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Arahanyah.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

HARK and you shall hear the legend
Of the Mountain Arahanyah,
Of the towering Arrow-mountain.
How the Indian maiden Sanyah
For a white man broke her pledges:
By the shimmering crystal fountain
In the twilight met her lover.

How the wigwam being empty
When her husband Massawounder
From the hunt returned at nightfall
Following her tracks he found her:
And he vowed unto Tishanempt
He'd have vengeance that was rightful
On the pale face, Sanyah's lover.

Then he shot a deadly arrow
At the white man by the fountain;
And the Fire-god Tishanempt there
Raised on high a lofty mountain,
Breathing on the blood-stained arrow,
Warning men they ne'er should trifle
With the red-man's wife and fireside.

The Trilogy of Sienkiewicz.

ANTHONY J. ROZEWICZ, '11.



LITERARY works of high artistic excellence tend to arouse universal and permanent interest. A truly great poem or drama contains elements which appeal to all humanity. Homer is not a Greek poet merely, nor is Shakespeare an exclusively English dramatist; both are more than that: Homer is a world poet and Shakespeare a world dramatist.

In the art of novel-writing no author has, as yet, established for himself a prestige such

as is conceded to Homer in poetry or Shakespeare in the drama. There are works of fiction, however, pregnant with genuine art; perhaps, with the lapse of time, they will be recognized as productions of world-wide significance.

A quarter of a century has passed since the Trilogy by Sienkiewicz was given to the world. This work consists of three historical novels, namely: "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael." The novels are distinct in themselves, yet united, in a way, by reason of dealing with the same historical period, and also by the fact that the development of some characters is continued throughout all three. Judged in the light of principles which critics deem indispensable to a novel, the Trilogy is an achievement intensely artistic,—an achievement which bids strongly for universal interest and a place of pre-eminence in the field of fiction.

At first glance a statement of this kind may seem unwarranted, but after a consideration of the merits found in the Trilogy, the assertion, it will be seen, is based on solid grounds. The merits are, indeed, of the highest artistic order; they are many, and they are sustained throughout the work. It is our intention here to treat of these merits briefly and, at the same time, comprehensively enough to make clear that our contention as to the genius of Sienkiewicz is not vain. We are, consequently, to consider the Trilogy from the point of view of plot, imagination, characterization, and moral beauty; for, if a work of fiction can claim any superiority, it must give evidence of genuine art in these four particulars. The Trilogy does give that evidence.

The story or plot is the backbone of the novel. Students of fiction generally agree that the first duty of the novelist is to tell a good story.

The novelist must please; he must entertain. How admirably is this requisite fulfilled in the Trilogy! The story in each of the three novels is told with consummate skill. From the complex setting of the plot, ease and power mark the progress towards the climax; then the intricacies demanding a solution are disposed of one by one, and the novels come to an impressive yet almost imperceptible close.

If the value of a story be judged by its aptness to captivate the reader, then that with which each novel of the Trilogy is concerned can hardly be estimated too highly. To speak of the magic with which Sienkiewicz charms, is, indeed, a favorite topic of his commentators. In the "North American Review," Comte S. C. De Soissons writes concerning "With Fire and Sword": "Having begun the book the reader's attention is riveted to it not only by curiosity but by enthusiasm." Mr. Charles H. Genung, in a critical essay, voices the same sentiment even more strongly. He says in reference to the Trilogy: "From the magic of Sienkiewicz there is no escape; firmly he grasps his wand, and once within the circle he describes, the charm can never be eluded." Then, after pointing out wherein Sienkiewicz has all the fascination of Dumas, Mr. Genung continues: "But in Sienkiewicz there is also a deep psychological interest, the struggle of noble minds between selfishness and duty, which raises these novels out of the class of romantic tales of adventure into that higher region of poetry where we breathe the air that swept the plains of Troy." Mr. William L. Phelps, of Yale, finds the "romances of the Pole more enthralling than those of either or both" Scott or Dumas.

Sienkiewicz's capacity to sustain interest through many hundreds of printed pages, has been proved by the success of his novels in all countries. The Trilogy, like other works of his pen, is translated into all modern languages and in all it has been read widely and with enthusiasm. When, in view of this fact, we note that the length of the Trilogy is equivalent to several ordinary novels; and, if we consider further, how reluctant the modern fiction-reader is to take up a book which he can not peruse at a sitting or two, or how quick he is to throw aside the same, if the story does not attract him; then, indeed, we feel somewhat assured that there must be some clever story-telling in a work covering, "in Mr. Curtin's

admirable translation," as Mr. Phelps states it, "over twenty-five hundred closely printed pages," comprising but three novels, and, with all this apparently burdensome mass, taking the whole of the reading-world by storm. Mr. Phelps considers the Trilogy, as well as other works of Sienkiewicz, a "magnificent challenge" to the present-day reader, so disinclined to prolonged and repeated sittings. However, "we do not rebel," says Mr. Phelps "because the next chapter is invariably not a task but a temptation."

Such is the effect Sienkiewicz produces on the reader. He arouses the emotion of pleasure; he amuses and entertains; and hence is eminently successful in the first purpose of the novel. One might inquire by what means he excites interest, or whence flows the entertainment afforded by the Trilogy. In answer to such a question, we should urge that it is the logical make-up of the novels that attracts, and it is the profuse variety of incidents, and the manner of presenting them that goad on curiosity and hold the attention in an iron grasp. In a word, we are brought face to face with the real art of the plot.

Every novel of the Trilogy is a massive structure. The parts of each are linked together and interwoven into one gigantic whole. When reading Sienkiewicz we are always given the satisfaction of knowing why this or that happens, or why this or that results. This satisfaction we receive at an opportune moment; sometimes we are given it while being prepared for what is to come; sometimes we get it at the end of a long suspense when a situation is elucidated; but all along we are admitting that things are happening naturally. We are not led into channels totally estranged from the story; we are not disgusted by inconsistencies; there are no surprises, but we can sufficiently account for them.

Concerning "With Fire and Sword," Mr. De Soissons writes: "The historical and epic character of this romance does not spoil the story, for it develops very interesting situations, and the incidents are so cleverly united one with another that, after all, the reader is compelled to admire the art of the plot." The same writer after criticising the "Deluge" because of too many secondary characters and episodes adds: "And yet the whole of that romance is most remarkable, the plot being very well conceived, and the connection of

episodes maintained throughout the book."

In touching upon the variety of incidents and the manner of presentation, we are led into the subject of imagination and style. The former belongs properly to our discussion.

