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At Gettysburg.

*(Unveiling of the Father Corby Monument.)*

Fair lies the field that was so gory,  
And hearts that here were brave  
Showed fittingly, the last high glory  
That this sod be their grave.

The priest who bore so much to save them,  
In holier ground he sleeps;  
The memory of all he gave them  
A grateful nation keeps.

F. B. C.

### The Soldier Priest at Gettysburg.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

A half a century ago there was enacted on one of our great battlefields one of the most dramatic and solemn acts that this continent has ever witnessed. It was an act at once of patriotism and religious zeal, an act of devotion to God and country. The act was the pronouncing of general absolution to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade, by Father Corby, on the field of Gettysburg.

The scene could not have been more inspiring. It was the time of our great civil war. For three years it had raged, and the loyal supporters of the principles which it strove to uphold had fought with frenzied zeal for the triumph of their convictions. The wonderful republic that had grown so rapidly in strength and vitality in so short a period of time, was in danger of destruction, and it was rent asunder by the bitterest strife in the memory of man. It was a war of brothers, and it was draining the life blood of the young nation. The feeling was intense on both sides; it must reach its climax in this, the greatest battle of the war.

The legions were drawn up in battle array and the struggle began. Hell broke loose on that day, and the flower of the land was mowed down in ruthless slaughter. The merciless shrapnel tore great gaps in the faultless lines; whole regiments lay writhing on the blood-soaked field; horrors indescribable were enacted before the curtain of night brought a merciful reprieve.

On the next day the conflict was renewed with deadly vigor. Over the prostrate forms of their companions fell the brave men who had lived to fight another day. The horrors of the previous day were re-enacted, but with a more ghastly setting. Above the moans and cries of the wounded there rose the piercing shriek of the shell as it sped on its mission of death.

Then came the most inspiring scene of the conflict, and, indeed, of the whole war. Reinforcements were demanded, and the Irish Brigade, which had been counted on to render noble assistance in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, was ordered to the front. The men stood ready for the command; a few minutes and they too

would be facing death. Father Corby, the chaplain of the brigade, then ascended a rock in front and in full view of the soldiers. He addressed to them a few words of exhortation and explained what he was about to do. He told them that he would pronounce general absolution, and that all those who made a sincere act of contrition would receive the graces which it would impart. The scene could not have been more impressive. Before him knelt the soldiers, Catholic and Protestant alike, on bended knee before God's representative. A hush fell over the assembly; the deep silence was strangely in contrast with the scream of battle coming from the right. Then came the solemn words of absolution, pronounced with a firm voice. He blessed them, and they hurried away to fight and die for the cause of union.

Last Saturday, October 29, a bronze monument, placed on the rock from which those blessed words were spoken, was raised to the memory of the Very Reverend William A. Corby, C. S. C. This means much to us here at Notre Dame, and to all who love Alma Mater. Father Corby was intimately connected with the University for most of his life; in fact, he was part of it. Coming here as a student in 1853, he was admitted as a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross the following year. Ordained in 1860 he undertook the duties of his priestly state with edifying zeal. He was successively prefect of discipline, professor and director of the manual training school, until the call to arms drew him to the service of his country. With six other priests of Holy Cross he enrolled as chaplain in the United States army, and was assigned to the 8th New York infantry, which formed a part of the famous Irish Brigade. He served nobly through the war, and on his return to the University resumed his interrupted duties. Elected vice-president in 1866, he became president of the University the same year. After a term as president he went to Wisconsin, where he founded Sacred Heart College at Watertown. He was again made president of the University in 1877, and occupied the post from that year until 1881. Later, as provincial he was the co-worker of Father Morrissey and the younger generation of priests whom we know and love today. After a long life of usefulness, and a life full of splendid lessons, Father Corby died December 28, 1897, and was laid to rest in the little cemetery beyond the lake.

The following program of exercises incidental to the dedication of the monument was carried out:

Friday, October 28, addresses in Xavier Hall, Gettysburg, by the Paulist priest of the field of Gettysburg, Reverend William Elliott, and Very Reverend President Cavanaugh, C. S. C.

Saturday morning at half past ten o'clock, high mass in the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg, Pa., celebrated by Rev. T. W. Hayes, of Gettysburg, with Very Rev. President Cavanaugh, C. S. C., as deacon, Rev. William Singleton, S. J., subdeacon, and Rev. Mark Stock, master of ceremonies. Sermon by Right Reverend Monseigneur James P. Turner, D. D.

Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, unveiling of the statue of Father Corby on Gettysburg battlefield. Opening prayer by Very Rev. President Cavanaugh, oration of the day by Rev. Charles W. Lyons, S. J., president of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, and presentation of the statue to the National Park Commission by Hon. Henry A. N. Daily, president of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Philadelphia. Unveiling of the statue by Miss Berbadette, daughter of Mr. Daily.

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### The "Argonautica" of Apollonius Rhodius.

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PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

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Legends have at all times played a prominent part in the development of literature. In the days of Orpheus they were as the stream rushing down the mountain side and becoming wider and wider as they neared the base, till they attained a wonderful growth in the time of Homer, the sweet singer of the epic. Never, perhaps, has any legend retained its original form whole and unaltered; but as time went on incidents were added here and omitted there to suit the taste of the contemporary age.

Such had been the case especially in ancient times when there was no means of preserving them through writing, and this accounts for the numerous versions which have come down to us from the early writers. This is adequately exemplified in the "Argonautica," which is the oldest legend we possess treating of the heroic adventures of the ancient Greeks.

Jason, the hero—if we may so style him—

of the Argonautic adventurers, had two cousins named Phrixus and Helle. Phrixus was about to be sacrificed to the gods by his father when the shade of his departed mother appeared to him leading a golden-fleeced ram on which she bade him escape over the sea with his sister Helle. The latter was drowned in the Hellespont; but he arrived on the opposite shore in safety and proceeded along the eastern extremity of the Black Sea to Colchis, where he sacrificed the ram and hung its golden fleece on a tree in the grove of Mars.

The story, as set forth by Apollonius Rhodius, tells how King Pelias, the usurper of the throne of Iolcus, ordered his nephew, Jason, to depart for Colchis and return with the golden fleece if he desired to become ruler in his native land. Whereupon, Jason, in company with fifty companions, set out to accomplish the dangerous enterprise. They experienced many interesting adventures before their ship was blown to the home of King Phineus on the shores of Thrace. A short distance before them at the entrance to the Black Sea were the Symplegades, two swimming rocks that crushed everything which passed between them, and that were to be dreaded more than the perils of Scylla and Charybdis. But the good Phineus told Jason to send a pigeon within the rocks, and after they had closed upon the bird and had begun to reopen, to row their ship through as quickly as possible so that the Symplegades would not have time to harm them.

