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Life and Duty.*

THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

Thou shalt Love the Lord, thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whold mind and with thy whole soul. (The Gospel of the day.)

TODAY, under happiest auspices, in this beautiful college chapel, in the presence of our own beloved Bishop, with the august ceremonial of pontifical mass, with the assistance of the illustrious pontiff who most directly represents in America the Vicar of Christ in Rome, under favor of our Blessed Mother, to whom this University is dedicated, and invoking with special solemnity the blessing of Almighty God, we celebrate the formal religious opening of the college year.

It is the hour for reflection; it is the hour for prayer. The future stretches away before us full of mystery, full of promise. We feel that for all our life in the years to come we are now in the making, that whatsoever the harvest in mid-life and later, we are sowing it in these days of springtime. There is a solemnity in the thought that we are settling here in the University from day to day the measure and the character of our success in life. There are no words, therefore, on which we may more fitly meditate this morning than the words which the Gospel for this Sunday gives me for a text: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind and with thy whole soul."

The complete and perfect love of God with heart and mind and soul is found in the perfect

* Opening sermon delivered in Sacred Heart Church, Sunday, Sept. 22.

practice of what is called the Religious Life. The priest or the brother who moves in and out among you every day in patience, in humility, in the cheerful and faithful discharge of their duties, whatever they may be, is by necessity of his vocation called upon to love God with all his heart and mind and soul. His life consistently lived is a beautiful, bloodless martyrdom. It is the total immolation of all his faculties upon the altar of religion. Still singing hallelujahs in his heart on the day of his profession, with his own hands he binds himself, body, mind and soul, to the stone of sacrifice. By the vow of poverty he deliberately deprives himself of the very power to own so much as one cent his whole life long, and true to this vow he must love God above property and possessions. By the vow of chastity he cuts himself off from the holiest joys of domestic life; therefore, he must love God above all other persons. By the vow of obedience he resigns even the innocent freedom of action, therefore he must love God even above liberty. Every act he performs under the vow of obedience is an act of the love of God. The religious life is, therefore, the perfect service of God with heart and mind and soul.

For the layman the perfect love of God means, first, freedom from sin, and, second, the conscientious discharge of all the duties of his state in life. It was not to Religious alone, but to all the people that Our Lord said: "Be ye, therefore, perfect as also your Heavenly Father is perfect."

Now the catechism teaches that sin is the only real evil in human life; that it is not lawful to commit the smallest sin if by so doing we could redeem the world and even empty the darkest abysses of Hell. Human nature is prone to sin, and the whole spiritual life of man consists in drawing closer to God.

through love and in the purification of the soul by continual warfare against the temptation to sin. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that every man, whatever his age or condition, should have the right view of sin and its consequences both here and hereafter. The world will do its utmost to pervert that view. There is so much public dishonesty in the world, so much lying and selfishness and injustice and impurity that the true vision of sin, its ugliness and its horrible consequences, is clouded by the mists of bad example. Mr. Gladstone, towards the end of his great career, was asked one day what he considered to be the chief characteristic of our time, and he answered: "The absence of the sense of sin." We say that the sense of justice is lacking in a man when he can not perceive justice and when he unconsciously and habitually commits injustice. It would be sad indeed if we were compelled to believe that the men of our time had lost the sense of sin and that God's laws were habitually and unconsciously offended by them.

By God's grace you have the Catholic faith. In homes almost as holy as the temple you have been led through childhood, learning at your mother's knee the love of God, practising before the altar the worship of God, learning in safe ways and through holy channels the meaning of life, the beauty of virtue and the mystery and punishment of sin. Much will depend now and through all your future life on the people and conditions that surround you. If men perjure themselves in courts it is because they see perjury flourish unpunished in the community where they live; if men resort to sharp practices in business, if they are dishonest or irreligious or immoral it is because they breathe an atmosphere of evil that is unpunished and successful. You, too, in your college life will be moulded more by example than by precept. The fulness and beauty of Christian teaching will be revealed to you in class and in sermon, the sacraments will be received by you frequently, and prayer will mingle with all the duties of your day. But high above these gentle influences, mightier for good or evil in your life, will be the influence of the example of priest and brother and professor; mightier still, the influence of the companions with whom you live. There never was a place so holy but that evil could enter through its gate; there never was a

home so perfect but that temptation could enter into its heart; there never was a monastery so sheltered and protected but that evil could leap over its walls. The serpent entered even into Paradise and Adam sinned. No college can protect you completely against evil. It would not be well to do so even if it were possible. Virtue is better than innocence; innocence has never known temptation, virtue has known and overcome it. Innocence may yet fail in the hour of trial, virtue will stand like a tower of stone rejoicing in the thunder and the storm. You will be strong, virtuous men, therefore, only by resisting temptation. The college will surround you with conditions most favorable for the growth of virtue, but no witchery of the school can charm away weakness out of your heart. It can provide you with warnings and counsel; it can not give you virtue or wisdom. These things you must secure for yourself by prayer, by watchfulness and by the cultivation of will power and resistance. There will be temptations to untruthfulness. You will feel that you can evade the unpleasant consequences of an act by saying the thing which is not. You yield to the temptation and forever afterward you are a liar; you have learned the easy way of getting out of a difficulty. Ah, not the easy way; you have paid a terrible price for that escape, you have lost the virginity of your intellect, you have suffered a wound in your manhood, you have lost an opportunity to make character.

Perhaps the temptation comes in the form of dishonesty and there is a question of getting a passing mark in a recitation or an examination. You yield and forever after you are to some extent a grafter. There has come into your life the curse of "easy money;" you have felt the seductiveness of getting something for nothing. But no man in life ever gets something for nothing. Even the burglar who robs the bank does indeed get the money, but he pays for it the horrible price of his immortal soul, the price of his manhood and his peace of mind, and he goes through the world like a hunted, haunted thing.

Or perhaps temptation may come in the form of the boon companion who solicits you to enter the saloon in the name of manliness. But your own soul tells you that manliness falls away from you like a cloak the moment you pass the threshold of the saloon, making

weakness where before was strength and decay where before was beauty.

Or it may be that temptation will come to you in the form of the false friend; the temptation which the old-fashioned people refer to as bad company; the temptation, it may be, to impurity; the suggestion of the false friend that it is the way of the world. But out of the shame and the remorse there rises before you the vision of a life that has suffered mortal hurt, that can never be the same again; for although you may confess your sins in sorrow and receive the priestly absolution, there is something dead within you beyond the hope of resurrection forever more.

