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A Morning in Advent.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

THIS morn is rich with utter peace,
And dawn's sounds cease,
As if some poet, silently
Knelt in pure ecstasy;
His shining face turned to the skies,
And in his violet eyes,
Secrets, the half no tongue has told
Of Heaven's streets of gold.

Rev. Claude Jean Allouez, S. J.

BY FRANCIS B. MCBRIDE.

THE story of the French Canadian Jesuits is a chronicle of obscure heroism and unswerving devotion to the Faith. Their history is a succession of brave and noble deeds, unhonored, unsung, almost forgotten, but still cherished and revered by those who have taken pains to know the truth about these humble martyrs to the cause of Christianity and Catholicism. They were the true pioneers, and their glory is the greater because they came, not for gold, or furs, or the honors of discovery, but for the nobler and higher purpose of converting men to the true Faith. We may honor LaSalle, DeSoto, and Cortez for what they have done in the New World, yet they struggled and labored only that they might achieve for themselves renown and adventures, and—gold. When we acclaim Hennepin, Marquette and Allouez, we honor the memory of men who are as much greater than the other explorers referred to as humanity is greater than wealth.

It was a higher purpose than self-aggrandizement that called Father Claude Jean Allouez from the placid serenity of his old home in Toulouse to the dangers and hardships and

vicissitudes of New France. It was a nobler motive than conquest, a more disinterested incentive than fame, that impelled him to forsake the quiet cloisters of Rodez, and enter the turbulent wilds of the great American continent. And because the reasons that drew him forth were nobler than the purposes that actuated Cortez, and because his achievements were of a finer nature than the attainments of LaSalle, we must reckon him as more truly deserving of fame than they whose names still live, while his is almost forgotten. Accounts of his life and labors are at best brief, fragmentary and unsatisfactory. From the casual references of contemporaries, from the cursory records of history, and finally from his own simple and unassuming letters, we must piece together the thrilling story of his long years of self-sacrifice and uncomplaining toil.

Claude Jean Allouez was born at St. Didier-en-Forest, in the Province of Toulouse in the spring of the year 1613. Of his childhood, but little mention is made, but we have no reason for assuming that it was in anywise different from that of other peasant lads in the beautiful, sleepy countryside of Haute Loire. But that he early determined his vocation must be inferred from the fact that he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Toulouse at the age of seventeen. He completed his studies at Billom and Rodez, and at the expiration of his student days he was appointed preacher at the latter place. Whether he himself effected his appointment, or whether he simply obeyed the immutable decrees of Jesuit discipline is not definitely known, but at all events, we find him arriving in Canada on July 11, 1658. For seven years he served at Three Rivers and at other points along the St. Lawrence River in what was, by comparison, the most populous district of New France. In August, 1665, came the summons that called him to minister to the spiritual needs of the Ottawa tribes of far-off Lake Superior. It was a terrible

journey for this young priest from the prosaic and drowsy French province—hundreds of miles over lakes and rivers and forests, without shelter, frequently without food, and always exposed to the perils of attack by the savage Indian tribes. Arriving at the Sault, where the waters of Lake Superior rushed wildly and turbulently into Lake Huron, he had his first view of his "parish"—the shores and inland districts of an inland sea almost four hundred miles in length and in places a hundred miles in width.

Resolutely he took up his burden. He found before him the task of converting thousands of Indians, savage, bloodthirsty, superstitious, ignorant and licentious. He had to combat the prejudices of centuries standing, and unfold the gospel of peace and virtue and love to a people "dissevered, discordant, belligerent." He had to conquer lust and superstition and cruelty by kindness, firmness and perseverance. Unaccustomed to their mode of life, unused to brutality and bestiality, he had to conquer his fear and repugnance, and mingle with these lowly savages, exhort them in their own tongue, and by slow and untiring endeavor accomplish the end for which he labored. He never knew at what moment his life might be threatened, he never felt certain that the plotting of the disgruntled native priests or "Medicine Men" would not result in his stealthy assassination, or death by torture. Unaccustomed to the scant shelter, coarse food and arduous labor, he was frequently ill, but preached and taught undeterred. Yet he was not without reward: the knowledge that by baptizing a dying papoose he had saved a soul for God; the conversion of a dying warrior, or the adoption by a tribe of a higher code of morals, all afforded him cause for rejoicing. In two years time he travelled six thousand miles and carried the first Christian doctrines to thousands of Indians. In recounting his many hardships, he has occasion to remark that "he has also had the consolation of bearing the torch of faith to more than twenty different infidel nations." His journal, compiled painstakingly from brief notes and hurried sketches, describes faithfully the places and lakes he has passed, the customs, morals and superstitions of the natives, and the number of conversions made in each tribe. No effort was too great to be undertaken if the Faith could be spread by that exertion. Father Allouez learned that the

Nipissings, many of whom had been converted by Menard, had been driven through fear of the Iroquois to the remote northern fastnesses of Lake Nipigon, a district far to the north of Lake Superior. Fearing that the germs of Catholicity implanted by his heroic predecessor might perish through lack of stimulus, Father Allouez bravely set out to minister to them. The undertaking necessitated the crossing of Lake Superior in a birch-bark canoe, an exceedingly perilous venture; but by dint of paddling twelve and fifteen hours a day, Allouez and his two native companions crossed in safety. While en route he visited many of the beautiful islands that dot the rugged north shore, describing one "twenty leagues in length (Isle Royale) whereon was much evidence of native copper." Upon arriving at Lake Nipigon, where the intrepid missionary was eagerly welcomed, he encouraged the few he found faithful and converted many more.

Even before visiting the Ottowas and Ossawatimies, Father Allouez had been appointed by Laval (July 21, 1663) Grand Vicar for "all the countries situated toward the north and west." As the result of his observations, he came to the conclusion that effective service demanded that the missionaries in the Northwest should have fixed residences with men to work for their maintenance. He reasoned very astutely that well-constructed chapels, comfortable houses and practical agriculture, would have a most beneficent effect upon the native tribes. With this plan in mind, he set out for Quebec to secure the necessary sanction and assistance. Two days after his arrival, so eager was he to resume work with the Superior tribes, he started to return. Father Nichols and five men were prepared to accompany him with abundant food and supplies, but the Indians who had accompanied him down perversely refused to begin the return trip until the number of men had been cut down to three and the supplies diminished, so that there was expressed a "reasonable doubt whether they can reach the country, or, if they do so, of their ability to maintain themselves very long."

Disappointments could not daunt this courageous missionary, however. Met at every hand with crushing reverses and failures, he returned unflinchingly to labor with the peoples of the Sault, the South Shore and La Pointe Esprit. In 1669, he replaced Père Marquette

at Chequamegon Bay, and there founded the mission of St. Francis Xavier. From this time forward we find him very prominently identified with all the activities centering about Lake Michigan, Lake Superior and the Sault. The Pottawatomies requested him to visit and preach to them, and the overjoyed missionary hastened to comply. Everywhere he went he strove to learn the language, customs and ideals of the tribes among which he moved. He learned the many tongues and dialects prevailing among the tribes bordering upon the Western Great Lakes. His services were continually requisitioned as interpreter, linguist and orator for the whites or Indian delegations. He entered intimately into the politics of the Indian tribes, but always as a fair impartial adviser, an advocate of peace, and an uncompromising enemy of fraud and treachery. He commanded a most respectful hearing before the Ottawa Council, that august Parliament of the natives of the Northwest. At the great inter-tribal conclave at the Sault in 1671, when the assembled chieftains and warriors for hundreds of miles around heard the Supreme and Enduring Dominion of the King of France over all this great territory formally announced and posted, Allouez was the orator chosen by the French officers to make known the purpose and import of the decree to the savages.

