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THE VERY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C. S. P.,
Who will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon tomorrow
morning at the Pontifical High Mass.

Water-Voices.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

LITTLE blue-breasted stream
 Where the pond lilies float,
 Little ripples that cream
 'Neath the prow of my boat,
 Will you put into words just a lilt of that song
 That you sing through the days as you murmur along?

I can hear the sweet tone
 Of the song that you sing,
 But its burden, I own,
 Is a mystical thing;
 Yonder wave, wilt thou drip into language, I pray,
 Ere thou vanishest into a burst of white spray?

Little stream, not a word?
 Oh! thou must have a heart,
 Thus to sing like a bird
 With such consummate art,
 Thus to mingle the tender, the mournful, the gay,
 In a song that continues throughout the long day.

Yet perhaps, little stream,
 You can not understand
 Any more than a dream
 What I've tried to demand,
 So continue to sing to thy flower-strewn banks,
 And I'll listen, admire, and give thee my thanks.

Pope and Dryden.

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.



IN the history of English literature two poets stand out pre-eminent in the field of satire. Satire was the department in which both excelled; but prose was not left untouched. In prose but few have surpassed Dryden whose essays are among the best to be found in English; and in epistolary writing Pope is without a superior. In fact, on reading Pope's letters one gains the impression that they were written not so much for private as for public perusal. He seems to be writing for future generations, not for intimate friends.

Too much has been written already about the relative merits of Dryden and Pope, and with little decision. So it is not the purpose of this essay to show whether Dryden was

a greater genius than Pope, but merely to compare them. Pope admitted that Dryden was his model, and never let an occasion pass when he might praise his master. Pope was, first and last, an imitator; he rarely produced anything out of his own pure invention. To Dryden, Pope was indebted for his style of versification, that versification which is so perfect that it always charms. But, with certain limitations, Pope was not the only one indebted to Dryden for his versification; every writer since Dryden has been so indebted. The poetry of Dryden possessed a musical metre, a loftiness of sentiment and a beauty of language such as had never been attained up to that time.

Perhaps nothing that Pope wrote was, in thought, original with him. He had wandered about in the fields of literature from the age of twelve and acquired a knowledge of the best that had been written in his own and in other languages. He himself said that he was like a boy gathering flowers in a wood.

It is a question, whether one may honestly use another's ideas but decorated in one's own words. Men are often accused of plagiarism both of language and of thought. The piracy of another's words is plainly dishonest.

Over two thousand years ago a complaint was made about the lack of novelty in the things of the world, and so it is not surprising to find the same thoughts expressed in the writings of different men. There is little doubt but that Virgil copied Homer and that Dante helped himself to whatever pleased him in Virgil. Pope admits that he imitated Dryden, and no more blame is due him for using Dryden's ideas than Dryden for using those of another. That Dryden stole his thought would not justify Pope's action along that line; but if both are guilty, why praise one above the other?

Perhaps when Dryden wrote the much-quoted lines

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide,

he never knew that Aristotle had written, "No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness;" and he might not have been acquainted with that line in which Seneca says:

There is no great genius without a tincture of madness.

Then Pope after Dryden wrote:

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

This is not the only instance of apparent plagiarism of thought. Boileau in his "L'Art Poetique," wrote of the man who in his verses was able to pass from the grave to the light, from the pleasant to the severe, while Dryden in his verses about poetic art wrote:

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.

And Pope:

Formed by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

In the writings of both Pope and Dryden many passages are found which bear a striking similarity of ideas. Dryden on account of his seniority is given credit for the thought; but in many cases the latter poet dressed the thought in more fitting and more appropriate language. An instance of this resemblance of ideas exists between the lines of Dryden about truth and those of Pope on vice. Of truth Dryden wrote:

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

Pope, writing of vice, made the necessary change of using the opposite of *loved* because he used the opposite of *truth*.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

It seems strange that these men who so much resembled each other in their poetical thoughts, should have likewise undertaken the translations of the "Iliad" and the "Aeneid." These two great poets have won lasting reputations as the poetic translators of the two greatest of ancient classical writings. Pope, who had never studied at a university, who, through his own diligence, had become acquainted with Homer's works, furnished the English-speaking world with the best translation of the "Iliad," a translation of which Addison was jealous. Dryden produced an equally masterful translation of the "Aeneid."

As masters of satire and sarcasm Pope and Dryden are about equal. Two methods of procedure in a satirical attack have been laid down; first, the attack on mere types; second, the attack on persons; and in attempting the former there is a danger of falling into the abstract, while in trying the latter there is a danger of sacrificing art to abuse.

Pope's satires were purely personal. By nature Pope was not well fitted to make personal

attacks, because his physical defects were easy targets for return shots. A consciousness of his deformity made him fearful of ridicule; and in replying to any remarks about his physical defects no one was more bitter. Such attacks were the cause of the production of the "Dunciad," which, according to Johnson, did more than any other writing to lower the profession of the poet in the estimation of the people. Still, this man, who was the bitterest of enemies, was the best of friends; for whether he loved or hated he did so intensely.

Dryden's satire, however, was never personal, though no doubt ever arose as to who was meant as the object of attack. In "Absalom and Achitophel" readers understood that *Absalom* was the Duke of Monmouth and *Achitophel*, Lord Shaftsbury. This is the best of Dryden's satires; in it he is at his best in wit, invective and argument. While Pope's satires were personal, Dryden's were both personal and representative of types at the same time. Pope rarely gave his opponent credit for any ability; Dryden always admitted the excellencies of his antagonist, but only to make them appear as faults. Dryden was never stirred by anger; Pope was almost always passionately so.

In poetical attempts outside of satire, Pope was less enthusiastic and less powerful in thought than Dryden; but he surpassed Dryden in delicacy of feeling and refinement. Dryden made English versification, but Pope refined and adorned it. What Dryden wrote never troubled him afterwards; he was satisfied if a few were pleased. Pope, on the other hand, always strove to improve his writings. It is said that Pope never sent anything to press until it had lain aside two years, being embellished and corrected at intervals. Pope never soared so high as Dryden, but he never fell as low. Dryden has written much very good poetry and a good deal of mediocre poetry, while all of Pope's verse is above the average.

However much one may study the writings of these two famous Catholic poets, to decide which is the greater is a most difficult task. Both were geniuses; both have always been admired. In deciding which is the greater genius personal liking for either is bound to render the decision partial, as must have been the case when Thackeray spoke of Pope as "the greatest literary artist that England has seen."

Broken Friendship.

CORNELIUS J. HICKEY, '13.

THOUGH once the merest mention of his name,
 Carelessly spoken,
 Would light my heart like some celestial flame,
 Bearing unbroken;
 And once fleet hours of joy would mark the day,
 That knew our meeting,
 And all night long the thought of him would sway
 My heart's swift beating.