Now all education is progress towards a right view of life and knowledge and conduct, and though you were a brilliant engineer or a genius in science or a master of bewitching speech, if you have not learned by the practice of truthfulness, the sacredness of truth and the foulness of lying, you are not an educated man but only a sublimated, cunning fox. And though you should enjoy all honors, though you were the counsellor of princes or of presidents, though you commanded the applause of listening senates and enjoyed the acclamations of the multitude, yet, if your life lacked honesty you would be a dismal, pathetic failure in the eyes of God and man. And if your mind were brilliant as the mind of an archangel, yet, if you do not protect yourself against the perils of intemperance you will be indeed an archangel, but such a one as Lucifer, once the light-bearer, now become the Prince of Darkness. There is no single act of your life, I care not what it is, that will remove so many temptations from your path, that will so surely guarantee your success in the future, that will so infallibly close up every avenue of failure; that will mean so much for you in this life and in the life to come, as the determination to turn away altogether from this temptation. And so education means the growth towards the right point of view of what in the narrow sense is termed personal morality. The false friend will tell you that you must break away from your mother's apron-strings; he will tell you that you must at least see vice, if you do not practice it, in order to know it. But beware of the false view. The false friend may call it merely getting experience, seeing the world, being a man, knowin life; but in the eternal

books of God it is today what it was thousands of years ago when Jehovah thundered amid the lightning crashes of Sinai, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Education primarily means not the acquirement of knowledge or skill, but the development of the mind towards the right point of view and the practice of the will in the right course of action. And this is why such a school as ours must forever be different from the State University. This school is more than an institution, it is an apostolate. The religious men who dedicate themselves to this work do so without material reward. The lowliest vagabond who tramps the streets of our cities when he is at his poorest is richer than these religious are when they are at their richest, for the Religious has given up even the very power to own anything. It is true that for the vow of poverty which he takes, God gives as return a simple abundance, and above all freedom from the worries and solicitude that make up the lives of most men. It is true that for the vow of chastity which he makes, the whole world calls him Father or Brother; it is true that for his vow of obedience God gives him freedom from anxiety and the peace of Bethlehem. But after all, the meaning of this strange life, which the outer world does not pretend to understand, is that these priests and brothers believe that their labors in simplicity and faith and good example may result in stronger, cleaner, more pious laymen. Hence, no mere academic success can mean anything for us unless it is associated with purity and every manly virtue; hence, when you are called upon to give up a portion of your liberty it is that these great results may be attained, and therefore, I say, this school in the nature of things, can never be like a State University even should it desire to be so. Hence, too, when a young man abandons such an institution as this for a secular school, he not only changes from one institution to another, but he abandons one theory of education for another; he gives up the only philosophy of education which the Church approves.

I have said that the second element in the perfect love of God consists in the faithful performance of the duties of our state. You are constituted in the condition of students; to study is your day's labor. And if you do not exhaust the energies of the day in study as the professional man does in his office or

the business man in his store, you are no true man; you are an idler in the workshops of God, and sociologically, you are on the level with the tramp and the degenerate and the criminal.

The cartoons and the newspapers have done harm to the college. They have reported chiefly the unpleasant experiences and the rowdy actions of certain college boys. They have pictured the student as a young man with modish dress and turned up trousers and smoking pipe, a drinking, gambling, roistering type of young man who has discovered only one use for parents: they are convenient people to write to when he needs money. That is a slander upon college life, and the young man who comes from the high school with that notion of college work will experience a rude shock. There is great pleasure in our life. It has its particular fascination which no other life possesses, but it is a studious life, a life of labor and of growth, and there is no place in it for the sluggard and the parasite. The natural alma mater of the idler is the jail. The only school he can frequent with profit is the University of Experience, where lessons are expensive and shameful and bitter.

As an aid to success and study you will find a discipline which long experience has perfected. You have a right to expect that parents and teachers will help you to do your serious thinking during these immature years of your life. The discipline is the expression of our thought for your profit and advantage. It is calculated to give you the fullest personal liberty consistent with serious study and the development of vigorous character; it merely codifies those checks and restraints which you yourselves, if you would succeed, must place upon your own liberty. You may measure the degree of your education by the attitude you assume towards rule and discipline. The difference between a freshman and a senior, for example, is not merely a difference between the elements of law and the class in philosophy; it is far more obviously a difference between the freshman's understanding of discipline and the senior's. It represents a growth of mind.

And finally there is the aid to be derived from prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer," says Tennyson, "than this world dreams of; for what are men better than sheep

and goats that nourish a blind life within the brain, if, knowing God, they lift not voice in prayer both for themselves and those that they call friends." "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Unless the blessing of God be with us and around us we can not hope to succeed in our work. It is good to be filled with courage and confidence, but it is better to be religious-minded, to rely chiefly on the help of God. But a few months ago the world lay stunned and stricken at the news that the greatest boat ever devised by the industrial genius of mankind had borne her cargo of two thousand souls into the Port of Eternity. She was the unsinkable. Genius could not dream of any way by which that boat could perish. By a curious fatality she had been named the Titanic after the Titans who had flung defiance into the face of the gods of old, and it seemed as if this great leviathan was man's defiance flung into the face of Almighty God bidding Him do His worst. God holds the world in the hollow of His hand; He alone is great. Our strength is in the humble acknowledgment of our dependence upon Him, our fidelity to prayer and particularly to the reception of the sacraments of penance and Holy Communion. Today, in this Holy Presence, let us fling ourselves in spirit at His feet and beg the strength to keep ourselves unspotted from this world, to walk the paths of peace and innocence, to keep our minds free from the ghosts of dead sins, to do our duty day by day, courageous and smiling. Let us pledge anew our loyalty to our Faith in the presence of him who is the shadow of that Holy Father, Pope Pius X, to whom this day we send across the seas silent greeting, assurance of love and loyalty as we give oral greeting to his illustrious representative, the beloved Apostolic Delegate, who is honored here today. Nowhere has the great White Shepherd of Christendom more faithful and devoted children than in America; nowhere in America more loyal sons than here, and nowhere is his personal representative received with more unfeigned gladness; nowhere will he receive more prompt and universal obedience than from the sons of this old University. That his days among us may be long and his work successful beyond even the dreams of his own apostolic zeal, is the wish which, out of our heart of hearts, we offer him today.

Castle Ruins.

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

RISEN, ye dreams of bygone ages,
Open, heart-gate, open wide!
Joy of song and plaintive sadness
Pour ye forth in mingled tide.

Through the forest's depths I'll wander—
Home of countless laughing springs—
Where the lordly stags rove freely
And the darling throstle sings.

I will climb the agéd mountain,
Scale the rugged, rocky height
Where grey ruins of old castles
Stand in ruddy morning light.

There I'll sit awhile and ponder
On the olden times—now less
Than a memory of glory
And of vanished lordliness.

Grass o'erspreads the ancient tilt-yard
Where the proud and haughty knight
Overcame his foe in combat
And received the trophy bright.

Balconies are hid in ivy
Where the fairest gave the prize
To the victor whom she vanquished
With the magic of her eyes.