Having established missionary posts at Chequamegon and Green Bay, and having established a widespread reputation among the Indians, Father Allouez's labors began to draw him farther afield. He spread the Faith among the Miamis, the Mascoutens and the Illinois. And here we are brought in contact with the inexplicable and bewildering "Monso episode." LaSalle has always spoken with bitter invective of the "Jesuit Allouez" whom he accuses of attempting to consummate his failure and death by spreading lying reports among the Illinois. To quote: "Father Allouez had no sooner intelligence that I was arrived among the Illinois than they sent one Monso, one of their chiefs, with four large kettles, twelve axes, and twenty knives, to persuade the Illinois that I was brother to the Iroquois; that my breath smelled like theirs; that I ate serpents; that I was sent to betray them; and attack them one way while the Iroquois attacked them in another; that I was hated by the Black-gowns . . . and lastly that I understood

physic enough to poison all the world." This extraordinary series of charges is preposterous enough to make one believe that the whole incident was but a figment of LaSalle's disordered fancy. It nevertheless is a very serious charge, inasmuch as it holds the element of falsehood and treachery, and even the possibilities of murder. Yet the authenticity of the great explorer's charges may well be questioned. True enough, LaSalle was by no means popular with the Jesuit missionaries, whom he professed to scorn and despise. But that a man of Father Allouez's moral calibre should stoop to slander and to a treacherous attempt upon the life of a fellowman and one of the same nationality as himself, is unbelievable. Yet Parkman credits it, and makes reference to an incident tending to confirm the claim of its validity. "The Jesuit Allouez was lying ill at the Fort, and Joutel, Cavelier, and Douay went to visit him. He showed great anxiety when told that LaSalle was alive and on his way to Illinois; asked many questions and could not hide his agitation. When, sometime after, he had partly recovered, he left St. Louis as if to shun a meeting with the object of his alarm." Against the whole astounding accusation we have no direct refutation, save a contrast of the men; but certainly that comparison leaves everything in favor of Allouez. Yet many, no doubt, might see much significance between the missionary's influence with the tribes LaSalle visited, his distrust of the latter, and the apparently authentic circumstance of Monso's visit and accusations.

Allouez accomplished much among the Miamis, whom he found intelligent, friendly, and readily acceptive of the Gospel. Throughout the years of 1669 and 1670, Allouez was frequently in the company of Dablon, and it is to the latter that we are indebted for many interesting insights into the life of "The Apostle of the Ottawas." An instance of his wonderful tact and influence with the Indians is afforded in his visit to the Foxes. This particular tribe was in a savage frame of mind, because some of their number had suffered ill-treatment at the hands of the French upon a trading trip to Montreal. Despite their sullen and threatening mien, he gained a hearing and discoursed so eloquently that they showered him with tobacco as a sign of their approval and inscribed the Cross upon their shields and arms. Though this incident reveals

nothing more than native impulsiveness, it is gratifying to learn that he won over this tribe almost in a body to real and practical profession of the Catholic faith. Shortly after his work among the Foxes was well under way, he was called to again take charge of the St. Francis Xavier mission. It was much like other missions, and because it was typical of the frontier mission headquarters it merits a brief description. A large chapel of logs had been carefully constructed, facing the bay, and upon an eminence where it was visible for a long distance. A house for the missionaries stood upon the right, and a workshop and forge had been erected behind it. One or two other smaller buildings were grouped about it, and all were enclosed in a stout palisade of pointed logs. Outside of this enclosure were the fields of grain and vegetables that the Jesuits and their native helpers cultivated. The duties of the missionary were many and varied. Of first consequence, and of course actuating him in his every movement, was concern for the souls of his charge, but even when not dispensing religious truths and consolations, his every waking hour was crowned with activity. He must needs instruct them in agriculture, which the squaws were eager to learn, and which the Jesuits recognized as important if they were to combat the barbarism of the nomadic hunting tribes. Facilities for farming were few indeed, but by care, hard work, and the exercise of considerable ingenuity the missionaries were enabled to break much ground around the mission posts, and raise quantities of vegetables and cereals. Allouez recounts how he was made the arbiter of disputes innumerable, a decision requiring the greatest tact in order that neither party take offense at the finding. He was ceaselessly interrogated, required to answer questions of a startling nature and bewildering variety. He had to be an astronomer and an authority on all natural phenomena. There was evident a strong disposition to make him an augur and soothsayer. The chiefs in particular wished to profit by his seemingly supernatural powers towards practical ends. Was it advisable to go on this or that hunting trip? Did the Blackrobe believe it good policy to pay a visit to a neighboring tribe? Had the sun and stars told him when and where they should declare war on their enemies? Influenced only by an earnest desire for peace and tribal prosperity,

aided only by a liberal education and common-sense, Allouez was forced to answer all these queries, well knowing that upon the soundness of his judgment and the outcome of his advice, depended not only his own safety, but (and of far more consequence in his own zealous mind) that of the Faith he was everywhere inculcating. He was a physician of wide practice, having early displaced the weird charms and incantations of the medicine man. The administration of the last sacraments not infrequently brought a new lease on life, and many baptized infants, as he himself declares, although when baptized apparently upon the verge of death, were completely restored to health. But his real medical work was of an eminently practical nature. Where the medicine man advised noise and tumult, he prescribed silence. Where native practitioners were smothering the sufferer in closed huts and choking blankets, he recommended comfortable quarters and fresh air. Where he found filth he left cleanliness. Where he found fever patients immersing themselves in running water, he acquainted them with the suicidal nature of their folly. In bleeding and the use of beneficial herbs and teas he was an adept, and his ability to divorce religion from superstition, and medicine from quackery, conduced to his success in the Ottawa missions. Despite the rigors to which the Jesuits subjected their own persons, none appreciated better than those great teachers the practical value of the old maxim "A sound mind in a sound body." To the end, then, that there might be sound bodies, sound minds, and healthy souls among his flock, Father Allouez labored unceasingly. To be spiritual adviser, arbiter, leach and information bureau to thousands of child-like Indians, was to fill a position that would have dismayed less energetic individuals. But Allouez was indefatigable. He mastered the native dialects with a ready facility that astonished Dablon and others of his associates. He was able to so perfectly adapt himself to the Indian mode of thought and expression, that he became one of the weightiest and most respected of all the orators at the Indian councils. Every gathering of note around the upper lakes, found him, if he could spare himself from his labors for three or four days, one of the principal speakers always counselling righteousness, moderation and Christian conduct.

To baptize the dying, and especially dying infants, he would go to any extreme of physical

danger and hardship. He would enter a wigwam where a dying child lay, and after disarming the suspicions of its parents (if they were hostile to Christianity) would baptize the child with a handkerchief previously immersed in holy water, while murmuring the prayers with lips that could not be seen to move. That the soul of the dying child should gain eternal happiness was an end worth any sacrifice, any extreme of personal inconvenience. He would come in after a tramp of thirty or forty miles upon a tour of inspection of neighboring villages thoroughly exhausted. Then the report would come in that a dying warrior, squaw or sickly papoose, perhaps a score of miles away, needed his ministrations. The knowledge that he might save another soul served as a tonic that vivified his weak and jaded limbs. Without an instant's hesitation he would be off again, mayhaps rejoicing that some stubborn native had at last accepted the truths of the Faith. He was never too footsore to walk another dozen miles. His hands were never too stiff and blistered to grasp a paddle and propel a birch-bark canoe down another river or across another lake, if only at its destination he might perform the ceremony that would secure another soul for Paradise. He was never too ill or heartsick or weary to put forth another supreme effort, if he might thereby serve his Creator. This sublime fixedness of purpose, this awe-inspiring devotion to an ideal, though common enough among the Jesuits and other Catholic missionaries, has no parallel in other fields of endeavor. Men will dare much for gold and fame, but their flagging minds and bodies will halt at some extremity. To the invincible Allouez, in his zeal for conversions, such a limit of human endurance did not seem to exist. The damp, cold, cheerless wigwams, the coarse food, and lack of intellectual companionship, would have broken the heart of a layman. The long, dreary winter months, in which he must travel hundreds of miles through drenching rains and blinding blizzards, the many nights in which he slept in cold open air camps in drenched garments, the scorching summer months under burning skies and in vermin-ridden, ill-smelling Indian huts, would have discouraged men of less enduring fibre. But Allouez could be neither discouraged nor exhausted. His was the magnificent spirit of the early martyrs and the Jesuits. It has never been shared in the same extreme degree by any other body of men