Having, by the assistance of Minerva, escaped without injury they sailed along the Black Sea until they arrived at the island of Arctias where they found the sons of Phrixus who had been borne across the Hellespont on the ram. The oldest of these, Argus, told them how dangerous the enterprise would be; how a sleepless dragon was guarding the fleece, and how easy it was to arouse the anger of Aeetes, king of Colchis. But the sons of Phrixus were glad to meet their cousin Jason and promised to join his heroes in their struggle for the fleece, although they were of closer relationship to Aeetes.

As the Argonauts approached Colchis it was agreed among the deities to assist Jason in capturing the prize. Aphrodite went to her son Amor, who was in Olympus at the time playing dice with the Ganymedes. Young Amor assured his mother that he would wound

the fair Medea with his darts, after having been promised the ball of Zeus. On landing at Colchis, Jason and the sons of Phrixus proceeded to the palace of Aeetes. Medea was the first to observe them, and she became enamored of Jason immediately, having been wounded by the darts of Amor who was standing by, chuckling.

It were long to relate the conditions on which Aeetes promised to relinquish the fleece to Jason. How the latter was to yoke the fire-vomiting bulls and plough the field of Mars; how he was to sow the dragon's teeth in the newly ploughed field and slay a crop of armed giants that would rise up from them and, finally, how he was to overcome the terrible dragon that guarded the fleece in the grove. It suffices to mention that all these hazardous tasks were accomplished by Jason through the magic drugs which Medea had given him. Moreover, knowing that her father would be greatly enraged because of her deceit, and captivated by the beauty of the young adventurer, Medea prevailed upon Jason to take her back to Iolcus with him.

On learning what had occurred Aeetes became frantic, and commanded two divisions of his Colchian fleet to set out immediately in pursuit. One of these, under his son, Absyrtus, sailing over the Danube was ahead of the fugitives, while the other division went through the Cyanaean rocks. The first division awaited the arrival of the Argonauts, who, seeing no hope of escape, decided to give up the daughter of Aeetes and retain the fleece. Medea, in order to avoid this, had her brother treacherously assassinated by Jason. Those on board the vessel of Absyrtus were also put to death and the rest of his ships were unable to keep up the pursuit because of a violent thunderstorm. After having buried the body of the dead leader they set out for the island of Circe in order to get purified. The goddess, whom they found bathing in the sea, absolved them; and from there they sailed in safety past Sicily, assisted by Vulcan and King Aeolus.

Onward sped their good ship Argo past the island of the beautiful voiced Sirens whose charms were rendered ineffective by reason of the sweet strains of the lyre of Orpheus; past Scylla and Charybdis, being raised over the waves and rocks by the sea nymphs; past Trinakria, the pasture land of the Sun, until finally it arrived at the island of King Alkinous, the land

of the Phaeacians. But here, to their great alarm, the Argonauts were met by the second division of the pursuing fleet that had followed the branch of the Danube leading through the Cyanaean rocks. A battle was prevented by the king of Phaeacia who decided that if Medea was still a virgin she should return to her father, but if she was married to Jason she should depart with him to Iolcus without injury. Having had a foreknowledge of the determination of King Alkinous they held their nuptials immediately in the grotto of Makris and slept that night on the golden fleece. The Colchians being unable to resist the decision of Alkinous because of inferior numbers resolved to live among the people of Phaeacia rather than incur the wrath of Aeetes on their return.

The adventurers left Phaeacia on the seventh day and were approaching the Peloponnesus in high spirits when a storm arose and carried them off to the gloomy Syrtis on the coast of Libya, "whence there is no return for ships." But the good Argo, which had been piloted by unseen deities during the entire voyage, was drawn forth from this perilous locality by the golden-maned horses of Neptune. Onward they sailed till their vessel arrived at Crete, where Medea overthrew the brazen Talos who wished to prevent their landing. From there they proceeded in safety, excepting a darkness which enveloped them and which Apollo dispelled, until, finally, they reached their destination in Pagasae, the harbor of Iolcus.

As Apollonius is the best representative of the Alexandrian school, so, too, his epic, "Argonautica," is the best literary production of the Alexandrian age. It is true that Apollonius, though a great Homeric scholar, shows but little regard or appreciation for the heroic times; yet we can not deny that he was an admirer of the Homeric poems when we consider how he imitated them in his own epic.

The "Argonautica" may be somewhat artificial, as many learned critics assure us, but at the same time it abounds in some of the most beautiful dramatic paintings to be found in all literature. Where can we find any character portrayal to compare with that of Medea, daughter of Aeetes? The growth of her love for Jason is described with true artistic effect, and in the delineation of her character, the poet has not only surpassed himself but has excelled even Virgil, his

Roman imitator. Indeed, though it is not the purpose of this essay to draw a comparison between the two poets, the Medea of Apollonius is far superior to the Dido of Virgil.

From the moment that the Colchian maiden is wounded by the dart of Amor the interest of the reader is greatly aroused, ever watching with unwearying patience the struggle which is taking place within her distracted mind. The poet, unlike most of his contemporaries, has shown us that he possessed a wonderful knowledge of feminine character; and in this respect he has greatly surpassed the tragedians, whose portrayal of Medea is neither natural nor in accordance with legendary fact.

Moreover, the beautiful episode in regard to King Phineus, the finding of the sons of Phrixus, and the consultation of the deities for the assisting of Jason, abound in literary interest and beauty. Then, too, the return homeward, from the moment the heroes encounter the soldiers of Absyrtus until they arrive in the harbor of Iolcus, is described so artistically and with such skill that the attention of the reader is never on the wane, but he feels that he himself is an actual participant in the exciting adventure.

And yet, although the work is highly praiseworthy, it is not without its defects. In all forms of romance, legendary or otherwise, the author must be careful to preserve the unity of the plot by centering the general interest about the principal character. This is not done in the "Argonautica" of Apollonius. Jason, whom we are led to regard as the hero, does not act enough throughout the poem; and when we have landed with the adventurers back in Iolcus we feel that he has fallen short of our first expectations. For example, preparatory to their departure in quest of the golden fleece Jason asks the Argonauts to choose a leader. Now, this in itself must meet with our disapproval, for if Jason is to be the leading character it is but natural that he should have charge of the expedition. Moreover, after the heroes have consulted on the matter their choice is not Jason but Hercules, who refuses the honor in favor of the former, saying that he who assembled the men should be their leader. Finally, after the hero has arrived at the palace of Aetes we are disappointed on not beholding him perform some wonderful feats; and, no doubt, our interest at this point would flag were not the capture of

the fleece through the intervention of Medea painted with such artistic skill.

