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## Recompense.

MORRISON A. CONWAY, '14.

TO seek in vain from dawn till deepest night,  
To watch from sun to sun, with straining eyes  
And yet to see no golden harvest reaped—  
Is this a just reward for him who tries?

How seemingly unjust it is to see  
The vision of a Life steal quickly by,  
Like silver clouds that glisten ere they melt  
Into the silent purple of the sky.

But such is life; so why should failure bring  
A pang of sorrow to a noble heart?  
The world will be the sweeter for your life,  
If you have truly lived and done your part!

## The Alamo.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.



IN the hurlyburly of these commercial times, we occupy ourselves exclusively with the present and the future, and but seldom revert to the past. Outside of history classes we hardly ever give thought to the How and Why of the development of the very localities in which we live. It is only when we see the Old North Church in Boston, or the Independence Hall in Philadelphia, or the Badin Chapel at Notre Dame that we are reminded of those who shaped the growth of our homes and made our present life possible.

I once saw in the heart of a busy, growing city just such a relic of the past. It was surrounded by tall buildings and streets teeming with trade; but it nestled serenely among its newer and bigger brothers, and defied the

greed and destruction of the commercial world. The building of which I speak is the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas.

The Alamo is the chapel of the old Spanish mission of San Francisco Solano, built in 1718. It is held sacred by Texans as the Bunker Hill of their independence from Mexico.

It was at the Alamo mission that the good Franciscans began their labors around San Antonio, and the good that was wrought by these priests is well attested by a half dozen magnificent missions within a few miles of the city.

In the Alamo, as in the other missions, life was simple in those early days. In the morning the Indians heard the word of God from the lips of the good friars, and after many lessons their untrained intellects grasped its simple beauty, and they became Christians. After instruction and mass, the friars and their Indian charges set about their various tasks. Some tilled the fertile bottom lands, while others built the magnificent old missions that now lie in ruins. But whatever the task, it was always done under the guidance of the priests, and for the rewards given by them.

This simple life continued for many years. A town sprang up around the mission and the presidio, and still the priests in the Alamo continued to teach and to labor, until war came to destroy their work and to turn their chapel into a fort.

The details of the Texan war for independence are too numerous to be related here. It is enough to say that the Lone Star state had abundant causes for revolting, but far from an abundance of men or funds to carry on the revolution successfully.

Early in the war, which was declared in 1835, the Texans drove the Mexican garrison out of San Antonio, and all the soldiers that could be spared were left to hold the town. But

the soldiers that could be spared were, indeed, few in number—not many more than a hundred men—for all were needed to fight on other fields.

The Mexicans, in the beginning of the war, were led by General Cos, but he met with little success. Santa Anna, therefore, determined to lead his forces in person. Santa Anna was a typical Spanish-American intriguer. By the usual methods he had been made president of Mexico, and by unusual craftiness he made himself dictator. Besides his natural ability to deceive the people, he had a burning ambition to exercise vast power. Self-styled, he was the "Napoleon of the West." His action against the Americans in Texas strengthened his cause in the Mexican capital, for the American government had given Mexico cause to worry by repeated offers to purchase the territory north of the Rio Grande river. At the same time he was tickling his vanity, for, like Napoleon, he led his legions to battle.

Many unflattering stories are told of the Dictator's character, for he is held in esteem neither by Americans nor by his own countrymen. But this much must be said to his credit: He moved an army of five thousand men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—two thousand miles, from the Mexican capital to the seat of trouble, with the swiftness of a military genius.

The Texans thought that Santa Anna was laboring over the rugged mountains of Coahuila, or languishing on the far stretches of arid plains north of the Rio Grande, when suddenly he appeared before San Antonio, and demanded surrender at discretion.

The Texans were in a poor condition to resist, but Travis, the commandant, promptly sent for aid and determined to hold out as long as possible. Santa Anna knew nothing of the strength of the garrison in the Alamo, for the Texans had withdrawn to the mission chapel, the stronghold of the town, and so he chose the course of discretion, and settled down to a siege.

After the first day of siege, Travis addressed an eloquent appeal to his fellow patriots without the walls; he told them of the terrific cannonade he had withstood; of the scarcity of food and ammunition for his hundred and forty men; of the strength of the enemy; of the terms of surrender—which now were the sword and nothing but the sword. He

made an earnest appeal for aid, but that eloquent letter was the death cry of the heroes of the Alamo; it was their last word to the outside world; for before succor could be sent Santa Anna had glutted his rage and the defenders were beyond earthly help.

When the siege was a week old, a small party of heroic spirits made their way through the Mexican lines and swelled the number of defenders to one hundred and eighty-two. These were the men who were to resist an army of five thousand.

Santa Anna soon tired of the inaction of the siege, and called a council of war. An attack was decided on. The fatal day named was March 6, 1836.

On the morning of the sixth, while all was still dark, the Mexicans surrounded the Alamo. The infantry, carrying ladders for scaling the walls, formed the battle front. Behind the infantry came the cavalry with orders to shoot down any man that shirked the fight. Both infantry and cavalry were enjoined to let no Texan escape alive.

As the sun rose that morning, the Texans—heavy-eyed, sore of body, and all but famished—gazed out upon a sight that was, indeed, formidable. The gay trappings and bright arms of the attacking army glittered bright in the morning sunlight. The attackers were fresh, well fed, well armed, well supplied with powder and ball, and more than all, they were a countless number against a handful.

The picture within the fort was a sorry one, but brave to the point of sublimity; for the little garrison rushed to and fro, strengthening its position and making every effort to offer a determined resistance.

One clear note sounded the attack, and the Dictator's infantry, prodded on by the cavalry, advanced to the tune of the *deguello*—the Spanish battle note that signifies no quarter expected or given.

The little band in the Alamo reserved their fire until their enemies were within close range. Then the farmers and woodsmen who had come to Texas to make it their home—everyone a marksman—poured a biting volley into the Mexican ranks. The cannon of the offenders were useless. When one gunner stepped forth to aim, he was the target of half a dozen of the defenders, and man after man in the Mexican artillery corps fell with a bullet in his brain. The attacking army had no shelter and were

forced to retreat, after leaving hundreds of their comrades on the field as mute testimony to the Americans' unerring aim.

But the repulsed infantry could not retreat far. They were met by the sword points of their own cavalry, and forced to turn back. They rallied and charged again, only to have their ranks thinned once more before they ran away.

Inside the fort, few were killed by Mexican bullets, but all were terribly exhausted; powder was running low; they had been many days without provisions; their muscles were weary and their brains dizzy. Before the third attack the Texans had to give way. They lost the walls and were fought back into the chapel, the sanctuary, the vestry. No place was too sacred for Santa Anna's revenge. Every room became the scene of a struggle to the death. At last all Texan opposition was overcome; they had yielded the fort, the guns, the flag, but not until the last man sold his life at heavy cost to the enemy.

The evening after the battle, Santa Anna buried his thousand dead with honors of war and Christian rites; the hundred and eighty defenders of the Alamo were stacked like cord-wood and burned. In that funeral pyre were the bodies of the illustrious Crocket, of Bowie, of Bonham, and of Travis.