Yet now to see his face amid the crowd,
 Shows heart less shaken.
 And now when some one speaks his name aloud,
 No echoes waken.
 We meet and part with neither joy nor sorrow—
 No inward glowing.
 Will friendship's fire revive some happy morrow—
 There is no knowing.

Only a Dream.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

The chairman of the Civic Morals Association rolled up his manuscript and looked over his eye-glasses with a confident expression. Conway had been idly scrawling on a blotting-pad while the protest was being read; now he wheeled around from his desk and spoke:

"I am sorry, Mr. Yearkes, but I can not break the contract now. Jurval will appear at the Colonial next week. This is final."

The chairman of the Civic Morals Association knew that further argument would be in vain. Nevertheless, as he picked up his hat he could not refrain from expressing his indignation:

"You are seeking to lower the moral standard of the community. In bringing this hypnotist here, Mr. Conway, you are giving your support to fraud and deception. Your predecessor never booked attractions of such character."

Strange to say, Conway did not lose control of his temper. Instead, he asked Mr. Yearkes to be seated again.

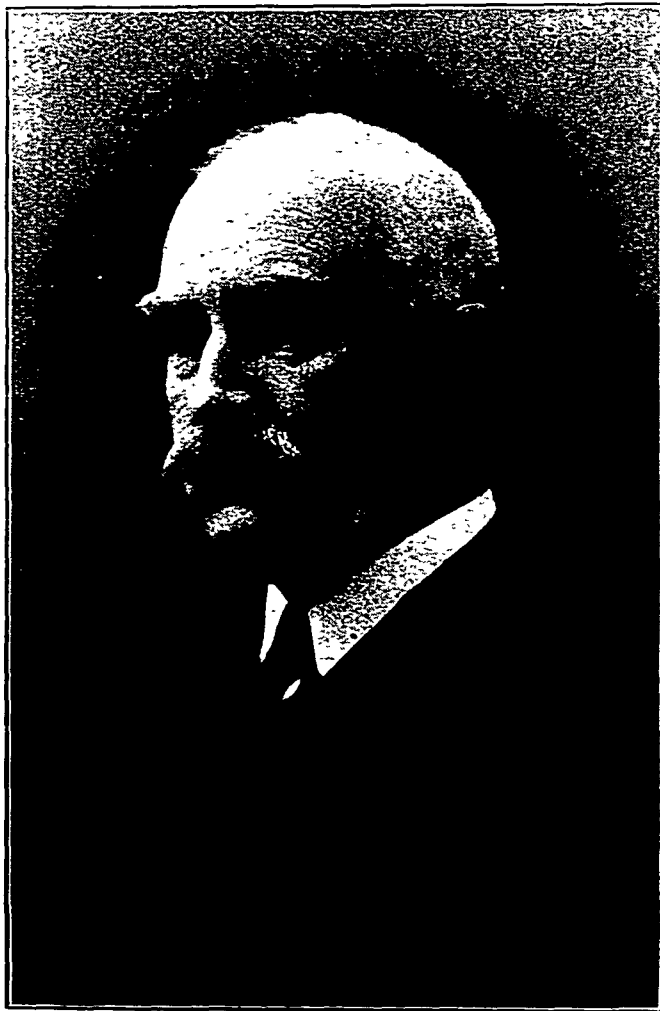
"You accuse me," he said, "of becoming a party to deception by allowing Professor Jurval to come to the Colonial. I listened to your argument very carefully. I reject your conclusion, because you draw it from a

major premise which is not true. Hypnotism, to you, is all wrong. Why? Because it is all fraud. It is not so. Your conception is wrong. I speak from my own experience. Perhaps you would like to hear the story?"

Yearkes was willing. Both lighted cigars, and when the smoke was curling well Conway began:

"It was about—about eleven years ago. I was practising law in Hallam at the time. One evening Mrs. Conway and I attended an entertainment of just such a character as Jurval is to present here next week. 'Cairo', the hypnotist called himself, and his subject was a strikingly beautiful, blue-eyed Irish girl, not at all the type usually found engaged in such work. As the evening wore on I noticed that my wife was becoming very much agitated. Finally she asked me to take her home. She had recognized in Cairo's subject one of her dearest girlhood friends.

"Margaret Sheridan—that was the girl's name—had been of too vivacious a temperament to enjoy the dull, prosaic life of the little village in which she had grown up. Her parents were stern and unsympathetic. You might easily guess the result. They found



HON. JUDSON HARMON, GOVERNOR OF OHIO,
 Who will deliver the Opening Address of the
 Commencement Exercises this evening.

a note on her dressing table one morning,—that was all. John Sheridan fortified his hard old heart, and turned a deaf ear to his wife's tearful entreaties that he should take measures to discover the girl's whereabouts.

"Life is of too much worth to waste on an ingrate," he said, "let her go, and my curse follow her." Mrs. Sheridan soon wasted away, her husband obdurate to the last. They do say he wept at her funeral. Before another year he, too, was carried to the little cemetery.

"To resume the story, we went to see 'Ita,' as the hypnotist called his subject, on the next day. Mrs. Conway had not been mistaken. While I tried to appear interested in 'Cairo,' she made herself known to the girl. Margaret had been tossed about in the city's maelstrom until in desperation she had answered Cairo's advertisement. In a short time his hypnotic influence over her had become so powerful that she had practically lost all control over herself. She hated him and hated the work, but could not summon courage to flee. We waited till the hypnotist's engagement in Hallam came to an end in order to escape publicity; then we paid him another visit and brought 'Ita' home with us. Cairo vowed vengeance.

"When told of her parents' death the girl had actually seemed glad that they would not have to be told of her struggles. One day, however, my wife came upon her poring over two faded old tin-types, and softly sobbing; then we knew it was well with her heart. When Margaret had become accustomed to the new order of things, Helen, my wife, satisfied the girl's desire to be independent by allowing her to sew for the children. With this she seemed perfectly content and happy in our home.

"Now comes the strange part of the story. One morning Margaret did not come down to breakfast. Before I left for the office Mrs. Conway went to her room to wake her. She found the girl sitting up in bed, stiff and rigid as a piece of marble. The case was so mysterious that I summoned the coroner. She was dead, he said; death had probably been caused by some poison.

"Less than an hour later the supposed corpse fell back in the bed with a scream. It seems that she had dreamed that she was again in the power of Cairo. She had seemed to be gazing into his awful eyes,—he was hypno-

tizing her. So vividly realistic had the impression become that she had actually fallen into an hypnotic trance. The application of the stomach pump had set up a nervous reaction which brought her back to consciousness." Conway paused and looked over at Yearkes. The latter was busily taking notes.

"Why, Mr. Yearkes, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Well, you see," said Yearkes, "the position of chairman of the Civic Morals Association is purely honorary. I am a newspaper reporter, you know, by profession. At present I'm acting in my professional capacity. This will make a corking good story. Have I your permission to use it? You'll excuse me?"