Sienkiewicz has been declared by critics to be an imaginative genius. He is. The Trilogy bears ample testimony to the truth of this statement. The number and variety of incidents employed are simply astounding. Every page presents a new part of one and the same whole. Incident follows incident, and each one is exhibited in a cloak that charms and a vividness that is not easily forgotten. The battles and skirmishes are so numerous that, if there were nothing else, this alone would attest sufficiently the great imaginative power of Sienkiewicz; for, multitudinous as the battles and skirmishes are, sameness, certainly, does not characterize them; the variety of treatment is wonderful. The flow of Sienkiewicz's fancy seems to be wellnigh inexhaustible; nothing but a reading of his works can give an adequate idea of his passion for something new at every turn. To say that in the Trilogy there are duels, brawls, contests of individual heroes, strategems, narrow escapes etc., is like naming several of the commoner items whose number extends into the hundreds.

But not alone in incident is the Trilogy resplendent. In other directions too does Sienkiewicz let his imagination sally forth, and in every case he is sure to gather a rich harvest. He indulges in description of places and conditions, and there is, in this portion of his work, a precision and subtleness that command attention. The average reader of novels is prone to under-estimate the value of descriptive passages. Sketches of landscapes, towns, villages, castles, secluded or odd places of habitation, as also accounts of the customs of a particular people or age, etc., have but little attraction for him, and unless there is something enticing in the manner of treatment, such sketches and accounts are very likely to be regarded as dry and uninteresting parts of a book, and for that reason passed by unread. It must be remembered, however, that nature-painting, as well as other passages of a descriptive character, add color and meaning to a developing story, and, indeed, we will but speak the truth when we say that a master-novelist never uses description of any kind, unless he judges it necessary or at least helpful in some way

to the incidents he employs, or otherwise useful to his tale. In regard to the Trilogy, it is to be noted that much of the description contained therein is intermingled with narration and dialogue, and that the effect of this mingling is a happy one; for it furnishes the necessary information about places and conditions under which the plot develops bit by bit; and the reader who thus receives the information in small quantities is not likely to complain. Moreover, the same fancy which endows each battle and skirmish with individuality, and devises for each an altogether new atmosphere, gives to all the descriptive passages, whether long or short, not only a diversity of treatment but also a terseness and vigor of style.

Another striking illustration of a fertile mind is the magnificent array of characters that are depicted. These are so abounding in number that objection is sometimes raised that they are too many. The objection itself does not concern us at present, and mention is made of it merely because it throws light on the point now under discussion. We do not contend, however, that, as far as characters are concerned, Sienkiewicz's imagination receives its best expression in their number. It is only when, with the large number of characters, we associate the essential difference that exists among them that we become willing to admit the extraordinary creative talent on the part of the author.

Profuse incidents, description and characters, all these bear the marks of a lively and almost unlimited imagination; yet these are only evidences of secondary importance; for it is neither the number nor variety of incidents, descriptions and characters that impresses us most with Sienkiewicz's power of producing fiction. It is in the adjustment of these to the story that the great fashioner is fully revealed. By the capacity to adjust to the purpose the exuberant but unsystematized fruit of the imagination is the real power of the imagination to be judged; and it is precisely in this latter function that Sienkiewicz is especially proficient. However numerous are the incidents he employs, however varied the scenery he describes, and however great the array of characters, this is certain, that none of these things are scattered at random over the novels, but grow out of the three stories logically.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Socrates—Private Detective.

CYRIL J CURRAN, '12.

It is not commonly known that Socrates conducted a private detective agency. The great German scholars have for a long time suspected it, but they have always been loath to give expression to their opinions, when they had so little actual evidence. Now, however, the truth has come to light, and in such form that no one may gainsay that it is the truth. The recent excavations north of Athens have been productive of many remarkable discoveries, but none more remarkable than this, that Socrates led a double life. Sometimes he was the impractical philosopher and student, under which guise he was ordinarily known; but on occasion he was much different and was known as such to only a few of his more intimate friends. Then he was a keen, alert, money-getting man of the world, as merciless in his business dealings as the modern captain of industry. He often tells us, as for example in Plato's "Apology," that he accepted no money from his pupils. How then was he to live? Most scholars have hitherto neglected this issue entirely, others have evaded it, and the few who do treat it do so in a most unsatisfactory manner. The truth of the matter is that Socrates supported himself with the money he earned as a detective. In the excavations referred to, certain records were unearthed kept by a man named Whatson (Greek, Tides, Son-of-What). He was a popular physician in Athens in the time of Socrates, and was largely associated with the latter in his adventures as a sleuth. The following is an authentic translation of the original in which is described the recovery of the miser's treasure.

"It was a splendid summer evening," writes Whatson. "Apollo's flaming chariot had just completed its daily journey across the great arc of the heavens and had sunk slowly into the broad bosom of the oceanic stream. Sweet twilight was casting her sable cloak over the beautiful Attican peninsula. I was tired, having passed an especially busy day with my patients, so I sought rest and recreative conversation at the house of Socrates. The great philosopher and detective sat alone in the grove of trees before his house. When

he saw me, he turned and asked abruptly:

"Whatson, do you know Glyptes?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered. "He is that miserly sculptor that lives west of the Acropolis."

"You are right," said Socrates. "I do not know who told him that I was in the detective business, but he found out some way and came here today. He wanted me to recover some silver that was stolen from him. I refused to consider it at first, for he would not pay me my price. 'Nothing doing,' said I. He was so insistent, however, that I agreed to drop around at his house tonight and go over the matter with him. So come along, Whatson. It is just a nice stroll. I may be able to get some money out of the old tight-wad."

We walked slowly through the hot streets of the city, finally coming to a long, narrow street upon which Glyptes' home was located. Just as we turned into it a large man was walking out. When we passed him Socrates knocked against him quite forcibly, and then apologized profusely.

We had hardly come to the house of Glyptes when we saw him running towards us. Tears were pouring from his eyes. His hair was much dishevelled. His ragged garments were covered with grime.

"Oh, ye gods," he cried, "of what impiety have I ever been guilty that ye should afflict me thus. Socrates, I am ruined—ruined. This afternoon, as I told you, forty pieces of silver were stolen from me. By Hercules, that was bad enough. But now all is gone; all my pretty gems; all my gold; all my silver; everything that I have accumulated in a lifetime of incessant labor."

"Calm yourself, sir," said Socrates, "calm yourself, and tell us the particulars. But first give me some assurances that I will be paid for my services, if I should take up your case."

"Oh Zeus! they all want money," said Glyptes, "even you, Socrates, whom many men deem to be free from such desires. How much, pray, do you want?"

"Not much," said Socrates, "only half of what I recover. If I fail nothing."

"Demeter! Half? You ask half? It is too much. I will give you an eighth."

"Nothing stirring," replied Socrates brusquely. "Half or nothing. Come, Whatson, I have no time to waste with this fellow. Let us leave."

"Stay! stay!" said Glyptes, "you may have what you ask, only begin at once. Oh Hecate, endow this man with thy powers! Oh Nemesis, pursue the villain who has robbed me!"