Today, the Alamo chapel still stands to remind the passer-by of those who fought the battle of independence in that cradle of Texan liberty. In the capital city of the Lone Star state, a magnificent monument stands in Capitol park to tell the same story. Its story is briefer and far more impressive than that recorded by historian or essayist. It is told in these simple words: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

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### Reverie.

FRANK T. MOONEY, '13.

HOW soon they pass, these things of earth:

Today we smile, tomorrow sigh,

Thus closely follows age on birth,

And ere we know it, death is nigh.

Ah, then, we feel sweet virtue's worth.

A few brief years can snatch away

What most we prize—our friends, our youth.

And not till night obscures life's day,

There breaks upon our sight the truth:

The happiest path is virtue's way.

### A Drawn Battle.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

In a spot rendered almost impenetrable by a dense growth of tangled underbrush, the Namekon Terror—as yet wholly undeserving of the striking appellation—first essayed to stand upon his wobbly, ill-shapen legs. His crooked, gnarled limbs, all out of proportion to the rest of his frame, supported an amorphous body, a prominent, ugly head, and weak, sagging hind quarters. Yet to the great, grizzled cow-moose that stood so proudly beside him, he was a veritable paragon, surpassing even the three other ungainly calves that she had brought into existence on the wild, unfrequented shores of the upper Rainy.

After the manner of his kind he grew rapidly, on occasions venturing to trail awkwardly at his mother's flank as she shambled noiselessly from one secluded retreat to another. Gradually there entered into his stumbling stride the poise of a greater assurance; his weak, loose-knit form became more compact, he had lost some of the extreme grotesqueness that marks the new-born moose calf.

That winter, with his mother and others of his species, he "yarded" in the dreary fastnesses of the great cedar swamps. In spring he emerged a large, gaunt yearling, to feed upon the sap-filled buds of the birches and maples. With the advent of the sultry summer nights and the myriads of droning mosquitoes and torturing deer flies, he repaired with his dam to one of the many little bays that scallop the northern shore of Rainy Lake. There, shoulder deep in the cool waters; he found relief from the teeming insects of the wilds, and could browse contentedly among the juicy lily pads. Each night of the short, hot northern summer found them there splashing and feasting; and thus, too, they splashed and feasted upon that night which was to be their last together.

The wary old cow was the first to scent the approach of the strange being. She heralded it with a peculiar snort expressive of surprise and alarm. A strange object it was, long and low; like a drifting log it seemed—but it was not a log; in it were two strange creatures whose arms were never still. Always they rose and fell in unison, and always the strange craft crept closer to the curious moose. The

old cow pivoted upon her hind legs and lunged toward the shore. Almost simultaneously a red flame cut through the darkness of the falling night. A loud report reverberated along the inky shore line, mellowing and dying in the distance. Then panic stricken, the Namekon Terror bounded frantically toward the bank. Scarcely had they reached the ribbon-like beach when the terrifying report rang out again. The fleeing cow seemed to stumble, but recovered, and together the frightened calf and the only protector he had ever known fled up the dark runway. Pierre Lamont cursed softly to himself as he ejected the polished shell from his smoking rifle. He knew he had wounded his quarry, but disdained to follow it. What is the consequence of a few moose more or less? Fully a mile had been covered ere the two fugitives halted with flanks heaving and nostrils distended. Then it was that the Namekon Terror first became aware of a warm, sickening odor, such as he had once known when the sharp, cloven fore feet of his irate mother had slain the skulking lynx.

Then the old cow coughed once or twice and the great head sagged as if she were suddenly weary. Almost without a struggle she sank to her knees and rolled heavily upon her side. For a long time the silence was broken only by the old cow's labored breathing. Suddenly the gaunt frame shook convulsively, the limbs slowly stiffened, quivered, then relaxed. The eyes that had been dilated with pain and terror began to glaze. All night did the Terror stand there, fore legs spread apart, head drooping over the silent heap at his feet. With the first grey light of morning, he turned and was lost in the pines.

Within a radius of scarcely thirty miles, this strange, solitary animal attained maturity. At the right season of the year, if the meagre fare of winter months and the torturing flies of the summer season had not kept him slim, the Terror easily totaled fifteen hundred pounds. His broad and massive antlers, when rubbed clear of the last irritating trace of "velvet," spread sixty-five inches from tip to tip. His bell, as the coarse, tufted beard is known, was long and thick and black. When angry, the silver black hair on his towering shoulders rose to the height of four inches. The shrill, calf-like bleat of former days had changed to the deep throated bellow of the matured male.

Early in his fifth year occurred the fire of

ninety-eight, which drove him singed and spent across the bay from his native range to the endless pine tracts of the American side.

His fame soon spread afar. Trappers, guides, and *voyageurs* narrated marvelous tales of his size, vindictiveness, and prowess. All of which in time found its way to the ears of Pierre Lamont, now encamped in a wigwam on Namekon Lake. In an altercation with a camp foreman up on the Big Grassy, Pierre had fired not wisely but too well. Fully cognizant of certain legal consequences attendant upon such trivial indiscretions, the half-breed assiduously cultivated thereafter a decided preference for the American side of the imaginary line.

Meanwhile the mighty interloper made known his presence by a series of highly sensational episodes. In September, he treed Blake Harris late one evening, and kept that luckless game warden in the stunted birch until early dawn. He held up logging operations on the C. & I. railroad by the simple expedient of standing for fifty minutes in the middle of the narrow-gauge track. By way of teaching respect for the right-of-way, he chased Nick Goboway, Chippewa chief, to the very edge of his own village. Then occurred the incident of Thashewa point. Figuring prominently in the matter were the half-breed Pierre and a portly, pursy paleface. The latter desired the immediate attainment of a long-cherished end. This ambition could be realized only in the acquisition of a buck killed by his own hands. Pierre who had been made a party to the affair by promise of a fat fee, hoped to accomplish his object by the simple process of "shining."

Early evening found the stout stranger in the bow of the half-breed's best canoe. A dark lantern reposed in front of him upon a rude tripod. Beside him in the bow rested a costly rifle, an imported model, chased with exquisite, curved lines and figures and inlaid with gold. In the rear, crouched upon his knees, Pierre paddled noiselessly. Away to their left stretched miles of placid lake. To the right, close and forbidding, loomed the tall pines of Shashewa point. "Turn heem on," directed Pierre in guttural intonation. The stranger, snapped open the shutter and a twenty-foot circle of light dispelled the darkness of the nearer bank. "Keep ver' quiet!" cautioned the taciturn half-breed as he resumed his noiseless propulsion of the light craft. Suddenly out of the gloom, two phosphorescent balls

gleamed five inches apart. A second pair appeared to the left. Behind the balls of light could be discerned the shadowy outlines of the two deer as they gazed, fascinated, upon the stealthily approaching light. The "chime-coman" at the moment of consummation of a hope long deferred, demeaned himself with the strange perverseness of all tenderfoot nimrods. "Plenty close, shoot heem queek!" hissed his guide impatiently, but the open-mouthed, wide-eyed stranger could only gaze inanely at the motionless deer. Silently the half-breed groped about the bottom of the canoe, until his fingers closed upon the barrel of his own cherished rifle. It was the last time he ever touched it.