A smile played about the corners of Conway's mouth.

"Very glad to be of service to you, Mr. Yearkes," he answered. "Good day."

The door closed, and Conway's smile broke into a loud laugh. Then he rubbed his hands together and only chuckled:

"Yearkes will give that story two columns tomorrow. If that doesn't pack the Colonial all next week, I'll sell out for a song. And to think of the chairman of the C. M. A. doing our advertising free! I guess I didn't take a course in the development of the imagination at the university for nothing! I call that story a masterpiece for a day-dream, too. But I had some time getting that stomach pump to work. Gee!"

At the Old Home.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

It is the scene of Cullen's childhood days. Here it was that he had spent many a pleasant hour with care-free companions in the long ago, little thinking, until young Winfrid, his first friend, passed away, that in the distant future any shadow was to cross life's sunny path. The old stile and the commons are yet there, and the cattle are grazing peaceably in the green meadows. Down past the huge oaks that extend their branches as if to lure him to their leafy shade, the sparkling river flows on; and beside its sedgy banks the wild lilies bloom and the rushes raise their lanky necks from behind the surrounding bushes as they did in bygone days. There in the branches the birds still sing unmindful

of the wintry blasts when they will be trapped by the tricky schoolboys. Ah, how delightful it was to have the biting snows come that he might capture these unsuspecting pilferers!

There beyond Cullen recognized the old school-house, a treasured relic of the past. And he remembers with what great delight he used to play truant and betake himself to the country, there to watch the mysterious thrasher and, incidentally, to relieve the farmers of a few rosy apples or delicious peaches. Ah, those were golden days, and the sweetness of their memory no power is able to take away! How pleasant it was to run off on a beautiful summer's day and watch the aged peasants reap the grain from which an affrighted meadow-lark or corn-crake would rush occasionally. But, alas, they are no more. A more powerful Reaper has come and has taken them to the far beyond.

Hark! the sound of a distant bell reaches the old man's ears; it is the same muffled tone that he heard years past when Winfrid was laid to rest in the churchyard hard by. How sad it all comes back to him now; and there are none to whom he may breathe his sorrowful tale. Yes, there is one friend of his youth left, poor Merlin. But list! that mysterious sound comes to him again. With anxious step he makes his way toward the old homestead, that peeps out of the hedges below, in order to have a chat with Merlin on the days when they experienced naught save happiness and bliss. It is a long, long time since he left home to seek his fortune in distant parts. Yet this sole friend will surely remember him. But, look! what means that procession winding its way from the old house! Alas, it is all plain now. They are bearing Merlin to his resting-place in the secluded graveyard, and Cullen, like a being of another world, has nothing with which to console himself but the memory of the days that are no more.

Two Lives.

A BLEAK and barren life is his
Whose soul is chained with sin's strong tie:
With mind depraved, with body weak,
He longs to live, and fears to die.

A bright and fruitful life is his
Whose soul is free from every taint,
Whose mind grows strong, his body fair;
A man he lives and dies a saint. J. A. H.

"The Last Chief of the Chontakiros."

CHARLES DUQUE, '12.

In southwestern Brazil, near the border line with Bolivia, there existed tribes of wild Indians, who roamed about the country destroying and robbing the plantations. Señor Alarcón, a Brazilian of Spanish origin, owned a piece of land on the shores of the great Madre de Dios and near the Bolivian border. There he had settled for many years without being disturbed by the Indians of the neighborhood, with whom he was on friendly terms. Most of the time he lived secluded in his *hacienda* with his wife and son, enjoying the solitude of the great forests in which his home was built.

On January 13, 18—, there were great preparations going on, and people were coming to and from the house of Señor Alarcón. It was a day of rest and enjoyment at the *hacienda*, and people from the neighborhood had come to enjoy the feast. At 7 o'clock that evening the visitors were called to supper. The feast was in honor of Antoñito Alarcón, the son of the *haciendado*, who had attained the age of seven. He was a very friendly little fellow and was liked by all who knew him.

When all were seated at table, Señor Alarcón called a servant and sent for Antoñito. The servant went to the little boy's room, and not finding him there, went to the other rooms and around the house, but Antoñito was not to be seen. After a time Señor Alarcón himself came out to inquire the cause of the delay, and found the servants in great alarm, the Indians running to the house, all armed with some weapon or other. Seeing the alarm and the noise he stopped one of the servants and said to him: "Qué hay?" (what is the matter). The servant only answered one word "Chontakiros."

That word had a fearful meaning in that part of the country. The Chontakiros were a tribe of Indians who inhabited the north-western part of Brazil. The rest of the Indians north and south of them almost venerated the name because of the fear which they had of them.

Very soon he heard the tramp of horses, and almost instantly an arrow struck the door near which he was standing. Alarcón had been a soldier and he knew what to do on

occasions like this; so his voice rang out among the rest, calling his servants and friends to shut all the doors and windows.

A fearful battle was fought between the Indians in the *hacienda* and the terrible Chontakiros; the latter seeing they could gain nothing, slowly retired into the woods, after leaving death and ashes behind them. They burned nearly all the huts about the place, and as they easily caught fire, the *hacienda* was in parts but heaps of ruins.

After the attack was over, Señor Alarcón and some of his friends formed a little troop with about fifteen friendly Indians, and went over the surrounding country to look for Antoñito, who as yet did not appear. Had the Chontakiros taken away his little son? He dared not ask himself this question. If they had it meant certain death at their hands.

They searched and searched, moved by the zeal of the father, who no longer doubted that the Indians had taken his son,—perhaps killed him, or left him to starve in the great forest. All search was in vain. Antoñito was not found. It was madness to go in quest

of the wild Indians who roamed the immense forests of South America, and whose abode was unknown. If he should find them, how could he rescue his son when but a handful of Indians condescended to go with him?

After a day's preparation, he set out with twenty Indians in search of his son. He roamed for weeks in the forest, but all was in vain, the Chontakiros were not found. All his efforts were useless, so he gave up the chase and submitted to the will of God.