With this outburst he led us into the little workshop from which the money had been stolen. He showed us the cavity in which he had hidden his wealth and from which it had been stolen. It was beneath half a dozen large paving stones on the floor. Then he told how Klepton, the politician, had paid him forty pieces of silver and of the astounding manner in which this money had disappeared.

"I had just completed the statue of Klepton for which he paid the silver, and sat at my bench counting it over. A bird flew against the window, which you see is barred. I glanced at it for an instant, and when I turned my eyes back to the table, the money was gone. Ah, 'twas a demon that took it. No man could have been in that room. The door was locked. The window was barred. I was alone with my creation of marble. I looked everywhere, but there were no traces of either money or thief. Then I lifted these stones from the floor to see if my pretty stones and shining gold were safe, and it was there, Athena be praised—"

"What did you do then," asked Socrates, as Glyptes paused to take breath.

"Well, I went to see you, and you wouldn't come, so I returned to my shop again. Then, O ye sorrowing shades of Hades, I found myself robbed of all I had possessed. These stones were uplifted and the treasure gone."

"Did you leave the door to your shop unlocked when you came to see me?" Socrates asked.

"No, indeed, by Minerva. I remember well how I locked and bolted it when I left, and it was undisturbed when I returned."

"Humph," said Socrates. "Where is this statue of Klepton you speak of?"

"The men of Klepton just now took it away in their dray."

"Where did it rest in the shop?"

"It stood upon the floor beside the table."

"Ah!"

Socrates examined the ground carefully where it had been placed, and then rubbed his thumb over the edge of the table, sniffing at it carefully.

"Ah," he said again. "The trail grows hot, Watson. Now for a little stimulant. As

soon as my brain livens up a bit, we will have this thief inside of an hour."

He took a little vial from his tunic and placed a few drops of its contents upon his tongue.

"Hemlock, Watson," he said, smacking his lips. "Nothing like it for a lagging intellect."

"Socrates," said I, "you should not do that. Hemlock, as I have often warned you, will kill you yet."

"Never fear, Watson," he answered. "I have to have hemlock to stimulate my cerebral activities. Without it,—well, I should not be Socrates."

The drug added lustre to his eyes and brought a fevered flush to his cheek. He was more alert than ever now. Glyptes watched all this in wonder.

"What is the color of your garments when they are clean, Glyptes?" Socrates asked.

"Ah, sir, I have but one suit, and that is the one I wear, which you see is brown."

"Good. Now just when was this statue of Klepton removed?"

"Not fifteen minutes ago. The wagon left only just before you came."

"Aha! What does Klepton look like?"

"He is a large man, and wears a long white cloak."

"In what form was your statue of him?"

"It was of pure white marble, carved to represent him in street attire."

Socrates sat on the room's only chair and sank into a profound reverie. Glyptes appeared to wish to say something, but I motioned him to be silent. Thus we remained for nearly an hour. Suddenly Socrates jumped to his feet.

"By Jove, I have it," he said. "Examine the cupboard beneath the kitchen sink, Glyptes."

The sculptor left us and then returned in a moment with a look of amazement in his eyes.

"It's there—the statue," he said.

"Of course it is," said Socrates. "Now walk down to the end of this street in the direction from which we came and bring back whatever you find."

Glyptes left us again, returning in a few moments in great haste, bearing a human figure shrouded in a white cloak. Socrates unfolded the garment, disclosing the person's face.

"It is Klepton," said Glyptes.

"Marvellous," said I.

The great detective then unfastened the heavy girdle that girt the figure, and lifted forth a large black box which seemed to be very heavy. He opened it immediately, uncovering a mass of shining jewelry.

"The gods be praised," said Glyptes. "It is my treasure."

He fondly ran his fingers through the valuables, crooning to himself, and addressing them as if they were pets. He seemed utterly oblivious of the highly dramatic elements of their recovery.

"Glyptes," said Socrates abruptly, "count out half of that truck. It is time for us to go."

The sculptor started, and recovered his wonted gravity.

"Ah, sir, you take the savings of half a lifetime."

"I know it," said Socrates unbendingly, "and I want it quick."

Glyptes counted out the money and jewels while Socrates watched him vigilantly. Finally the payment was made and we prepared to leave.

"Put Klepton back where you found him," said Socrates, "and he will be gone by morning." With that he departed.

"How did you do it?" I asked, when we had returned to the home of Socrates.

"Perfectly simple, my dear Watson," he said, drawing his silken robes luxuriously about him. "As soon as Glyptes told me that he was alone with that statue when the money was taken, I knew that the statue must have been responsible for the robbery. There was absolutely no egress or ingress for any other thief. Now, inanimate stone is not capable of intelligent action. Therefore, the statue must have been more than stone. It must have been human. But how could this be? Then I discovered a piece of white thread caught on a projecting nail on the edge of the table. It smelt strongly of cheap soap. Where is cheap soap kept? Under the kitchen sink, of course."

"Marvellous; marvellous," said I.

"Please do not interrupt me again, Watson. You break the thread of my discourse. As I said before, cheap soap is kept under the kitchen sink. Now that white thread must have come from the thief's garments, for Glyptes wears only brown clothes. The thread was saturated with cheap soap. Cheap soap is kept under the

sink. Therefore the thief must have been under the sink. But what was he doing there?"

"Yes, what was he doing there," I repeated.

"Hiding of course," said Socrates. "The rest was easy. Klepton was obviously the thief, since the statue was of him. He hid himself in the sink hole, and when the opportunity offered, placed the statue in the same place and substituted himself in its place. He stole the forty pieces of silver when Glyptes turned his head towards the window, and probably secreted them in his cloak. Later he gained possession of the hidden wealth, the location of which he learned when Glyptes lifted the paving stones to see if it were safe. He doubtless then intended to replace the statue and to make his escape, but he was unable to do so, for the door was locked. He therefore reassumed his posture as a statue, concealing the stolen property upon his person, and waited until his men should come to take him away."

"Truly wonderful," said I. "But how could you discover so much with so little evidence?"

"Logic, my dear Watson, logic,—the new science that is destined to relieve the mind of man from its everlasting burden of ignorance."

"But tell me, Socrates, how did you know where to find Klepton?"

"Simple, perfectly simple. He must have left the wagon, in which he was being conveyed from the shop of Glyptes, as soon as he was out of sight. You will remember the man we passed when we entered that street. That was Klepton. I recognized him, and suspecting that something was wrong, I jabbed him with this little drugged needle. That made us sure of him, for in a few seconds after we had passed he fell unconscious. You did not see that. There he remained until we needed him. I told Glyptes to put him back where he found him. He has doubtless recovered from the effects of the drug before now and gone home."

"What remarkable foresight," said I.

