes.

"My God!" he cried, "Mrs. Summers, is it you? Don't give me up. For God's sake, don't give me up."

"Give you up to whom?"

"To the Union army."

"Oh! I see. I know now. You were one of the soldiers who raided my house last summer."

"Yes, I was. But don't give me up to the Union army. You see the condition I am in. I have just escaped from one of their prisons after being condemned as a spy. I had one of my arms shot off while making my escape, and for three days I have wandered about in this forest without a bite to eat or even so much as a cave to shelter me. You have children. Oh! then think of my children, who are this very moment sitting about their mother asking when their father shall return. Please don't give me what I deserve, but have pity on me."

Mrs. Summers remained silent for some time. She looked at the poor wretch before her and then at her children. Thoughts of his wife and home flashed through her mind in rapid succession. She thought no longer of what this poor unfortunate man had done to her just six months ago, but only of his wife and children who were awaiting him. Her generous nature conquered. Turning to her children she said:

"Christ forgave those that wronged Him that we might do likewise." Then turning to Thurston she said:

"Fear not. You shall not be turned over to the Union army. On the contrary, you shall remain with us tonight. Your wounds shall be cared for, and tomorrow you shall be on your way to your home and children."

The Endurance Race.

FRANK BOOS.

"Where's White?" asked Louis Gérot, the French aviator, who sat guiding his bi-plane.

"'Bout a mile behind and flying low!" I yelled, for the engine was making a terrific racket.

"Fool!" muttered the Frenchman and turned the wheel half a revolution to the left. The landscape was slipping into hazy obscurity.

"There's Cloverdale," I yelled looking at

the brass clock at my feet, "and we are ten minutes' late."

He shoved the lever a few notches forward, the engine responding instantly.

"How's fuel?" he roared.

"Low! only four gallons!" I answered, looking at the gage.

I stood up cautiously and with difficulty, the wind pressure being very great. Clambering over the seat, oil can in hand, I stepped from one support to the other. For the first time in my career as a mechanic did I feel overcome with terror. I looked down. Trees, fences, houses, passed with amazing rapidity. If the frail bamboo supports on which I was standing should give way! The engine oiled, I hurried back to my seat. The fuel supply had gone down two gallons.

"Go up!" I yelled, "it's easier travelling. Not so many cross currents."

Up we went, up, up, until the speeding earth looked miles away and the clouds very near.

"Will we make Trenton?" I asked.

"Got to!" was the sullen reply.

Suddenly there was a series of irregular explosions.

"Spark!" bawled Gérot. I darted to the batteries. The engine stopped.

"They are run out!" I yelled.

"Then God have mercy," answered Gérot.

He gave the descent lever a vicious yank. So abruptly did the plane shoot down that I was nearly hurled into space. He twirled the steering gear and we wheeled and circled.

"We are losing headway! We've got no chance! Whatever happens, stick to the plane and pray," said the Frenchman.

I did not answer. The air howled around my ears as we tore downward. I clung to the seat. We toppled upside down. Everything grew red and blue and green. My fingers slipped. I was gone! Sailing around in the black sky with an awful roar in my ears. My heart pounded. My lungs ached. My brain went round and round. Suddenly the world ceased to exist.

When I awoke I was in a farm house. The farmer answered my questions as fast as I fired them despite the doctor's orders. I had fallen from the bi-plane into a pond and had received but slight injuries. But Gérot, poor Gérot, stuck to his machine and was killed outright. He had his dream. Wonder how many more such dreams comes true?

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—The mission now conducted for the students of the University, if viewed from the proper standpoint, will be given careful consideration.

Students' Mission. One's attitude toward it will be the same as toward any other work which goes to make a truly finished man. Such an attitude necessarily implies earnestness in application to the subject-matter of the mission, a sincerity of purpose and hearty co-operation in the requirements of the exercises and the directions of the missionary. Were it not important it would not be given, and the fact that it is given ought to be a sufficient guarantee of its importance. A retreat well made will result profitably, and a retreat poorly made will not only be time lost but responsibility incurred. Above all the opportunity of making a mission should be considered a privilege, and it is sincerely hoped that all will make good use of the privilege.