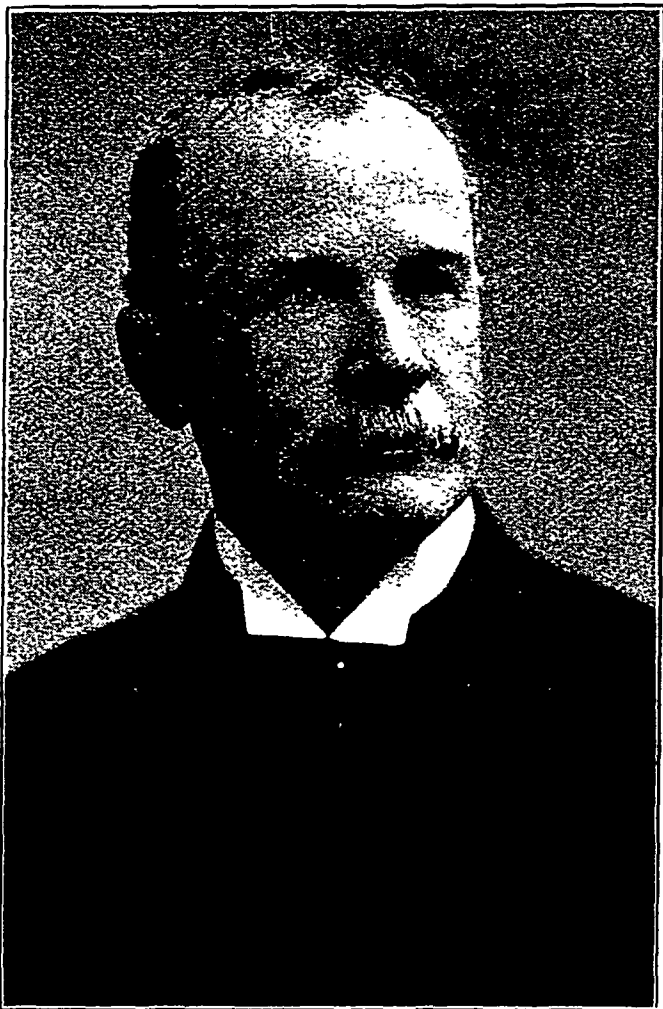
Fifteen years later, the Chontakiros still existed, and, as settlers were more numerous, the Brazilian authorities tried to subdue this fearful tribe. In the month of December of that year, two hundred soldiers set out to fight them. These men were under the command of a man of about forty-six years of age, with a stern and sad countenance. Well liked by his men, Captain Alarcón had volunteered to fight the Indians. He had no family; his wife had died some eight years back and his only son was lost or killed by the Indians.

At the head of his soldiers, Captain Alarcón marched for two weeks through the great forest toward the northwestern portion of Brazil, where it was said the Chontakiros had their abode. On the nineteenth he came up to the Amazon and followed its course up the river. One day, as they were marching through the forest, a shower of arrows suddenly came from their left, and the favorite war-cry of the Chontakiros was heard. All were in readiness for such an attack and in a moment a battle ensued.

The Indians had been following their movements for days and had at last made an attack. Being well disciplined and used to that life, the soldiers of Alarcón easily defeated the Indians. Mounted on their horses they followed them till they reached a sort of town or camp. A large gathering of Indians awaited them, and a fearful battle was fought.

The camp was situated in a small valley and was so well hidden from view that, had it not been for the Indians themselves, Alarcón could never have found it.

Captain Alarcón seeing the number of the Indians and the zeal with which they fought, sent half of his men around the other end of the valley. In a moment the Indians were caught between two fires, and in less than an hour less than fifty of them remained alive.



SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, CHIEF JUSTICE, SUPREME COURT OF CANADA,

Who will deliver the Address to the Graduates Monday evening in Washington Hall.

At last they gave up and were made prisoners; but one Indian, the chief of them all, seeing that he was lost, jumped on his horse and away he went. He had not gained thirty yards when Captain Alarcón fired. The Indian threw his arms up and fell from his horse.

Alarcón through curiosity told his men to bring the Indian's body to see what the chief of the Chontakiros was like. The soldiers brought the body and laid it on a blanket before him. Suddenly Alarcón became pale as death, knelt down by the body and took from the Indian's neck a medallion. He stared at it, looked at the body and fell back dead. He had killed his own son, the last chief of the Chontakiros.

"Tubby": An Appreciation.

If a philosophical temperament may be taken as a criterion of knowledge, then Tubby is a wise dog. In the misty annals of tradition there is evidence to the fact that he has been known to run; but that must have been in the sprightly days of his unstudied youth when an abundance of purely animal spirits had not yet become accustomed to the restraint of a thoroughly conservative mind. Perhaps his present avoirdupois may have a tendency to insure this freedom from the hurry and friskiness of youth, though it may be as truly said that this rotundity is at the same time the result of a calm and self-satisfied nature. For indeed Tubby is lord of all he surveys. And his condescending and unperturbed manner reflects his knowledge and approval of the system. Fortunate is he who has so far advanced in Tubby's good graces as to receive a wag of recognition. As for other dogs who may occasionally trespass on his domain he ignores them completely, complacently indifferent in the knowledge that he can not be superceded in the place he holds in the order of things. RAYMOND E. SKELLEY.

Tubby does not live in a kennel such as the ordinary dog inhabits. His abode is nothing less than the Main Building of the University of Notre Dame. His priority of claim to this building as his home he asserts by converting almost any part of this building into a resting-place for himself.

When it comes to style, Tubby surpasses

most of the other members of dogdom. He is always neatly attired regardless of weather conditions. At the first indications of the approaching of summer's heat, he lays aside his heavy winter coat and puts on a light fantastically trimmed summer frock. In dress, as well as in other matters, comfort seems to be the sole object of all his endeavors.

Tubby is particularly choice with regard to his diet. While the food served in the dining-room is relished by him, he evinces a preference for the cakes to be had at Brother Leopold's store. He does not hesitate to ask for these when he chances to call. Taking him all in all Tubby is peculiarly well suited to the surroundings in which he lives. When he passes out of life, he will leave a vacancy hard to fill. ALBERT A. HILKERT.

Tubby is the imperial sovereign of dogdom at Notre Dame. Everyone has seen him and therefore everyone knows his appearance. Let us find out more about him, and learn what manner of dog he really is.

The name Tubby suggests a corpulent piece of anatomy, and without doubt, this is why this spaniel was so named. Despite his weight, Tubby is rather active. Some say he has contracted habits of idleness, but those who say this do not know him, and therefore do him a wrong. He generally precedes his master, and does as much running and walking as is necessary throughout these long, hot days. Can he be blamed if betimes he picks out a cool, shady spot and lies down to rest? No, it would hardly be fair to say that Tubby is a lazy dog.

Tubby's character has many qualities which are lacking in not a few of us. He has patience, a strong sense of duty—and never growls. On the whole, Tubby may be said to uphold the standards of the school in his fashion, and has earned a measure of popularity, not to say fame. A. HERBERT BOLDT.

Tubby is a fine type of the old school that looked upon work as a thing degrading, and unbecoming a gentleman. His chief characteristic is his aversion for work, in fact, his aversion for any and everything that pertains to exertion. Poverty to him is no crime, but work is degrading, and he will have none of it. Don't get the idea that Tubby lives in poverty; not so. His life is more like that of

a prince than that of a pauper. His natural aversion for work is so strong that he would rather starve than earn his livelihood by honest labor; he would sooner go without a meal than be found guilty of exerting himself in order to get it. He looks upon life in a calm, deliberate, easy-going manner, with no thought of the past, no ungratified wish of the present, and no care for the future. He has no regard for anyone and apparently no interest in anything. Day by day, he goes along carrying out his duties the chief of which are, to eat, sleep and lie around. Despite his other characteristics, his view of life is broad and commendable. He believes in the old axiom, "live and let live," and he practises this belief. He will not kill the fly that bites him, because he is too lazy to make the effort to catch it. Yes, Tubby is a great dog! Of course he has his shortcomings. But he stands high among the great dogs of this century.