The next instant there was borne upon his startled ears a bellow of mad rage as a huge black figure catapulted from the gloom of the bank, and bounded through the tangled lily stems toward the stationary canoe. The deer in the charmed circle, fled, whistling with fright. The sudden appearance of a "light-mad" moose is at no time a matter to be treated lightly. The conduct of the terrified white man imparted the final touch to a highly uncomfortable situation. As the enraged brute struck the water, the ardent deer hunter shrieked in genuine alarm, and started to clamber to his feet. Stability, however, is not a virtue of your typical birch-bark canoe. With the first movement the unsteady craft turned turtle, precipitating its miserable occupants, with a mighty splash, into the bay. Chilled and gasping they stood up to their necks in the icy water of the lake. No sound was audible save the chattering of the portly paleface's teeth, and the rending of birch bark as the gigantic moose vented his fury upon the cap-sized canoe. Fully half an hour elapsed after the Namekon Terror had lumbered ashore and vanished ere they dared to venture upon the deserted beach. As he thought of his fine canoe, rent and ruined, his rifle irretrievably lost in the black ooze of the bay, Pierre's stoicism broke through. "Sacredam!" he screamed in an ecstasy of rage, "I weel keel dose black devil eef eet tek one t'ousand year."

For a long time it appeared that the man and moose, mutually vindictive, were not destined to meet again. The Namekon Terror "yarded" far to the west that winter, while Pierre trapped north and east, making stealthy excursions to the rich trapping country across the border.

Spring with its swelling buds and turbulent streams had been succeeded by mid-summer with its blazing days and drowsy languor, before Pierre's solitary camp fire again gleamed along the pine-clad shores of Namekon Lake. Far across its gently heaving bosom, the Namekon Terror stood motionless in the shadow of a clump of stunted pine, and gazed with the old surging rage upon that greatest of nature's mysteries—man. Larger he was now than when he had fled the flame-swept stretches of the Big Grassy. Larger, grayer, and more readily belligerent. His antlers, still in the velvet, spread seventy inches between tips. His mighty flanks were seamed and scarred with the marks of many an all-night battle, under the cold glow of the mating moon. Most men would have thought twice before provoking this grizzled tyrant of the wilds.

On the next morning Pierre whistled blithely as he swung his heavy pack to his shoulders. It was four months since he had bid farewell to the undemonstrative squaw and the preternaturally solemn papoose. Now he was returning with red calico, multi-colored beads and the other useless baubles that delight the barbarous heart. He was lost in pleasing anticipation when he rounded an abrupt bend in the trail and came face to face with a towering, bellicose moose. As Pierre coolly regarded his arch-enemy, he observed with growing trepidation that even thus early in the season, the great creature was not disposed toward flight. Cautiously he eased his heavy pack to the ground. Deliberately he swung his rifle to his shoulder. But with the ivory tipped sight outlined against the heavy neck, he paused. To slay out of season was itself punishable. Then to ruin a head that in two months would mean to him a small fortune, bespoke slight business acumen. He would retreat, he decided, though only to seek a more propitious occasion for evening the old score.

But it was the Terror that decided the issue. With a roar that reverberated harshly up and down the empty trail, he lowered his head and charged. In three bounds he traversed half the distance intervening between him and the creature he sought to slay. Pierre's rifle barked as he forged on again. The vicious, soft-nosed bullet staggered the oncoming bull. The white hot streak it left along his flank caused him to emit a bellow of mingled rage

and pain. A second time Pierre snapped the lever of his rifle down and forward. A second smoking shell leaped glinting into the sunlight, but no new one took its place. With an imprecation that was half a prayer, the desperate half-breed hurled his jammed rifle from him and attempted to draw the revolver at his hip. At the same time, thinking to evade the first blind rush of the infuriated moose, he leaped with cat-like agility to one side. But his right foot caught in his pack strap, and the next instant the massive antlers crashed sickeningly into his chest. In a tangle of brush bordering the trail, whither he had been hurled, the doomed man rolled over upon his splintered ribs and sought again to draw his Colt's. Hardly had he freed it from the holster when a descending hoof shattered the arm at the elbow. Almost at once the other fore foot smashed mercilessly through the skull into the brain.

With the blood welling from two jagged holes in his shoulder, the moose danced upon the prostrate form until all that was left of the blithesome "breed" was a mass of blood-soaked clothing and shredded flesh. The demeanor of the great bull as he strode out into the bay seemed shorn of his former air of unhurried majesty. The proud head swayed more than was its wont. His stride had lost much of its former resiliency. The Terror was hurt unto death.

All day he stood shoulder deep among the broad flat lily pads. The blood, clotting in his coarse hair even before he reached the bay, had attracted countless swarms of flies. All day he stood there motionless. The sun traversed its mighty arc over the lake, and disappeared in scarlet splendor. The Terror immobile as a model in clay, stood with head outstretched, looking ever to the north, as if in wistful reminiscence of the glad old days in his far-off Canadian home. At long intervals the antlered head would droop until it touched the waters of the bay. Then he would jerk it up as if abruptly aroused from a doze. The moon rose, a silver disk in a steel-gray sky. A loon laughed mockingly far out upon the lake. Frogs croaked amid the pads, and an occasional night bird called eerily to its mate in the pines.

Suddenly a tremor overran the mighty frame. The shoulders sagged gently, the proud head fell forward without the suggestion of a splash. The Terror made no sound as he sank beneath the black, cold waters of the lake that had

long been his home. Then in one great final spasmodic effort, the failing life of the stricken moose reasserted itself. Once again he rose to his majestic height in a lather of blood and foam. A scant second he stood poised there, as if defying the inexorable power that clutched at his faltering heart. With a sob, strangely, pitifully human for so huge and uncouth a creature, he crumpled again in his tracks.

Gradually the last ripple of the agitated surface was stilled. A lone black bear sniffed cautiously at the blood soaked, trampled spot upon the back trail. All was silent, save for the murmuring of the moaning pines, singing their eternal requiem.

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### A Corner of Life.

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The room was dark and gloomy in the deepening shadows. The single window was smudged with grime, and a square of cardboard replaced one of the panes. Across another, a spider, in conscious security, was spinning his web. From the sloping rafters a few articles of woman's clothing hung limply, and the floor showed bare in the fading light. The stove in the corner was cracked and battered, and the oven door hung by a single hinge. On the hearth stood a tallow-flecked bottle with a bit of candle protruding from its neck. Behind the stove was a pair of well-worn woman's shoes, and beside them, stretched out as if to dry, were two tiny stockings. In the shadow of the opposite corner lay a heap of rags, and on them a woman tossed about feverishly, moaning softly in her pain. On a box beside the bed, a photograph lay face downward. At the foot, a child of three was playing with a home-made cloth doll and crooning to it. Presently the woman called the child to her, and, drawing her close, kissed her long and hungrily. The child went back to her play. A thin hand reached out and took the photograph from where it lay on the box face downward.

After a while the outline of the stove in the corner grew dim. The well-worn shoes and tiny stockings vanished entirely from sight in the deepening shadow. The spider finished his web and drew away to his castle in the darkness. The woman lay quiet on the heap of rags, and the low moaning had ceased. The only sound in the room came from the foot of the bed where the child was still crooning to her doll.