"That's what counts in this business, Watson." So saying, the great philosopher and detective quaffed a fulsome draught of his favorite drug—the hemlock.

GIVE heed and thou shalt perceive that the annoyance which others cause thee is due to thy weak disposition: for when thou art strong the faults of thy fellows have no power to disturb thy peace of mind.—*Spalding.*

Varsity Verse.

THE FLAG.

Is there a man in all this world
Whose heart jumps not to see unfurled
His own dear flag in land afar?
The striped flag with many a star
When it is sailing in the sky,
It makes a tear come to the eye.

He thinks of home and life more dear,
And makes a wish that home were near;
He thinks of mound and church and spire
Beneath which slumbers his dead sire
Who died the flag to keep on high.
The thought makes tears to dim his eye.

F. J. P.

OUR "VAL."

The field resounded with the cry!
"Can some one punt a ball?"
The coach inquired. And from the squad;
Stalked "Valie," fair and tall.
"Well, sir, since I was in my teens
I used to punt 'at New Orleans."

.....
The game was on and old N. D.
Was fighting inch by inch,
And after failing through the line,
They called on "Valie" in the pinch.
The ball sailed back; there was no sound,
For it was lying on the ground.

Up came the coach with angered face,
And through the din of noise,
Said he, "I'd like to ask you why
You've gone and beat the boys?"
Then answered George with tone serene,
"Just tap me gently on the bean."

E. J. H.

MELANCHOLIA SENIORIS.

I saw the days go by,
And friends depart and others come anew,
Until reflecting self was forced to sigh:
For days and friends are few.
Alas 'tis mortal, this, and all we know
Is that we come, and stay awhile, and go.

Ah, Notre Dame, farewell!

The hour has come for even us to go,
And other sons within thy halls will dwell:
Indeed, 'tis better so:
For ev'ry life is short, and all we know
Is that we come, and stay awhile, and go.

C. J. C.

Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

Whatever may be his first impulse, he who constitutes himself critic of a poem which other men unanimously condemn is not likely to write in praise of that poem, and the critic of a poem which others have come unanimously to regard as a true and beautiful work of art is even less likely to indulge the desire he may feel to condemn. In the very beginning, then, it will be well for us to note that there is no unanimity of opinion regarding Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," even among critics of established reputation. Of its form, one says that it is "the most perfect ode in the English language," and Swinburne replies that it is "no more an ode than it is an epic." Emerson says that its philosophy is the "high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age;" Morley, on the other hand, exclaims that the very thought from which the poet sets out is "contrary to notorious fact, experience, and truth." The first of these disputes we shall ignore. Who of us cares whether the poem be an ode or an epic? Suppose the critics compromise and call the form by a new Latin name! But the second point merits more extended consideration.

Emerson is over-enthusiastic when he calls the "Intimations" the "high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age." Probably he himself would admit it if we could take him to task. If we could hold a copy of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" before his eyes and question sternly, "Did you read *this* poem, and then write *that* criticism?" probably the poet would hang his head and say, "I forgot." Morley, on the other hand, is altogether too severe in his condemnation. It may be well to state his criticism in full. He says: "In the famous ode on the 'Intimations of Immortality' the poet doubtless does point to a set of philosophical ideas more or less complete; but the thought from which he sets out, that our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting, and that we are less and less able to perceive the visionary gleam, less and less alive to the glory of the dream of external nature, as infancy recedes farther from us, is contrary to notorious fact, experience, and truth." In the words of Jeffrey, Mr. Morley: "This will never do!" The

thought that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" is only contrary to common belief. It was an article of Wordsworth's religious creed, and, as such, should be respected. And Wordsworth's other thought, that "we are less and less able to perceive the beauty in nature as childhood recedes from us," is not contrary to experience. Watch a child roaming in the woods, chasing butterflies, gathering wild-flowers, talking to the birds,—is not the child finding more joy in nature than that crabbed old man sitting over there complaining about the weather? It will be of advantage at this point to make an analysis of the poem. We find in it seven divisions:

I. The years have changed my outlook on life and nature.

(a) In childhood *everything* seemed to me fresh and beautiful.

(b) I can no longer see that beauty and freshness.

(c) A glory has passed from the earth.

II. While all nature was just now rejoicing there came to me a feeling that I did not find the joy in life and nature that I had in childhood.

(a) But I straightway gave utterance to the thought, and it now oppresses me no longer.

III. I rejoice in nature just as I did in childhood.

(a) Yet hold, here's a tree and a field which speak to me of something that is gone. This pansy tells the same tale. Surely I have lost some power to appreciate the brightness and splendor around me.

IV. We do appreciate nature more in childhood and youth, for

(a) Our birth is but a separation from the great soul of Nature, where we have been sleeping.

(b) Earth, filling our minds with thoughts of other things, makes us forget our mother, Nature, by degrees.

V. That little child, with his mind yet haunted by the eternal mind of his mother, Nature, soon is lured by Earth to put aside the memories of his former life.

VI. One thought consoles me: There is always some remembrance, however faint.

(a) Obstinate questionings of sense and outward things.

(b) Blank misgivings.

(c) Shadowy recollections of pre-existence.

VII. Let us rejoice. Although we can not

bring back the splendor of the period when we were just fresh from Nature's bosom, let us yet be glad that we can remember such a period.

(a) All my joy in Nature is not gone.

Two things about the poem particularly impress us,—the exquisite simplicity and beauty of its language, and the strangeness of the poet's conception of nature. Noël calls Wordsworth the apostle of pure art. Read any stanza of the "Intimations" carefully. You will agree without hesitation that it is the expression of art, and after a vain search for anything ornate or grotesque, you will be forced to admit that the art is pure.

Wordsworth conceived of Nature as a great, all-embracing soul. From this soul every part of nature had also a subsidiary soul, and as this subsidiary soul came from Nature, so would it also eventually return to, and be absorbed in Nature again. To this combination of pantheism and Platonism the poet added an element of mysticism. He believed that the mind might become at times so absolutely passive that it would enter into a state of rapture in which the subsidiary soul would commune spiritually with the all-embracing soul of Nature, from which it had proceeded, yet of which it was still a part. This is the curious philosophy expounded in the "Intimations."

The poem is different from any previously written. Other poets used Nature only as a background, but as a contemporary puts it, "Wordsworth, in the 'Intimations' spiritualizes Nature." The poem is worthy of study, first, as a work of art; in the second place for the insight it affords into Wordsworth's character; thirdly, for the peculiar religious doctrine it expounds. To its author one will not hesitate to apply those beautiful lines from the "Feast of Brougham Castle":

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lowly hills.

Death, the Thief.

ONLY a little flower
Plucked from a hidden bush,
Stolen from shadowy bower,
Only to die in an hour—
The thief without a blush.
Only another child
Torn from a mother's breast,
Snatched to rest undefiled,
Gone to rest ever mild—
Death has won its quest.