WILLIAM I. ZINK.

As you walk toward the Main Building almost any sunny day, you will observe a rolled-up door mat placed in the sun, beside the porch. If it is near dinner hour you will probably be astounded when the door mat produces from somewhere four short legs and begins to waddle toward the source of the savory odors which are wafted to him on the breeze. If you are an old student you will at once recognize Tubby. If you are a newcomer you will count him among your near acquaintances. Where he came from, it is probable none of the present generation of students know, and it is also probable that when you and I are sending our children to school here, Tubby will still endure.

If you can picture the personification of laziness, placidity and indifference you will have a reproduction of Tubby. He sleeps when he pleases, which is nearly all the time, and when he is not actually sleeping, he is in a state of torpor. You may pet him until your arm is tired and he will not give you the ghost of a wag. If you wish to stroke him, that is your business, he doesn't care one way or the other, so long as it doesn't interfere with his sleep.

To the students of Notre Dame Tubby is not merely a dog. He is an institution. He is as important to the University as any member of the faculty. It has been suggested that

he be asked to become Dean of the College of Somnambulism, but as most of the students are past-masters of that art it is hardly likely that he will accept. His fame is assured, however, for every student will carry away with him the memory of Tubby, that never cares whether school keeps or not.

THOMAS J. SHAUGHNESSY.

A visitor to Notre Dame receives a lasting impression of the beauty of the grounds, the magnificent church and numerous other points of interest. A student at Notre Dame accustomed to the view of the beauties of the place, goes deeper into the details of the life, and incidentally meets and becomes attached to Tubby.

In describing Tubby, I must allow the reader, for the most part, to form a picture of him from a few suggestions. He is all that his name implies. Nature overburdened his legs, but wise Tubby goes nature "one better" by lying down. This restful attitude can be interrupted only by "His Master's Voice." Tubby's brown curly hair, thickly matted about him, affords a home for an army of the insect world. Betimes Tubby jumps into the fountain in an endeavor to conserve cleanly habits. No one attempts to guess his age, but this important part in Notre Dame life is supposed to have been the property of a tribe of Indians at one time roaming this section.

F. T. McBRIDE.

Look Up, Sad Heart.

J. A. HEISER, '13.

LOOK up, sad heart, let sunshine fill your soul,
Let love lend peace and comfort for the past,
Let hope lend joy and faith give rest. Thou hast
Thy future bright, thy past is gone,—let toll
The dirge of years since fled. Look up, extol
The God Who promised life, when death is past,
Beyond, where love and peace forever last,
And God is praised by blessed throngs whose goal
Is won for time and all. Look up, the clouds
Of grief are passing far, the gloom of death
Slow fades away, the hope of life fast fills
The soul. Our faith revives, despair it shrouds,
All earthly cares before it flee; the breath
Of life eternal cures our many ills.

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ARTHUR HUGHES, '11 CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11 FRANCIS WENNINGER, '11

JOHN C. TULLY, '11 RALPH C. DIMMICK, '11

JOHN P. MURPHY, '12 PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11

PAUL RUSH, '12 EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12

SIMON E. TWINING, '13 WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.

—When the SCHOLASTIC next appears, Notre Dame will be under the spell of vacation's restful calm. Meantime a few busy days are still ahead. Tonight Governor Harmon of Ohio will open the commencement program with an address in Washington hall. From then on every day will be filled with events too numerous to keep close watch on, till the great final outgoing on Wednesday.

Commencement very properly belongs specially to the senior class. To them it has loomed large in the future from freshman days. For them it assumes a wider significance than it does for the Alumni to whom only it recalls memories of a previous commencement day; or than for undergraduates who see in it the image of a time ahead. To the senior it means the beginning and the ending; the beginning of a life of duty in which failure or success is largely a question of devotion to that duty; the ending of a life which has been free from serious responsibility. Setting aside sentiment and sophomoric commencement oratory, the future is a serious problem for every graduate to study and solve. The senior class of the present year are deserving the readiest and most perfect solution. They have shown themselves very generally serious students, young men of quiet, unassuming ways, appreciative of service and ready to render service in return. The SCHOLASTIC bids them good luck and Godspeed.

Preparatory School Closing.

The formal closing exercises for the preparatory school of the present year were held in Washington hall, Thursday evening, June 8. The occasion was marked by a large student attendance and the presence of friends and guests of the preparatory men. The program of the evening opened with a selection by the University Orchestra in a manner befitting its usual high standard and the occasion of its appearance. Following the music, Mr. Patrick H. Dolan, winner of the Lyons Medal for elocution, recited the particular selection for which he had been awarded that honor. Mr. Dolan's manner and poise, while lacking perfection and a certain polish of detail, certainly gave evidence of marked accomplishment for a man in the preparatory work of the University.

After a second selection by the orchestra, James V. Robins, winner of the preparatory money prize for the best oration in his department, appeared for the delivery of the student oration. Mr. Robins' production had to do with the "Evils of the Diaz System," and was a well-phrased piece of work.

After the awarding of Honors, Commercial Diplomas and Certificates, the Rev. John Talbot Smith addressed the young men concerned in the exercises. His remarks had particularly to do with the college student or graduate when entering upon the new way of life. Father Smith's speech was the more valuable from the fact that it looked not upon imaginary or ideal conditions of life, but upon things as they have been in the past, are today and will be tomorrow. In simple and striking language he outlined the beginning and the finish of the two paths which confront every young man at the outset of his career. Particularly did Father Smith show that the path of pleasure holds out its most alluring prizes to the fresh, young lives which come forth from our Catholic colleges every year. Father Smith's fine discourse will linger long in the minds and hearts of the eager gathering of young men who heard him. Following is the list of

AWARDS AND DIPLOMAS.

The Fitzsimmons Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, presented by the Rev. W. J. Fitzsimmons, Chicago, was awarded to Gorge San Pedro, Consalicion del Sur, Cuba.

The O'Brien Gold Medal for the best record in Preparatory Latin, the gift of the Rev. Terence A.

O'Brien of Chicago, was awarded to John J. Margraf, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Joseph A. Lyons Gold Medal for Elocution, was awarded to Patrick Henry Dolan, Springfield, Illinois.

Ten dollars in Gold for Preparatory Oratory, presented by Mr. Clement C. Mitchell of the class of '04 was awarded to James Vermont Robins, Hillsboro, New Mexico.

The Mason Medal, donated by Mr. George Mason of Chicago, to the student in the Preparatory School whose scholastic record has been the best during the school year was awarded to Patrick Dougherty, Chicago, Illinois.