Ah! the victor and the vict'ress
Long since fell beneath Death's blow;
And that grim, relentless warrior
Rests his spear to lay us low. W. H.

An Owl Story.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

Talking about owls reminds me of a true owl story that might interest you. Old Jim Lee, the champion *raconteur* of the village was going to tell a story, and everybody fell into an attitude of attention. Presently the story started:

"About twenty years ago there used to be a family named Turners that lived over on what is now the Smithson farm. There were just three of them,—the old man, his wife and his daughter. Nellie was his daughter's name, and a pretty girl she was, too. When Nellie's eighteenth birthday came around, the old man had a big party for her. She was as popular as she was pretty, and her party was the largest ever held around this section of the country.

"The best thing of the evening was the supper,—it capped the climax. After it was

over some romantic youngster suggested a walk down the driveway to the road and back. You know the house sits back from the main road some distance and the driveway leads through a sort of little grove. The suggestion to take a walk down to the road met with enthusiastic approval; so the girls put on shawls, and the boys got their hats for a stroll.

"At first all kept together, but after a while the girls found themselves in one group and the boys in another. The girls began to talk of styles and complexions and other such matters; just as naturally the boys turned to sports and adventures. Thus unconsciously the two groups became completely separated, and long before they had reached the road, they were so far apart that the boys, who were in the rear, could not hear the girls' voices. Some of the youngsters began to smoke and the smallest in the bunch flourished a plug of tobacco. Conversation was beginning to lag when Pete Maloney remarked emphatically:

"Gee! isn't Nellie Turner getting to be a pretty girl!" No one could help saying 'yes,' and right off they fell to discussing her manners and charms. Jack Smurch alone had no word of praise. Suddenly he said his say in a bitter, nasty manner, and those that heard him couldn't speak for amazement.

"What did Jack say?" one young fellow asked of another.

"That Nellie Turner isn't the sanctimonious pippin some think she is."

"Why, Jack, what do you mean? Don't say anything you'll regret later on!"

"Huh! I guess not," said Jack. "Lots of people know about it already. She has been running with a married man for the last month, but her people don't know it. I myself have seen her with him."

"You're a liar, and I don't believe a word of it."

"Don't call me a liar or you may get into trouble."

"Pete Maloney stepped up to Jack and with white, hot Irish anger burst out:

"Jack, you're the meanest pup I've come across in a long time. You *are* a liar, that's what you are. Even supposing Nellie Turner wasn't all she ought to be, you would still be a mean whelp. If you had half the sense God gave a shrivelled peanut you would know it's damnable to destroy a person's reputation."

"You pop-eyed weasel!" Jack retorted,

'you think you are playing hero, don't you? I swear I saw what I told you. I cross my heart I did, and I hope I may be struck blind if what I say is not right.'

"Jack hadn't any more than said these words when, crack!—something hit him between the eyes and he fell over screaming terribly. The yells he let out soon had the girls back excitedly inquiring what had happened. Nobody knew precisely what was the matter. All were sure Maloney had not hit him; no one had thrown a stone, yet nobody knew why he fell. Without waiting to find out anything, they carried Smurch to the house. There it was found that his spectacles had been broken and pieces of glass had pierced the eyeballs. Two eye doctors were immediately summoned by telephone. Some of the girls were crying and others were staring open-eyed and speechless. One by one the boys left the room, and gathered around the pump in the back yard.

"'Fellows,' said Pete Maloney, 'I want you all to promise never to repeat a word of what Jack said tonight. You have just seen what *he* got for his rash talk, or rather, I should say, his rank lies. If people ask how the accident occurred, tell them that a large barn owl struck him on the head, for I just found an owl's feather caught on the rim of his glasses. I shouldn't wonder but that it was Billy Turner's old blind owl that he had for a pet, though he told me not long ago that he hadn't seen him for a long time.'"

The narrator came to a stop, having told his story to his own satisfaction. Not, however, to the satisfaction of one curious listener.

"Well how do you account for it," questioned the latter. "Wasn't it just an accident?—or do you figure it was a case of judgment from the Lord?"

"Well, you can call it an accident if you want to," answered the old man, "but I reckon Jack Smurch thought it was a case of judgment, for before he got over his scare he owned up to his meanness; he'd been trying to get sweet with Nellie, you see, and she'd turned him down hard. That made him wild, and he tried to take a low-down sort of revenge."

"Well, did she marry Maloney?" persisted the curious one.

"No, she didn't, nor anyone else either," answered Jim waxing warm that his story wasn't allowed to stop where it should. "She's

teaching school in Virginia. And now, seeing that you're out for particulars, I may as well add that Pete Maloney went west to Indiana. He's a policeman out there in Terre Haute. Jack Smurch didn't lose his eyes, neither. Likewise he didn't go to the devil as maybe you expected he would. He's down in Texas on a ranch. He's made a fortune that's big and a reputation for honesty that's bigger. That's about all of them now except the owl, and I guess it just died some time or other.

"Strange how so many folks you know keep moving away," the old man continued musingly as he gazed into the fire. "Well, I reckon I'll have to be moving myself, for the old lady don't like me to stay out later than ten." And Old Jim walked away leaving a silent circle to reflect on the mysteries of retributive justice and the disappointment of an anti-climax.

Cordelia and Imogen: A Comparison.

BERNARD A. LANGE, '12.

(CONCLUSION.)

Cordelia, in the early part of the play, may strike the reader in an unfavorable light. Her simple answer, it is claimed, lacks the true spirit of love which a daughter should always have towards a parent. The interpretation of her answer, however, is open to discussion. As the purpose of this paper is to show that the love of Imogen is greater than that of Cordelia, it is not necessary to dwell much upon a single answer. It has been accepted universally that Cordelia is one of Shakespeare's most beautiful feminine characters. Cordelia, as Shakespeare has drawn her, is beautiful, both physically and spiritually. She is a model of patience, she endures much for her father's sake, she tries hard to remedy the wrongs imposed upon him by his other two ungrateful daughters. Cordelia may appear, and does appear, somewhat indifferent towards her father, if we examine the meaning of her answer to her father after the flattering speeches of her sisters. Still it must be borne in mind that in Cordelia Shakespeare portrays only one of the numerous feminine types. Cordelia is pre-eminently a daughter, and a true daughter besides. It is true that she may have shown a trait of stubbornness or of disobedience in the beginning, but let it be remembered that she was merely

a young maid and, was justly incensed by the designing flattery of her sisters. Whatever faults she is guilty of at the opening of the play, she more than fully atones for later on. In Cordelia Shakespeare presents the most glorious example of true filial devotion.