H. V. L.



## Varsity Verse.

## A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

AH, sweet it is to watch the moonlight stream  
 Like purest silver o'er the window sill,  
 And then in holy silence sit and dream,—  
 And dreaming let the fancy roam at will.  
 Then on the screen of memory's vision seem  
 To crowd the pictures of the past, until  
 The heart so fills with rapture and with pain,  
 The struggling forces almost rend its walls in twain.

A. J. B.

## THE LAD JUST NEXT TO ME.

A slender lad of grace and dignity  
 Comes twice a week and sits just next to me;  
 But what's his name? I do not care to tell,  
 Although I'm sure you know him very well.  
 He is not fat; in fact, he's somewhat slim,  
 And all the girls delight to look at him;  
 A class he never yet was known to skive  
 Indeed, he's just the nicest boy alive.

G. D.

## COQUETTE.

Decided blonde, a tilted nose, a smile,  
 Is just the way an artist pictures her;  
 With eyes, dark brown in contrast, that beguile  
 Those glist'ning sparks sunk down in velvet fur.

## DEMURE.

A timid thing, tip-toeing when she walks,  
 Is just the way an artist picture her;  
 With soulful eyes, so shy that when she talks  
 She answers simply this: "Yes, sir, No, sir."

E. S.

## DEATH'S SHADOWS.

When death stole gently o'er my mother's face  
 And carried her away, this lonely room  
 A shadow o'er me cast—a dreary place  
 It ever seems; it kills me with its gloom.  
 I see her now—the same sweet smile—a tune  
 Upon her lips and waiting my return.  
 I hear her voice as 'neath the yellow moon,  
 She passes through the lane in haste to learn  
 My least desire—and then—the dreadful cheerless  
 room.

J. T. B.

## THE AUTUMN ROSE.

Farewell, farewell, my blushing autumn rose,  
 A last farewell, dear flower of my heart,  
 That 'neath my window now dost find repose;  
 Ere long thy soul will homeward start,  
 Thy petals red, will pale and fall apart.  
 But I shall intertwine thy life with mine  
 And foster both within my lonely heart.  
 And there will I erect a costly shrine  
 Wherein to keep thy memory fair, thy form divine.

S. F. M.

## Berenson's Boy.

RICHARD V. BLAKE, '13.

"Do you see that little grave all alone over there?"

I looked toward the isolated mound which rose in the far corner of the large Hebrew cemetery. The green grass which was so neatly trimmed in other parts of the burial ground, grew faded, scanty, and uneven here. Two boards nailed crosswise and upreared above the lonely mound was the only indication that it was not a pile of stones or refuse.

"Is it a section of the Potter's Field?" I asked.

"No, my friend, the Potter's Field is a most respectable place compared to that," replied my companion, an aged, learned, and refined type of the religious orthodox Jew. "That little cross marks the grave of Berenson's boy—a youth who sinned grievously against God,—one who stained forever the name of an honorable Jewish family. Because of this double offense, his bones must now remain apart from relatives and friends and rest in dishonor.

"The story of his wickedness is one oft repeated in the young generation of our people which seek too much society outside of their home and friends. In my long life, I have seen justice avenged in many ways, but never so perfectly as in the case of the son of Isaac Berenson.

"At one time Isaac Berenson was the foremost merchant of the Ghetto. He gained wealth and happiness because he was honest and God-fearing. He was a pillar of the synagogue, and, with his wife Rebecca, was the greatest benefactor and friend to the struggling emigrant. One son was born to them. They named him Louis in memory of Isaac's father who was killed in a Russian massacre. Like all other boys of his race, he studied at the Hebrew school, and when he was ready to enter college his knowledge of our ancient religion was equalled only by that of our rabbi.

"In a few years he became a lawyer. Toward the synagogue and the poor he was as generous as his father. All the Ghetto loved and prayed or "Berenson's boy," for it was by this name that he was known in the locality, and it is by

this name he is spoken of today. Old Isaac Berenson and his wife Rebecca heard with pride the praises showered by all upon their boy. To them he was still a curly haired, large-eyed youth, instead of the tall, energetic attorney that he was in reality. Success followed success for him in the legal world. But over-success is always failure. And so was it with Berenson's boy.

"In the meantime, the saintly Rebecca had died, and Isaac, bemoaning his loss, sought his son now as his only consolation. But friends of old had become as mere acquaintances to young Berenson, and his visits to the poor grew less and less frequent and finally ceased. Vague reports of his frequent carousals and of incredible sums lost at gaming reached his neighbors, but none were absolutely verified, and old Isaac uttered not a word of his son's doings. But day by day the father, as if an inward pain gnawed a heart that cried in vain for love, wasted away, until one morning the news of his death was announced in the Ghetto.

"His son, being his sole heir, inherited what was left of the fortune he himself had so greatly reduced. It consisted wholly of eight thousand dollars and a three-quarter mortgage on the synagogue. The interest on the mortgage had long since fallen due, but old Berenson, being a benevolent and just man, never heeded the fact.

"Shortly after his father's death, the young lawyer left the city for a trip to Europe. He was absent about six months. Upon his return he called a meeting of the directors of the synagogue. He then demanded the payment of the arrears of interest. It was the panic year and money was very scarce in the Jewish quarter. The rabbi and the congregation pleaded for time. Berenson's son only smiled. In a month he offered the synagogue for sale. The poor begged of him not to take their only solace. He merely answered, 'You can believe and praise God in your own home as well as in a temple.'

"A corporation bought the building from him and the sacred house was transformed into a dance hall. But although the sense of justice and goodness had departed from man, the All-Powerful One still controlled human actions. For, two months later, Berenson's boy, while walking in an intoxicated condition from a café to a waiting cab, was struck by lightning and hurled dead to the

ground. The face was burned so badly that he was unrecognizable.

"At first we refused to allow him to be interred in our cemetery. But since others would not receive him and he was a member of our race, we were compelled to bury him here. So we chose that spot and determined that no grave should rise near his, nor should any repairs be made on it.

"Were we to return in fifty years, if the decaying bones do not pull the upper sod down closer upon them to hide them deeper from the world, we should still see the isolated, earthly couch of Berenson's boy—a fit example of the unthwarted justice of God."

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### Expansion in the Far West.

GEORGE W. PHILBROOK, '12.

The fulness of American energy was shown in the movement of the sturdy, ambitious and freedom-loving people into the far West. There with axe, rifle, plow, and pack-horse, the man of the backwoods and plain helped shape what is now a land of prosperous cities, extensive ranches, and fertile farms.

In 1750 only a narrow strip from the Atlantic Ocean to the Appalachian highlands was inhabited, these highlands forming a mountain wall between the coast plains and the valley of the Ohio and the Mississippi. In 1800 the great barrier was crossed, and the fertile plains of our Central States were settled by the white man. In 1850 the United States had set outposts of settlers as far as Puget Sound and California.

To the first stage of this far western expansion, nature presented no serious obstacles, the greatest being the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers and the Great Lakes. No forest obstructed progress, and the character of the soil was such that the passage of the few wagons marked out a well-beaten road. With the exception of the Missouri, the western rivers afforded no waterways to the emigrant, for the rivers of the West are navigable only in rare, short periods, and then only for canoes or very shallow flatboats. Most of the trails followed the rivers, for they not only furnished water for the emigrant, but supplied him with fuel from their densely wooded banks, and pointed the direction of his westward course.