Commercial Medal, given to the student who has had the best record in Commercial subjects for the school year, was awarded to Carl Aloysius Myers, Monroeville, Ohio.

Commercial Diplomas were awarded to Francis Edward Quish, Dexter, Michigan; Carl Myers, Monroeville, Ohio; Joseph Henry Meyer, Wellsburg,

PROGRAM.

Selection University Orchestra
 "Jerry Shannon's Easter Offering" .. Patrick Dolan
 Selection University Quartette
 "The Evils of the Diaz System" James V. Robnis
 Selection University Orchestra
 Awarding of Honors, Commercial Diplomas.

St. Edward's Hall Closing.

On Thursday morning the closing exercises of St. Edward's hall were held in the assembly room of the hall. At the conclusion of the reading of the list of awards and honors the President of the University congratulated the students on their work and spirit. He paid a tribute to the teachers of the department for their patient efforts in rounding out the minds and characters of these growing boys into finer form. Father Smith followed and told the lads some bright, cheerful truths with which to begin vacation. The boys left for their homes Thursday afternoon. Following is the list of

DEPARTMENT AND CLASS MEDALS.

Department Gold Medals were awarded to Geo. Alfred Beane, Plano, Illinois; John Francis Sullivan, Chicago; Sylvester Lawrence Vyzral, Chicago; Leroy Cagney, Chicago; Henry Bernard Lensing, Indiana; George Martin Madigan, Chicago; Newman John Wittenberg, West Virginia; George Martin Shepard, Cincinnati; DeForest Stoll, Chicago; Francis Robert Niedecken, Milwaukee; John Hense Bowles, Chicago.

Department Silver Medals were awarded to Wade McIntosh, Fairbury, Illinois; Domingo Alvarez, Mexico.

Gold Medal for Piano was awarded to Sylvester

Lawrence Vyzral, Chicago; Gold Medal for Penmanship, Gordon Volland, Ohio; Gold Medal for Letter Writing, John Charles O'Connell, Chicago; Gold Medal for Debating, Frederick William Powers, Chicago; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Franklin Van Cleve, Chicago; Gold Medal for Composition, Elliot William Bergfeld, New York; Gold Medal for Improvement in Letter Writing, Thomas Seery, Chicago; Gold Medal for Improvement in Composition, George Martel, Chicago; Gold Medal for Improvement in Penmanship, Andrew Joseph Moynihan, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

The Sorin Elocution Medal was awarded to Samuel Allerton Dee, Chicago.

Finals in Oratory and Elocution.

THE LYONS MEDAL CONTEST.

The final contest for the Lyons Medal, the medal awarded annually to the winner of the contest in elocution for the preparatory department, was held in Washington hall, Saturday afternoon, June 3. First place was awarded to Mr. Patrick Dolan of Holy Cross hall. Mr. Dolan gave evidence of more studied preparation than any of the other contestants, and his victory was deserved. Mr. Frank Monaghan and Mr. Austin McNichols, both of Carroll hall, were awarded second and third places respectively.

CONTEST FOR THE BARRY MEDAL.

The elocution contest, open to students of the collegiate courses, was held Saturday afternoon immediately after the Lyons Medal contest. The winner, Mr. Patrick Cuning of Corby hall, will be given the Patrick T. Barry Medal at the commencement exercises. Mr. Thomas Havican and Mr. Vincent Ryan finished second and third to Mr. Cuning. The judges at both of the elocution contests were Fathers Crumley and Moloney, and Professor Farrell.

FRESHMAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Mr. Albert J. Brown of Holy Cross hall was declared the winner of the Freshman oratorical contest held Saturday night in Washington hall. Mr. Brown had a fine manuscript on "Religion and Education," and his delivery was easy and natural enough to present his thought in a pleasing way. Second and third places were awarded to Mr. T. Clifford of Corby hall, and Mr. Bernard Buckley, day student. The prize of ten dollars was awarded to Mr. Brown. Fathers Moloney, Walsh and Carrico acted as judges.

PREPARATORY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The final contest for the prize of ten dollars, offered for the best oration presented by a preparatory student, was held on Monday, June 5, in Washington hall. Mr. James Robins of Brownson hall, with his oration on "The Evils of the Diaz System," received the popular decision and the vote of the judges for first place. The oration of Mr. Robins dealt with a fresh subject in a particularly entertaining manner, and his delivery was marked by unaffected naturalness. Mr. Patrick Dolan of Holy Cross hall, and Mr. Martin Walter of Brownson, received second and third places. The judges were Fathers Smith and Carrico, and Professor Hines. The students of the preparatory department attended the contest, and music was furnished by the University orchestra.

SOPHOMORE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The contest for honors in the sophomore class was held Tuesday night, June 6. It was probably the most spirited contest of the series, and brought out several men of Breen Medal calibre. The contest was won by William Milroy of St. Joseph hall, with Charles Flynn of Holy Cross and Simon Twining of St. Joseph following in order. As in the other oratorical contests, a prize of ten dollars is awarded the winner. Fathers Moloney, O'Donnell and Walsh were the judges.

JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST.

First place and the prize of ten dollars went to William Parish of Old College in the junior class oratorical contest, held Wednesday night in Washington hall. John Daily of Sorin and Patrick Barry of St. Joseph were second and third at the finish. The contest was judged by Fathers Carrico, Moloney and Walsh.

Lecture by Father Smith.

Father Smith lectured to the collegiate students on Wednesday, June 7. He discussed his favorite topic, the drama, and established the thesis that of the three forms of literature exerting the greatest influence among the people, the drama is the only one that remains true to its conventions. The lecturer illustrated his thesis by several examples from modern plays. The lecture was in the usual Father Smith manner,—fresh, deliciously entertaining and instructive.

The K. of C. Say Good-Bye.

Wednesday evening the Knights found time amid the happenings of a festive week on all sides to meet and say farewell for a little. Deputy Grand Knight Nolan presided, and James Sherlock, we need hardly add, was the moving spirit. He coralled Father Smith at 9:30 and subpoenaed him. Father Smith surrendered himself and received an ovation. The president came in also, but owing to press of commencement engagements left before James had a chance to announce in time-cherished phrase, "We have with us this evening—" Father Smith gave a breezy, reminiscent talk, then turned to the serious side and spoke of the great opportunities of the Knights. Several speeches, songs, and musical numbers followed, but your reporter can't get the necessary space, as the chief has a seven years' plenty of copy for this week.

Brownson Closing Program and Smoker.