In all the foregoing quotations, the object of which was to show Cordelia in the light of a true daughter, Cordelia, like the other feminine characters of Shakespeare, possesses all those elevating traits that are essential to real womanhood. She has easily shown herself to be all that a true daughter should and could be to a father. She has loved with a love that is perfect because of its simplicity. Contrasted with the base falseness that her sisters tried to offer as love, Cordelia's love is a beautiful manifestation of filial affection. Her love is great in so far as it is the affection an offspring bears to its parent, and therefore it has that advantage of being an inherent quality transmitted by blood. When it is already a possession and does not need to be acquired, it requires only development.

Much has been written in criticism of Imogen, and one is safe in saying that all the criticism of her has been highly favorable. It seems that one critic after another has striven to excel his predecessor or contemporary in praising her; and she rightfully compels all this praise, for a more noble feminine character has never been the product of a poetical imagination.

On the other hand, the love of which Imogen is the exponent is greater in so far as it is that greatest of all human passions, the staunch, pure and noble love that one person, not sanguinarily related, offers another. Imogen's love is the sum total of all her numerous other illustrious qualities; it is the love she tenders the man whom she has grown to love by reason of a series of critical examinations of his character and qualities, and who had proven to her that he was worthy of such love. Imogen did not love Posthumus upon first seeing him, because of the obvious reason that they were strangers to each other. She had to learn to love him, as he did her. Such love as she bestowed upon her husband is of the noblest, the truest and the strongest nature, because it approaches nearer than any other to the divine. Hers was a love that had to be acquired, had to fight and be fought in order to maintain itself.

Dowden says: "Imogen is the peer of Cor-

delia and Hermione and Perdita and Miranda; though at the same time she is different from them all as any two of them are different from each other. Other of Shakespeare's characters are equal to her in conception, but none other of them is carried out with such sustained force and development; she is the circle and aggregate of eloquent womanhood, and we are given to see and feel all that she is." We fully accept the words of Gervinus when he says that "she is, next to Hamlet, the most fully drawn of Shakespeare's characters." Dowden again says of her: "Clearness of understanding, depth and purity of feeling, simplicity and harmony of character, and the whole complexion made eloquent with perfect inward freshness and health; such is this most Shakespearian structure of womanhood."

The criticism of all other Shakespearian critics is of the same type. All seem to unite in eulogizing Shakespeare's most consummate woman. To demonstrate the greatness of the love Imogen possessed for her husband, it is only necessary to cite a few of the passages relating to her in the play "Cymbeline." At the very outset it is seen that Imogen, because of her love for Posthumus, is put in prison, her husband is to be banished, and her parting words,

My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,—
Always reserv'd, my holy duty,—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

declare the love that lies within her. She wishes him to go lest he endanger his life in remaining. As Posthumus is about to depart, she suddenly regrets the idea of his going and desires him to linger awhile. She is so much in love with him, that fearing he shall not love her, while absent, she gives him a parting gift.

Nay, stay awhile:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself
Such parting words were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's, take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

In scene three of act one, Imogen displays the inner feeling of her heart, when she asks Pisanio how her husband took his departure. A

line or more is sufficient to set forth her feelings.

I would have broke mine eye-strings, cracked them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turned mine eye and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Later in the interview which Iachimo has with Imogen, which extends throughout the sixth scene of the first act, Imogen again proves the steadfastness of her devotion to her absent husband. Iachimo, detestable villain as he is, has attempted by means of false tales concerning Posthumus, to change, or if possible to weaken Imogen's love towards her husband. He has invented stories concerning Posthumus in which the latter is shown as having forgotten his wife. Imogen is beautifully indignant at Iachimo's false narrative, and is about to have him expelled from the palace when he tells her that he has thus spoken by way of trying her fidelity.

Away I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that distains
Thee and the devil alike.

Again Imogen, after having heard the somewhat coarse declarations of love which Cloten had made her, makes manifest her devotion to her husband as she protects his character against the vulgar tongue of her step-brother.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

And in the following lines:

He never can meet more mischance than one
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

So much does the glorious Imogen love her husband that she is very much disturbed at even losing a mere trinket which he had given her, and because it was given her by Posthumus she highly praised it.

Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually

Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's; shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of my king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning; confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it;
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

In the second scene of the third act, Imogen betrays her great love for her husband and her deep longing to see him when she is made acquainted by Pisanio that her husband is at Milford-Haven. She is very much moved, and commands Pisanio to procure a horse and necessary garments that she might ride to meet Posthumus. Illustrious creature! she is so innocent and so happy in the fullness of her love for him that she does not suspect that treachery is being practised upon her, she is ignorant of the true intent of her contemplated journey; she thinks of nothing save that she loves her husband and is going to see him. Her longing to set her eyes upon him is her one thought as she says to Pisanio:

Then, true Pisanio,—

Who long'st, like me to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O! let me bate—but not like me; yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,
For mine's beyond, beyond. Say, and speak thick;—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—

Shakespeare again demonstrates the magnitude of his knowledge concerning human nature when he paints Imogen as she feels after having read the letter her husband had written to Pisanio wherein he commanded Pisanio to kill her, because of her alleged infidelity to him. It must be remembered that the greatness of Imogen as a character—with all of Shakespeare's characters, in fact—lies in the fact that they are natural. When Imogen learns of her husband's charge against her, what does she do? Accept his accusations with patient meekness? No. "Imogen shows the perfection of her nature by being imperfect; she is at once filled with thoroughly feminine and altogether charming jealousy," says Francis Thompson. Imogen is heart-broken at the very idea that perhaps another woman has taken her place in the heart of her husband. Then she rebukes Pisanio for unfaithfulness to his master in not carrying out his orders to kill her; but with a characteristic truly feminine, she finally is persuaded by the stronger will of Pisanio, and eagerly accepts his opinions that Posthumus has been

abus'd; some villain,
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

She further accepts the advice of Pisanio and agrees to remain in hiding disguised as a boy, in order that she might in this way find her husband. In her wanderings Imogen suffers much, both from brooding over the thought that her husband thinks her false and also that she is now in a condition of which the environment is foreign to her nature as a woman. Her burden is greatly lightened when she falls into the hands of Belarius and his supposed sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, but even then the thought of her husband is ever uppermost in her mind. How great is her remorse at finding the headless body of Cloten, who disguised in a suit of Posthumus' clothes, she mistakes for her husband killed by Pisanio. Her's is the remorse of a heart-broken love, as she cries:

O Posthumus! alas
Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me! where's
that?

Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on,—

So strongly does this death of her supposed husband effect her love-laden breast that her strength fails her and she falls upon the body to find rest in the strange mercy of unconsciousness. She is thus found by the Roman commander, who, although Imogen was disguised was struck by that inherent fidelity which seemed to radiate from her personality. He vows her protection as his page and, so while in his service when the Romans are beaten by the Britons, she is among those taken as prisoners and brought before Cymbeline. Posthumus, a prisoner likewise, is brought into the presence of Cymbeline, and here it is that Imogen is again united to her husband, and as she embraces him she says:

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again!