—This is a historic day at Gettysburg. It should prove so to every Catholic of the Union, and in a very special manner to every son of Notre Dame. The warrior priest who left the peaceful haunts of religious life for the stirring scenes of war is to be made immortal in bronze on the rock from which he pronounced general absolution on thousands of kneeling soldiers

who heard the bullets of battle whiz above their heads. The tribute is well deserved. The man, the place, the time are eminently worthy,—Father Corby, Gettysburg, the crisis in a terrible war; the priest, Christ-commissioned to minister where his ministrations are needed irrespective of race, color or political ties; Gettysburg, the never-to-be-forgotten field where strong men set stern faces one against another for the conservation of the Union or for the absolute sovereignty of the individual states; the time, when every thunder of cannon scattered wide a harvest of dead on the sodden grass. Considered in its entirety the scene offers to poet, painter or sculptor an inspiring theme: the priest on the rock, the vast army with lifted faces eager to receive the consolations of our hallowed faith, the silence save for the words of forgiveness wafted on the winds of heaven. It was a great moment, and the exercises which commemorate that moment should serve to awaken the highest and tenderest emotions in those who are privileged to witness them.

—This afternoon the Standing Committee of the college department of the Catholic Educational Association will begin its annual meetings here at the Catholic Educational University. During the sessions the program for Helping to Unify the annual congress to be held in July will be gone over in detail and other equally important matters will receive careful consideration. The Catholic Educational Association has been eminently successful from the beginning, and has reached a point in its development when its usefulness is apparent and its continuance assured. It has exercised a broadening influence in all our Catholic colleges; it has lifted us from a degree of isolation to a measure of unity and co-ordination. While the resolutions drawn up and adopted from year to year are not compulsory, yet they have proved fruitful of most helpful suggestions. The movement tends to unify our educational system from the university to the grammar school. We need this unity if Catholic education is to enjoy a full measure of efficiency. We need it all along the line, in our entrance requirements, courses of study, debating and athletic contests. With such unity, no need to worry about our "big fours" or "big eights."

—South Bend has had the opportunity in the last two plays, "Madame X" and "A Fool There Was," to judge for itself the evil effect of Ibsen and his followers.

Plays and What They Teach. Both of these plays are typical of the so-called "modern thought." The lessons the former teaches are: crime and degradation should not be looked down upon; the mother's love for her son is more commendable than the love of God and her soul's salvation; even though an individual descends the lowest rung of wretchedness, society should still welcome him with open arms, unrepenting though he be. The second play teaches us there is no hope, all is despair once the devil tempts us. In this the hero falls into the thralls of the devil, in the shape of a woman, and, despite all influence—the love of a good friend, of a wife and child, and even of his better self—that can be brought to bear upon him, he is dragged down, and in the last act we find him still in the devil's clutches, the curtain coming down upon a horrible death. We were just going to say that managers of theatres should exercise judgment in the selection of plays—but it is crying in the wilderness.

—The time is rapidly approaching for the annual oratorical contest for the Breen medal and for representing the University in the state oratorical contest held at Indianapolis. The event is one which has attracted the best talent of the University in past years and one for which the reward is worthy of the effort. Last year, however, witnessed a remarkable apathy on the part of the students; very few entered their names as contestants, and the senior class was without a representative in the tryouts. It is sincerely to be hoped that this year will see an awakened interest in the "lost art," for the record made by Notre Dame in the past in public speaking has set a high standard for the present generation to maintain. Reports from other schools show that their students are working hard to make a creditable showing in this year's contest, and every man here should feel it incumbent on him to see that Notre Dame is worthily represented. Inexperience need not be a bar to an honest attempt. Nothing was ever gained that was not attempted, and an earnest trial is needed

to bring out the good that is in us. **Begin now;** select a live topic for a subject and put forth a sincere effort on it; then go in to win.