In 1804 the Lewis and Clark expedition, with the aid of Canadian guides, had no difficulty in following the Missouri as far as the Mandon villages at the great northern elbow of the river. On the upstream voyage the expedition met a trapper, Vallé, who had spent the winter nine hundred miles up the Cheyenne River at the foot of the Black mountains. Other traders, mostly French, were found among the Mandon villages, and farther on an English trading station was discovered on the Missouri. Until 1805 the remotest point on the Missouri River visited by white men was the juncture of this river and the Little Missouri; but on his return voyage in 1806, Lewis met two American traders in camp on the White Earth River, and on the lower Missouri he frequently passed strings of canoes on their way to the Platte. Two years later, when Astor's party set out for the mouth of the Columbia to establish their trading-post on the Pacific, Missouri trappers had appropriated all these western streams. They spent the winter hunting for furs and trading with the Indians, and in the spring took advantage of the annual rise in the shallow rivers to float their cargoes down to St. Louis.

As early as 1808 the Missouri Fur Company had a station in the mountains at the three forks of the Missouri, but a year later were dislodged by the Blackfeet Indians; then they crossed the Rockies and established a post at the head waters of the Columbia. All of these posts became, later on, great way stations in the westward movement. In the wake of the trapper came the pack-horse and wagon-train of the trader, and the white-roofed caravan of the settler.

Geographical conditions determined Independence, Westport, and Kansas City as the starting points for overland commerce. Leading away from these points were two trails. One, called the Santa Fé trail, followed the Kansas and Arkansas rivers to Santa Fé; there this trail divided into two separate routes, one going northward into what is now Colorado; then south along the Virgin River to Los Angeles. This was called the Spanish trail. The other trail from Santa Fé started south along the Rio Grande River, then followed the Gila River and terminated at San Diego.

The second trail is called the northern or

Oregon trail. After leaving Kansas City it continues northwest along the Platte River, through the south pass to a post called Fort Hall on the Snake River. Here this trail divided, one fork going north through Fort Boise and Walla Walla, and then along the Columbia, ending finally at Fort Vancouver; the other fork leaves Fort Hall and follows the Humboldt River to a post that is now called Oakland; this was the old California trail.

This western country was found to have many natural resources. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, the country was quickly filled with settlers. The soil today is the best in the New World. What was a vast wilderness and plain in 1800, is now dotted with large and flourishing cities. And the very same trails that were used by the early emigrants are the paths of transportation and travel today.

The Westerner is known far and wide as a man of broad sympathies and largeness of view. Even when uncultivated and crude from lack of opportunity, he never takes a contracted view of things. He measures things with a big yardstick. The nomadic instinct is still strong within him, handed down by his emigrant forbears. He is never provincial, but he is intensely, broadly American.

Henceforth, let us not think of the West as a new, undeveloped territory, nor of the Westerner as a backwoodsman. Let us know the West and its sons as they really are: the West as flourishing, beautiful and happy, and its sons as the truest types of strong, sympathetic, broad-minded American manhood.

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### Life's Seasons.

The Autumn vents her rage upon the earth,  
 All nature listens to her dread command;  
 The trees, like withered hags, in sorrow stand,  
 And all is desolate and void of mirth.  
 But Spring will come and bring a newer birth,  
 And songs of birds will gladden all the land;  
 And laughing waves will kiss the sea-washed sand  
 And Spring will prove to all the world her worth.

So in the life of man the seasons run:  
 His days, like those of Autumn, are beset  
 With bitter blasts and sorrow's icy sting;  
 Yet through its clouds there shines a brilliant sun—  
 His other life—where present toil and sweat  
 Will be forgotten in Eternal Spring. B. W.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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## Board of Editors.

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—Shades of Tom Watson! The "crafty Romanist plot to get control of the government" is now bared to the world, for the roll-call of election-day winners reads like a register of the Americanism Triumphant. "Irishtocracy" of America, with only here and there a discordant note: A Catholic and a Knight of Columbus governor-elect of Illinois, another the governor-elect of Wisconsin, a third, attorney-general of Ohio, a fourth, attorney-general of Illinois, congressmen by the dozen,—but why anticipate the enumeration in the official mouth-organ of the "Guardians of Liberty?" Paine's fireworks will be but a Roman candle to the pyrotechnic display in the next issue of the *Menace*. Watch for the illuminations in the sky.

The seeds of religious liberty, planted by the Catholics of Maryland, have at last borne fruit. The days of prejudice in America are over, for bigotry is everywhere entombed in sepulchres like Watson, giving off a stench as warning to respectable men to flee the vicinity.

—The November number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains, in an article on college life, an interesting refutation of the idea that high-honor men in college are not very generally successful in after life. The author cites figures which prove that of the large number of high-honor men graduated from five leading universities during

a given period of years, nearly one half were given mention in "Who's Who" for 1911. He then goes on to show the disastrous results of what is in reality but a foolish notion, a notion which has led even parents to be satisfied with mediocre scholastic work on the part of sons who are by their talents fitted to be "honor men."

The author's views in regard to this matter are identical with our own. We are acquainted with the type of young man who quiets his conscience, after barely passing an examination, by the reflection that the real student is not the successful man of the world. How such an idea—the sluggard's friend—ever gained such widespread belief we do not know. Its self-contradictory nature should make its falsity apparent. We are glad to see its refutation given such prominence.

—The ancient hope that some day the power of the Turks in Europe might be broken and the Turkish hordes driven from the land, seems now to be approaching realization. As each day passes we are greeted by the news that the allied armies of the Balkan States are daily pushing their forces toward Constantinople, and are now within sight of the Turkish capital—the last stronghold of the Turks in Europe. This city taken, Europe will once again be a Christian Continent, and the Moslem rule in Europe will be destroyed. From the ashes of the old Ottoman Empire will arise the new nation—The United States of the Balkans.

—"College spirit" is an expression much overworked. It is applied at times to a multitude of things that range from wearing a circus-hat or playing an ante-Noah practical joke, to offering an endowment fund. It should be well understood. It should bear a vital meaning.

Spirit is the principle of life, the unseen essence. College spirit is the real, yet invisible resultant of all the college influences. It may be called the general tone of a college. Pour into a crucible the customs, struggles, purpose, and traditions of a college; add the influence of teachers, and the sympathy between student and faculty; refine—and you have college spirit. It is a nugget, not a coating; a solid, not a surface. It should not be conceived

as a passing enthusiasm, but known as an abiding principle. It can not be learned in a month or seen at all—it is a growth that is unconsciously acquired. Stately buildings or swelling treasuries can not call it forth nor preserve it.

No man without sentiment can understand college spirit. He must have a touch of tenderness or it is lost upon him. Sentiment, sometimes, is absurdly derided, but take it away from college, and college spirit is dead. Sentiment and romance are the pillars of college spirit. One's companions become one's brothers, the campus becomes a second home, and the athletic field, an arena of memorable conquests.

The spirit at Notre Dame has ever been that of work, honor and democracy. Before the president of Illinois University called us "fighting Irishmen" we were fighters; nor can the influence of our University's early hardships ever pass away. Intense religious atmosphere creates the sense of honor. The "rah-rah" spirit never flourished among us, and it has been observed that where rowdyism and hazing are forbidden, the students are of superior character. Our University is no hibernating camp for the full pocket and the empty head, but a place where the spirit of honorable work is ruler.

