ARLY in the history of the Church, the Popes were accustomed each year to give a mark of favour to a man, a city, or a state that had been especially noteworthy on account of services done in behalf of religion. In the thirteenth century this gift took the definite form of the Golden Rose. The Rose is blessed on Laetare Sunday each year in one of the Vatican chapels by the Pope himself, and to receive it is deemed one of the most desirable honours of Europe.

The propriety of some corresponding token had been appreciated in this country, and, in the year 1883, the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame instituted the custom of giving a medal annually to some American lay person in recognition of distinguished services rendered for religion, education or morals. Each year the medal is conferred on Laetare Sunday, and it takes its name from the day on which it is given. Laetare Sunday is the fourth Sunday of Lent, and it is so called because the Introit of the Mass for that day begins with the words, “Laetare Jerusalem” (Isaiah, 66).

Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the historian, and the recognized authority on American Indian dialects and archaeology, was the first to receive the medal. The architect of the New York Cathedral, Patrick Healey, obtained it the second year. Eliza Allen Starr, to whose efforts is due in no small degree the interest paid to Christian art in this country, was the first woman to receive the medal. General Newton, a distinguished engineer of the civil war, whose fame rests on the great work of clearing the rocks called Hell Gate from New York harbour, was next selected as the recipient. In 1887 the man chosen declined the dignity through humility, and his name has never been made known through respect to his wishes. P. V. Hickey, then editor of the New York Catholic Review, was the sixth to receive the medal. In 1889, Anna Hanson Dorsey, the novelist, was the second woman to win the reward. The following two years the names of William J. Onahan, publicist, and Daniel Dougherty, the orator, were presented. In 1892 it was conferred upon Major Henry T. Brownson, eminent as a soldier and a scholar, and a man to whom we owe very much for his edition of the works of his father, Orestes Brownson. After Major Brownson came Patrick Donahue, the editor. In 1894 it was given to Augustine Daly, the theatrical manager, in recognition of his efforts to elevate the drama in America. General Rosecrans, a hero of the civil war, was next to be honoured. Two years ago Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the leading physicians of the country, received the medal. Last year it was conferred upon Timothy E. Howard, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

The third woman to receive the Laetare Medal is Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, the chief founder of the Catholic University of America. She made the beginning of the Institution possible.

Madame Caldwell, now the Marquise de Merinville, is a daughter of William Shakespeare Caldwell, who lived in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Her mother was a sister of John C. Breckenbridge, one time Vice-President of the United States. Mme. Caldwell and her sister...
inherited a large fortune from her parents who were converts to the Catholic faith. When her father was admitted into the Church he founded a hospital for the Sisters of Charity, and a home for the aged under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Mme. Caldwell has had good example of generosity set in her own family.

She attained her majority in 1886, seven years after the death of her father. When she had assumed control of her estate, she went to Europe, and became interested in University work. About this time she heard of the proposed Catholic University, and she at once offered the Council of Baltimore three hundred thousand dollars to begin the undertaking. In 1888 the corner-stone of the first university building was laid. This building is called Caldwell Hall in honour of the benefactor.

At the laying of the corner-stone in 1888, Mme. Caldwell received a gold medal from the Pope. This is a magnificent example of metal work. The face of the medal bears the profile of Leo XIII., and on the reverse is represented the Genius of History borne aloft by angels. The medal symbolizes the advance of learning, and was deemed most appropriate for a woman that had so signally aided education in America. The medal was accompanied by a letter from the Pope in which he said: "In order that to the praise, deserved by her beneficence should be added some pledge of our appreciation, we entrusted to you a gold medal to be conveyed in our name to this excellent lady: but now we have thought it well to also write to you, that by this our letter her munificence may be made better known and our gratitude more manifest."

Last autumn Mme. Caldwell visited the University on Founder's Day. She was heartily welcomed in the building that bears her own name. On that occasion to mark her appreciation of the progress made by the Institution she founded a scholarship in the School of Divinity; and later she and her sister gave ten thousand dollars to found a fellowship in the same School in honour of their parents.