on earth. It was the spirit that enabled the intrepid Jogues to raise his bloody, mangled hands in a last benediction over a dying Huron. It was the spirit that impelled the dying Brébeuf to murmur words of encouragement to his burning companion, when his own flesh was being stripped off in shreds, and a red-hot iron seared the nerves of his broken teeth, and cooked the sizzling membranes of his throat. It was the unfaltering spirit that caused Antoine Daniel to baptize the fleeing Hurons by aspersion, and then turn undaunted eyes toward the Iroquois horde that struck him down and hacked his body to shreds. Allouez's own references to his feats of hardihood and devotion, are confined to a brief sentence or two, but the mere mention of the season of the year, and the number of miles traversed is a fair criterion of the nature of his labors. But whether his work took him into the miasmatic Miami flats, near the present site of Chicago, or into the cool, pine-covered ridges of the Sault, he was ever engrossed in his work, and concerned only with the spiritual and temporal welfare of his charges. Success was not wanting to crown his efforts, but neither was failure absent. The red man, impulsive and fickle in all things, would oftentimes accept the Faith in large numbers and imbue the earnest Jesuit with pious elation. A day or month later, some absurdity or superstition would overthrow the work of weeks or years, and the disappointed but not disheartened missionary would have to slowly build again upon the foundations that had reared one failure. It would be reported by some fiendish apostate that the basis of the Faith was sorcery, that a girl had returned to the land of the living, and had said that she had been tortured in the Elackrobe's heaven, or that the devil had proven himself to be stronger than the Jesuits' great Spirit. Any monstrosity of the imagination served to lose Allouez many of his converts, but others,—yes, hundreds and thousands of others—succumbed to no such fallacies, and persisted unto death in the Faith. And it was the eternal salvation of these that constituted his sole earthly reward.

After concluding his labors at St. Francis Xavier mission, we find Father Allouez next succeeding Marquette among the Illinois, and being in turn succeeded by Chavier. After this the records are brief and meagre. But we know from their very brevity that he was

doing his duty, and that if the accounts were brief, they bespoke untold volumes of brave deeds, terrible hardships, and cheerful self-sacrifice. Allouez was growing old; the years of hardships, drenched by cold rains, capsized in frail canoes; traveling for miles in bitter blizzards to administer the last sacraments to some poor Indian, existing upon the coarse food of the natives, and sometimes going hungry for days—all these told upon his vigor and enfeebled his aging frame. It was while working with the Miamis, that he loved so well, that the end came. On the night of August 27, 1689, he died in an Indian village, and was buried by the natives upon the banks of the St. Joseph River, somewhere in the vicinity of the present site of Niles, Michigan. The people for whom he gave his life have vanished, and the very site of his last resting-place is obscured by time. Yet it is a glorious record that he leaves. For his Jesuit contemporaries, chary of praise, abhorring falsehood even in eulogy, tell us that in his twenty-five years of strenuous labor, he baptized ten thousand natives, and personally instructed and exhorted the magnificent total of one hundred thousand. We can well understand why it was that the practical Dablon was moved to call him "a second Xavier."

The St. Joseph, that in his day bore only bark canoes, now turns the wheels of a thousand factories; but surely posterity can never entirely forget the heroic story of the life and labors of the man who sleeps in an unknown grave on its banks.

Equidiana.

In the early morn of an autumn day
Spurring her horse down the dusty way,
Gallop hard though pleasure bent,
Her speed such that the wild wind lent
An added beauty, if such could be,
To cheeks whose bloom was fair to see,
Came my sweet Equidiana.

A fleet shape through the morning haze,
A calmly level, searching gaze,
A glimpse of eyes whose limpid deep
Many a lover's heart could reap,
A tiny tress of wind-blown hair
That showed a wondrous color rare
And gone was Equidiana. G. Haller.

Sunset and Sunrise.

Two Fancies.

I.

Grey-veiled the western sky,
As day slips down to meet the night,
Deep crimson robed; his head
Is crowned with wreath of saffron light.

II.

Mother of flaming day
Lightly draws the portals wide,—
Then slow the child day rises,
Rosy cheeked and dewy-eyed.

J. McD.

The Brakeman.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

When Jimmie Fenesy was ordered to Tahoka he was at first inclined to tell the whole Santa Fé system where it could travel to.

"You had better go down there, Fenesy," said the old superintendent looking at the boy over his glasses, "and tend to the station for a few days. You'll be alone, you know—passenger and freight agent, train despatcher and postmaster, all in one. Then as soon as Brown gets back from the East, you can have your old place up here again, and I'll see to it that you get a raise."

And so he had got out of Dallas that night and when the few inhabitants of Tahoka awoke next morning, they found a new station-agent sweeping out their object of civic pride—the depot.

Fenesy was not exactly overburdened with work. There was one "passenger" each way one day, and twice a week a local freight. Some days there were two or three despatches to be sent out, at other times the ticker was silent for a day at a stretch.

The second morning Jimmie scrubbed out the dingy little depot, cleaned out the dirty spittoons, and washed the windows. About ten o'clock a couple of drunken cow-punchers slouched in, and settled themselves in a corner. Fenesy thought they were waiting for a train, but after both locals had gone, he saw that all they wanted was a cool spot to sleep off a drunk. So he kicked them both out, and they got up from the gravel very slowly, slinking

away into the sagebrush. They saw that the new agent meant business.

Outside the depot the July landscape faded quickly back into a dreary waste of burning sand. Miles away it stretched, relieved only here and there by a stray clump of dusty sagebrush or cactus, until far in the distance the cloudless heavens suddenly dipped toward the fiery desert, and sky and earth were merged together in one glimmering horizon. One morning as Fenesy got up, he looked out to the east. Low along the sky-line were ranged the long, level cloud-lines just breaking up as the morning breathed upon them and they drifted away in fleecy wreaths, touched with the borrowed flame of the rising day. Now the sun looked shyly forth above the horizon, and the desert lay bathed in a wonderful radiance now purple, now orange, now greenish lights that gradually faded, revealing a plain of burnished gold. A breath of air, delightfully fresh and cool, rustled the trailing vines that crept up the wall of his shack and with their dusty leaves screened the window from the heat outside. But as the day progressed, a change came over the desert. The balmy atmosphere of morning gave way to a scorching glare that beat down mercilessly on everything within reach of its fiery breath; the cloud-flecked dawn was lost in the clearer blue of the distant heavens, the burning sun, like a molten ball, rolled higher and higher on the journey of desolation. From the middle of the day until about four o'clock no one dared brave the blistering heat without. Jimmie looked out along the roadbed. All that bound him to the outside world, it seemed, were the two silver ribbons that wound off, side by side, until they also were lost in the shifting sands. . . .

He had been at Tahoka two or three days when the first freight pulled leisurely in across the desert. An hour before news had come of its arrival, and he had eagerly watched the horizon, until he caught sight of a thin line of grayish smoke drifting low in the south. Then he had hurried inside, and striven to look business-like. When the local had stopped, he took his way outdoors leisurely, with the freight bills in his hand. There were only a few kegs of whiskey and a box or two of groceries to unload, afterwards the train crew came around to the shady side of the depot for a smoke.

The new station-master, a box of cigars

under one arm, went out to join them, glad of any companionship to relieve the monotony.

"So Brown's gone back to Vermont, eh?" ventured the fireman after the cigars were passed around, and to the youth's nod of assent he proceeded: "Needed a little rest, Brown did. Glad enough to get out of this hole, I bet."

They were rough men who had viewed life at all angles. The engineer had come West in the nineties, the conductor had been a motorman on a New York trolley, the fireman had taken up railroading "for company's sake," he said. Fenesy had come to Texas after finishing high school back in Michigan; he had been at Dallas under Murphy for the last two years, until he was shoved down here the other day.