Strangers always remark the evidences of democracy among us. Snobbery and the pretense of bon-ton have long since been exposed. We are all one great commonwealth. This is the Notre Dame spirit. Become a living part of all these traditions. Absorb and taste the excellent influences; aim your conduct at hearing the approving "That's the spirit!" Stay with the onward march, so that men will know without your advertising it, that you are a college man.

#### A Very Pleasing Recital.

What many declare to have been the finest song recital thus far presented was given in Washington hall on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 31st, by the Frank Croxton Quartette of New York City. Coming highly recommended as vocalists of rare ability, the company abundantly justified all claims of superior merit contained in the advance notices. Drawing almost exclusively from the famous productions of the old masters, they interpreted the difficult selections with such rare talent and finished

technique as to elicit repeated ovations. It would be difficult to single out any one member for special commendation, but what was probably the feature of a wholly pleasing and delightful program was the concluding number, composed of a series of old English ballads, cleverly arranged and splendidly interpreted. Comprising the concert party were Miss Marie Langstone, contralto; Miss Agnes Kimball, soprano; Mr. Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Mr. Frank Croxton, basso-cantante. The very prevalent lack of true appreciation of the higher forms of musical expression, oftentimes deplored by composers and librettists, would soon cease to be a matter of concern were there more concerts company with the accomplishments of the Frank Croxton Quartette.

#### The Chicago Notre Dame Club.

At a well-attended meeting of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, held some two weeks ago, the following members were elected to the executive committee for the coming year: Mark M. Foot, Judge Michael F. Girton, James V. Cunningham, Byron V. Kanaley, Stuart M. Graham, Stephen F. Riordan, C. Tully, Daniel L. Madden, Frank McKeever, and Thomas G. Sexton.

This committee met on Oct. 24th at the Hotel Planters to elect the officers of the club. Francis McKeever, Stuart M. Graham, and Thomas G. Sexton were elected unanimously to the offices of president, treasurer, and secretary respectively.

This was the largest committee meeting ever held by the Notre Dame Club of Chicago. All expressed their interest in the activities of the club, and were enthusiastic about making the Thanksgiving exhibition of rooting at the Notre Dame-Marquette football game, and the subsequent reception to the Notre Dame team a grand success. The meeting closed with the announcement that the next coming together would be on October 28th, to discuss further the entertainment of the Notre Dame Football Team.

#### From Munich to Berlin.

The sentimental appeal of the Fatherland is by no means confined to those of German extraction. Its engrossing history, its men of letters, its artists, musicians, soldiers and

statesmen have invested the great empire with a charm that leaves it impress irrespective of nationality. Mr. Newman manifested a clear appreciation of this fact in his excellent Traveltalk "From Munich to Berlin," presented last Saturday afternoon. Munich, with its bustling air of progress and industry, contrasting strikingly with its narrow streets and medieval buildings, was the starting-point of the photographic journey. The most modern phase of aerial navigation was presented by a motion picture of a trip of several hours' duration from one city to another in a German dirigible. In point of progress in lighter-than-air machines, Germany easily outstrips all the rest of the world. The homes of such musicians as Liszt and Mozart and of renowned men of letters such as Goethe and Schiller, memorials to Blucher and Bismarck were depicted either by slides or moving pictures. Enumeration in detail would be an impossibility, but features of unusual interest were found in the portrayal of German cavalry manoeuvres, a rustic wedding and a panoramic view of the nation's magnificent capital, Berlin.

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#### Have You Read Them?

Do you think that the novels of Catholic authors are inferior to those of non-Catholics? If so, you have not read any of the following books: "Marotz" and "Diomina" by Ayscough; "The King's Achievement" and "By What Authority" by Benson; "A Daughter of New France," "Love Thrives in War," "A Heroine of the Strait" by Crowley; "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" by Harland; "Marcella Grace" by Mulholland; "Mother," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" by Norris; "A Daughter of the Sierras" by Reid; "My New Curate," "The Blindness of Dr. Gray" by Sheehan; "Espiritu Santo," "Heart and Soul" by Skinner; "The Daughter of a Magnate" and "Robert Kimberly" by Spearman; "Great Possessions" and "The Job Secretary" by Ward; "Fabiola" by Wiseman. Any of these books may be obtained from the Apostolate library.

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#### The Top of the World.

The fifth and final Traveltalk of Mr. Newman's splendid series, was presented in Washington hall last Wednesday evening. "The Top of the World" fairly excelled any of the pre-

ceding lectures both in point of natural interest and in the profusion and variety of the scenes. Its scope of several thousand miles was far greater than is usually the case, including in the itinerary the Faroe and Shetland groups of islands, Iceland, Spitzbergen, and portions of Norway and Sweden. Beginning with a delineation of life on the isolated Shetland islands, Mr. Newman proceeded to Iceland, where camera and motion picture machine afforded us many intimate glimpses of that picturesque, lonely and little-known isle. Bleak and dreary Spitzbergen, the next point visited, brings the party within the nine degrees of the pole. The remains of the ill-fated Wellman expedition, the countless miles of pack ice, North Cape, and the Midnight sun were some of the incomparable views that held the unflagging interest of the audience. As a fitting climax he portrayed in motion pictures some of the great events of the Olympic games held in Stockholm, Sweden. Mr. Newman has no superior in his profession, a fact well attested by the most recent of his lectures, and we trust that the ensuing year will see him here again presenting his inimitable Traveltalks of far-off, foreign lands.

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#### Feast of All Souls.

Solemn requiem mass was sung Saturday, November 2nd, the feast of All Souls, by Father Maguire, assisted by Fathers McCauley and Lennartz. Before mass, Father Maguire explained the nature of the feast, and exhorted all to offer prayers during the month for the suffering souls in Purgatory. God has, so he explained, given us His own power whereby we are enabled to free souls who are now atoning for their sins in purifying fires. The opportunity of hearing daily mass during November is given to the students who desire to offer some special acts of devotion for deceased friends or relatives. This is a commendable as well as a charitable practice, for on our prayers in their behalf is largely determined the duration of their punishment.

On Sunday, Father McNamara's sermon on man's ingratitude towards God was practical in every respect. Even the plants and animals, he said, glorify their Maker by their conformity to natural laws, but man, the greatest work of God's creation, proclaims least the glory of Him to whom he owes his being. Father

McNamara treated a specific phase of the ungratefulness of man as exemplified in our own midst. His reference was to the disrespectful actions and attitudes of students during divine service. In passing, it might be said that this is a fault that calls loudly for correction in many, both for the edification of their neighbors and for their own spiritual welfare.

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#### Personals.

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—T. D. Collins (student '10 '11) of Chicago, is in the real estate business in his home city.

—The Hon. Timothy Ansberry (LL. B., '93) of Defiance, Ohio, was returned to Congress for the third time by his constituency on last Tuesday.

—J. Washington Logue, father of Francis Logue, formerly of Carroll hall, has been elected Congressman from the 6th District of Philadelphia.

—The Rev. S. Michael Shea (A. M., '05) of the archdiocese of New York, left recently for Rome to take up an advanced course in theology leading to the degree of D. D.