On Sunday evening, June 4, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society gave a public program in the college parlor, which was followed by a smoker in one of the dining rooms. The program was opened with an address by Guy Marshall, the president. "To My Boys" was recited by Brother Alphonsus. "The Awakening of the South" was the subject of an oration by Will O'Shea. "Our Debating Team" was treated by Clarence Derrick. The next number was a selection by the Brownson orchestra. "The Literary and Debating Society" was ably discussed by Jeremiah McCarthy. "The Elocutionist's Curfew" was recited by Thomas Mahoney. "Socialism" was well handled by M. Emmett Walter. Another selection by the orchestra was highly appreciated. "Our Society" was the subject of Charles Mann's address. "A Tribute to Great Teachers" was a eulogy of Professor Howard and Colonel Hoynes, which was delivered by Ronald O'Neill. "The Generosity of a Little Jew," a pretty story of local interest, was recited by Vincent Ryan. Perhaps the finest effort of the evening was the oration on "The Evils of the Diaz System" by James Robins. The closing remarks were made by Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith. He bestowed generous praise on those who took part in

the program, and urged the members of the society to make the most of every opportunity to speak, to sing or to play music, saying that such things would in after life be found very serviceable.

The smoker was very enjoyable. This merry event was closed by another talk by Father Smith, who advised his young friends to cultivate the after-dinner speech, which, he said, was difficult to learn, but once the accomplishment was acquired it was the easiest kind of speaking

Ex-Philopatrian Final Smoker.

Last Tuesday evening, beginning at 7:45, that unique organization, the Ex-Philopatians, extended the hand of hospitality to their friends. A rather extensive program of edibles glorified the program, and when "Nig" Raff and his white-jacketed men-in-waiting glided from their hiding it was found the menu on paper had nothing on food products handed out by Raff *et al.* It was a first-class lunch to which first-class justice was done. As usual Mr. William Cotter was the presiding spirit. He had the orchestra present which give him breathing space between his introductory speeches. And be it said to the credit of the musicians they filled up the pauses very creditably. With this week's avalanche of copy we can not begin to do justice to this crowning feast, but we trust the Ex-Philopatians will flourish again next year,—and on and on *ad astra!*

Personals.

—The marriage of Leonard F. Smith (student of recent years) and Miss Genevieve B. Kendrick took place in Chicago on June 6th. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be at home after July 15 in Walkerton, Indiana. Congratulations and best wishes.

—A friend in Pennsylvania voluntarily sent us a long account of the case of Ott vs. the Berwind Coal Mining Company, in which Mr. Eugene A. Delaney (C. E. '99) of Windber, Pennsylvania, was an expert witness. The damages claimed in the case amounted to over a million dollars and the litigation was unusually important because the success of the plaintiff would involve numerous other cases of the same nature and lead inevitably to the bankruptcy of the largest coal mining companies in the

United States. The jury were farmers and the witnesses numbered over a hundred. These consisted of geologists and mining engineers from various parts of the United States. The principal witness for the defendant company was Mr. Eugene A. Delaney, its chief engineer. He was followed on the witness stand by d'Invilliers of Philadelphia, conceded to be the most noted geological expert in Pennsylvania. We quote from our friend's letter:

"It is impossible adequately to state the impression which Mr. Delaney has created in this case, not only among the practical men who heard the testimony, but also among the experts; but it may be summed up by the remark of Judge Kooser, the presiding judge, who, in a conversation, stated that while d'Invilliers may be regarded as a leader, he has 'nothing on' Delaney. In fact the purpose of d'Invilliers' testimony was solely to confirm the testimony of Delaney in its scientific aspect. The trial will likely take two weeks, and although Delaney testified but yesterday, the success of the defendant company in this litigation is now assured." The defense in this case alone will cost over fifty thousand dollars.

Local Items.

—The "Dome" was distributed among the students last week. Pictorially it ranks among the best Domes of past years.

—The seniors of today will soon be the alumni of tomorrow. Notre Dame expects much from those who are soon to leave her portals.

—A large number of rooms are reserved for the coming year in the different halls. Make your choice now and save worry at the beginning of the school year.

—The commencement exercises were ushered in by the Junior Prom in Place hall. The affair was brilliantly successful, and was attended by visitors from all over the country.

—Just a few more days before the long-looked-forward-to regatta. The class crews are now putting in their last hard licks. Tomorrow and Monday the men will rest.

—Through the untiring efforts of Prof. John Worden, beautiful silk colors were donated to the battalion. The formal presentation of the flag was made on Memorial Day.

—On Saturday last the battalion executed

not invincible, four more runs being scored in the next two sessions. Complete box score:

| St. Viateur's | R | H | O | A | E |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Quille, ss..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| Scanlon, 3b..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| O'Connell, p..... | 1 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Warner, 1b..... | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 1 |
| Coss, p, rf..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lynch, cf..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bergen, c..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Doemling, 2b..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 |

| Totals | 1 | 3 | 24 | 9 | 3 |
|--------------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Notre Dame | R | H | O | A | E |
| O'Connell, ss..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Arnfield, cf..... | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Quigley, lf..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Sherry, 2b..... | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 0 |
| Granfield, 3b..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Farrell, 1b..... | 1 | 2 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Phillips, lf..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ulatowski, c..... | 1 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Regan, p..... | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 |

| | | | | | |
|--------------|---|----|----|----|---|
| Totals | 9 | 12 | 27 | 11 | 1 |
|--------------|---|----|----|----|---|

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| St. Viateur's..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |
| Notre Dame..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | * | —9 |

Two base hit—Sherry. Three base hits—Farrell, Phillips. Struck out—By Regan, 8; by O'Connell, 1. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 6; off O'Connell, 2; off Coss, 1. Double plays—Granfield to Farrell; Sherry to O'Connell to Farrell. Umpire, Coffey.

KEIO DEFEATED.

A classy exhibition of the national pastime was staged on Cartier field last Tuesday when the visiting Japanese team representing Keio University went down to defeat before the Varsity by the score of 9 to 5. The contest attracted a larger gallery both of students and city folk than any of the preceding games, and the showing of the little brown men, who seemed to have the victory cinched up to the seventh, was a revelation of the progress of the Nipponese in the American sport.

The Japs landed viciously on Heyl's slants in the first three rounds and forced the substitution of Regan, who succeeded in limiting further scoring to the couple tallied in the fifth. Sugase twirled the entire game for Keio. The Oriental has a peculiar side-arm delivery more or less effective in all sessions except the seventh, when the gold and blue were permitted to bunch several bingles. The safeties added to three miscues by the Japs, netted five runs and a lead which would not be gainsaid. The work of the visitors' infield was a feature. Sasaki at short made several stops which cut off apparently sure hits. Box score:

| Keio University | R | H | O | A | E |
|-------------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Sasaki, ss..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 1 |
| Kanki, 2b..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Fukuda, c..... | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Koyana, rf..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Mujaki, 1b..... | 1 | 2 | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Higo, lf..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Takahama, cf..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ishikawa, 3b..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Sugase, p..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 0 |

| | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Totals | 5 | 9 | 24 | 15 | 5 |
|--------------|---|---|----|----|---|

| Notre Dame | R | H | O | A | E |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| O'Connell, ss..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Arnfield, cf..... | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Sherry, 2b..... | 1 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| Williams, lf..... | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Granfield, 3b..... | 2 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| Farrell, 1b..... | 2 | 2 | 9 | 1 | 1 |
| Phillips, rf..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Ulatowski, c..... | 0 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 1 |
| Heyl, p..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Regan, p..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |

| | | | | | |
|--------------|---|----|----|----|---|
| Totals | 9 | 12 | 27 | 18 | 5 |
|--------------|---|----|----|----|---|

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Keio..... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —5 |
| Notre Dame..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 0 | * | —9 |

Two base hits—Fukuda, Granfield (2), Regan, Farrell. Three base hits—Williams. Struck out—by Sugase, 3; by Regan, 4. Bases on balls—Off Suagse, 2; off Heyl, 1; off Regan, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Takahama. Wild pitch—Heyl. Umpire, Coffey.