Furthermore, the author has introduced a number of episodes that have no direct bearing on the main plot. He has fallen into the same mistake as Fielding who imagined that such incidents should be presented in order to rest the mind of the reader and prepare it for what follows. But as a matter of fact the very opposite is the result; the mind, far from being relieved, becomes wearied; and in all probability, if the work is not of a high literary value the reader will put it aside. But Apollonius has set forth his episodes with such beauty and skill that our interest is captivated by them, though to the detriment of the main plot.

However, there can exist no doubt as to the literary value of the "Argonautica" when we consider that it was translated into the Latin tongue by such eminent writers as Varro and Flaccus, and imitated by Virgil, the Homer of the Romans. And while we recognize a few flaws in the charming Alexandrian epic, we are ready to pardon every defect and think only of the art and beauty therein contained.

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#### There are Races and Races.

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C. L.

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The signs of the time were abroad everywhere. They shone in the eyes of the Prep who counted the days with more attention than ever he counted his beads; at the baseball games, during pauses in the play, when wise men figured the chances of the home team. The serious student expressed them in his sprint to get safely past the final examinations. Freshman talked to freshman about fishing trips and camps; sophomore to sophomore did likewise, only with more dignity and less of voice volume. The junior talked of his senior year. The senior ground out his thesis or changed a phrase in his final oration. The robin sang "Home, Sweet Home" from tree and shrub, and the class crews made music with their oars as they pulled up and down St. Joseph lake in preparation for the commencement regatta.

It was early May. The freshman class had tided over the crisis of selecting a crew to represent it in its final struggle with the sophs. Joe McDermott was coxswain. His

height, weight and general aggressiveness made him a natural choice. It is no affair of mine to conjecture how or why the others were given positions. The fact remains that Phil, Berger and John Donlan were among those awarded coveted oars.

"Berger," said Joe one morning, "you'll have to train."

"Train what?"

"Train down."

"Down where?"

"Moses! don't you understand? Any kid will tell you what training down means."

"Well, what does it mean?"

"It means, you big hulk, that you'll have to fast and take exercise and get rid of seventy-five pounds."

"Me get rid of seventy-five pounds? why you—you ant, I'm only one-ninety-six now."

"And, you big—big lump—do you suppose we're going to haul your one-ninety-six around the lake three times and then expect to win?"

"Ain't I rowing?"

"Rowing! Why, Berg, for you to row yourself is like trying to lift yourself with your shoe-strings. Can't do it, that's all. You're so much dead meat on the boat. Besides, you puff like a steam engine."

"Perhaps there's something to what you say, Joe. I'll think it over," said Berger quite willing to drop the subject at that.

"No, you won't think it over," cried Joe with determination. "You've given us that kind of dope before. You'll do it today,—right away—now."

"Will I?"

"Yes,—or get off the boat."

"Who says so?" Berger's heart-beats quickened. His voice had the tremor of temper.

"I say so. The whole crew says so," answered Joe, who was ready for battle.

"Well, Mac, you can imagine what I answer to you and your crew."

"Yes, I can imagine, Berg; but you've got to train or quit just the same."

Fritz was at white heat now. It was not often he got that way, but when he did his heat was genuine.

"McDermott, I won't train and I won't quit, and 't isn't in your hide to make me."

Joe McDermott never was known to refuse a dare. He squared off and his attitude meant fight. Berger was nothing loath; but before any complications resulted, Phil and Moon

happened along and the affair was postponed indefinitely.

"Going down this afternoon, Joe?" asked Phil, not suspecting any affair of honor with Berger.

"Yes, I guess so," Joe answered, and there was a trace of feeling still in his voice.

"Heavens, Joe! don't snap like that."

"No, don't snap, don't say a word, just shut up like a clam and let things go to the dogs!" Joe felt he had a grievance and was waiting for a chance to air it.

"Going to the dogs? What's going to the dogs?" questioned Phil with genuine surprise.

"Why, everything—that is, everything, so far as we're concerned."

"Well, tell us. Let's see what we can do."

"No use telling, Phil. Everything is up. It's too late." Joe felt he ought to put conditions at their worst.

"Late or no late, what's the trouble?"

"Well, it's the crew, if you want to know."

"Our crew? What's wrong with it?"

"Can't you see?" Joe pointed at Berger. Phil looked at that worthy, but failed to gather in Joe's meaning.

"Berger? Why Berg is all right, isn't he? He's out every day with the bunch."

"Yes, he's out with one hundred and ninety-six pounds, and then you expect the freshman crew to get a look in."

"But he'll train. Eh, Berg?"

"Provided I'm not forced to do it. I accept orders from no man, much less from a mere noise-maker at the stern of a boat."

Berger's good nature had returned. Joe felt his returning too. He considered that a reply was due.

"Well, why didn't you say so when I asked you."

"Because a redhead blazed away and didn't give me time."

"Then it's settled,—you'll train?" Joe was anxious to get Berger down to facts.

"Of course."

"Right away?"

"There he goes again!" Berger appealed to Phil and Moon.

"That seems fair enough, Berger. If you begin at all, best begin now."

"Well, since you say so, Moon, all right. But remember I don't have to. I'm just doing it to suit myself."

"Why of course, quite so." From that day



on Berger's training took definite form. He walked, ran, puffed and sweated.

One afternoon when the crew had put in the customary time at speeding up and down the course, Joe McDermott and Berger decided to take out two small boats and spend an hour fishing. They anchored some fifty yards from the west shore, both boats being held in position by the same piece of iron. They cast and waited, and cast and waited some more, with that uncomplaining patience of the true fisherman. Then Joe broke the silence.

"Berg, were you ever near death?"

"How?"

"Well, if you were I don't need to tell you?"

"Tell what?"

"'Twas two years ago last summer. Two fellows and myself were out fishing. The lake was just about the size of this. A big storm came on about three o'clock in the afternoon. Dark! Say, Berg, I couldn't see my hand a yard in front of me. Talk about rain! It just flowed! And thunder! Crash, crash, just like a rifle. Well, we made for shore and shot into a grove of trees. The rain just poured and the lightning made streaks that looked ten feet away. Then there was a rumble, a flash, and a crash. Six feet away from us it split a big oak down through its centre. One half fell over on the tree under which we stood. We scooted out to an open space. And say, Berg, you should see me for an hour. Every minute looked like the last, and why it wasn't is more than I can tell. Did I pray? Yes, sir, I prayed some that day. And every time a storm comes my way I suffer, believe me."

"That was some experience, Joe."

"You bet it was, and I don't want another."

"When a big thing like that comes up," said Berger as they watched the water reflectively, "it pays to be like Moon."

"How like Moon?"