—Dr. Arthur McGinn, of Providence, Rhode Island, is visiting at the University, on his way to Portland, Oregon, where his brother, Father John McGinn, C. S. C., is stationed.

—The forthcoming marriage of Mr. Frank Binz, Jr. (old student), and Helen Bernice Barry is announced. The ceremony will be held in St. Ambrose Church, Kenwood, Chicago, Illinois, November 12th.

—Paul Rothwell (E. E., M. E., '12) of Buffalo, Wyoming, is enjoying the experience of superintending the erection of the hydro-electric power plant, the design of which formed his thesis. All success, Paul!

—Nicholas J. Sinnott (A. B., '92) of Portland, Oregon, and John Eggeman (LL. B., '00), of Fort Wayne, are two more Notre Dame men who were winners in the election. The former goes to Congress, while the latter becomes a judge.

—Sam Dolan (C. E., '10) is coaching the football team of the Oregon Agricultural College, at Portland, Oregon. From the account of a recent game which his team played, "Rosy" is putting some of the N. D. spirit into his charges.

—Some of the Notre Dame men elected in Indiana last Tuesday: William P. O'Neill

(LL. B., '06), Lieutenant Governor of the State; Dr. Thomas J. Swantz (B. S. B., '04), Coroner, St. Joseph County; and George W. Sands (LL. B., '10), Representative.

—John F. Shea (A. B., '06) of Holyok, Massachusetts, spent a few days of last week at Notre Dame. John has many old friends here and is familiar to all the new students as the composer of many of our best Varsity songs, and as an old cheer leader of great reputation.

—A beautiful memorial window inscribed to Father Timothy O'Sullivan (A. M. '88) has been set up in St. Bride's Church, Chicago. Father "Tim" was the founder of this parish, and the window representing St. Bride, "The Mary of the Gael," receiving the white veil from Saint Macaille, is a fitting monument to a great priest and alumnus.

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#### Society Notes.

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##### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

At the regular meeting of the society last Sunday evening, the question for debate was: Resolved, That a tariff for revenue only is preferable to a high protective tariff. The affirmative was composed of Messrs. A. Clay, J. Dundon, L. Muckle; the negative, of W. Donovan, W. Tilski and P. Figlestahler. Mr. L. Muckle showed the best preparation of all the debaters. The decision was given to the affirmative. After the debate a rather lengthy discussion on practical points of parliamentary law was entered into by the society at large. In the absence of the critic, Brother Raymond expressed his opinion of the efforts of the different speakers of the evening.

##### CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, Mr. Conway read a paper dealing with the life and works of the famous engineer, Robert Stevenson. In his paper, Mr. Conway brought out the sterling qualities of patience, self-reliance, and keen business insight of the man. Mr. Wasson followed with an address on James Watt. Mr. Wasson discussed the various methods pursued by Watt in his mathematical and chemical researches before he was finally able to discover the composition of water. Mr. Derrick concluded the program by a very interesting paper in which he demonstrated the close relationship existing between poetry and science.

## Important Notice.

In order to avoid disappointment to students and parents, the following regulations regarding Thanksgiving are published:

No student may go home without having previously obtained consent of his parents.

Students receiving permission to go home for Thanksgiving must remain for their last class on Wednesday and return for their first class Friday afternoon. There will be no classes Friday morning.

Any student failing to return at noon on Friday will be deprived of all permissions until after the Christmas holidays. This penalty shall be strictly enforced.

## Obituary.

With profound regret we chronicle the death of General Robert Wallace Healy (A. B., '59, A. M., '65) who passed away at his home in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on Saturday, the Feast of All Souls, at the age of seventy-six. General Healy up to the time of his death had the distinction of being the oldest living alumnus of the University of Notre Dame. His brilliant record in the Civil War was equalled by a distinguished career as President of the Ross-Meehan Foundry Company of Chattanooga. The General was an amiable and cultured gentleman, and his visit to Alma Mater for the reorganization of the Alumni Association a few years ago is still most pleasantly remembered. We bespeak fervent prayers for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

## Calendar.

- Sunday, Nov. 10—Practice for singing class immediately after mass.  
St. Joe. *vs.* Brownson in football.  
Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
- Monday—Dr. James J. Walsh, Lecture.  
Military Drill 5:00 p. m.  
Band Practice 5:00 p. m.  
Orchestra Practice 7:00 p. m.  
Philopatrians meet 5:00 p. m.
- Tuesday—Ralph Bingham, Entertainer 5:00 p. m.
- Wednesday—Civil Engineering Society 8:30 p. m.
- Thursday—Sorin *vs.* Corby.  
Military Drill 8:20 a. m.  
Band Practice 8:20 a. m.
- Friday—Military Drill 1:15 p. m.  
Band Practice 1:15 p. m.
- Saturday—Carroll *vs.* Niles High School at Notre Dame.  
Boston Philharmonic Orchestra 7:30 p. m.

## Local News.

—Examinations are only a few days off. The 18th and 19th of this month are the dates set for the first quarterly test. Plug up daily! Don't wait till the lights go out on the last night before the exams.

—Last Friday, the Carroll Hall first team defeated Niles High School on the latter's home grounds to the music of 13-0. A return game was requested and granted. It will take place next Saturday on the Carroll field.

—The Faculty received the election returns Tuesday evening in the Faculty room of the Main Building. We feel safe in averring that not a single tear was shed when the Democrats shoved Teddy and his Big Stick out into the cold.

—The Walsh Preps also took ten scalps from Brownson's second team last Sunday and kept its own hair on. Colburn Colby of the Preps scored the only touchdown, and Melville Sullivan, the Walshes' doughty little quarterback, captured the other three points by a splendid drop-kick from the thirty-five yard line. Score: 10 to 0.

—Tuesday evening, the Philopatrian society gave an entertainment in the Carroll recreation room. Speeches, music, and recitations was the order of the program. The literary feast was followed by a material one that was fully as well enjoyed. The Juniors are better politicians than many of their elder brethren, the election returns being watched by them with the greatest enthusiasm.

—The business hours of the Students' Office and Book Store have been changed to the following:

On class days except Fridays:

9:45-10:15 a. m. and 3:30-4:00 p. m.

On Fridays:

9:45-10:15 a. m. and 4:30-5:00 p. m.

On Recreation Days:

8:30-9:15 a. m.

The Express Office is open every day from 3:30-3:40 p. m.

—As was predicted, the Walsh Preps defeated the Corby Wolves last Wednesday 12-0. The field was a mass of slippery mud, and a drenching rain poured down during the entire contest, but despite these drawbacks, the game proved interesting to quite a crowd of spectators.



Melville Sullivan and John O'Donoghue starred for the Preps, tallying the only two touchdowns of the score.

—Last Tuesday evening Bro. Florian tendered a smoker to the boys of his hall in order that the time might pass pleasantly while waiting for the election returns. The soiree was the best Brother Florian ever got away with. There were eight courses, not to mention the cigars and smoke. A speech by the Brother was roundly applauded by the boys, who all expressed the hope that Brother Florian would come often and stay long.