Thus, then, it can be said that in the character of Imogen is constituted all that which makes man reverence woman. Her good qualities are many and are all of the greatest excellence. Imogen is beautiful alike in body and in soul, and never did the fire of her love wane; not even when confronted with the brutal knowledge that Posthumus believes her false did she waver in the steadfastness of her love for him. True it is that she was

filled with the wretchedness and forlornness of remorse, when she reflected that Posthumus thought so unjustly of her; but hers was rather the remorse of jealousy. Even the simple thought that Posthumus had possibly fallen a victim to the charms of another woman was as oil upon fire. Her love was strengthened by anger, fed by jealousy. This indeed is the sole imperfection in Imogen, yet it is the means of making her perfect, for it endows her with naturalness. Imogen's love for her husband was true. The one great proof of this love is its immortality and ability to overcome obstacles, and to such a standard does the love which adorned Imogen's heart correspond. Barry Cornwall says of her: "Imogen is the personification of woman; woman enthroned in the holy temple of her chaste and pure affections, rejecting the tempter of her honor with the bitterest scorn and loathing, and enduring wrong and suffering with the most touching patience and sweetness. Imogen is indeed a pattern of connubial love and chastity."

In Cordelia centers that love known as filial; Cordelia is the true standard of filial devotion. In Imogen is embodied that greatest of all noble passions, the true love that a woman gives her husband. Cordelia strove to overcome, and did overcome, the schemes of her sisters and the exacting prejudices of a whimsical old man, while Imogen was pitted against and not only vanquished the animosities of an enterprising stepmother, the hypocrisy of an unjust father, the foolishness of a half-brother, and the ignobleness of Iachimo, but most climacteric of all, she retained the love of a somewhat selfish husband. And how did these two characters accomplish these things? Cordelia through a love inborn and natural; Imogen by means of a love that, although inherent in her nature, was still such a kind that must be, and can be, only appreciated when it has been awarded at the end of a severe struggle. Cordelia's love conquered her obstacles because she was a true daughter, Imogen's love overcame her difficulties because she proved to her world that she was a devoted wife. Cordelia's love soothed the capricious heart of an old man, while the love of Imogen shattered the calumnies of Iachimo, and healed the heart of Posthumus. Cordelia is revered for her loving fidelity to her father, Imogen is glorious in the purity and holiness of her chaste, connubial love.

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—In the President's first official message to the students last Sunday there was an absence of anything like a reaching out after grandeur of thought or studied marshalling of expression. It was a thoughtful, conservative address, the many points of which only one who knows character in the making could successfully unify. The lessons we gather from books are less convincing than the lessons we learn from contact with life. There are many who speak and write about college students, their work and their conduct. Very often their knowledge is gathered from a tenth-time-garbled copy, or from the merest glance at the original. President Cavanaugh is entitled to speak and deserves a hearing in any discussion that centres on life at a large Catholic school. He should know this life, for in his capacity of administrator of an institution like this he is brought face to face with the lights and shades of student activities.

It is refreshing and reassuring, therefore, to listen to his hopeful, optimistic outlook on college life generally and on Catholic college life in particular. The more so, because out of his ripe experience there is small possibility for immature statement. Students are not all shod with light—of course not. They are admonished to be pure, temperate, honest, kindly, not stooping to any littleness, not stepping aside for the sake of any advantages unworthy of themselves.

Above and beyond all this, however, is the President's high estimate of the conscience of our young men. The captious critic will say that in some instances he will be disillusioned. Possibly so. Or better, no doubt in his estimate he figures how far short he will fall in the measure of his hope. Anyhow, there are so many carping little men who live their brief day straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel, there is a sense of comfort in hearing from one whose responsibilities are so many and so pressing a message so charged with hope and cheer.

—Some ninety graduates left this school last June to face the facts of life. One could count on the fingers of both hands the number from whom a message has been received about their well-being and whereabouts since then. Surely the detail of graduation should not constitute a wall of separation between those who are gone and those who still remain. It is not thinkable that phalanx of the year 1912 will not invest the capital required to secure a postage stamp in order to acquaint us how the world generally is behaving. Some are at the law, some are mixing medicines to make men well here—or perhaps for the hereafter; some are constructing railways or building bridges or tearing down houses. A few, perhaps, who have stored away the power from these pages, are writing editorials for the home semi-weekly, with imported insides. Certain ones have given themselves over to the Church, and will stand tall under a mitre on a future day.

Please, all of you, extend yourselves to the sum-total of two cents for the glory of Alma Mater, and for the pleasure of us all here at home who look anxiously for the mail man every morning.

—At the commencement of the present university year the registration is far beyond former records. The outlook for a successful and enthusiastic scholastic session is, therefore, exceedingly bright; and the reputation which has attended our school because of the records of her students and the resourcefulness of those who direct her destinies seems to be gathering strength from day to day. The presence of so many

new students should prove a source of encouragement to those who have the work of the University very much at heart. One encouraging feature, too, by this time apparent, is the comparatively large number of men doing post-graduate work. Old students have returned, and new students, finished with their work at other colleges, have chosen this University for advanced study. Notre Dame holds an exalted position among the institutions of learning in the United States, and we feel assured that the greatly increased enrollment of this year is the result of a well-deserved recognition of the University's worth, and is only the auspicious forerunner of an increasingly bright future.

—The story is told of an old colored deacon who became so enthused in prayer one day that he called upon the Lord to "take him up to glory land right off quick." At that moment a stone hurled through the church window by a passing urchin struck him on the forehead. When he recovered consciousness he resumed his address to heaven with the plaint: "Lawd, you allus takes me foh bein' in earnest when I'se jes a foolin'."

That plea is too often the after-election excuse of the politician when reminded of his campaign promises, and while it is not maintained that all campaign oratory is hollow and insincere—there are too many good and earnest men in American political life today to make adequate defense of such a thesis possible—yet the many big problems to be faced within the next few years by state and nation make it incumbent on every voter to investigate vigilantly the sincerity of the various candidates for public trust. Campaign pledges, like store eggs, are of doubtful keeping quality, and careful examination is made imperative by the exigencies of the times.

—Sports are not the first requisites of a university. Neither are they entirely negligible. The extremist who over-patronizes athletics in college, is as weak-minded as the unbalanced student who scorns all athletics.

We believe in football. Sometimes it is costly; its injuries are deplorable. But in

most vigorous games the same is true. So long as football keeps its place in colleges, students will not likely become lopsided pedants with a taste for fourth dimension conversation. The game has a marvelous influence over the moral courage; it provides a manly refreshment from hard book-labors; it is in itself a hardening exercise.

Our team is now organizing—it is making up in the yards and soon will be on the main track. We are confident it will make schedule time. We even look for records, for we have some old differences to settle. Pittsburgh and Marquette are yet far away, but last year's memories are near.