P. A. B.

Skiff of Life.

O FRAGILE is this skiff of life
Which sails a mortal sea
And bears within its weakened hull
My soul to destiny.

Across the stormy seas of time
The skiff is doomed to sail,
Until 'tis washed upon the rocks
By death's unceasing gale.

But there another ship awaits
Which fills the soul with glee,
And sails beyond the pale of death
In God's eternal sea.

W. B.

Dreams and Facts.

RAYMOND E. SKELLY.

The old swimmin' hole! What a wealth of happy memories the words recall. When life's cares and worries bear hard on you, is it not sweet to lean back in your chair, close your eyes, and ears to the distracting noises in this ceaseless struggle and let your thoughts float back to those days of sunshine when we were just boys? There's Dick and Walt and Skinny—yes, and Dets. How familiar they look, and happy! The birds are singing as you leave the dusty road and cut across the field to the creek. You reach the cool shade of the trees and the chipmunks scamper before you as, with a shout, you race up the well-beaten path, jerking at the few buttons as you go, in order not to be the last one in. Once you reach the big oak there is a quick scramble from clothes and—splash—you are in.

The thought recalls you to the fact that it is miserably hot in the office. You decide to lay aside work for the day. An idea strikes you. You have some business to transact in the old town, and while you are there you'll go out into the country and review the scenes of your dream. On the way to the station you meet Dick. He's doing well, Dick is, but as usual spending more than he makes. Normally you would refuse him were he to ask you for a temporary loan, for you are mindful through experience of Dick's shortness of memory in some respects. But now your thoughts revert to the days when together

you stole pies cooling on the kitchen window-sill and cheerfully you let him have it.

Arrived at the old home town you say to yourself, "How things have changed!" The old grey court-house, with its wide portico and the big steps on which the farmers with their families used to sit to watch the circus parade go by, has given way to a more modern one, larger, and out of harmony with its humbler surroundings. You recall the delightful evenings you spent on this corner listening to the "medicine" men with their bright and mysterious charts of the human anatomy as they told stories and sang songs accompanied by a banjo or guitar. Now the street cars and the volume of traffic will not allow of any such obstruction.

You decide it will be more in harmony with the spirit of things to walk out to the old haunts. On the way you meet faces that look familiar, but as you can not recall their names and they only stare at you, you pass on. It is still quite hot, and you are reminded that you are burdened with more clothes than you were some twenty years ago. You are disappointed that so many familiar spots have been rudely changed, but console yourself with the thought that the old swimmin' hole will be the same, and will repay you for the inconvenience of the hot walk.

A farmer's dog comes running out growling at you as you pass and you tear your trousers crawling a fence. Still you persevere for your goal is in sight. There is the familiar strip of woods. However, when you hunt for the path you fail to find it, for it has long since disappeared. And what is your dismay on arriving at the stream to find its waters a thick yellow from the sulphurous waters of a coal-tipple which has arisen among those very hallowed scenes. It is a rude awakening, but you press on. There is the old elm with the numerous initials plainly visible on its weather-beaten bark, and there the hole. But, alas, it is dry. The course of the stream has been changed in order that its waters may be utilized. A feeling of sadness comes over you, and pensively you make your way to the office of the coal company of which you are one of the directors and there order a car to take you back to town.

"SELF-APPRECIATION springs from self-sacrifice. We understand our worth in the good we have done."

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—During the month of October, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the recitation of the rosary take place in the large Church every evening. It is recommended that Catholic students attend these devotions at least one or two nights during each week. The devotions do not last over an half-hour, so that the time taken from study is comparatively short. In view of the many spiritual benefits to be derived from assisting devoutly at these exercises the element of time should be a very minor consideration.

—At the end of this month the first bi-monthly examinations will be held. Last year and the year before these pages were used to call the attention of the students to the necessity of not waiting till the last week before examinations to make preparation. With the present system of keeping a record of every recitation, the examination proper is not of sole importance. Each day carries its own record, and that record helps to make or unmake the high percentage at the end of the two months. Since, then, every day counts, it will be best to follow the only safe and sane rule of studying carefully every day's separate lesson.

—For the past two weeks efforts have been made to get the military department of the

University into action. The work has not yet progressed sufficiently to judge of results. One has not to make any delay, however, in commending this most important part of University training to the consideration of every student. One may not have the desire to be a soldier; one may never be called upon to exercise in the manual of arms. That is of no consequence. Every normal person should be willing to go through any reasonable set of exercises which will make the body stronger, more pliant, more graceful. To be stooped, to slouch, to be crooked of limb, to be ungraceful in movement, is a subtraction from the sum of one's perfections. There is no valid reason why we should go down through life carrying any least deformity which proper exercise will remove.

The military is what you need. It will not take up any class periods, it will not break in on studies. If you do not join, it is because you prefer to carry your slouch with you as a traveling companion, rather than shoulder a gun and march in time and hold your head up and your chest out and inhale the bracing breeze. Do not waste time in hunting up idle excuses. Do not pay attention to the "other fellows." If they can afford to be without physical form and decent carriage you can not. The fact that they have not vision should not make you blind. Be a military man while at Notre Dame. In your developed maturity you will thank your guiding spirit for whispering the good resolution about joining the military department.

—The SCHOLASTIC, year after year, has opened the season with a heartrending appeal to the student body to conduct itself in the natural and appropriate manner.

Root for the Team. at our athletic contests, and to act less like a literary society witnessing a superior rendition of Parsifal. Not that tensely silent appreciation is such a bad thing, for in our classes we are supposed to observe it, but because on the gridiron noise is not only proper and usual, but is a healthy sign of undergraduate interest in Alma Mater. Besides, it makes the game better, for it spurs on the players and makes our necessarily passive part in the contest more active.

The trouble has always been that there has been no concerted movement in our rooting. We were all willing enough, and when some self-appointed enthusiast began to wave his arms and use the megaphone, we always rose nobly to the occasion, raked the team, shouted our U. N. D's and hissed our skyrockets. But this was spasmodic, and without exception we soon reverted to womanish hand-clapping and just an occasional yell.

This year we ought to have a regular cheer leader—or corps of cheer leaders. Just where we are to find them is indeed a question, for none of us has had much practice. Still, we have plenty of men to choose from, and where there's a will there's a way. We look naturally to the senior class to solve this problem, for its members have been here longer than most of us, and they are in better position to understand the situation. If the class of '12 will undertake to organize our rooting for us, it will certainly earn our undying gratitude.

—The great storm of comment agitated by Turko-Italian hostilities centers upon the injustice of Italy's transgression, exposing the deplorable laxity of international morals and the infirmity of international arbitration. Notwithstanding the fact that no cause was ever juster and no appeal more worthy of attention than that of Turkey, yet the powers have merely nodded in careless reticence. With no further justification than the assumed right of a Christian to rob a non-Christian nation, Italy has prosecuted her designs upon Tripoli, and the poor Turk must suffer because he is distressingly unprepared for water fighting.