To Jimmie the brakeman seemed to be vaguely unlike the other men. It was not that he dressed differently, or held himself from the others; on the contrary, he made a visible effort to be interested in everything the train-men did, and though he tried to use the rough Texan dialect, his cultured accent told him an educated man. Now he got up and started up the track, a book under one arm.

"Better hurry back, John," volunteered Mullaney, the engineer. "We'll be starting in a few minutes."

The pale young man turned with an absent-minded smile. "Just whistle, Pat, and I'll be with you," and he turned away again.

"Funny, isn't it, that lad," mused the grimy engineer. "I think there's some mystery connected with him. Goes around all his spare time reading a book. He doesn't talk like the rest of us, he never swears, and with those eyes of his, he keeps the rest of us away like a band of coyotes."

Jimmie's interest was aroused, and after that he took particular notice of the brakeman. In spite of the smoke and grime of the railroad, a glance would show that he really was different from what he pretended to be. Sometimes there was an indefinable something in his face that reminded one of a dumb animal stricken its deathblow, again it was his eyes, dulled with pain and pleading almost hopelessly.

Sometimes the freight would stop over night at Tahoka, and of an evening as Fenesy sat in the little depot, the light streaming

out into the darkness, the brakeman would wander in for a few moments. He took a fancy to the lonely youth out there in the desert.

"Tell me something about yourself, Jimmie," he had said once, and the young fellow had told the story of his high school days. He had played baseball, he had a monogram in track; he had been All-State quarter in football. . . .

"But what was he to do out here in Texas? Would he study for a profession?"

Jimmie didn't know. He had hardly given the future a thought.

"Well, son," (and afterwards Jimmie wondered why he had called him 'son'),—don't make the mistake I did! . . . Make up your mind first."

The summer days sped into weeks, the weeks raced on toward autumn and still Fenesy was left at Tahoka. No news came from Brown, and the boy began to lose all desire to leave the little desert town. Sometimes of an evening the brakeman would still come in.

Once when the youth directed him to his coat for a match, the visitor put his hand in the wrong pocket, and drew out instead, Jimmie's rosary. Long afterwards Jimmie remembered that terrible look that came into the tall man's eyes, when he saw what he was holding.

Again they were together in the back room of the depot.

"Oh, but you've never told me anything about *yourself*?" Fenesy had enquired.

"Jimmie lad, there isn't much to tell! I'm a failure! I tried to do something, I failed, I'm down and out!"

He leaned forward, his face hidden in his hands, and was silent.

"But, how about that book you're always reading?" the boy began, in an effort to cheer him up. Just then the sounders commenced a furious ticking and Jimmie hurried out to the take the message. When he returned, he dare not open the subject again, and his visitor was still silent. At last he arose.

"Good night, Jimmie," and the boy, looking up quickly saw that it cost him to speak.

"Good night! I'm only a bum, but—well, I may tell you some day, but not now,—good night lad," and he had passed out into the darkness.

After this the brakeman seemed to avoid

the depot. Jimmie noticed that he was a regular visitor at the saloon. Often at the freight house, the boy smelt liquor on his breath, once he had staggered for a moment, and out of pity Jimmie had taken him inside and sat him down in the one armchair that the depot boasted of. But wherever he went, at work, in the depot, at the saloon, the book was always with him.

Then one night the freight had drawn into Tahoka about nightfall. There was still some switching to be done as they would have to leave early next morning. Jimmie was inside the depot, one hand on the switchboard, the other shading his face from the light, as he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the train through the thick darkness.

The freight was just below the station then, and he could just distinguish the huge square bulk of the cars, as they skidded along, shadow-like outside. The brakeman went hurrying by on top of the train, his lantern in one hand; and the boy inside saw the yellow flame swing round and round in a circle as he signalled to the engineer. Then a strange thing occurred. The lantern swung around, lunged to the right, and fell heavily to the ground as if accompanied by some greater weight. At once he guessed what had happened,—while intoxicated the brakeman had fallen from the train. In an instant he had silenced the ticker, rushed out, and made his way to where the overturned lantern lay smoking heavily.

He raised the lantern, and in the dimness was just able to make out the form of a man on the ground, nearby. He held the light close to the earth, and amid the uncertain flickerings caught sight of the brakeman's ghastly features. He knelt down and felt for the pulse. There was no response. He looked at the face again. It was quite lifeless; all the hidden sufferings were written there plainly now. He leaned over, and smoothed back the damp hair from the forehead.

At last the boy raised himself and stood erect to call the conductor, but as he did so, a small volume, (the same that the dead man had always used), attracted his attention. It must have fallen from the pocket, as it lay near him on the ground.

Fenesy stooped, picked up the book, and opened it. It was in Latin and Jimmie could not understand a word of it, but it opened to him the secret of a wasted life.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Announcement was made Tuesday evening of the appointment to the vacant See of Chicago of the Rt. Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., Titular Bishop of Loryma, and Auxiliary Bishop of the Chicago's New Archbishop. Diocese of Brooklyn. The successor of the lamented

Archbishop Quigley is said to be the youngest Metropolitan in the United States being only forty-six years of age. He was graduated from Manhattan College, New York in 1889, and made his theological studies at the Propaganda in Rome. Other dates in his career are these: ordained priest 1895; assistant secretary to Bishop McDonnell, 1895-98, when he was appointed chancellor of the diocese; Domestic Prelate, 1906; D. D. from the Propaganda, 1908; consecrated Titular Bishop of Loryma, 1909.

By many it was hoped that that noble and beloved prelate, Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, might be appointed to the distinguished and arduous office of Archbishop of Chicago. The general feeling among prelates, priests, and people is that a man so highly gifted, so tactful, so zealous, would have been the ideal leader for the great church of Chicago, but Rome thought it best to bring in an Archbishop from afar, and the Catholic clergy and people will not only loyally accept the decision but will give the new Archbishop such a hearty reception

as will fill him with courage for his difficult duties. Greeting to Archbishop Mundelein! May his years be long in this great vineyard of the Lord.

—The Diocese of Covington, widowed by the death of the gentle and cultured Bishop Maes, is rejoicing at the appointment of its new Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Ferdinand Brossart, D. D. Bishop Brossart is sixty-six years old and has labored with unusual success in the priesthood for forty-three years. His career has been a glorious record of difficult labors completed with signal success. It is rather remarkable to find a man whose life has been so full of practical activities with so strong a leaning to Letters. Bishop Brossart has not only been a contributor to various magazines, but he also translated the discourses of Father Denifle, the sub-archivist of the Vatican. He has borne a large and honorable part in the public activities of the State of Kentucky.

We congratulate the Diocese of Covington on this fulfillment of the hopes of priests and people, and we pray that Bishop Brossart may have many years of distinguished activity in the great office to which the Holy Ghost has called him.

The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran Visits the University.

A treat for the entire student body, as well as for many friends of the University, was the appearance of Hon. W. Bourke Cockran in Washington Hall, Sunday morning, Nov. 28th. Mr. Cockran has been aptly called the "last of the great classic orators" and surely no one is more deserving of that appellation. Few speakers have displayed such simplicity and power, such sympathy and sternness as this renowned Catholic lawyer and statesman. He combines with a remarkable breadth of understanding and appreciation the specific insight of a specialist. His array of facts is vast; he presents them vigorously. It may be said without the slightest exaggeration that he is perhaps the most fascinating speaker of his time, holding his audience tensely interested from his opening to his concluding word.

Mr. Cockran's subject, "The Church and Peace," gave him the opportunity to explain

the marvellous power the Church has had in past ages in solving problems that seemed inexplicable and in overcoming difficulties which appeared almost insurmountable. It is his firm conviction that this same power will be brought to bear upon the warring nations of the old world and that peace will once more be their heritage.