The men are now trying for positions. More than verbal courage is needed to go out on the gridiron. We have never lacked the energy. Our old scores prove that. Watch the field next week and you will know. It is early to predict. Many "old reliables" are ours now only in history. Our team may suffer from lightness, from want of speed, or from judgment-blunders. But we are confident of one quality, the fighting spirit, which they will never lose, regardless of how the scores stand.

The Apostolic Delegate Our Guest.

WELCOMED SATURDAY.

Papal colors, Old Glory, the University flag, and flags of most of the nations known to civilization floated out from the Main Building last Saturday to honor the first official visit of the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., to the University. The halls grouped around the Main Building were likewise draped in gala colors to signalize the event.

The weatherman was not one whit more generous than the most elementary courtesy would demand. In fact, if he behaves so on other great occasions which are coming, he will draw a month's suspension. All day the clouds threatened to spill over any minute, which made everybody uneasy except the weatherman. Shortly after dinner there was a drizzle which kept up shamefully as the automobiles sped over the road to Niles, bearing the committee of Faculty and friends of the school selected to meet the Apostolic Delegate. The Michigan Central from Grand Rapids

was forty minutes late, which gave more time to the daily visitors at the Niles station to study the make of the machines and to inspect the clothing of the occupants.

Then there was a long, shrill whistle, a cloud of smoke and the belated train glided into the station with fine dignity. The Delegate, accompanied by Father Provincial Morrissey, Dean O'Brien, Mgr. Cerretti, Dr. Dougherty and Father French, was greeted informally on the station platform and presently the machines were leaping over space on the journey home. Either the weatherman took a nap or got into better humor, for the rain was gone by, and the sun glorified the rich country on either side of the road as the automobiles journeyed home.

The students, headed by the University band, were lined up in long rows where the cross-section of the Notre Dame road joins the road to South Bend to welcome the distinguished visitor. The Delegate was greeted with the official cheer, which might have been more lusty, considering the number. But the new fellows no doubt had not sufficiently mastered its full import to give it effectively. It was a grand procession; civil not military. It impressed you with its long reach, its breadth—its bigness in a word. The Delegate watched the great crowd with interest and pleasure. It was assembled from far—Canada, South America, Coast to Coast, including all the vast territory that lies between.

The procession filed into the Church of the Sacred Heart, the scene of so many historical religious functions, where His Excellency gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Saturday's public reception was fittingly ended.

PONTIFICAL MASS AND OPENING SERMON.

On Sunday morning the scholastic year was solemnly opened with pontifical high mass in the Sacred Heart Church, which was sung by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate. The Right Reverend Herman J. Alerding, D. D., bishop of Fort Wayne, assisted in full pontificals. Rev. Fathers Walsh and Schumacher were deacons of honor; Rev. Father French acted as archpriest; Rev. Fathers Carroll and O'Donnell were deacon and sub-deacon of the mass. With Rev. Father Connor in his regular position as Master of Ceremonies, it is needless to say the services were splendidly conducted. The singing by the Gregorian choir lacked somewhat in volume, but this

was made up for, in part at least, by pleasing rendition.

After the gospel, Rev. President Cavanaugh entered the pulpit for the opening sermon. He took his text from the gospel of the day. The sermon was eminently practical, abounding in words of counsel and hope for the church full of young men who listened eagerly to his message. He pointed out as among the helps to the student wherewith to safeguard himself from the allurements of sin, the religious spirit of the priests and brothers of Holy Cross, the painstaking care of the Faculty for the welfare of the students, the exemplary conduct of good companions, and finally the discipline of the University for governing and moulding character. The sermon is published in full in this issue.

At the end of mass the Papal blessing was given by His Excellency. Following which the clergy marched in solemn procession from the church to the Main Building where the celebrant and priests unvested.

LUNCH IN BROWNSON DINING ROOM.

At noon His Excellency was the guest of the President, Faculty and students in the east-wing dining-room. Present at the President's table were Right Rev. Bishop Alerding, Mgr. Cerretti, Auditor of the Legation, Dr. O'Connell of Toledo, Dr. Dougherty, vice-rector of the Catholic University, Rev. A. Zubowicz, C. S. C. of South Bend and other prominent guests.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, Rev. Father Cavanaugh introduced the Right Rev. Bishop Alerding who extended, in well-chosen words, a sincere welcome to the Apostolic Delegate to the diocese of Fort Wayne, and especially to Notre Dame of which the diocese is so justly proud. There was no mistaking the sincere and cordial welcome which our bishop extended to the Sovereign Pontiff's representative.

When His Grace, Mgr. Bonzano, stood up before the students he was given a most enthusiastic greeting. Surely he must have realized he was neither stranger nor alien as the great chorus of welcome rose up from every part of the dining-room. When the applause had ceased the Apostolic Delegate responded to Bishop Alerding's words of welcome as follows:

I am happy to be here today. I feel at home here because, as you perhaps know, I passed a great part of my life among professors and students, and one of the greatest sorrows, when I left Italy and Rome,

was precisely that I was to be separated from my dear friends among the professors and students. So you understand at once that I felt as though I were coming home today. I feel very grateful to the Reverend President for this kind invitation, because he has made me feel so much at home and so very happy.

I wish to thank, too, the Right Reverend Bishop of Fort Wayne because of his great courtesy in introducing me on my first visit to this diocese. I thank him not only for meeting me, but also for the cordial words of welcome and loyalty which he has expressed today. He spoke humbly of himself and of his diocese, but the facts he brought before us show that he has in reality a diocese, a clergy and a people worthy of a bishop of whom any diocese should feel proud.

So, therefore, I am very glad to be in the United States and in the diocese of Fort Wayne today. It is well to live among generous, good-hearted people.

Let me congratulate, too, the Holy Cross Fathers. In the field of American activity you have taken up the noblest part, because you have undertaken to cultivate the heart and mind of youth. It is well known that good Catholics are always good patriots and citizens. Passing through this country I have seen flourishing institutions, beautiful churches and stately cathedrals, but sometimes I think with sadness that a day might come when all these great institutions may fall in ruins as has happened in some countries of Europe. However, if you always keep up your active influence on the youth of the land, this will never happen in the United States. The welfare and advancement of this country depend upon the education of youth. You are doing a noble work and succeeding well, and for these reasons I congratulate you. It is a great service both to the Church and to the country.

And now my friends and students of this great University, let me exhort you to a realization of the great privilege you enjoy in receiving so thorough and so profound a moral, scientific and religious education. Under the shadow of the cross, in this sanctuary of the sciences, endeavor to correspond with intelligence to the efforts of these Fathers and professors who labor for you. In this way you will promote your own happiness as well as the happiness of your family. You will promote the welfare of the country and the Church, and thus you will show your loyalty to the Holy Father.