Perhaps some day the international politicians will realize that the ascendancy of might over right is barbaric, and that a robber, though masked under the greatness of national importance, is nevertheless a menace to humanity and a drawback to civilization. The day of conquest, we thought, had passed, but it is still of the present, changed only by the circumstance of having lost its uncertainty and adventure. Piracy still exists, and the spirit of brigandage no longer meets with condemnation so long as it manifests itself in schemes of sufficient immensity. If countries should wait for a moral justification we would never have

a war, yet the inevitability of war is apparent, for the conscience of a nation is most flexible. Bad enough for Turkey if, after the greed of Italy has been satisfied, the spoliation will cease, but Russia, Austria and even Greece have yet to establish claims and continue the plundering. Poor Turkey, it will prove contrary to the expectations of these powers if she is left even her cigarette business. And who is to be blamed? Surely not a civilization which dictates that to have is to hold; we think Turkey, since her lack of naval protection has been a refusal to pay proper tribute to the great god of war.

Complete Lecture and Concert Course. 1911-1912.

- Tuesday, October 3—Bruno Steindel Trio, 5:00 p. m.
Wednesday, October 18—Newman, Travelogue,
"Rural England and the Coronation of George
Fifth." 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, October 25—Newman, Travelogue,
"Scotland and Wales." 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, November 1—Newman, Travelogue,
"Ireland." 7:30 p. m.
Thursday, November 2—Cambrian National Glee
Singers 4:45 p. m.
Saturday, November 4—Opie Read. 5:00 p. m.
Wednesday, November 8—Newman, Travelogue,
"Germany from the Black Forest to Hamburg,"
..... 7:30 p. m.
Thursday, Nov. 9—Ross Crane, Cartoonist. . 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, November 11—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,
"Babylonia." 5:00 p. m.
Wednesday, November 15—Newman, Travelogue,
"Russia from the Black Sea to the Baltic," 7:30 p. m.
Saturday, November 18—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,
"Bismya." 5:00 p. m.
Tuesday, November 21—Mr. George Griswold Hill
of the New York Tribune, "Journalism," 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, November 25—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,
"Egypt." 5:00 p. m.
Tuesday, November 28—Hon. Judge Lee S.
Estelle. 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, December 2—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,
"Persia." 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, December 9—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,
"India." 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, December 16—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,
"The Hittites." 5:00 p. m.
Tuesday, January 9—"Good Fellows" Co., 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, January 13—Gov. R. B. Glinn. . . 5:00 p. m.
Wednesday, January 24—Marcosson Co., 7:30 p. m.
Saturday, February 3—S. Landon. 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, February 24—International Opera
Company 5:00 p. m.
Tuesday, February 27—Leland T. Powers. . 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, March 23—Bostonia Sextette, 5:00 p. m.

Feast of the Holy Rosary.

Last Sunday, the feast of the Holy Rosary was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies at 8 o'clock in the Sacred Heart Church. Solemn mass was sung by the Rev. Father Joseph Maguire, assisted by Rev. Father Michael Oswald and Rev. Father George McNamara. The Rev. Father Matthew Walsh preached an instructive and edifying sermon on "The Rosary—Its Origin and Practice."

During the day those desiring to gain the special plenary indulgence similar to that granted during the Portiuncula devotions, visited the church and prayed for the intention of the sovereign pontiff.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The students that distribute books in the various halls are the following: Sorin Hall, Francis Durbin, room 350; Corby Hall, J. M. Walsh, room 331; Walsh Hall, Francis Boos, room 433; and Louis Cox, room 126; St. Joseph Hall, Patrick Barry; Brownson Hall, Floyd Shafer. These students each have about thirty volumes in their rooms and will be glad to give any student in their respective halls an interesting book to read. Books may be kept as long as any reader desires to retain them. Old readers can do much to promote the work of the Apostolate by speaking a few words to new readers, who may not appreciate the worth of the reading-matter that is offered them.

Class Affairs.

SOPHOMORES.

Members of the class of '14 met on Wednesday evening in Corby "rec" room to further the class cheering movement now in progress. When the meeting came to order with ex-president Fenesy in the chair, it was decided to organize the class before choosing a class cheer-leader. Acting upon this decision, the following men were elected to care for the interests of the Sophomores: Albert King, president; James Fenesy, vice-president; Jos. M. Walsh, secretary; Francis Madden, treasurer; Clarence Derrick, sergeant-at-arms; William Galvin, class historian; and Henry Frawley, cheer-leader. An important business meeting will be held shortly.

Bruno Steingel Concert.

On Tuesday evening the first number of the 1911 concert course was presented by the Bruno Steingel Trio. The trio is composed of a cellist, violinist and pianist, and is accompanied by a sopranist of fine ability. The company is a very excellent one and very properly only classical music was played, for that ought not to be too heavy for a college audience. The selections were well applauded, especially those of the vocalist who was repeatedly encored.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The first regular meeting of the society for the new year was held last Sunday evening. Plans made by Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., to limit the application for membership to students of more advanced standing were submitted to the society and accepted. Under the new arrangements all applications will be passed upon by a committee consisting of the president of the society, the rector of Brownson Hall and the critic. Rev. L. Carrico, C. S. C., who will replace Father Carroll in the capacity of critic, received formal introduction to the society and gave a short talk, in which he urged the young men to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the society. As critic it will be the duty of Father Carrico to suggest means for the improvement of the society as a whole and of the members individually. The following officers were elected, their term to continue until February 1, 1912: Emmet Walter, president; James Robins, vice-president; Amos Clay, secretary; George Walsh, treasurer; Daniel Hilgartner, reporter; E. Reidmann, sergeant-at-arms.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society organized last Saturday evening. Officers for the school year will be: president, Leo Shannon; recording secretary, James Wasson; corresponding secretary, Charles W. Lahey; censors, Francis Enaje and Enrique Cortazar. Rev. Father Cavanaugh was chosen honorary director, Father Schumacher honorary assistant director, Father Carroll, promoter, and Professor McCue director. The society expects to out-do all previous records this year in the matter of attendance and interesting programs.

ARCHITECTURAL.

The Architects organized a society last Monday evening. Meetings will be held on the first and third Mondays of each month to discuss subjects pertaining to the craft. Bernard Kaiser was elected president and Ernest Baeder, secretary-treasurer. It is the intention of the Architects to out-rival the now famous engineering society.

Personals.

—Thomas Ford (LL. B. '11) is in the law office of Fitzgerald and Marshall, Dayton, Ohio.