To explain the present crisis he portrayed the terrible effects of war on well-established institutions and pointed out the fact that if hostilities continue for two years more the world will be deprived of sixty million industrial workers. As a result of this, nothing but stagnation of industry, starvation, and revolution can ensue. Nor will this condition affect only the nations involved in the struggle. Every country at the present day is dependent for some of the necessities of life upon foreign industry, so that sixty million men drawn from any part of this vast system is almost sure to paralyze the whole.

With that faith in the Deity, however, which is embodied in Catholicity, he believes the real solution of the problem lies, and he substantiated his belief by going back over the history of the Catholic Hierarchy, showing how the Church has always led men's footsteps along the path lighted by the Star of Bethlehem. He painted for us the history of her struggle against the forces of Tyranny in the early days of Christianity; against the forces of Error during the so-called Reformation; and even in our own times, when the prayers of the present pontiff and his faithful rise unceasingly before the throne of peace, against the forces of Unchristian Devastation and Slaughter. His belief that the end of civilization and the human race has not yet come he derives from Christ's promise to His Church "Behold, I am with you all times even to the consummation of the world."

Favored indeed were those who were given the opportunity of hearing this eloquent speaker, and his visit will long be remembered by students and faculty.

Not only were the students privileged to hear Mr. Bourke Cockran Sunday morning, but they gained a glimpse of the well-known Father John J. Wynne, S. J., founder of *America* and associate-editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Father Wynne is a charming personality, and his brief talk in the refectory after the noon meal was enjoyed thoroughly by all.

Personals.

—Luke Kelley is back at his law work again. He spent a very successful season as coach of the football team of Holy Cross at Worcester, Massachusetts.

—Hon. George Sprenger (LL. B., '08) visited his alma mater last Tuesday. Mr. Sprenger was the first president of Brownson Literary and Debating Society.

—Mr. Arthur Pino (E. E., '06) of Mollendo, Peru, S. A., has been added to the faculty as professor for special classes in mathematics in the Electrical Engineering Department.

—Lorenzo A. Rausch, member of the 1914 Varsity squad, played a very successful season on the team of the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Missouri. He easily won his monogram.

—Mr. Frank Schumacher, former student, and Miss Julia Osond were united in marriage on Nov. 23, in the University Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., the brother of the groom.

—The sermon for the Pan-American Mass on Thanksgiving Day in Washington was delivered by the Very Rev. John T. O'Connell (LL. D., '06), vicar-general of the diocese of Toledo. It was a masterful discourse characterized by rare and beautiful thought and glowing with literary warmth and color.

—Mr. Peter P. McElligott (LL. B., '01), a prominent lawyer of New York City, is the latest donor to the botanical library of Notre Dame. He has contributed a collection of books which were printed by various state departments in New York as well as numerous pamphlets and reports published by Cornell University.

—A recent visitor at the University was Dr. Edward A. Pace, professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., and one of the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia. He stopped off on his way to Chicago where he gave an address at the second annual meeting of the Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

—Among the former Notre Dame students who greeted the team in St. Louis during the trip to Texas was Frank O'Donnell, brother of Hugh O'Donnell, center on the Varsity.

Frank was a member of the class of 1917 last year, and incidentally carried the honors of sergeant-at-arms. He is studying medicine at St. Louis University.

—Jay L. Lee '12, (Ph. B.,) now Athletic Director of Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, has created a good deal of attention in southern Iowa by turning out a football team in his first year there which defeated Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, defeated by Penn for the first time in six years, and also defeated Ellsworth College from whom Penn won for the first time in several years. Incidentally Lee is strong on public speaking.

—That admirable organization, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, has been reorganized throughout the country under one superior council for the United States. This council replaces a number of other superior councils which have hitherto reported directly to France. It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Thomas M. Mulry (Laetare Medalist in 1912) has been elected president of the new superior council. Mr. Mulry is one of the busiest bankers in New York City, but this does not prevent him from devoting four hours of his business day regularly without any compensation to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. His example is an inspiration to Catholic youth.

EDITOR, THE SCHOLASTIC Indianapolis, Ind.
Notre Dame, Ind. Nov., 26, 1915
DEAR SIR:

While I am not seeking to stir up a university argument, I cannot let this occasion pass without challenging the statement of one Mr. "Timmy" Hurst, who alleges that he is the old student who had a pull with Brother Leopold. Much as I have always admired Mr. Hurst, I believe he is assuming too much honor for himself, when I am fully convinced that I had the pull with the venerable brother of the candy shop. In the scholastic year of 1901-02 I spent some time every day talking to Brother Leopold about music. Once he grew so enthusiastic as to promise to play the 'cello for me. The promise, I must say, was never fulfilled. One day in spring, when the fishing fever was on me, I approached Brother Leopold on the subject of a fishing pole. The pole was priced at twenty-five cents. I had but twenty, and was about to turn away disconsolate, when Brother Leopold told me I could have the pole for twenty cents, if I would only stop teasing. He also sold me a package of tobacco when I was in Carroll Hall (I bought it from the Brownson side), and also gave me a glass of lemonade during Commencement time two years ago.

Very sincerely,

PAUL R. MARTIN,
Vice-President and Associate Editor of the
Indiana Catholic and Record.

Local News.

—Did you fall into the gas trenches?

—Notre Dame passed her seventy-third milestone on Friday, November 26th.

—Walsh Hall entertained Father Farley on his return with a Tuesday evening program, lunch and smoker.

—The faculty of St. Mary's College and Academy attended the lecture of Hon. Bourke Cockran last Sunday.

—The Collegians' Orchestra will furnish the music for the Junior banquet at the Hotel Mishawaka this evening.

—Next Wednesday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, will be a "rec" day. Wednesday's classes will be held on Thursday.

—Captain Daley and his crew of "basketballers" will open their season here on Tuesday, December 14, with the Lewis Institute five as their opponents.

—Captain Stogsall has outlined a series of talks which will alternate with "gym" drill for the military course until outside work can be taken up again in March.

—Father Farley flying south with the football team takes time out in St. Louis to enthuse as follows: "Just arrived here. Trip fine. Our Interhall teams could defeat Chicago."

—The course in cartooning and caricature opened Tuesday morning in the Journalism Department, under the direction of Professor Vincent Louis O'Connor of Tralee, Co. Cork, Ireland.

—We were all glad to see our captain named on the All-Western selected by the *Chicago Tribune*, but what we want to know is this: How old was Fitzgerald when he posed for that picture?

—Eighty students received an average of 90 per cent or better for the first quarter's work, according to bulletins issued by the Director of Studies. This number is exclusive of St. Edward and Holy Cross Halls.

—Frank Quinlan of St. Joseph Hall has been obliged to quit school on account of his health. He left the early part of the week for his home in Lima, Ohio, where he will endeavor to regain his strength by a long rest.

—A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung Thursday morning by President Cavanaugh for the

repose of the soul of the late Bishop Linneborn, of Dacca, Bengal, India, who was a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

—Sergeant Campbell's class in calisthenics was accompanied by the band Tuesday evening for the first time this year. The class meets four times a week, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, at seven o'clock.

—On Monday afternoon Captain Stogsdall gave the first of his weekly military talks to a portion of the University cadets. This year the various phases of strategic movement among the European armies will be taken up.

—After "anxiously waiting" since early in the fall, the student soldiers were given their first opportunity to sport their full-dress uniforms Friday afternoon, when the entire battalion was put through its paces in the gym.

—Horace Holderman, of Carroll Hall is a lad of fourteen years who saw his first ice last week. In endeavoring to maintain his equilibrium upon the slippery sidewalk this young Texan fell and had to be taken to the infirmary for a few days.

—Now that those trenches along the campus have been filled up the new men in the military ranks are feeling more at ease. Many of them thought the ditches were a part of the military equipment and were to be used for fake fighting on some cold Thursday morning.

—Several of the halls have summoned forth their sprinters to prepare for the season of "relay races" to be staged in connection with the Varsity basketball games during the winter. The races between halves furnished great sport for the fans a year ago.

—November 30, 1915, the feast of St. Andrew, the Apostle, was the seventy-third anniversary of the first Mass said by Father Sorin at Notre Dame. A mural painting of the log chapel and Father Sorin meeting the Indians—one of Grégori's masterpieces—is among the treasures of St. Edward Hall.