SIXTH AT CONFERENCE.

On Saturday, June 3, the Western Conference Association held its annual track games at Minneapolis. In it were entered the cream of the athletic West, including representatives from every college and university of any note in the middle and far west. Notre Dame entered a team of only seven men, but even so, would have made a better showing were it not for the occurrence of several incidents which worked against our men. As it was, they came out sixth, with 16 points; Missouri taking first place with 35, and Chicago second with 25 1-3 points.

The games started off auspiciously for Notre Dame when Williams took first in the first heat of the 120-yard high hurdles. The final in this event was one of the most closely contested of the day. Williams and Nickleson of Missouri ran a neck and neck race for the entire distance, the latter winning only by the merest fraction of a second. Wasson took first place in his heat in the 100-yard dash and first in the final. Considering the heavy track, and the strong wind the runners had to face, his time of 0:10 1-5 was remarkable. "Jimmie" also took second in his heat in the 220 yard dash, but did not place in the finals.

This is very likely due to the fact that he was forced to leave off broad jumping to run this race, the continued effort weakening him in both events. In the first heat of the 220-yard low hurdles, Fletcher got away with a good start, but tripped on the first hurdle and fell to the ground. When he regained his feet, the others had a hurdle handicap on him, still "Fletch" finished third out of a field of five. Williams took second in his heat and third in the finals in this event. In the half-mile "Divvy" led the field for three-quarters of the distance when Davenport of Chicago and Burman of Missouri sprinted past for the finish. Jimmie Wasson, owing to the poor condition of the jumping pit, was unable to go farther than 22 feet 8 1-2 inches in the broad jump, which gave him second place. Williams placed fourth with a leap of 22 feet 3 inches.

Rain fell all Friday night and Saturday morning until 9 o'clock, making the field soggy and the track heavy. This accounts for the slow time in many of the events.

While in Minneapolis, the track team was very agreeably entertained by the Twin-city Notre Dame Club. Automobiles were provided, and the boys were taken on a sight-seeing tour around St. Paul and Minneapolis, after which trip they did ample justice to a banquet at the Radison hotel, Minneapolis. Summary of events in which the Varsity placed:

100-yard dash—Wasson, Notre Dame, first; Wilson, Coe, second; Straube, Chicago, third; Earle, Chicago, fourth. Time, :10.4.

120-yard hurdle—Nicholson, Missouri, first; Williams, Notre Dame, second; Quarnstorm, Morning-side, third; Beeson, California, fourth. Time, 0:15.

880-yard run—Davenport, Chicago, first; Bremond, Missouri, second; Devine, Notre Dame, third; Cleveland, Purdue, fourth. Time, 1:56.3.

220-yard hurdles—Kirksey, Missouri, first; Beeson, California, second; Williams, Notre Dame, third; Drake Illinois, fourth. Time, 0:25.4.

Broad jump—Allen, California, first; Wasson, Notre Dame, second; Lambert, Minnesota, third; Williams, Notre Dame, fourth.

SORIN WINS OUTDOOR MEET.

The interhall prize meet to determine the holder of the Studebaker trophy for the ensuing year was held on Cartier field Saturday afternoon, and the honor fell to Sorin hall. The Sorin team met with but very little difficulty in proving their superiority over the other domiciles, winning by a margin of 12 1-2 points over their nearest competitors. A feature

of interest was added to the affair by the fact that a number of valuable prizes, gifts of the various South Bend business and professional men, were offered to the individual high point winners, and to the winners in special events which proved the most exciting of the day.

The following men, Clippenger, Henahan, Fitzpatrick, Hood, McDonald, DeFries were winners of handsome gold watches donated by Dr. Stoeckley, Dr. Lucas, McInerney and Doran, Adler Brothers, McDonald Studio, and the Walk Over Shoe Store. The shield for second highest total of points, the offering of Calvin Clauer, the South Bend jeweler, was won by Brownson hall with a total of 28 points.

Special races, open only to the presidents of the various classes, to managers of the hall teams, and a free-for-all, were occasions for the distribution of a box of cigars donated by Mike's restaurant, two handsome pipes offered by Hullies and Schaefer's cigar stores, and numerous other trophies.

First place was taken by Sorin, with a total of 41 1-2 points; Brownson was second with a total of 28 points; Corby a close third with 27 points and Walsh a poor fourth with 5 1-2 points. Summary.

120 yard hurdles—Won by Clippenger, Sorin; O'Neill, Corby, second; Campbell, Sorin, third. Time, :17 2-5.

Mile-run—Won by Fitzpatrick, Brownson; Cavanaugh, Corby, second; Cremer, Brownson, third. Time, 4:51.

Pole vault—Henahan and DeFries tied for first, LeBlanc, Sorin, third. Height, 10 feet.

880 yard run—Won by Fitzpatrick, Brownson; Cavanaugh, Corby, second; Dougherty, Brownson, third. Time, 2:17 4-5.

100 yard dash—Won by McDonald, Sorin; Henahan, Brownson, 2d; LeBlanc Sorin, 3d. Time, :10 2-5.

Shot put—Won by Whitty, Sorin; Clippenger, Sorin, second; Hoyt, Walsh, third. Distance, 36 feet 10 inches.

Discus throw—Won by Clippenger, Sorin; LeBlanc Sorin, second; Ryan, Corby, third. Distance, 95 feet.

Broad jump—Won by Hood, Corby; McDonald, Sorin, second; Hebner, Corby, third. Distance, 19 feet 8 1-2 inches.

220 yard low hurdles—Won by Clippenger, Sorin; O'Neill, Corby, second; Campbell, Sorin, third. Time, :27 2-5.

High jump—Won by DeFries, Walsh; Hood, Corby, second; O'Rourke, Walsh and LeBlanc, Sorin tied for thire. Height, 5 feet 6 3-8 inches.

220 yard dash—Won by Hebner, Corby; McDonald, Sorin, second; O'Connell, Brownson, third. Time, :23 4-5.

440-yard run—Won by Henahan, Brownson; Fitzpatrick, Brownson, 2d; Cahill, Corby, 3d. Time, :54.