"I mean to live well and be right with everybody."

"O you mean to be in the state of grace."

"Yes, that's the Moral A of it I guess."

"Well, you see," explained Joe, "Moon is a saint; a kid, too, of course, but still a saint."

"Guess it's natural for him to be good."

"No, 'tisin't, Berg. There's where we all miss it. Moon isn't good just because he has to. He's good because he wants to."

"He isn't very strong," said Berger by way of explanation.

"No, he isn't very strong. He has a white face and slender hands just like a girl. He's not an athlete, and he never roughs it. But say, that kid has a mind, though. And you should hear him hand out straight talk to a fresh guy the other day."

"You mean boy, Joe," corrected Berger with a superior air.

"Boy—boy—yes," snapped Joe, who hated interruptions.

"Well, Moon told this fresh guy—kid, I mean—"

"No, you mean boy," from Berger just now as serene as the lake.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt, Berg, when I'm talking."

"Then I may as well be a dummy."

"Why?"

"Because you're always talking."

The serious spell was broken, and whatever Joe had in mind about Moon's "straight talk" to the "fresh guy" was never told.

"Berg, you make me so mad sometimes I could punch your head."

"Why don't you?"

"Why don't I? Because it ain't any use hitting a balloon."

"Joe, let's quit scrapping, and settle the difficulty right here. You've a boat. I've a boat. Cut loose your boat and drop the piece of iron we have for an anchor at the bottom of the lake. Let's race to the boathouse."

"I'll take you, Berg," cried Joe, who was always eager for a contest of any kind. He got his boat close to the stern of Berger's, and spent some time adjusting the rope that held the anchor. Berger himself was occupied with his oar locks. Joe next cut loose his own boat and they made ready for the start. A number of students were still down at the boathouse. There was some discussion as to who should say "go," but Joe finally agreed the advantage to Berger. They started. Joe pulled quick, short strokes. So did Berger. Joe's boat shot through the water. Berger's moved like a tug.

"You're too fat still, Berg," came the message from the shore. The echo of the insult returned from the opposite bank. Berger pulled like a madman. Joe gained and gained with every swish of the oar. Berger sweated and rowed till his muscles stood out like billows. Joe landed, and Berger was still fifty yards from the piers. His ears tingled as he heard the fellows say: "Nice work, Joe." His pride was broken.

Young McDermott, the four-foot-six coxswain, had humbled him. He'd quit the boat business forever. Still he pulled and pulled, and then suddenly came to a dead stop. He tore away with the oars but the boat did not yield an inch. There were low ripples of laughter along the shore. They swelled to mighty waves that brought back a thousand echoes when Berger went to the stern of his boat and pulled from the water a piece of rope attached to the rudder. To the other end of the rope was tied a big chunk of iron. The iron had become entangled with the mud and weeds in the shallow water.

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### The Lights that Darkened.

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ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

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"I won't condemn the man who looks on life with your ideas, with your selfishness, Jack, for you're my brother, but it is not necessary for me to do it. The world is doing it every day. God himself has pronounced that sentence upon you and your kind. Children? why, Jack, can you imagine that good, dear old mother of yours uttering such a remark? Can you imagine her saying that children are nothing but a nuisance, a useless expense? Can you picture her in her divinely dignified old age telling you thoughts such as those? No, Jack, she's too near her God to do that. She's been too near Him all the days of her life to be guilty of such an intention as, it would seem, you entertain. Enough of that sort of conversation with you, Jack. In fact it's enough of the whole business as far as I am concerned, and until you change your mind on this degrading, fiendish principle of yours you must go your way and expect absolutely no help whatever from me in aiding you to marry Phyllis Nicholson. As I said before, you haven't reached the position where you can support a wife in a befitting manner. Get the right kind of ideas of life—get the wholesome kind. Settle down and work honestly. Be honest with yourself, honest with the girl you intend to make your wife and honest with your God. That's all today, Jack. When you attain that, come and see me, not as suppliant for aid, for you'll not need my aid then; you'll be on your own feet then doing something worth while."

Jack Fielding picked up his hat and gloves and left his brother's presence without a word

of comment. Half an hour later he was in the Nicholson library awaiting Phyllis. The room was somewhat dark, for it was near evening. Outside the cars were speeding by with their occupants homeward bound. The light sparkled through the crisp November air. Everything showed action, achievement. There was a joyousness permeating everything. Young Fielding remained unconscious of it all for a time. Then his eyes rested on a picture in the room. It was the picture of the Saviour surrounded by little children. In the subdued light he studied the kindly expression of divine sympathy, the infinite love, the fathomless interest which the Saviour showed for the crowd of innocent souls grouped about him. The dull glow from the grate darkened. The tiny crackles from the coals were subdued. All became quiet. A certain warmth crept into Fielding's heart. He rose slowly and walked towards the picture. He could no longer discern its outlines, but he stood motionless before it. A click and the lights were on. The portiers opened and Phyllis stood before him.

"Ah, Jack, I was awfully long in coming but—"

"Phyllis, let's not talk of that. It's meant a great deal to me, these last few minutes, and I am going to tell you of it. I have been to see Tom this afternoon. I was disappointed when I left him, for it was an unpleasant scene, indeed. Last November when I asked you to be my wife I had built all my hopes, all my ideals on foundations of sand. I have allowed myself to picture, these many happy months, a life with you as an everlasting bliss. I built my castles and yours, too, for that matter, with only the brightest of blocks. I cast aside realities at the start, and now this evening, when I had felt that I was about to enter the mansion of those happy dreams I find it has crumbled at my feet. Both you and I painted only bright pictures. We painted pictures of forests and flowers and birds, and we lived among them. We picked the flowers and listened to the birds. It was happiness, every moment of it, but our forests were always filled with summer trees, and summer flowers and birds. We failed to think of winter. It is winter now—for me. I find it necessary to meet the world face to face, to struggle with the mob for a time at least. Because of this it will be impossible to carry into effect the many plans which we have made these many happy months. Tom has



made me see this plainly this afternoon. When he had about finished and I had told him we could get along without a lot of things at first he asked me how I was going to keep a family. I told him that there was to be no family. That ended all with him and then I came here."

"But you seem terribly discouraged, Jack. Sensible people know that all air castles can not be realities. Some must be simply mystic images. Life for the most part is made up of just that."

"Phyllis, our life since we've met has been made up of too much of what I am beginning to fear. Our dream of having a little bungalow with a wide fireplace and lots of everything that goes to make a picture such as that—I am not able to make that dream a reality yet. True it is, that we could live there just by ourselves enjoying every moment of life's happy days, but we'd be selfish if we did that. Home, Phyllis, did you ever think what that should really mean? It's an institution that should be built upon a solid foundation of sacrifice and kindness and honesty."