—People should appreciate those who are good to them. How true this is of the relation between the student away at school and the loved "ones" at home. The "ones" at home have made it possible for us to be here, some by great sacrifice, perhaps. What do they ask us in return for all this? Merely that we should show the proper appreciation for their sacrifice. They are anxious to see signs of this appreciation. There are two ways in which this can be done—the bi-monthly bulletin and the letter home. The latter is, perhaps, a better criterion than the former. One may slide through his classes and still get a fair mark, but the letter tells just what we really are. The letter is the real expression of a man's character. Newman says "the real life of a man is in his letter." The student who writes a careless letter home is not only showing a lack of appreciation, but is inflicting a pain. No one worthy of the name will willingly do this. To avoid it one must be thoughtful in the matter of home correspondence.

Hart, Schaffer and Marx Prizes.

The following from the University of Chicago received during the week is self-explanatory. It is to be hoped that some of our Economics course men will be competitors for the prize.

Notice has been given that Notre Dame University students who wish to compete for the Hart, Schaffer & Marx prizes should forward their essays to Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago by June 1, 1911.

The prizes are offered for the best papers on economic subjects. They amount in all to \$2000 and this is the seventh year of their existence. Winners in the past years have come from Harvard, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, Washington and Lee, Michigan, Chicago, Northwestern and Pennsylvania.

The prizes are divided into two classes. Class "A" includes any American without restriction. The first prize is \$1000 and the second is \$500. Class "B" includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college, but a contestant in Class "B" is eligible to a prize in Class "A." The prizes in this class are \$300 and \$200.

The Robley Concert Company.

The Robley Concert Company appeared in Washington Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The performance was of the mediocre quality if we except a few special features, such as some of Mr. Robley's impersonations. The sketch of college life lacked the touch of nature; it was far-fetched. The singing of the quartette was lacking in harmony and expression; the final number might have been omitted to advantage. On the whole, the entertainment was suited to the tastes of the younger students, and they seemed to enjoy it immensely.

The Rummel Concert Company.

The Rummel Concert Company appeared in Washington Hall on Thursday, Oct. 27. The performance as a whole was acceptable, though we have seen more successful entertainments. Mr. W. M. Rummel rendered several selections in a manner which showed that he is a master of the violin. The reader was not powerful in her impersonations and her choice of readings was not such as would best show her talent. Mrs. W. M. Rummel performed very creditably on the piano.

Society Notes.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

At the meeting of Notre Dame Council No. 1477 in Walsh Hall last Wednesday night the matter of the initiation of a class of candidates was taken up and held over until the next meeting for final settlement. It is understood that the initiation will be held shortly after Christmas; all applications for membership should be in and acted upon before the holidays. The matter of raising the initiation fee to fifteen dollars will be taken up at the next meeting for definite settlement. At the conclusion of the business meeting Rev. Father Carroll entertained the members present with the story of the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal.

BROWNSON LITERARY.

The fifth regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last

Sunday evening. The debate was postponed on account of the time being taken up in the discussion of business matters. However, the following members gave extemporaneous speeches: Messrs. Reidmann, Hanrahan, Kevirn, Daly, Walters, Taylor, Schindler, Mulcahy, Durbin, Mahony, Clark, McCarthy and Scott. Mr. Morrissey resigned as treasurer of the society and Mr. J. Enright was elected to fill the office. A motion was made and carried to have the Notre Dame notes in the *Indiana Catholic* read when they are of interest to the society. The following resolutions were adopted: "Be it resolved, that we the members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society of the University of Notre Dame, do hereby endorse the movement for the erection of a monument to the memory of Orestes A. Brownson, philosopher and writer, whose name this society is proud to bear. Be it further resolved, that we put forth our best efforts to promote this noble work, which merits the highest consideration."

ST. JOSEPH LITERARY.