—It is distressing to have to acknowledge that, in spite of a home training supposedly refined, in contradiction to a university education surely humanizing, boorishness still exists among us. We refer here to what occurred during the performance of the Croxton Quartette in Washington hall a week ago. Miss Agnes Kimball, soprano of the quartette, when interviewed after the evening's program, severely criticised the conduct of part of her audience. It was her first appearance before a college audience, she said, and added that, if this audience were to be taken as a criterion, she desired no further experience. Her criticism indicted in particular the rustics that read newspapers during the singing, and "the crowd" in the extreme left tier of seats (gay gossips from Walsh hall) who buzzed noisily through all parts of the program. With shame we admitted the justice of Miss Kimball's remark, and took a hurried departure. The perpetration of such boorish conduct is an insult to the entertainers, an injustice to the appreciative part of the audience, and an open confession on the part of those guilty. If you are a boor or a "boob," cover it up for shame's sake. Watch the conduct of your more refined and gentlemanly companions and you will appreciate the difference.

#### Athletic Notes.

SORIN, 6; CORBY, 6.

Fighting to the last ditch on a muddy, slippery field, and in a drizzling rain, each team earning every yard it gained, Sorin and Corby last Wednesday played a 6 to 6 tie game. With all due credit to Corby it must be said that they were outplayed. Through the first half, Sorin kept the ball continually in Corby's territory, their playing showing marked im-

provement over the form exhibited in the two previous contests. A change in the line-up was, no doubt, accountable for much of the improvement. Sturn went in at centre and Heyl shifted to quarter, while the line was strengthened by Green, Dougherty and Morgan. On the defense Sorin was practically impregnable, the work of Granfield, McGovern and Sturn being particularly noticeable when it came to breaking up interference and getting the runner.

Sorin scored in the second quarter. With the ball on the 30-yard line, O'Connell was substituted for Heyl to try a drop kick. The ball fell short, was fumbled by the Corby back and covered by Voelkers after rolling over the goal line.

A beautifully executed forward pass gave Corby the ball on Sorin's one-yard line. Twice the desperate plungers were turned back by Sorin's line, but on the third attempt Hebner went over. Neither side kicked goal.

From the present outlook it appears that we will have to concede the season's championship to St. Joseph. That doughty team has not yet been scored on, and its two remaining games have no terrors. It is scarcely within the range of possibility that Brownson or Sorin can strengthen their fighting forces sufficiently to overcome "the Saints."

#### PITTSBURG LOSES STIFF BATTLE.

The fourth quarter of last Saturday's game with the University of Pittsburg provided the opportunity for dissolution of the claims of equality with Notre Dame advanced by the Pittsburg eleven, and improvement of the chance by Captain Dorais, resulting in a field goal from the 25-yard line, added another victory to the Gold and Blue conquests, 3 to 0.

Disagreeably cold weather with its accompaniment of wind and snow provided conditions that made it almost impossible for the Notre Dame team to play true to form. Frequent fumbles by both teams, and the assessment of numerous penalties by the officials, tended to slow the game. Pittsburg must be credited with a strength both on offensive and defensive that makes the team a worthy rival of Captain Dorais' band, and the prospect of taking the game offered an incentive that brought out the best in the men.

Dorais' drop kick was the climax of three periods of hard fighting. Although the score proved sufficient to cinch the result, Pitt

gamely continued the battle, and in the last minute of play an attempted field goal by Ward from the 30-yard line sailed so close to the uprights that the Pitt rooters were given cause for momentary rejoicing.

Neither team gained the advantage in the opening quarter. Berger and Pliska gained consistently through the Pitt line and Wagner, who showed himself a strong rival of Eichenlaub for honors at fullback, succeeded in puncturing the Notre Dame line for yardage on several occasions. Exchanges of punts during the quarter as well as in those following kept the contestants on an even basis. Twice in the second quarter Notre Dame came within striking distance, but a fumble and a wide attempt at the goal prevented scores. Berger pulled off the longest run of the game in the third quarter, when also Rockne starred with a gain of 33 yards on a perfect pass by Dorais, but penalties forced punts and enabled Pitt to offset the advantage.

Crowley and Rockne gave a strong exhibition at the ends, and Pliska and Berger shared honors with Dorais back of the line. Shapiro at Center, Rees and Joyce on the extremities and Wagner starred for Pittsburg.

#### Lineup—

NOTRE DAME [3]		PITTSBURG [0]
Rockne,	L. E.	Reene
Jones	L. T.	Hoag
Fitzgerald	L. G.	Leahy
Feeney	C.	Shapira
Yund	R. G.	W. Smith
Harvat	R. T.	Pratt
Crowley, Dolan	R. E.	Joyce, Egbeer
Dorais	Q. B.	Snoff, Connely, Wa
Berger, Larkin	L. H.	Ward, Corboy, Kernahan
Pliska	R. H.	Dillon
Eichenlaub	F. B.	Wagner

Referee—Sigman, Lafayette. Umpire—Smith, Budonell. Head linesman—Merriman, Geneva. Field goal—Dorais. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

St. Louis University are the opponents of Notre Dame at St. Louis this afternoon in what is expected to prove the hardest game of the season. The Missouri team has shown itself unusually strong in its early games, while the adverse weather conditions of the past week, coupled with the absence of several of the regulars who made visits home after the Pittsburg game, prevented the Gold and Blue team from getting sufficient preparation for the battle. Twenty men departed for St. Louis Thursday evening. Fitzgerald, Cook, Stevenson and Keefe are ineligible for the game through

a rule eliminating freshmen, and the problem of supplying a capable substitute for Fitzgerald at right guard has given Coach Marks a good deal of worry. Lathrop, Hicks, Nowers, Duggan and McLaughlin are available for the position.

WALSH, 7; BROWNSON, 0.

Walsh Hall went up to second place in the race for the Inter-hall Football Championship by virtue of its victory over Brownson last Sunday afternoon. No better game has been played in the present series. Evenly matched in most respects and filled with the same fighting spirit, the two teams kept each other from scoring for more than three-quarters of the game. Early in the game, the Walsh line seemed unable to stop the terrific onslaught of the Brownson backfield, while on the other hand the Brownson defence was impregnable, their forwards breaking through and throwing the Walsh backs for a loss time and again. It was in the first quarter that Brownson had its best chance to score, as it then carried the ball to within ten yards of the goal line, only to lose it on an incompleting forward pass.

After that last opportunity, Walsh took a brace, and towards the last of the fourth quarter they twice came within striking distance of Brownson's goal, McWeeney finally taking the ball over for the only touchdown after receiving it on a long forward pass. Dee Newning kicked the goal.

CARROLL HALL, 13; NILES HIGH SCHOOL, 0.

Last Friday afternoon the Carroll hall football team defeated the second team of the Niles High School in a very prettily played game. The teams were evenly matched and, although light, showed an excellent knowledge of inside football. "Happy" O'Connell's men fought hard from the start; taking advantage of the high wind, they scored in the first and last quarters. In the second and third quarters, Niles worked clever trick plays and forward passes for large gains, but were prevented from scoring by the brilliant tackling of Schwalbe and Viso. On the offence, Captain Fritch, Lockard, and O'Shea were the stars for Carroll. Blackman, the feather-weight center, showed in praiseworthy fashion. A pleasant feature of the trip was that Manager Earl Dickens took care of the expenses, and the boys travelled in "Varsity" style. Coach O'Connell was well pleased with the work of his men.