"Why, Jack, what do you mean? Sacrifice? Honesty—"

"I mean that there were no children in that dream of ours, and I mean that I would not be honest with you or with the world if I even attempted to begin life in such expensive surroundings. It takes money to do that, and it takes money that I haven't got."

"But, Jack, why did you not tell me of this before? Why were you not honest with me before I was led to share with you the building of such plans?"

"It was because I have had the wrong idea of life. I have looked on it as being all romance. I see now that I was wrong, terribly wrong, and I am going to change before it is too late. I am going to become another person a—"

"A monk in a monastery, Jack?"

"Are there any reasons why you would not care to continue our life together in the new way as we had planned in the old, Phyllis?"

"There are reasons, Jack, and good ones. That kind of a life would become dreary to me. Goodness only knows it is dreary enough now at times, but then I live in expectancy of the bright days, and they come usually, but there are only dark ones in a life of hardship and continual penury. You know, Jack, that I've always had everything my imagination craved.

I've always had social standing and money, clothes, good times—everything that would go to make me supremely happy. To think now of leaving it all behind—well, Jack, I'd love to do it for you. You're the only person in the world that I'd even think of doing such a thing for, but even with you I'd be unhappy afterwards. It isn't my fault, wholly, it's the—"

"Did you ever hear of that word that nowadays is so seldom used? I mean, Sacrifice."

"What's the good in talking like that, Jack? I've heard of that word, but that's all. Let's not carry this discussion any further. It's useless. I can't help it and neither can you. Let's just accept it as the workings of destiny. Maybe after all you were meant for another, and maybe I too was meant for somebody else. Go out and meet the world, Jack, as your brother told you, and if you conquer come back. Maybe I'll be waiting for you—"

"If I conquer you'll be waiting?"

"Maybe."

"If I fail?"

"Why, if you fail, Jack—don't come back."

Fielding reached for his hat and moved over in front of the grate. He moved the coals with the stick. They were all cold and dark save one. In a few minutes it too would be dark. The wind was moaning drearily outside. Phyllis was standing at the window gazing out. A click was heard. It was dark in the room save for the faint glow of the city's lights without. Fielding turned slowly and beheld Phyllis at the window. The lights and shadows played about her face and in her beauty she seemed to him a thing divine. The mad impulse came upon him to rush to her, to claim her as his own regardless of what might happen after. A terrible feeling of loneliness swept upon him. The thought that this was probably the last time he would ever be with her, would ever feel the joyous warmth of her presence, made his heart throb with pain. He had loved her. He loved her now. But to him she was gone. He grasped his hat tightly and found the door. Opening it he turned for an instant and took one last look at the figure silhouetted in the window seat. The door closed and all was quiet within the room. The grate was cold now and empty, for all its coals had darkened. Above the murmuring of the wind a slight sob could have been heard for Jack was gone now, maybe forever.

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—On Tuesday last there passed away in the person of the Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan (A. M. '88) one of the best-known and best-loved priests in the city of Chicago. His

**The Death of** death means to Notre Dame  
**Father O'Sullivan.** the loss of a most enthusiastic and devoted alumnus.

Probably in the ranks of the lay or clerical old students there was no more familiar figure. At each recurring reunion in Chicago, at each alumni gathering at the University, Father O'Sullivan answered the roll call. Wherever he went he found himself the centre of a devoted circle that shared the mellow sunshine of his presence. To know him was to seek him out and forget the fever and the fret in his quiet humor and unstudied charm. He lived an unselfish life, caring little for personal honor or advancement. He was a hard student, yet was never anxious that the world should recognize him as a ripe scholar. Through age, infirmity and the manifold anxieties of his priestly life he kept his heart young, his disposition kindly and joyous. We commend the soul of our well-loved Father O'Sullivan to the prayers of all our readers.

—One rarely meets a man who has the courage to live up to his convictions, when those convictions demand sacrifice of social prestige or legal possessions. Mr. Joseph Fels, however, is such a character. He became convinced

"that the over wealthy, whether they intend to be thieves or not, owe their wealth to economic institutions that defy the mandate 'Thou shalt not steal.'" Being a wealthy man he is consistent with his conviction, generously and nobly returning a large part of that wealth to those from whom it was taken, in the promotion of educational methods, the aim of which shall be to destroy those unjust institutions. This heroic act comes most opportunely to the notice of the toiling masses whose sense of social injustice must have been painfully intensified by the nauseating extravagances of the over wealthy. If Joseph Fels is a fanatic, then has progress and civilization more faith in fanaticism than in current economic institutions.

—Last Saturday our football team journeyed to Lansing, Michigan, to receive the first defeat in two seasons. We can not say that we did not expect victory; our splendid record and the confidence we had in our men made us scorn the idea of defeat. When the first reports came in we were surprised and then incredulous. We knew that our men were fighting, for they always do that; we knew that they were doing their best under the circumstances, for they always do that. When the final score came, we simply awaited the detailed account of the game. We read the story in the papers and we heard it from the lips of the men who witnessed the game. It seemed hard to believe, but it was the story of a clean, hard-fought game, and a case of the best team winning. We congratulate the Michigan Aggies without reservation on their victory. A team that can defeat the team that we know is worthy better congratulations than ours. At the same time there is a lesson in it for us. The men who played in that game could not fail to note that they could not gain against their opponents, and yet they played on with all their strength. They were in foreign territory and without the support of the cheers of Notre Dame sympathizers, and still they gave the best that was in them for the honor of Notre Dame. That their efforts were not crowned with success was not their fault; they played as we would have them play, and on another occasion their efforts will be better rewarded. But it is the spirit that we note, and because of this there is ample reason for

rejoicing. We have only the highest esteem for our team. We know the men on and off the field. Uniformly they bear themselves with a modesty and a reserve which wins them general esteem. They have to meet strong opponents on the field, and mean opponents off. But falsehood never wins in the long run, neither does the whine of an opponent who has bit the dust. We are with you, men of Notre Dame.

—The Brownson Society in passing a resolution to contribute to the erection of a memorial monument to Orestes A. Brownson

shows a thoughtfulness which is to be desired. The amount that will actually be contributed is not so important, provided every member gives what he can. Very generally our societies are got together and hold together for a year. Members pay in certain fees which they spend on themselves later. It is quite proper for every society to feast itself and make merry. In addition, there should be an occasional movement the basis of which is not selfishness: some movement that has a general, permanent good in view. A society that stops short at its stomach will never be long on philanthropy. There are too many quite ready to suggest selfish ways to "blow" the surplus in the treasury, and too few who dream of anything that will prove of help or uplift to others. Again, by all means let the members of societies have what is called a "good time;" but let not the "good time" be synonymous with selfishness. Let there be picnics and "spreads." But let there be a thought for higher things also.