At the meeting held Sunday, Oct. 16, the St. Joseph Literary Society elected its officers for the coming year. William Zinc was unanimously chosen president. The other officers are: honorary president, Brother Florian; vice-president, William Milroy; secretary, Patrick Barry; treasurer, John Burns. Father Schumacher was chosen spiritual director and Father O'Donnell, critic. A new constitution and by-laws were adopted at this meeting.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary Society held its regular session on Sunday, Oct. 22. The program consisted of a recitation by Mr. W. Sobolewski, a song by Mr. J. Toth, a piano solo by Mr. A. Brown, and some impromptu remarks by Mr. A. Heiser. The special feature of the evening was the inaugural address by the president, Mr. J. McElhone. The reports of several committees were discussed and adopted and considerable routine business was transacted. The spiritual director, Rev. G. O'Connor, closed the program with a few apt and well-received remarks.

PHILOPATRIANS.

In the regular meeting of the Philopatrian Society last Wednesday evening, an interesting program was enjoyed. The following recitations were given by members of the society: James Casey, "The Smack in School;" John Long,

"The Bald Headed Man;" John Whittenberg, "The Countersign;" Byron Brettlinger, "The Soldier's Reprieve;" C. Colby, "Kentucky Philosophy;" Jos. Madigan, "The Bootblack."

THE CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society held its regular meeting last Wednesday night. The reading of papers and the discussion of a question constituted the main entertainment of the evening. Elmo Funk read a paper on "The Relation between Railways and Public Highways." The paper pointed out the dependence of one upon the other and the importance of both to commerce. "The Mathematics of Surveying" was discussed by Mr. Romana. Mr. Romana showed how mathematics are indispensable in Geodetic and Astronomical surveying and how it is a great help to the ordinary surveyor. Mr. Sanchez delivered a very interesting paper on "Water Supply." In his paper Mr. Sanchez called attention to the fact that the greatest plagues and epidemics have been caused by the polluted condition of water, and therefore the importance of the exercise of special care in the purification of water. The "Distribution of Heat" was well explained by Mr. Duque. This question was open to general discussion and several points were thus brought to light. The next regular meeting of the society will be held November 9.

Personals.

—W. P. Rhodes (student '64-66), Savannah, Ill., visited the University Tuesday last.

—Varnum Parrish (Litt. B. '08) was a visitor at the University last Sunday, leaving here for Chicago.

—Jacob Young (B. S. B. '08) is in charge of the Science Department at Huntington High School at Huntington, Ind.

—James H. Bach (C. E. '07) is dean of the Mathematics department at Columbia University in Portland, Oregon.

—Frank Zink (A. B. '08) is located in the Water Works Department, Canton, Ohio. In his spare moments Frank is practising law.

—Adolfo Duarte (Short Course Electrical '09) has been sent to Argentine in the service of the Automatic Telephone Co., of Chicago. Ill.

—Edward Savord, a former member of the 1912 law class, renewed acquaintances at St. Joseph Hall last Saturday.

—Malachy D. Clarke (LL. B. '10) is located in a law office in St. Paul, Minn. "Mal." sends greetings to all his friends at Notre Dame and says he is getting along fine.

—James J. Flaherty (Ph. B. '08) is teaching in Manlius, Illinois. This is his third year in the work and he likes it well. There can be no doubt about his performing it conscientiously. We know Jim.

—Leonard F. Smith, student in '04, '05 and '06 is the Democratic Candidate for County Surveyor of St. Joseph County. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him the best of luck in the coming elections, November 8th.

—Writing of Father L'Etourneau's death Mr. W. A. Pinkerton, of the Pinkerton detective agency, an old student of the University, says: "I recollect him so well and received so many kindnesses and encouraging words at his hands, that I can not help but feel very sad to know that he has been taken from us, even although he lived to a ripe old age. He was a grand man, one whom all the youngsters loved in my days at Notre Dame."