—The applicants of the Knights of Columbus who received the first degree Wednesday evening in the council chamber in Walsh Hall were as follows:

R. G. McGuire, B. L. Bowers, O. Dorwin, J. P. Flynn, W. Keenan, D. Keplinger, O. Kuhle, R. E. Hannan, B. V. Haberer, W. Miller, E. Bestin, J. Logan, E. Mulholland, S. A. Dee, R. Foley, L. D. O'Donnell, J. Callan, W. A. Hannan, W. Hanley, C. Sorenson, J. K. Boylan,

N. J. Porter, R. Sackley, J. Wallace, W. Miller, J. Murphy, J. Gargan, E. Tobin, T. V. Truder, H. J. McElroy, J. P. Conboy, A. W. Lydon, H. O'Neill, Jr., T. P. Galvin, R. M. Meally, R. O'Callaghan, E. A. Rohyans, E. Lenihan, E. C. Ryan and W. E. Perkins.

—William Sterling Battis on Tuesday night gave one of the most interesting entertainments seen in Washington Hall in some time. Mr. Battis presented impersonations of well-known characters from Dickens' works, beginning with a delineation of the master English novelist himself. The performer was versatile and finished, and he made distinct figures of such famous individuals as Pecksniff, Micawber, Bill Sykes, and Uriah Heep.

Notre Dame-Texas Game.

The following account of the Texas-Notre Dame game from the *Austin American* is the best we have seen. We quote it therefore in full:

Texas was the second team of the season to score on the Catholics from Notre Dame. This happened yesterday, but it by no means aided Texas so far as the score was concerned, for the team from Indiana had piled up a total of 36 points before the final whistle blew.

The weather after the second quarter was favorable to the visitors, and they lost no time in taking advantage of every opportunity. It was those darting end runs by little "Dutch" Bergman and his running mate, Cofall, that netted the followers of Coach Harper the majority of their scores, although Quarterback Phelan and the plunging Fullback Bachman came in for their share of the honors.

Bob Simmons was without a doubt the one man on the Texas team who played his part in the backfield. All attempts upon the other members to make long end runs or consistent gains of any kind were stopped by the opposing ends and backs.

During the first half, the Texas line gave the Catholics fits, but in the second period the big fullback, who is a worthy successor to his former team-mate, Eichenlaub, broke through the Texas forwards at will.

The forward passing game of the visitors was as unsuccessful as the holding of the ball on the part of the Texans. For four times the Texans fumbled and each time the mishap was costly. Bob Simmons broke loose on the kickoff and made a beautiful return for about half the length of the field. His compatriots fumbled on the next down and it was all off. Notre Dame had the ball. Down the field it went, and there was no stopping. The Irish "pep" was aroused and the Fitzgerald-O'Donnell-Keefe combination opened holes through which an ordinary sized dray could pass.

The first score was made by Cofall, who did splendid work for the visitors, both on the defense and offense.

A slight plunge was all that was necessary for the first touchdown, and Mr. Cofall did the work. Phelan, the gritty little man at the helm for the Catholics, kicked a goal from placement on the 18-yard line during the first period, ending thereby the registration for the initial quarter.

In the second quarter Bergman ran seventy-five yards for a touchdown after his team had been penalized for holding. He followed his interference all the time and had enough left when he crossed the goal to have gone seventy-five yards further. There was no Texas man in sight, while alongside of the "little" Dutchman ran two blue jerseys.

In the third quarter both Texas and her opponents counted. Texas gained possession of the ball after Turner blocked Cofall's kick. It was Texas' ball on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. After a series of futile end runs the ball was fumbled by Robert Simmons, it rolling across the goal line, where Kelso fell on it and immediately kicked the goal.

This happening so aggravated the Catholics that they marched up the field for another count in less than four minutes' time. Phelan was pushed across the line for a touchdown. Following this performance and the reception of the ball again by the Notre Dame's, the Little Dutchman went around end for another touchdown, this time for only twenty-two yards.

Another and the final score, came in the last quarter, when the giant fullback, Bachman, leaped over the goal line following a series of line plunges, all of which netted good gains. He earned the touchdown himself and for that reason the man at the helm gave him the chance.

NOTRE DAME SCORES.

O'Donnell kicked thirty-five yards to Simmons, who returned fifty yards. Texas gained one yard in two downs. Turner fumbled and Cofall recovered. Bergman opened up with a 32-yard run around right end. After a series of line plays Cofall carried the ball over for the first touchdown. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 7; Texas, 0.

O'Donnell kicked off forty-five yards. On the second down Kelso punted straight up. After a series of end runs by Cofall and Phelan Notre Dame was held for downs. Paul Simmons fumbled on the first down and O'Donnell recovered the ball on the Texas 30-yard line. After a number of line bucks and an end run by Miller for twenty-three yards Phelan kicked goal from placement on the 18-yard line. Score: Notre Dame, 10; Texas, 0.

After an exchange of punts, a fumble by Kelso, some line bucks by Texas and fairly successful end runs by Notre Dame, the quarter ended with the ball on Notre Dame's 59-yard line. Score: Notre Dame, 10; Texas, 0.

SECOND QUARTER.

The Texas line held well at the beginning of the second quarter, and Phelan was frequently forced to exchange punts with Kelso. Kelso punted out of bounds and the ball was put in play on the 42-yard line. On the second down Bergman broke through the Longhorn line and ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Miller failed at goal. Score: Notre Dame, 16; Texas, 0.

Cofall was taken out of the game slightly injured.

Carlton substitutes for Duncan. The remainder of the half was featured by an exchange of punts. Notre Dame drew a penalty of two yards for excessive time out. Paul Simmons was also injured.

SECOND HALF.

The Texan rooters paraded the field. Cofall was replaced by Ellis. Texas came back strong in the second half. Kelso kicked off fifty yards. "Fats" Carlton and others fiercely impeded the progress of the Indiana men, and Phelan was forced to attempt to kick. The kick was blocked by Turner. Texas' ball on the 20-yard line. Bob Simmons went seven yards around left end. Time out Notre Dame. Kelso went one foot around right end. Bob Simmons went one yard around right end. Bob Simmons went three yards for first down, executing another of his famous dives and injuring Keefe of Notre Dame. Jones replaced Keefe. Bob Simmons charged three yards through the line. Bob Simmons fumbled, the ball bounded over the goal line, and Kelso fell on it. Kelso kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 16; Texas, 7.

VISITORS GET BUSY.

Texas kicked off. After two end runs by Cofall, one for seventeen yards and the other for twenty-four, and a series of line bucks by Bachman, the ball was carried to Texas' 1-yard line. Walker was severely injured. McMurray went in at end; Kelso went to full and Turner at half. Cofall failed to gain through the line. Phelan went one yard for a touchdown. Cofall kicked out and Turner intercepted the ball. Score: Notre Dame, 22; Texas, 7.

Kelso kicked off 50 yards, and Cofall returned thirty-seven. Notre Dame made two first downs on line bucks, and Bergman broke loose around left end and ran twenty-two yards for a touchdown. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 29; Texas, 7.

Cofall made a bad kick for twelve yards, which was soon duplicated by Kelso for fourteen, and the quarter ended with the ball on Notre Dame's own 40-yard line.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Duncan replaced Carlton. After five line bucks and two forward passes, which failed, Cofall attempted a drop kick from the 37-yard line. The play was called back, the ball given to Texas on her 20-yard line, and Kelso punted sixty yards out of bounds. Phelan soon kicked again, forty yards out of bounds. Cofall intercepted a pass from Simmons to Edmond. Cofall kicked thirty-five yards out of bounds. Kelso returned. On the second down, Cofall ran thirty-four yards around right end. After three forward passes, which failed, Phelan tried an onside kick which went thirty yards. Kelso punted forty yards in return. Malone went through the line for thirty-two yards. Texas was penalized half the distance to her goal line. Malone went over. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 36; Texas, 7.