—Elmo A. Funk (C. E. '11) is employed by the Big Four Railroad and is stationed at Wabash, Indiana.

—Paul R. Martin, a former student, is now connected with the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company of Indianapolis.

—E. J. Hierholzer and A. M. Hierholzer, former students, are assistant cashier and teller in Commerical Bank, Cline, Ohio.

—Keene Fitzpatrick, a last year's student, is employed on special work by Clarence Darrow in the prosecution of the McNamara trial.

—Frank L. Madden, well-known to students of the last few years, visited the University last week. He is teaching English in the Hillsdale Michigan High School, and is incidentally coaching the football team.

—Thomas Donnelly (C. E. '04) of Bay City, Michigan, is engaged doing railway surveying in Detroit. Tom is a loyal N. D. man. He hopes to be with us next commencement. Needless to say, we want him.

—A write-up of our engineering department from the pen of Mr. Paul Martin, a student here for the past three years, takes one full page of the *Indianapolis News*. There are a number of humorous touches running through the write-up which makes it interesting reading.

—Leo J. Cleary (Student '07-'10) has an interesting article in the September number of "Factory," on the subject of "Making Factory Buildings Attractive." Needless to say, the article reads smoothly and is as entertaining as it is instructive. It is beautifully illustrated.

—Mr. Krug, father of Albert Krug (Litt. B. '02)

and Charles Krug (old student), visited the University during the week. Mr. Krug finds it difficult to get away from his large business in Dayton, but whenever he can steal away to Notre Dame he does so. We hope he will become an expert in stealing a visit often and for long.

—Francis J. Shaughnessey (LL. B. '06) of Roanoke, Virginia, has signed a contract to manage Terre Haute of the Central League. While at Notre Dame, Frank won an enviable reputation as a football and baseball player. He finished this season with the honor of being the best run-getter and base-stealer in the Virginia League.

Obituary.

The mother of Alfred Kretchner of Brownson Hall passed away on the 4th inst., in Pueblo, Colorado. His hall-mates received Holy Communion for the repose of her soul on the First Friday. The SCHOLASTIC extends to Alfred the sympathy of the entire University.

Calendar.

Sunday, October 8—Brownson Literary and Debating.
Monday, October 9—Military Drill, 5:00 p. m.
Tuesday, October 10—Subjects of Litt. B. theses to be submitted.
Wednesday, October 11—Engineering Society.
Military Drill, 5:00 p. m.
Friday, October 13—Military Drill, 5:00 p. m.
Saturday, October 14—Varsity vs. St. Viator's.
Cartier Field.

Local News.

—Father Maguire will be glad to bless beads for any of the students.

—The band, under the direction of Prof. Petersen, is rounding into form.

—Preparations are now under way for the proper celebration of Founders' Day.

—Today we will hear the rooting club for the first time. Boost it everybody.

—Frank McBride was elected Tuesday evening to manage Sorin's football team.

—Mass is said every morning on the main altar of the large church for the benefit of such students as may wish to assist at mass daily.

—The supper hour has been advanced to 6:15 to give more time for concerts and military drill.

—The secretaries of societies should hand in their reports not later than Wednesday morning.

—John Smith, a new student, walked 42 3-4 miles last Thursday. This beats all local records for a day's walking.

—The lists of delinquent students were made out during the week for the last half of the month of September.

—The October devotions are attended by a large number of students. The basement chapel is generally well filled.

—The Civil Engineers plan to have a program of lectures by prominent South Bend and Chicago engineers during the winter.

—The first session of the moot court was held by the future lawyers Tuesday afternoon. Savord is said to have distinguished himself.

—The students of English III. are engaged in an Ode contest for Founders' day. No doubt some wonderful odes will be turned in—or out.

—The battalion is getting larger every day. If students knew the advantages to be derived from military tactics there wouldn't be a civilian around the place from five to six.

—Yesterday, the First Friday, all the Catholic students received Holy Communion, having gone to confession the evening before. It was an edifying sight to see so many receiving the Sacraments.

—Brownson Literary Society was organized last Sunday evening. The other halls in the University should follow Brownson's example. A series of inter-society debates would prove not only profitable but enjoyable.

—Rochester, N. Y., and Portland, Oregon, are having a close contest for high enrollment this year. At present Rochester is somewhat ahead. With two such Notre Dame boosters as Archbishop Christie and Bishop Hickey the two cities will always have a big following at the University.

—What promises to be a battle royal will take place in Carroll hall athletic field Thursday forenoon. The "Chicks" of Walsh are to line up against the Carroll "Foxes" with

such results as fate and time alone will show. Father McNamara is reported to be back of the "Chicks,"—and probably they'll need him when those "Foxes" make the feathers fly.

—Last Thursday Walsh hall team lined up against South Bend High School for practice in offense and defense. It is the intention of both the High School and hall managers to have both teams meet again in a regular game. Neither Sorin, Corby, Brownson nor St. Joseph has had any practise contests up to date. The chances are they will not take on any outside teams before the regular schedule begins.

—A splendidly mounted specimen of the pelican family has been added to the ornithological specimens in Science Hall. The pelican was shot by Warren Stedman near Scottard, South Dakota, in 1888. It has been presented to Notre Dame by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stedman of South Bend, a collection of rare and interesting shell and mineral specimens accompanying the gift. The SCHOLASTIC assures Mr. and Mrs. Stedman of the University's appreciation of their donation.

—Yesterday at noon a general meeting of all the college men was held in Washington hall with a view to perfecting the general rooters' organization. Speeches were made by members of the faculty and students, and several cheers were practised. The organization will make its first official appearance at today's game, under the direction of John Devine, head cheerleader, assisted by James Nolan. The different classes will each be headed by its own director. No doubt Cartier field will be awake during the entire progress of today's game.

—Last Thursday the Walsh hall second played the ex-Carroll team to a tie. The game served to demonstrate three things: that the onlookers should be kept on the side-lines; that putting in men outside the regular team should not be permitted; that spectators, who interfere and try to inject vacant lot tactics into these games should promptly be chased to the tall grass where they belong. Neither the ex-Carrolls nor the Walsh team had any right whatever to line up regular players of the Brownson and Walsh hall teams. It's cheap sport and bad ethics.

—The seniors in Arts and Letters and the seniors in Law held a joint meeting Wednesday

for the purpose of formulating plans for the Rooters' Club. Russell Finn presided. Manager of Athletics John P. Murphy was present and spoke enthusiastically of the spirit which the organization can awaken if properly pushed. Father Carroll was called upon for a word, and spoke on the necessity of keeping on after the movement is once started, else it would die out again. Two names, John Devine and James Nolan, were voted on to be presented as cheerleaders at the general meeting of all the classes. A committee, consisting of Messrs. McGarry, McBride and Duncan was appointed to draw up a constitution.

Athletic Notes.