—President Cavanaugh has captured New Orleans. Of his discourse at the laying of the corner-stone of Sacred Heart parish school the *Daily Picayune* writes:

Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of Notre Dame University, delivered a masterful oration on "Christian Education" yesterday afternoon, at the ceremony incident to the laying of the corner-stone of the new parochial school being erected in the Sacred Heart parish at Canal and Lopez Streets. His matchless eloquence held the assembly for more than an hour, and he was compelled to acknowledge the applause for several minutes. It was a tribute to the importance of Christian training which will long be remembered by those who heard it, and its value will be felt in renewed interest in the cause, not only in that parish but by Catholics throughout the city and state.

The clergy, who attended in large numbers, were profuse in their praise of Father Cavanaugh, and he was invited by many of them to make an effort to spare the time to come back to the city and speak in their churches.

The other New Orleans papers are equally enthusiastic in their words of praise. Today the President took part in the exercises of the unveiling of the statue of Father Corby at Gettysburg.

Calendar.

Sunday, Oct. 30—Brownson Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph Society.
 " Band practice after mass.
 " Football game. Brownson vs. St. Joseph.
 Monday, Oct. 31—Confessions.
 " Orchestra practice.
 " Band practice 3 o'clock.
 Tuesday, Nov. 1—Feast of All Saints, Recreation.
 " Solemn mass, closing of the mission.
 Wednesday, Nov. 2—Bi-monthly examinations begin.
 " Philopatrian Society.
 " Civil Engineering Society.
 Thursday, Nov. 3—Bi-monthly examinations.
 " Sorin vs. Corby football.
 Saturday, Nov. 5—Michigan vs. N. D. at Ann Arbor.
 " Excursion to Ann Arbor. No classes.

Schedule of Examinations.

Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1910.—Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively. Classes taught at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Classes taught at 9 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively. Classes taught at 2:15 p. m. and 5:15 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

Christian Doctrine classes will be examined Tuesday, Nov. 1, 7:00 p. m.

Local Items.

—A camera has been found—owner may have the same by calling on Father Lavin and identifying property.

—The "Aggies" have not lost a game on the home field for seven years. We hope to break it up this p. m.

—Soon the campus will be lined with the "boys in blue." Already the University band is practising martial airs.

—Walsh hall used to have a society last year. No reports of its whereabouts up to the present. Get busy, Walsh.

—Men are at work on Cartier Field changing the baseball field from a "skin" to a grass diamond, thus making it like "big-league" style.

—The last glory of summer is St. Edward's park. The large, rich flower-beds are as healthy as in mid-June, and not a touch of winter is seen on the green, well-cut grass.

—A long row of swings has been set up in Carroll hall playground. This should help the Carrolls to pass dull care away during rec periods.

—An *Arctomys Monanox*, better known as a woodchuck, has been added to the zoölogical collection in Science Hall. He volunteered his services Monday by appearing on the campus during morning rec.

—The tailor of the Pettibone Co. was at the University Wednesday and Thursday taking the measure of the men who are to join the Battalion. The uniforms will be the regulation cadet blue and will present a natty appearance on parade.

—Entry slips for the Fourth Annual Inter-hall Handicap Meet, to be held Nov. 1st at Cartier Field may be obtained from the hall managers or from Coach Maris. All those with any athletic ability are especially urged to enter.

—Despite the small mountain of earth placed at the end of the car line, the trolley again hurled itself into our midst during the week. The motor man as usual blames the brakes. The brakes up to the present have made no defense.

—The cheering at Saturday's game showed possibilities, but was far from what will be needed at the Michigan game. Every man should do his utmost in this line to help bring back the championship. Get them together, "Jimmie."

—That tennis is constantly growing in favor here at the University is evidenced by the fact that the only court we have, St. Joseph hall court, is constantly in demand. The demand for more playing space will soon be met by more courts. Already Walsh hall has one under construction.

—The department work of the SCHOLASTIC is as follows: Local, John Murphy; Classes and Societies, John O'Hara; Lectures and Concerts, Francis Wenninger; Personal and Calendar, Paul Rush; Varsity Athletics, Arthur Hughes; Hall Athletics, Ralph Dimmick; Varsity Verse, Thomas Lahey; Editorial, John Tully, Charles Miltner, Peter Forrestal.