O'Donnell twice punted over the goal line. The ball was put in play on the 20-yard line. Texas gained thirteen yards in three bucks, then Kelso kicked fifty yards, Phelan returned twelve. Notre Dame gained forty yards in five line bucks. Notre Dame tried two forward passes, which failed, and then an onside kick for twenty yards. Simmons returned twelve yards. A pass from Simmons to McMurray

intercepted by Phelan. Score: 36 to 7, in favor of N. D.

TEXAS	The line-up:	NOTRE DAME
Turner, McMurray	L E	Elward
Duncan, Carlton	L T	Steffan
Birge	L G	Keefe, Jones
Dittmar	C	O'Donnell, Fitzgerald
Goodman	R G	Fitzgerald (cap.), Jones
Berry (cap.),	R T	McInerny
Edmond	R E	Baujan
R. Simmons	Q	Phelan
P. Simmons	L H	Cofall, Miller, Ellis
Kelso, Turner	R H	Bergman, Malone
Walker, Kelso	F	Bachman, Slackford

Touchdowns: Cofall, Bergman, 2; Phelan, Bachman, Kelso, 1.

Field goal: Phelan.

Goals from touchdown: Cofall, 3; Kelso, 1.

Officials: Quigley (Kansas), referee; Moise (Sewanee), umpire; Hammond, head linesman; Braun, field judge.

Texas: Line plunges, fourteen for 22 yards; end runs, twelve for 25 yards; punts, average, 44 yards; yards penalized, 30; punts returned, five for 80 yards; fumbles, 4; first downs made, 3; forward passes, four for 5 yards.

Notre Dame: Line plunges, fourteen for 147 yards; end runs, 42 for 315 yards; forward passes, eleven none of them completed; punts averaged 21 yards; penalty, six for 107 yards.

Time of quarters: Fifteen min. Attendance, 6200.

Notre Dame-Rice Institute Game.

The Rice Institute-Notre Dame game is reported as follows in the *Houston Chronicle*:

Rice reached West End two minutes before Notre Dame and was given a rousing greeting by the institute band, which was seated on the sunny side of the field. Thursday night's rain left the gridiron soft, but there was no mud. A strong wind blew from the south, carrying punts from that direction more than sixty yards in practice.

O'Donnell kicked off at 3:05 against the wind to Clark, who returned ten yards. Rice had to buck the wind. Stevens gained through the line, but Rice was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Brown was thrown for a loss by Baujan. Stevens went around end. He carried the ball again and made eight yards around the other end. Standish punted to Phelan. Notre Dame's first play was off left tackle, Bachman gaining eight. Cofall made it first down through center. Bachman ripped into the line for five. Bergman went around right end for 45 yards and a touchdown. Five minutes were consumed in making this touchdown. Bergman's interference was splendid. Cofall kicked an easy goal. Score: Notre Dame, 7; Rice, 0. O'Donnell kicked off to Stevens, who was downed on his 27-yard line. Stevens went through center for eleven yards and first down. Phelan intercepted a forward pass at midfield. Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Ball on Rice's 28-yard line. Bachman gained two yards on a straight buck. Bachman gained two more around right end. Notre Dame

was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Ball on Rice's 20-yard line. On third down, Phelan gained eight yards around right end.

SECOND TOUCHDOWN MADE.

Phelan kicked out of bounds on Rice's 40-yard line. It was partially blocked and Notre Dame recovered. Notre Dame's ball on that line. Bachman made two yards around right end. Bergman made two more around same end. Cofall went around left for eight and Bachman made one through the line. On a lateral pass, Notre Dame failed to gain.

A forward pass, Cofall to Bergman, made it first down on Rice's 10-yard line. Cofall carried the ball to Rice's 5-yard line around left end. Notre Dame was penalized five yards off side. Bergman went over tackle for seven yards. Bachman made one through the line. Bergman went through for second touchdown. He went through off right tackle. Cofall kicked goal.

O'Donnell kicked off to Brown, who returned to his own 40-yard line. Stevens made five on a cross buck. A straight buck netted one yard. Stevens made three through center. One foot to go. Brown lost a yard at center, and ball went over. Bachman made three through center.

Halton stopped Bergman for no gain. Bachman made three around right end. After hurdling two prostrate Rice men Cofall made it first down around right end. Quarter ends. Score: Notre Dame, 14; Rice, 0.

BROWN BEGINS TO SLOW.

Notre Dame's ball on Rice's 33-yard line. Phelan fumbled when tackled from behind and Brown recovered for Rice. Stevens bucked straight through for eleven yards, but Fendley lost one on the next play. Brown got away to clear field around right end, but stumbled and fell after going fifteen yards. Stevens made five on a straight buck. Rydzewski replaced McInerny. Rice was penalized fifteen yards for holding after Stevens had made another first down for the Owls. Gripon's forward pass went into the arms of O'Donnell, who was downed in midfield.

Cofall punted to Rice's 10-yard line. Elward touched the ball down on that line. Standish punted to Phelan in midfield. He was downed in his tracks. Forward pass, Cofall to Fitzgerald, failed. Forward pass, Cofall to Bergman, failed. Cofall swung around Rice's right end for nine yards. Cofall made it first down on a straight plunge. Ball on Rice's 35-yard line. Bachman went four on a delayed pass. Bergman made one yard around left end. Notre Dame was penalized five yards off side. Bachman made five through center. Phelan fumbled upon recovering a forward pass and the ball went over on downs. Stevens made one yard around left end.

RICE GETS A SAFETY.

Brown made six yards around right end. Fendley made no gain through center. Standish punted out of bounds on Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Bergman made eight around left end, but Notre Dame was penalized fifteen for holding. On a bad pass from O'Donnell, the ball rolled behind the goal line. Cofall was downed behind his line by Clark, giving Rice a safety and two points.

The ball was put in play on Notre Dame's 20-yard

line. Cofall went eight around left end. Bergman was thrown for a seven yard loss. O'Donnell punted to midfield. Rice's ball on that line. Rice fumbled and Notre Dame recovered, but suffered a five yard penalty for off side. Stevens gained seven on a cross-buck. Jones replaced O'Donnell.

Brown made no gain around right end. Forward pass, Fendley to Brown, gained 20 yards for Rice. This time Rice's forward pass was intercepted by Bergman on his own 20-yard line. Phelan punted to Gripon, who returned to midfield. Play from fake formation failed to gain for Rice. Stevens went three yards around left end and then made eighteen on a straight buck. Half ends. Score: N. D., 14; Rice, 2.

TOUCHDOWN ON KICKOFF.

Third quarter: Standish kicked off to Cofall, who ran ninety yards through the entire Rice team for a touchdown. Cofall kicked goal. Score: N. D., 21; Rice, 2.

Standish kicked off fifteen yards to Jones, who was downed in his tracks. Bergman made four on a cross-buck. Cofall made three around right end. Bachman went through the line for first down.

Bergman went around left end for six yards and Bachman bucked for one. Bergman made one around left end. Phelan made it first down on a straight line buck. Cofall ran thirty yards through a broken field for a touchdown. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 28; Rice, 2.

Standish kicked off to Phelan, who came back twelve. Ball on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Slackford replaced Bachman. Notre Dame penalized fifteen yards for holding.

Bergman made four around right end. Cofall punted seventy yards with the wind, the ball rolling over goal. Ball brought out to the 20-yard line. Brown gained one yard around left end. Stevens failed to gain at center. Cofall made it first down on Rice's 16-yard line. Phelan gained one yard through center. Bergman fumbled and Brown recovered for Rice.

BROWN OUT OF GAME.

Beall replaced Brown. Rice's ball on their own 11-yard line. Standish punted out of bounds on his own 40-yard line. Slackford went over right tackle for nine yards. Bergman made it first down around right end. Slackford went through right tackle for three yards. Cofall on a crossbuck went seven yards. It was first down.