—Last week mention was made in these columns of the proposed change of the date of the junior prom, the November function to be

given by the sophomores and the juniors reserving their entertainment, until the latter part of the year, when it will take the form of an entertainment in honor of the senior class. At the meeting of the class during the week the change was decided on for the function. This seems to be a very sensible arrangement. There is no reason other than tradition for having the junior prom in November, and the custom

is only two years old. It will be appropriate for the younger classmen to have a social gathering early in the year in order to become better acquainted, and it will be much more appropriate for the junior reception to be given in honor of the seniors or the faculty. Nothing has been done in a social way at the University by any class in recent years, and yet, to be characteristic of the school, the University is the proper place for such a function. The entertainment need not necessarily be in the form of a dance, and need not be formal, to be enjoyable. Some kind of undergraduate entertainment should form a part of the commencement week exercises and if the present movement to change the date of the junior prom be a step in that direction, it is heartily to be commended.

—This is the month of faded leaf and withered grass, the month that preludes the barren, ice-bound winter season. In the liturgy of the

Church it is the month of the suffering dead,—the dead who await with hope the hour of their deliverance. We Catholics know the full measure of solace the doctrine of Purgatory affords. Those we have known and loved, who are gone, are not merely to be a part of common dust through the "still lapse of ages." They have not lived to pass from us and cease to be. The earth that covers them does not shut off futurity. The grass that blows above their graves is not the only or truest reminder that we keep them in our memory. There is a communication of spirit in the Catholic Church, a communication of the living here with the living hereafter that is deeper and more intimate than the spirit-callers, real or fancied, ever dream. It needs not written sign nor spoken word to tell us that the waiting souls of our departed receive our messages. We know it—our faith so teaches. Through the doctrine of the Communion of Souls we communicate by prayer with those who await their deliverance in Purgatory. We communicate by prayer,—by prayer which will bring them relief and shorten the time of their suffering. The obvious duty of all Catholic students during this month is the duty of charity. Out of every home some one has been taken. We can help much at a small sacrifice. Masses, prayers—but no need to suggest. Those who love will remember, and love will suggest the most effective means.

### Lecture by Dr. Banks.

The genial Dr. Edgar Banks was with us again last Thursday night with his lantern and his interesting tales of travel. India was the land visited this time, and the scenic and historic interest of the lecture was as great as that manifested on the occasion of the preceding visits of the learned archæologist.

### The Annual Mission.

The Annual Mission conducted by Rev. Myles Whalan was closed on the Feast of All Saints. On the evening preceding the entire Catholic student body went to Confession and in the morning received Holy Communion in their various halls. Father Whalan's sermons were practical and therefore helpful. His voice carried without difficulty which won for his words undivided attention. We beg to assure Father Whalan that we treasure his manifold messages to us, which we trust will bear fruit in our lives. We wish him a fond good-bye a hearty God-speed.

### Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following books have been added to the library of the apostolate: "Sin and its Consequences;" "Why I Became a Catholic" by Manning; "The Lost Lode"; "Morton House," and "A Question of Honor" by Reid; "Jack Chumleigh" and "The Success of Patrick Desmond" by Egan; "Canzoni" and "Carmina" by Daly; "Poems" and "Later Lyrics" by Tabb; "St. Thomas of Canterbury" and "By What Authority" by Benson; "Espiritu Santo" and "Heart and Soul" by Skinner; "Self - Knowledge and Self - Discipline" by Maturin; "Seedlings" by Colton; "The Little City of Hope" by Crawford; "The School for Saints" by Hobbs; "Christopher Columbus" by Kerr; "Dangers of Spiritualism" by Raupert; "Gertrude Mannering" by Noble; "Jack South" by Bearne; "The Sacrament of Duty" by McSorley.

A copy of "Weighed in the Balance" by Reid was taken from the infirmary. The person that has this book will please return the same to Brother Alphonsus.

### Funeral of Father O'Sullivan.

The remains of the Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan (A. M. '88) were laid away, at his own request, in the Community cemetery above St. Mary's lake last Thursday afternoon. The funeral took place Thursday morning at St. Bride's church, South Chicago. Right Rev. Bishop Rhode sang pontifical mass and Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco preached a masterly funeral sermon. At 1:30 p. m. a special train left South Chicago for South Bend bearing the beloved remains accompanied by a number of Chicago priests and over two-hundred members of Father O'Sullivan's parish. The funeral train was met by the Community at St. Mary's crossing where a procession was formed. It moved directly to the cemetery where the dead priest was laid away to await with many others he loved here on earth a future resurrection. *R. I. P.*

### Addition to Electrical Laboratory.

The thanks of all interested in the department of Electrical Engineering are due the General Electric Company, which, through the kindness of Mr. Hellweg of the sales department, has placed at the disposal of the University for laboratory use complete sets of intercommunication apparatus and instruments. One type of central energy outfit has been installed for some time in the telephone laboratory, but the intercommunication device is entirely new and shows the latest improvements of the Western Electric Company, the largest manufacturer of telephone apparatus in the world. Instead of being assembled as in the ordinary sets sent out for commercial installation, each part of the apparatus mentioned has been mounted on a separate base provided with binding-posts, so that the whole set may be put into operation and yet allow each part to be seen and studied as though it were a detached instrument. This enables the student of telephony to examine the workings of the individual parts, such as the transmitter, ringing device or receiver, in a manner entirely impossible when the set is assembled in the ordinary way. The same idea is carried out in studying the magneto-type and party-line outfits. Under the direction of Prof. Green, the new apparatus will be installed

at once in the telephone laboratory. The General Electric Company has also furnished the electrical students with sets of descriptive bulletins showing in detail the workings of the different apparatus manufactured by the company. The bulletins contain most valuable information concerning the proper selection of equipment for any kind of service, and give detailed schematic diagrams of the wirings and connections for the different types of telephones.

In view of the extended use of the telephone at the present time, and the ever-growing demands for more efficient service, it is readily seen that the study of telephony is an important branch of electrical work. Each year a number of students of electricity specialize in the study of the telephone, and many graduates of the University are now holding prominent and profitable positions with different telephone establishments throughout the country.

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#### Personals.

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—Carl A. Laux is one of the proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel in Decatur, Illinois.

—William Kegler (C. E. '99) is now at Wabash, Indiana, as Engineer Maintenance of Way of the Big Four Railway.

—John F. Cushing (C. E. '06) is now living at 3848 Southport Ave., Chicago. He is connected with the Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Company.

—Edward F. O'Flynn (Ph. B. '07) of Butte, Montana, has received the nomination for the State Legislature. Ed has all the best wishes of the SCHOLASTIC.