—Great rejoicing was the lot of the Sorinites Monday evening over the arrival of their new piano. A jolly crowd assembled to listen to John Devine sound forth on its keys. Refreshments were not served, but Mr. Havican entertained the crowd with a rendi-

tion of that pathetic and oft-repeated little ballad, "A Face on the Bar-room Floor."

—Two class meetings relative to the junior prom were held this week. The sophomores have asked the juniors for the date of their dance, and have suggested that the junior social function be postponed until the end of the year, when it shall take the form of an entertainment in honor of the seniors. Committees of both classes are considering the advisability of the change.

—The Notre Dame Battalion is fast becoming a reality. Already Captain Stogsdall has rounded out a goodly number. Sorin especially has shown enthusiasm in the move, contributing over seventy of her sons to the good cause. A meeting of the candidates was held Wednesday afternoon in Washington Hall. Captain Stogsdall was very much pleased with the outlook. He stated those of the senior and junior classes who are found worthy will be made the officers of the Battalion. Practice will be held three times a week during regular class periods, those attending being excused from class. There seems no reason why Notre Dame men should not make use of this great opportunity to gain the advantages of a military training.

—At the mass meeting held in the gym. some time ago a trip to Ann Arbor for the Notre Dame-Michigan game, Nov. 5th, was decided upon. Special rates have been secured from the Grand Trunk Railroad for the round trip. To secure these special rates it was necessary for the management to guarantee at least two hundred and fifty students to take the trip. It was further decided to take along the band to help out the Notre Dame rooting section. Mr. James Cooke was chosen cheer leader, and is now busy making arrangements for the occasion. Mr. James Hope, who has the trip in charge, states that the tickets will be on sale at the gym. between 12:30 and 1:30 p. m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday before the game. The condition under which these tickets will be sold is, that every student obtain written permission from home. The expense of the trip will be three dollars and ten cents car fare, fifty cents admission to the game, and forty-five cents to pay for the expenses of the band, making a total of four dollars and five cents for each man.

Athletic Notes.

BUCHTEL PROVES EASY.

The Buchtel football team from a scenic standpoint is all that one could expect. Every man on the team is a husky fellow with lots of spare weight well adapted to his avocation. In order to fulfil the many rumors which gained attention in these parts previous to the advent of the visitors they should simply have made their appearance and retired after a brief signal practice, for their work in the game was a bit disappointing. A statement concerning something about the color yellow being mixed up with our team was attributed to the Buchtel coach. For the benefit of coaches who are to come, it might be said that that particular shade is on the index at Notre Dame. We are gold and blue always, and we even went a little better last Saturday. Buchtel's touted ability failed to make its appearance last Saturday. The Varsity led off strong from the go, playing the old-style game in a way that brought the bleachers to their feet when Philbrook carried the ball over for the first score of the day after about four minutes' play. Philbrook and Captain Dimmick proved the bright particular stars of the game. Both these men hit the line in a manner that would make even boiler-makers grow weak from fear. Time after time did the star tackles plunge through the opposing line for gains of many yards.

What was probably the feature play of the afternoon took place when Philbrook on a tackle around dropped the ball, but stopped long enough to regain it, and after shaking off three men eluded the whole defense, making a touchdown after a run of 75 yards.

The second score of the game was made when Clippinger dodged through an open field for a run of 65 yards and a touchdown. A heated argument between Matthews and Gemis in the first period of the last half over some particular phase of the new rules made it necessary for these men to retire to a more secluded environment and thereby gave Dorias, the freshman quarterback, a chance to show himself to very good advantage.