OHIO NORTHERN IN OPENER TODAY.

The 1911 football season will receive its formal opening at Notre Dame this afternoon, when the gold and blue eleven will contest Ohio Northern in the first game of the year. Yesterday marked the final workout of the large squad, concluding three weeks of the hardest drilling ever meted out to the followers of the pigskin on Cartier field. That Coach Marks has faced one of the most difficult tasks assignable to a new director, the formation of a team worthy of Notre Dame, out of new, and in some instances, inexperienced material, was apparent when the final roster of old men was completed. Whether or not his work has met with success can only be determined after today's battle.

With possibly four exceptions today's lineup will consist entirely of men who have yet to win their monograms for football with the gold and blue. Captain Kelley, Oaas, Philbrook and Dorias comprise the quartet of members of last year's team who seem certain of starting the game. Rochne and Dolan will probably play ends, and Bergman may be used at one of the halves, but the balance of the team is composed of freshmen, none of whom has had any prior experience in Varsity football. McGrath suffered a wrenched shoulder in a scrimmage early in the week which may prevent him from playing today, although the plucky fullback is anxious to start the opening contest.

The scrimmages of the past week have served to bring out the fine points of most of the beginners. Eichenlaub and Berger, both of the backfield, have easily proven themselves

the stars of the practice games, although Kelleher, Pliska, Salmon and Larson, as well as a number of others, have also shown that they possess the qualities necessary to roll up high scores. With Eichenlaub, Berger and Bergman back of the line, Notre Dame can point to a backfield of sprinters whose equal can hardly be found. Eichenlaub is one of the heaviest men on the team, weighing 195 pounds, while Berger furnishes another surprise with 185 pounds of nerve and muscle. Both of the men seem fully as fast as Bergman, and by reason of their weight, more capable of dodging and warding off opposing tacklers. In addition either of the beginners can punt fifty yards without difficulty.

Absence of team-work caused Coach Marks to increase the work of the candidates during the past week, night classes in signal drills and blackboard explanations of the plays supplementing the daily tryouts.

The arrival of Crowley, who played end on last year's eleven, will add another experienced man to the field and will undoubtedly tend to make the competition for the coveted positions much keener. Whether or not today's game results in an easy victory, the schedule of work of the past week will be followed during the coming week.

INTERHALL ACTIVITIES.

The various teams in the Interhall League have been given rather strenuous workouts during the past few days as a result of an effort on the part of the coaches to have their men in good shape for the opening games, as Sorin's tardiness in selecting a manager delayed the arranging of a schedule.

Interhall games have attracted considerable attention in the last few years, and excitement runs high. Judging from the present outlook, the contests of this year will be hard fought and the winner will be difficult to pick. Coach Marks' call for Varsity candidates has taken away many interhall veterans whose places must be filled. This should encourage the new men who have had any football experience to report for their respective hall teams. Many have not the time and others feel shy about going out for Varsity scrubs. As the different athletic coaches depend upon hall teams, good men find themselves asked to report for the college squads. Let each manager give his best to his hall and this will do much toward putting his team at the head of the League.

Safety Valve.

Solemn opening of the football year this p. m.
Our village weekly will dish out details a week hence.

Certain Corby boys are extracting fun out of an
easy mark come fresh from the plains. To our mind
't isn't such an l of a stunt to get a piece of cake away
from a baby.

THESE GO TOGETHER A GREAT DEAL.

Anthony and Cleopatra.
Perrung and Bensberg.
Peterson and Adler.

We are doubling up rooms right along this year.
There's Ike an' Taylor, for instance, not to mention
Eich-an'laub.

Last week we bowled a bit at Walsh, and stuck
around till the Walsh glee club started a song. Then
we beat it. So would you too if you were there.

No doubt the entrance of Mr. Freeze started up
the steam.

And consider too that Mr. Youngerman will always
be a younger man than you.

NO MORE SLICK LAUNDRY.

The name in the News Stand Laundry Agency ad.
should be the City Steam Laundry instead of Slick's
Laundering Co.—*Scholastic Local Items.*

Students, please take stairs to the rear.
Professors, please take stairs to the front.
Walsh hall boys, please take elevator.

ARTFUL ALLITERATION.

Mugsy McGrath.
Zeke Zorbynski.

We have a guy on our table eats twelve buns every
morning. Do you 'spose he'll be a Bunyan some time?
A. C.

The long-expected assignment of Greek essays is
coming. *Sic semper sit.*

Don't let 'em pile on the demerits.

St. Joe fellows have discovered that the "Lamenta-
tions of Jeremiah" should read "Lamentations of
Peter;" or the "Yearns of Peter," perhaps.

Last Wednesday there was the annual Rising of
the Moon in Washington hall. It was the same old
moon too.

THIS CLEARS IT UP, EH?

As a seeming culmination to the But when he is
accused of doing the city has stirred up by leaving

Wabash where he matriculated this fall and entering
Purdue Coach Jones of Purdue and Kirby himself
have both issued statements.—*South Bend News.*

IN MEMORIAM.

(To the late Mr. John Milton.)

The greatest scribe of the Puritan Age,
Rightly, by all, was called a sage,
His mind, pure and noble always embraced
Features which by time can never be effaced.
Godlike he moves 'mid struggles, fear and hate
Which could never a great soul from its course deviate.

Marked out for persecution and reduced to poverty,
He began to dictate the monument of his poetry.
In darkness he labored for seven long years,
At "Paradise Lost" dear to all human ears.
Mostly for this do we see his name
Carved in the hall of literary fame.

Probably you have noticed that the guy who chests
out and says everything is slow as mud round here
hails from a burg where the combination passenger
stops on signal.

THE FAMOUS LIST FAMILY.

Franz Liszt, the composer.
Student List.
Delinquent List.
Infirmary List.
Clothes List.

For bum cars commend us to Hill street, running
between South Bend and our gate. If you have seen
worse, drop a line to These Columns.

Doc Halter halted here Monday.

Brownson Litt. and the Engineers are launched.
That means 2 cols. pica for *Scholastic* per week. Twin-
ing and Barry are feeling happier.

Mule Madden has came and went.

Kirby, late of Wabash, has been drafted by Purdue.
O you Doc Moran!

FLOWERS FROM ENGLISH III.

Plucked from Many Gardens.

Fine palatial residence.
A smile of satisfaction lit up his countenance.
Overlooking a vast expanse of the Pacific ocean.
From the blue vault of heaven.
Splendid and magnificent array.
Fleecy clouds were piled like snow.
A wondrous work of creation confronted me.
It was one of those rare mornings in June that poets
have been enraptured with.
The soft rustling of the night breeze.
Beautiful flowers grew near the roadside.
The chickens were wallowing lazily in the dirt.

Father Nieuwland is looking for a helper in his
herbarium. How about John Plants.