—John G. Ewing (Class of '77) one-time professor of history and political economy in the University, is now living in New York City. His address is 149 Broadway.

—A recent visitor at the University was Doctor Francis Sullivan, student '94, of Kankakee, Ill. Doctor Sullivan is doing well and has the good wishes of all at the University.

—George L. Nyere (Law '04) has removed from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and is now connected with the law firm of Hartman & Thompson, with offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon.

—Bill Schmitt is captain of the Multnomah club eleven out in Oregon. Sam Dolan and Dom Callicrate are also members of the team.

The high standing of Multnomah is very well known in the West.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. George W. Kasper and Miss Ethel J. O'Neill. The SCHOLASTIC sends cordial congratulations. The couple will be at home after December 1st at 1067 Winona Ave., Chicago, Ill.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. John A. Partridge (student '06) and Miss Lillian Bender at St. Lawrence Church, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, on November 15th. The SCHOLASTIC, on the part of the University, offers best wishes for a happy life.

—Frank A. McCarthy (Law '06) has entered into a new partnership and is now a member of the firm of Botsford, Shepherd, Huntley and McCarthy of Elgin, Illinois. The firm are engaged in the general practice of law, and are located at 7-11 Y. M. C. A. block in Elgin.

—Anton C. Stephan (C. E. '04) and Miss Mary V. Egan were united in marriage on Wednesday, Oct. 26, in St Ann's church, Chicago. Rev. Father Schumacher celebrated solemn nuptial mass and performed the marriage ceremony. Congratulations to Anton and his bride.

—Edward Miller, student 1859-60, John Kreutzer, mayor of Peru, William Farrar, Edward Pefferman and Charles Whittenburger, students 1877-'78, all of Peru, Indiana, were visitors at the University last week. Mr. Miller had in his possession a catalogue of the University of the year 1859, in which James F. Edwards, later Prof. Edwards, was mentioned for first honors in the minim department. Only two members of the faculty of that year, as listed in the catalogue, are still living, Father Vagnier and Judge Howard.

—Many noted clergymen were guests of the University last week, coming here to attend the meeting of the Standing Committee of the College Department of the Catholic Educational Association. The members of the committee present were: Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S., Pittsburg, Pa; Very Rev. J. F. Green, O. S. A., Chicago, Ill; Very Rev. D. A. Gorman, Dubuque, Iowa; Rev. Daniel J. McHugh, C. M., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John A. Van Heertum, O. P., West de Pere, Wis.; Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Bourbonnais, Ill.; Very Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S. M., Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Patrick O'Brien, A. M., St. Paul, Minn.; Bro. Norbert, Baltimore Md.

—Harry L. Ferneding, student 1893-'96, Dayton, Ohio, has been appointed by Governor Harmon of Ohio to fill the vacancy upon the Circuit Court Bench left by the death of Judge Sullivan. The appointment was made in recognition of Mr. Ferneding's ability as a lawyer and his special fitness for the position. Harry is remembered at Notre Dame as a very earnest student, and as one of the best presidents of the old Philodemic society. He is a loyal Notre Dame man. All his friends here congratulate him upon his appointment.

### Safety Valve.

—We have seen the *Dome* stationery. The *Dome* will come later.

—Lost—A Teacher's note-book. Student finding will please not return.

—Do not forget to enter in your journals that Puck won a race last Tuesday.

—Despite the decision of Arbitrator Waldorf classes were continued all Friday.

—You are all free to use the Walsh hall alleys, with the understanding of course that you pay.

—Sorin hall claims to have all the students. There's some oil in that, specially after you've been whipped in an athletic contest.

—Tom Havican protests that we are knocking Old College. This is the week for protests, Tom. Also you are free to your opinion.

—The dear Detroit *Free Press* will accept anything you have to say about us, provided it's not nice. Hurry up! See your name in print!

—If in the coming centuries we are to, with a split infinitive, again, resume athletic relation do not forget where we were when we quit. Let me see? 11 to 3 was it?

—A Michigan follower in the *Free Press* advised Michigan to wallop the Catholics and then throw them overboard. We're not the kind to submit to such indignities without some evidence of struggle—as you probably remember.

—Wisconsin is "protesting" Johnson and McGovern of Minnesota on the ground that both these young men are only attending a night school. We suggest that the conference hurry up another voting contest to determine

Minnesota's academic standing. The question at issue: Is Minnesota a college? If Johnson and Mac are burning the midnight oil they certainly ought to be legislated against.

—It's wonderful what interest we arouse. Last year we were "investigated." This year we are "protested." The dear press loves to headline us with the word "slugging." There were big schools last year that might be fitter subjects for investigation than we were. And this year,—why this year they are going along just as serenely as ever. There is a whole lot besides—well, what's the use!

—We gather from yesterday's paper that the "Western Conference" has recaptured the track meet of June 4, last. On the strength of a post-factum technicality Dimmick and Philbrook are said to have exceeded the time limit, and Whitman's academic standing is determined. The *Free Press* on the trustworthy evidence of a Butchel man, says we're downright naughty, and advises Michigan to quit us. Michigan dope man is making money in the Chicago papers by discussing the attitude of U. of M. towards the U. of N. D. Meantime the exams are over and we have time for a little reflection. We have come to this conclusion all by ourselves: We can win a football game or a track meet, but in the matter of post-factum technicalities we're outclassed. There will be no "upheavals" or "revelations," for there's nothing to be upheaved or revealed. We have fought fairly, and carried ourselves with modesty. But when it comes to a voting contest we are outclassed. Congratulations to the Western Conference on its triumph of votes, thanks to the beloved *Free Press* for its fine stream of abuse. Congratulations all round. You will hear from us later.

### Local Items.

—On Wednesday, All Souls' Day, the students were present at requiem high mass for the repose of all the faithful departed.

—Resolutions of condolence on the death of Father O'Sullivan from the Notre Dame Club of Chicago arrived too late to appear in this issue.

—November 8th will bring to us election day. Those of us who can vote should not allow this opportunity to pass without entering



our voice in what we think to be the right cause.

—One Stephen in the *Examiner* congratulates Michigan on her clean athletic stand. Shades of Joy Miller and Smith.

—Our annual Retreat now lives in memory. But let the memory of it and the good lessons we learned always remain green with us. Then it's lessons will have been fulfilled.

—Examinations are over. Most of us have had a taste of the embarrassment caused through lack of preparation. To avoid this let us get down to work *now* and prepare for the next exams.

—Mr. Frank Sherlock (Ed. note: no relation of our James B.), National Auditor of the Knights of Columbus, visited the local council during the week and gave the Knights a very interesting talk on Wednesday at one o'clock.