Collins and Crowley broke up many of the visitors' plays by effective work behind their line. The line-up:

NOTRE DAME (51)

Collins	L. E.
Philbrook	L. T.
Kelly, Duffy	L. G.
Foley	C.
Stansfield	R. G.
Dimmick	R. T.
Crowley	R. E.
Matthews, Dorias	Q. B.
Clinnin	L. H. B.
Ryan, McGinnis,	
Bergman	R. H. B.
Clippinger, McGrath	F. B.

BUCHTEL (0)

Wilcoyt
Zimmerman
Criss
Selby
Scott
Conrad
Fleming
Gemis
Akers
Bethel
Jackson

Touchdowns—Philbrook (2), Clippinger (2), Dimmick (3), McGrath, Clinnin. Goals from touchdown—Matthews, 2; Dorias, 3.

MICHIGAN AGGIES THIS AFTERNOON.

The Varsity is on its first trip away from home this afternoon playing the Michigan Aggies at Lansing. The Aggies are a strong team this year, as their contest with the Wolverines demonstrated. Rumors are not the foundation for this species of dope, and there is no doubt whatever that if the Varsity comes away victorious this afternoon they will have played their hardest game of the present season. Coach Longman has been working his men at top speed during the week in preparation for this struggle. About twenty men will be taken on the trip, and it is thought that two sets of backs will be used in order that the team will be saved as much as possible for the big game a week from today at Ann Arbor.

MICHIGAN NEXT.

A year ago next Saturday our football team journeyed to the home of the Wolverines and put over the surprise of the athletic season. The whole West stood aghast at the result of that game—Notre Dame Western Champions. It was more than they could stand. Every available reason in the world was brought up to account for Notre Dame's victory, except the fact that we had the better team. Next Saturday we take the same trail to the same Wolverine camp. This time our warriors will be accompanied by some three hundred young braves. Coach Yost has been working his men this season with but one end in view—to defeat Notre Dame. Coach Longman has as his highest ambition the defeat of Michigan. There is little doubt but that the collegiate west will have the opportunity of seeing the hardest game of the year when these two teams face each other at Ferry Field.

CORBY AND WALSH RUN HIGH SCORES.

In a drizzling rain Thursday afternoon Corby Hall took a firmer hold on the interhall football championship by defeating Walsh Hall 17 to 11. The game began in a downpour and team work during the first half was rather ragged. Corby scored its 17 points in the first half. The first touchdown resulted when Mehlem booted the ball, a Walsh man fumbling and Somers regaining for a touchdown. Mehlem kicked goal. Corby kicked off again, Walsh running the ball down the field on line smashes. Walsh tried a forward pass, Bensberg of Corby intercepted and ran over a clear field sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Mehlem failed to kick goal. In the second quarter the ball was in Walsh territory most of the time, neither side being able to gain much. Near the last of the first half Mehlem on a fake pass from McDonald ran forty-five yards for Corby's last touchdown of the day. Mehlem kicked goal.

In the second half the Walshes settled down and played real football. While on the defensive most of the time they stood their ground well and prevented Corby from running up a big score. Baujan and Newning, Walsh's ends, tackled hard and sure, and Corby's halves found it impossible to gain on end runs. Gushurst hit Walsh's line hard, but was held when near the goal posts. Larkin for Walsh booted the ball in good fashion. Walsh's first score was the result of a fumble, Jones failing to catch Larkin's punt. Murray fell on the ball back of the goal line and the Walsh rooters took on new life. Goal was missed. Baujan scored for Walsh in the last quarter, securing a fumble and running forty yards through Corby's line. Larkin kicked goal.

CARROLL TIES. EXCELSIORS.

Sunday saw the Carroll hall team lined up against the Excelsiors of South Bend. Although the Carrolls were outweighed twenty pounds to the man they managed to keep the heavy South Bend boys safely distant from their goal line, the result being a nothing to nothing score. The careful and consistent practising of the Carroll boys completely offset the individual work of their husky opponents. Cagney's work featured the game. He backed up the line in perfect fashion and punted well. The work of the other men was excellent. In a game previous to this the Carrolls walloped the Ex-Carrolls, 11 to 5.