In conclusion let me thank again the Right Reverend Bishop of Fort Wayne for his great kindness to me today, and all my friends for the cordial welcome you have given me. I exhort you again to continue with perseverance in this great work and I wish you a happy and successful scholastic year.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Delegate, accompanied by Bishop Alerding, Provincial Morrissey, President Cavanaugh, members of the Faculty and a number of guests, motored around the University buildings and later to St. Mary's College where His Excellency was given a reception by the students.

Military Drill.

Official announcement is made that the hours for military drill this year are as follows:

Mondays—5:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m.

Thursdays—8:20 a. m. to 9:20 a. m.

Fridays—1:15 p. m. to 2:15 p. m.

Cadets will appear in uniform at breakfast Thursday mornings, and after the regular mass will repair at once to their halls to procure their rifles and to form in companies. Cadets will also appear in uniform at dinner, 12:00 m. on Fridays, and at supper on Mondays at 6:15 p. m.

On account of military drill there will be a change in the class schedule on Friday afternoons. The classes ordinarily taught at 1:15, 2:00 and 2:45 will be taught at 3:45, 2:15, and 3:00 respectively.

News of Our Engineers.

Mr Walter McGuire, M. E. '12, is already a valued employee of the Northwestern Railroad and is stationed at St. Louis, Mo.

Robert J. McGill, E. E. '12, is another new Notre Dame engineer who is "making good." He is connected with the Sanborn Electric Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Fabian N. Johnston, E. E. '12, of Keokuk, Iowa, called on friends at the University this week. Fabian is soon to accept an engineering position with a large manufacturing company.

Fred Stewart, C. E. '12, is in the office of Hall and Adams, Civil and Sanitary Engineers, at Centerville, Iowa.

We note, with pleasure, the marriage on July 18 last, of Mr. Thomas C. Hughes, M. E. '11, and Miss Pauline Morgan at Braddock, Pa. Congratulations, Tom!

It is of interest to know that the superintendent of the P. and E. division of the Big Four Railroad is Mr. Maurice Neville, C. E. '99.

"Bob" Shenk, M. E. '11, reports that he is in the employ of the Automatic Sprinkler Co., Chicago. He may be addressed at 717 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

A colony of Notre Dame boys exists at Marion, Iowa, where Anton Hebenstreit, C. E. '11, Elmo Funk, C. E. '11, and R. F. Cavanaugh, are employed by the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Stick together, fellows, and good luck.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The first regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society for this scholastic year was held last Wednesday evening, September 25. The principal business of the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing term. Prof. McCue was elected director by acclamation. Honorary director, Rev. President Cavanaugh; Assistant Honorary director, Rev. Matthew Schumacher; Honorary President, Rev. P. J. Carroll; President, Charles Lahey; Recording Secretary, Clarence Derrick; Corresponding Secretary, Gilbert G. Marcille; Censors, Eugene Aloysius Kane, and Peter Charles Yerns.

Judging from the attendance at the meeting the prospects for a successful year are very encouraging. A program, consisting of three papers and a question, was assigned by the director for presentation at the next meeting which will be held on Wednesday, October 2. The director expressed a desire that all students in the Civil Engineering department be present at future meetings. The Freshmen and Sophomore students are particularly invited to attend, as interesting papers are read and subjects discussed concerning engineering which will be of great help to them throughout their course.

Personals.

—Joe Birmingham, of the Varsity of 1908, is now acting manager of the Cleveland Nationals.

—Mr. Charles M. Niezer of Fort Wayne has the sympathy of many friends at the University in the death of his father who passed away recently at the age of sixty-six. *R. I. P.*

—Mr. John B. McMahan (A. B. '09) has associated himself with the firm of Kohn, Northrup & Morgan, Attorneys at Law, 938-943 Spitzer Building, Toledo, O. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him great success.

—John B. Sullivan (Litt. B. '91) is State Senator of Iowa with residence in Des Moines. John is an exemplary alumnus in his loyalty to Alma Mater. We hope he will be with us for alumni reunion next year.

—Mr. William E. Farrell, for several years a popular and successful teacher at Notre Dame, has successfully passed the examinations for the New York State Bar and is now fully

launched in the practice of law. We wish him all success.

—Henry E. Weiss (S. E. E. '08) has been appointed Superintendent of the Electrical Department of the Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co. in Racine and Kenosha. This is a rapid and deserved promotion.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Lucile Agnes Hart to Mr. James Allen Dubbs on Wednesday, September 4, at Cleveland. James is a Civil Engineer of the class of '06. Congratulations and many years of happiness, Jim.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Myrtle Kerslake to Mr. Fernando Mendez (S. M. E. '12). The ceremony took place in South Bend September 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Mendez will be at home at Cartagena, Colombia, South America. Congratulations and best wishes.

—Mr. John G. Ewing, for many years a favorite professor in the University, is President of the Board of Trustees of the Columbian National Fire Insurance Company. The presence of Mr. Ewing at the head of this new enterprise is a guarantee of a safe conduct of business and security of the public. We congratulate the Trustees on securing the services of Mr. Ewing. His address is 425 Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan.

—Father Quinlan's thesis entitled "Poetic Justice in the Drama" has been receiving much pleasant attention from the reviewers. We quote a characteristic notice from the *New York Times*, which makes a specialty of book reviews:

Students of literature will find great pleasure in reading M. A. Quinlan's "Poetic Justice in the Drama." It is a learned and elegantly written essay on an ethical principle of literary criticism which has been discussed by many of the world's great writers, including Aristotle, Plato, Bacon, Addison, Dryden, Rymer, Rapin, Gilden, and numerous later critics. The author inquires into the Greek origin of the doctrine of rewards and punishments in dramatic art and also into the English basis of the same doctrine. In the course of this inquiry he gives an interesting survey of the literary criticism bearing on his subject from Plato's time down to the present day. His own view is that the doctrine of poetic justice, in its strict sense, is the "most unpoetical of literary dogmas."

Local News.

—Brownson is already out for football.

—The Faculty held two important meetings during the week.

—Sorin has two billiard tables installed. "The best ever" is the report.

—The military companies are on the way to organization. Soon everybody will be marching in step.

—Students desirous of taking gymnastics should consult with Mr. Gormley, who has charge of the classes.

—The engineers have been the first to organize into a society for the coming year. Trust them to be first.

—Father Carrico reports seventy-five students in one logic class. Just fancy that many logical heads within four walls under one roof.

—The moving-picture man took advantage of the sunshine last Sunday and secured the procession from the church, following the services.

—The ex-Carrolls who are living in Walsh this year assisted at mass last Monday and went to Holy Communion for their former hallmate, Robert Barclay, who was killed in a railroad accident during the summer.

—A rousing "pep" meeting in Walsh Hall a few nights ago, and the earnest football practice that has since started on the Walsh campus seems to point prophetically to another banner that, before long, will keep company with last season's baseball pennant.