On a double pass Bergman circled right end for a touchdown. Cofall punted out for a kick-goal and made it. Score: Notre Dame, 35; Rice, 2.

Whipple replaced Baujan. Standish kicked off to Rydzewski, who returned five yards. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off side. Dormant went to center for Rice and Kalb replaced Standish at right tackle. Bergman made five yards over right tackle.

Cofall went two around right end. Slackford made it first down through center. Bergman circled Rice's right end for twelve yards.

Malone replaced Bergman. Malone made it first down on Rice's eight-yard line. Slackford made one yard on straight buck. Cofall circled Rice's right end for a touchdown. Cofall kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 42; Rice, 2.

Jones kicked off to Stevens, who was downed on his own 25-yard line. Beall made one at center. Beall

made two more at the same place. Stevens failed to gain at right tackle. Dormant punted to Phelan, who was downed on his own 45-yard line. Quarter ended. Score: Notre Dame, 42; Rice, 2.

FOURTH QUARTER STARTS.

Bachman replaced Slackford. O'Donnell replaced Fitzgerald, who replaced Jones. Franz replaced Stephan. Bachman made it first down on Rice's 38-yard line. Forward pass, Cofall to Elward, failed. Bachman made through the line for three yards. Malone made two yards around left end.

Stevens fumbled and Keefe recovered for Notre Dame on Rice's 25-yard line. On two line plunges, Bachman made six yards. Phelan made it first down through center. Bachman made six yards through left tackle and three more through center. Phelan plunged through the line, making it first down on Rice's one-yard line. Bachman went over for a touchdown and fumbled, but Keefe recovered for Notre Dame and completed the touchdown. O'Donnell failed to kick goal. Score: Notre Dame, 48; Rice, 2.

Ellis replaced Cofall. Fulweiler kicked off to Bachman, who returned it to his own 20-yard line. Tomfohrde replaced Halton. Bachman made seven through center. Notre Dame off side and penalized five yards. Elward gained eighteen yards around right end. Phelan went through center for five yards.

NOTRE DAME PENALIZED.

Notre Dame was penalized five yards off side. Malone made it first down around right end. Ellis gained four yards around right end. Bachman went through to Rice's eight-yard line, making first down. Elward made seven through the line. Notre Dame off side, penalized five yards. Elward went over for a touchdown after four successive attempts. Elward kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 55; Rice, 2.

Jones kicked off to Clark, who was downed on his 31-yard line. Beall made three over tackle and tried left end, but made no gain. Long forward pass, Fendley to Clark, failed. Dormant punted to Phelan, who was downed on his 33-yard line. Bachman ran thirty yards through the line. Dorais replaced Phelan. Bachman made nine through the line. Halton replaced Tomfohrde. Bachman gained nine around left end.

Malone was thrown hard after making first down on Rice's 10-yard line. Voelkers replaced Ellis. Bachman made three through center. Voelkers made two more through the line. Bachman made one and a half through center. Coan recovered a fumble on his own five-yard line. Stevens gained four around left end. Fendley made one through center. Dormant punted to Dorais. Game ended with ball in midfield. Score: Notre Dame, 55; Rice, 2.

RICE	The line-up:	NOTRE DAME
Kalb	C	O'Donnell
McFarland	R G	Fitzgerald
Standish	R T	McInerny
Clark	R E	Baujan
Halton	L G	Keefe
Fulweiler	L T	Stephan
Coan	L E	Elward
Gripon	Q	Phelan
Brown	R H	Bergman
Stevens	L H	Cofall
Fendley	F	Bachman

Safety Valve.

DEAR SISTER:—

As it is drawing near to Christmas time I thought it might be wise for you to tell my friends some of the things I am crazy to have so that they will not be buying Christmas presents for me that are perfectly useless. You can do it in an off-hand way when an opportunity presents itself and no one will believe it was done for a purpose. Tell my lady friend, for instance, that I have a whole trunk filled with prayer books and rosary beads, for I have a strange dread she is going to buy something of that nature for me, and you know what a trial it would be for me to smile and rave over it, and say it was just what I wanted, and yet I'd have to do it. If you have any suspicion that she might be getting a set of Dickens or Thackeray or of any other author call a halt on her—what on earth could I do with a set of Dickens? I haven't any time to read and if I did I couldn't read that stuff. You might suggest a chafing dish for my room or a perculator that I could use for coffee, or anything that I can wear. Don't let her, under any circumstances, buy me a pocket-book, as it will be useless to me after I buy her a present. Strangle Uncle Will if you believe he is even thinking about buying me blue and red and yellow ties like he did last year. I never wore one of them. And if you don't say something to Uncle Harry he'll buy me an alarm clock or a dictionary. I feel certain he will. I never wear those red, white and blue suspenders that lose their color as soon as you perspire, and Uncle Mike knows I don't, and yet has bought me a pair every Christmas for the last six years and I've had to tell him how swell they were and all that rot. Don't allow all of them to get me the same article as I would have to wait till next Christmas to give them away. You remember the year I got seven pairs of cuff buttons and how I had to give six pairs away for presents the next Christmas and how Rose asked me why I never wore what she gave me? I don't want a toilet set and fancy shaving mugs never appealed to me. I have no use for writing paper and Mother will buy me all the handkerchiefs I want. Keep my friends away from all those things.

With Love, VINCENT.

FIFTY BOYS APPLIED.

Wanted: A boy who is not slovenly, who has never smoked, who is a frequent church goer, who lives in Walsh Hall, who has never skived class, who knows nothing about dancing, who is popular with young ladies, who cannot sing a note, who is a wonderful violin player, who shaves regularly, who has never had a light in his room after ten o'clock, who detests gum chewing, who likes olives, who has red hair.—No Irish or Republicans need apply.

MY DIARY.

Saturday. I washed my right foot to-day, last Saturday I washed my left one, the water was cold and I couldn't help getting my hands in it. When Mahaffey seen me he said I didn't have a bath since the flood. Mahaffey is a liar.

Monday. I told my English teacher our prefect

had went to Texas. My English teacher said I had made a mistake. Our English teacher was wrong because as a matter of fact our prefect *had* went to Texas.

Tuesday. The football team came back to-day and when Cofall seen me he called me by my first name. I certainly am getting popular here.

DEAR MOTHER:—

I am lying here upon an iron bed—

And little black and yellow spots are flying round my head.

My stomach feels as though I had been eating broken stone,

I fear the very weight of it will fracture my back bone. I think it was the turkey and the nuts and mince-meat pie

I ate at home Thanksgiving day (I cannot tell a lie) That caused me all this trouble, and I swear upon my bed,

Viola's fudge was concrete and her biscuits made of lead.

I never ate a tool chest or a trunk or trolley car But some things in my stomach now are heavier by far.

It's certain if you stay at home and leave me here alone.

Some architect will steal me, for I'm just a corner stone.

One time I loved Viola and I used to kiss her hand She seemed to me a goddess or a nymph from fairy-land

Her face is like a lily and she has the sweetest look But why in seven devils did she never learn to cook? Does she believe I'm willing to be tortured all my life? I'd have to be a quarry if that girl became my wife. She'd feed me heavy boulders calling them delicious pies,

And a million sticks of dynamite could never make them rise.

I'd rather have a cross-eye girl with warts upon her chin,

Whose face looked like a steamer trunk that had been patched with tin.

I wouldn't care if she had lost the last tooth in her head,

Provided she could fry an egg and bake a loaf of bread.

O my! but I'm in misery, I can't describe the pain, And nurse is here to set me up to castor oil again.

Come down and see me, mother, you can brush away my tears,

I don't expect to move again for fifty thousand years.

RAYMOND.

We don't blame Eckersall for picking Capt. Fitzgerald for his all-Western eleven, but why should the *Tribune* print Maude Adams' picture, in the line-up in place of Fitzgerald? Fitz is certainly a "Head Liner," but he's no "Leading Lady."

They are digging up the campus to lay gas pipes over to the kitchen, and from the way the trenches are headed it looks as though the gas was to come from Al Dee's room in Walsh Hall.