—The aspirants for the Breen medal can be seen daily pouring through dusty volumes of manuscripts in Lemonnier library. This is as it should be. The man who can speak from the public platform is sure to be a leader in the world.

—The stormy exams have gone by and have left the customary wreck, ruin and blasted hopes behind them. When the Christmas tornado comes we'll be better prepared, believe us.

—We are conscious that athletics are pretty much of a trust in the mid-west. We don't expect either that the metropolitan papers will concede us much. But we know we're right, and all the pharisaical dopesters can't make us wrong.

—The season has come when we can turn our attention to Walsh hall. There, the bowling alleys are nightly giving forth the hum of industry. Large scores greet the eye as we wander in. Threats of a coming tournament reach the ear of the listener. Walsh supporters are making ready a place for another banner. Will the other halls stand by without a protest?

—We note in Friday's *Record Herald*: "Minnesota is reported to be planning to break with the Western Conference because of Stagg's control, and is negotiating with Marquette to prepare the way for future games if the conference is deserted. Marquette is likely to assent to the proposition because the local school resents the boycott of the conference

which makes it difficult for Marquette to get games."

—It is an ill snow storm that blows nobody good. So thought they who had been laden with demerits last Saturday. Despite the general gloom that the blizzard cast over most of us, they, the laden ones, could be seen prancing in glee. The enthusiasm shown in the work of those who handled the shovels marked them as future great men in a pinch. It is even reported that some were there to catch the flakes. So the weather man pleased somebody after all.

—The snow storm indeed spread gloom over the campus. A stillness reigned in the air—but this was not all due to the snow storm, oh no. To hear the muffled whispers of the hurrying forms, one could tell there was more in the air than snow. One could be heard to say: "There must be something wrong," another: "The wires must be crossed;" still another: "Well, the report is on the telephone booth," and so it was that evil forebodings filled the air. Loud protestations arose against those who would utter the dark suspicions. The short and ugly word passed. The morning came and with it the truth. The suspicions were confirmed—we lost to M. A. C.

—Captain Stogsdall's plans of a batallion at Notre Dame are fast being realized. Three times in the past week have its "boys" soon to be "in blue," gathered to execute, with alacrity, his martial commands. Men with shoulders erect, chest out, chin in, eyes straight ahead can easily be distinguished as his proteges. The Gym. is taking the place of an Armory. The old trophy room has been fitted up as the Captain's headquarters. The real weapons of warfare are due to arrive in a few days.

—As last Sunday was one of the retreat days no meeting of the Brownson Lit. society was held. In accordance with a motion made at one of the early meetings, a double quartette is forming with the following as candidates: A Zweck, H. Morton, G. Marshall, J. Adams, O. Daly, O. Hanon, J. Enright, G. Coyne, E. O'Herron, F. O'Hearn, J. Caesar, F. Grill. Rehearsals have been held twice a week for several weeks, but will be daily hereafter until the entertainment that is to be given the evening before president's day. Father Maguire is directing the quartette, and will bring out the best results attainable from the material the society affords.

## Athletic Notes.

## THE HANDICAP MEET.

The much-tooted field meet which the student has been looking forward to was not the success it might have been. Coach Longman decided at the last moment not to allow the members of the football team to compete in the meet, and this undoubtedly put a damper on the affair, as several men from the football squad were among the entries. The day was chilly and the students manifested very little interest in the new venture of the track manager. From the view-point of Coach Maris the meet was a success, although it may not have seemed so from a spectator's point of view. He gained a fairly good knowledge of Notre Dame's new track material, and got a general line on what he may expect from the new candidates when the spring training begins.

Sorin entered several men in the events and romped away with first honors with 29 points, Corby and Old College following in the order named. The chief interest of the day centered in the relay, the different halls making strenuous efforts to capture this event. Corby by a whirlwind finish, took the event, but was closely pressed by the Old College and Sorin teams.

## M. A. C. A TARTAR.

History has repeated itself formally but not materially. Last year Notre Dame defeated the Aggies 17-0. This year M. A. C. returned the compliments in the same degree of warmth. We expected a hard game and a close score with a possible tie, but when the 17-0 result was flashed over the wires it was more than we could stand. The Aggies have a good team this year. They have the best team they've had in years. Their game with Michigan showed that they were strong, but that game, like all early season affairs, is not to be taken as a true criterion of their strength, for it is a very sure thing that Coach Yost was not going to open up his real strength and cunning at a date preceding such important games as Syracuse, Notre Dame and Minnesota. But giving the Agriculturists all the credit they rightly deserve we still contend that the score of this game was far and above what it should have been. There was something radically wrong somewhere in

the Notre Dame representation. Maybe it was our off day, and that is the most charitabel way to put it that we know of. Luck was against us, for the air is riot with accounts of costly fumbles, dropped punts, poor punting, small gains, holes in the line—everything in fact that would tend to lose games. True it is that there must have been a certain amount of ragged playing on the part of our team, for we've got a better bunch of players than the Aggies' score would indicate, but the fact that this is our first defeat since Michigan walloped us two years ago gives rise to wild and exaggerated reports concerning the weakness displayed at Lansing last Saturday. Maybe the men were over-confident; maybe they didn't play the best game possible, but let us not forget that six of these men gave every iota of strength in their makeup to present the Western Championship to Notre Dame last year. Let's not forget the past in the excitement of the present. It's a very poor sport that does that. The team felt the humiliation of their defeat, and they're working like demons this week to blot out the results of the Aggie affair.

Following is the line-up and summary of the game.:

NOTRE DAME		M. A. C..
Crowley, Matthews.	R. E.	Montford.
Dimmick	R. T.	Pattison.
Kelly.	R. G.	Culver.
Foley	C.	McWilliams.
Stansfield, Oaas	L. G.	Baldwin.
Philbrook	L. T.	Campbell.
Collins	L. E.	Stone.
Matthews, Dorias	Q. B.	Riblet.
Clippenger	R. H.	Hill.
Clinin, Bergman	L. H.	Cartwright.
McGrath	F. B.	Exelby.

Referee—Ralph Hoagland, Princeton. Umpire—Esterline, Purdue. Field Judge—Dr. Robbins, Nebraska. Lineman—Fishleigh, Michigan.

## TO HAVE TEAM AT MADISON.

Coach Maris has decided to enter a team in the cross country run which will be held at Madison Nov. 19 as an added feature of the Chicago-Wisconsin game. The coach has a large number of men in training at the present time in preparation for the interhall meet which will take place Nov. 1st, and as a result of this it will be an easy matter to pick the team. Dana, Steers, Devine, and Fischer will in all probability, be the four first members to be picked and the fifth man will be chosen, after the interhall affair.