—Last Saturday evening we enjoyed our second band-concert of the term. The music was furnished by Elbel's band of South Bend and was recognized by all as excellent. The first concert of the season was intended as an antidote for home-sickness; this last was in honor of the Apostolic Delegate who had just arrived.

—Corby hall is packed to the door; Walsh has already gone far ahead of last year's registration, with only a few guest rooms left. Late returning Sorinites are panicky and threaten to climb the fire-escapes to get under roof. Brownson has equalled last year's total registration. Carroll is climbing like a thermometer in a gas-engine to the century-and-a-quarter mark. St. Edward's, with one-third of last year's population on the other side of the park, is comfortably ahead of last year's number. As for St. Joseph's hall, certainly M. G., if every boy in the department were given one pennant from the "rec" room there wouldn't be any left. And of pennants in the "rec" room, they are like leaves on the trees, sands on the sea-shore blades of grass, etc., and so forth.

Athletic Notes.

FOOTBALL OUTLOOK.

Early predictions of a weak team, founded upon the dearth of line material, received a "severe setback" during the past week when the football squad was increased to thirty-seven men. Ten of the number are monogram members of last year's team. Captain Dorias, Eichenlaub, Kelleher, Pliska, Feeney, Yund, Berger, Rockne, Jones and Harvat are the letter men engaged in the fight for regular positions.

The arrival of Feeney, Yund and Harvat, who put in an appearance Wednesday, relieved Coach Marks of a load of worry concerning the line. Lack of weight is one of the most noticeable features in the freshman candidates for the guard and tackle posts, and the necessity created by the new rules of building a battle front of beef made the outlook pessimistic. Feeney is practically certain of cinching his old place at center, while Yund and Harvat will be available as guards.

Captain Dorias is meeting with no active rivalry in the fight for the quarterback position, although Finegan is directing the second string in classy fashion, and Rockne has improved to such an extent during the summer that there is no doubt of his performance at left end. McGinnis, McLaughlin, Miller and Nowers are rivals for the other end berth, and the squabble between the quartet promises to cause some interesting performances. McGinnis has the advantage of experience over the other candidates, and will probably be the choice of Coach Marks at right end in the opening game with St. Viateur's next Saturday.

The backfield presents the most promising appearance in years with five veterans, Eichenlaub, Kelleher, Pliska, Berger and Jones, set for the season's labors. Jones' strength on the defensive will make him useful as either guard or center.

Following is a list of other candidates: Dougherty, Heyl, Larkin, Munger, Stevenson, Dunphy, Fitzgerald, Hicks, Duggan, Fuhrmann, Bjoin, Keefe, Stull, Hearn, Dyer, Lower, Metzger, Nigro, O'Rourke, Cook and Gargen.

WATCH FOR THIS!

A handicap track meet, open to Varsity and interhall athletes, will be held on Cartier Field, October 12. The necessity of enabling

Coach Frank F. Gormley to determine the strength of the material offered for the coming season should draw out every man who has any ability whatever in track or field work. Lists of entries from the various halls should be handed to the manager of the track team by the hall managers not later than October 5. Cards will be distributed to the rectors of all the halls early next week on which all students who intend taking part in athletics, Varsity or interhall, are requested to state their qualifications.

CROSS COUNTRY MEN REPORT!

Candidates for the Cross Country Club will report to Coach Gormley in the gymnasium immediately after dinner Monday, September 30. The training mapped out by the coach for the cross country runners will be invaluable to all those who intend competing in the half-mile, mile and two mile runs in the coming track meets.

Safety Valve.

Now don't begin to knock the guy as steamed a pipe in the procession last Saturday. You can't expect a man from the grass lands to harvest the elements of propriety in a week.

The *Scholastic* Baculus is organized.

If noise be an indication of enthusiasm the Carroll hall League meeting every Monday evening overtops the highest by several parasangs.

CROWDED CONDITIONS.

The general influx of Entire Student Body which is reported in the various halls is superlatively true of Rockefeller annex. There is not one single room left from garret to basement, not to speak of all the suites. Several late arrivals have been forced to sleep on the ceiling and on the window sills. Moreover, our local weatherman has been turning his lynx eye on the balls of late and promises a long and severe winter. In which event there won't be standing room at this popular resort. Moral: Make your reservations in time.

HAVE YOU SEEN GEORGE?

Frank Boos is here and George Baxter. But who has seen George Lynch? He is coming, however. Early in the week the wires sizzled with this message: "Am coming.—Lynch." Some dolt suggested it might be Lynch, president of the National League. As though we wouldn't know our George, the friend of Charlie Crowley! Stupid! Bah! One should say so. Therefore, then, George Lynch is here, or he is coming, which is the same exactly. If you see George before we do, give him your hand for us and say we greet him. Tell him there's a string on

the latch and a stick of wood in the grate. *Salve!* George, as it is inscribed inside the door of the M. B.

If Dr. Walsh were here he'd probably say the guilds of the thirteenth century could gild our dome. We mention this because, you piker, we want to beat you to it!

Also notice the hegira to Cartier field about 3:30 p. m.

THE TIP-TOPS.

"Thomas Aloysius Furlong, 22 ccc." This is the meagre chronicle contained in the Student List of one, whom to know is to want to see again. T. A. Furlong is not—if we may be candoned the poor pleasantry—so long as his name would indicate. None the less, what he falls short of the furlong in fact he fulfils in figure. For Tom Furlong stands high in the esteem of the E. S. B. not to speak at all of the vote-for-women crowd. He has a catching smile to begin with—or fetching, as John Burns would say. The word after all is not so important; only the underlying truth is of moment with us.

It is granted, therefore, that Tom has a pleasing smile, and he plays baseball in addition. Last year, when Sorin had a near-championship team in the opening game of the interhall league, Tom played s. s. Pete and Arias were the battery, if you remember, and Corcoran of Portland played utility man, *summa cum laude et amplius*. We forget where, but in the light of subsequent events that is not so important.

To return to Mr. Furlong. He is a friend of ours, and the ties that bind us neither time nor distance can ever break apart. Do you wonder that we admire and esteem him? You do, not. Very well, then, we will consider the incident closed.

The following students are Reading the law: William Cotter, Frank Boos, Mr. Pete Meersman, Mr. D. J. Skelly, and also Poynt Downing.

Paul Byrne is here, but Echo answers where is Carmo Del?

Arthur Roderick and Francis Michael are simply devouring the books this year. The thing can be overdone, fellows. Have a mind upon your health.

Do not forget to register.

As for the skive: go easy.

BULLETIN.

Lost:—A Rain-Coat.

Return

Reward.*

W. J. Hicks.

There is a young lady called Jane
Had a clot at the base of the brain

But she's grown so sagacious

That my goodness gracious

She walks under roof from the rain.

* A 2-cent postage stamp.