The higher you lift the mass, the more will they acknowledge and appreciate worth, the clearer will they see that what makes man human, beautiful and beneficent is conduct and intelligence; and they will turn from the show of life to what makes a man's self, his character, his mind, his manners even.—Spalding.

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Poetry and the Sonnet.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

A small volume would contain all the genuine poetry that has ever been written. No literary critic ever ventured to say that every line in the "Iliad" is the emotional expression of some beautiful conception. The rhythm, indeed, is very good throughout the entire poem; because of the musical language employed; but the glowing imagination, the deep emotion and beautiful conception—which constitute real poetry—are often wanting. The second book of the "Iliad," for instance, is a mere enumeration of facts, and contains no poetry whatever. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is rightly considered a master-piece of poetic diction and lofty imagination, still some passages are simply versified prose or sheer rhetoric. They are as far from being poetry as is Pope's "Essay on Criticism" or the "Ars Poetica" of Horace.

Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," however, are good examples of a sustained poetic inspiration. The poet clothes the most common-place scenes of country life in an artistic garb furnished by his vivid imagination. His soul is deeply penetrated with the external beauty that rusticity and simplicity suggest, and by an effort of the intellect he strips these material objects of all that is gross, unsightly or common, and he expresses in emotional language a concrete image of the abstract ideal he has just conceived.

"Poetry, then, delineates the perfection that the imagination suggests," and, to use the words of Newman, "it speaks the language of emotion, refinement and dignity." Goethe held that a "living feeling for a situation and power to express it, constitute the poet." Emotion, an essential requisite of true poetry, must not be confounded with sentimentality. Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," is deeply emotional, and yet the author was, perhaps, the least sentimental person that ever "lisped in numbers."

Let us apply these fundamental principles of poetic composition to that form of verse known as the sonnet. The sonnet, whose expression is confined within the narrow limits of fourteen iambic pentameters, may contain a great deal more poetry than many so-called poems of fifteen or twenty stanzas. Men, like Shakspere, Milton, Wordsworth, and a host of
others, found the sonnet to be the best medium
"to convey by sound the delicate beauty of
highly-wrought artistic conceptions." The
sonnet in poetry corresponds to the classic
periods and the liturgical collects in prose.
Shakspeare did not write as many sonnets as
Wordsworth, nor was his technical plan the
most valuable, but the force of his mighty
intellect made up for all minor deficiencies.
Some of his sonnets are truly marvelous for
vividness of concrete imagery and warmth of
imagination. Listen to the great sonneteer at
his best:

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
When yellow leaves or none or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of each day,
As after sunset fadeth in the West,
Which by and by black night doth take away.
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire.
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
'This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong
To love—thou must love ere long."

Milton, who abandoned the Shaksperian
sequence and followed the Petrarchan, was
next after the English dramatist to employ
this species of poetry with singular success:
He used it as a trumpet "whence he blew
solid animating strains" that awoke the liter­
ary world from the torpor into which it had
fallen.

Wordsworth, who restored the sonnet to our
literature, has at times "fallen below himself"
and failed in the discharge of his sacred
functions as "High Priest of Nature." In few
of his four hundred sonnets does he adhere
strictly to oneness of thought, which, after all,
is the most essential law of the sonnet. His
two predominant literary faults—especially in
the construction of his sonnets—are a lack of
unity and a tendency to fall into the abstract.
It would appear that the least scene in nature
crowded his mind with so many ideas that he
could not always blend them into one, clear,
well-defined conception. His mind seemed
overpowered by a rush of emotions. Again, his
tendency to fall into the abstract may be seen
in his sonnet on Milton.

The first quatrains is concrete and bears the
impress of a vivid imagination; the second is
pure rhetoric and contains no concrete imagery
whatever. Suddenly the glow and thrill of
imagination return and he bursts into emo­
tional language in the first half of the sestet:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

The poetic flight that he undertook in his
sonnet on the Blessed Virgin, is well sustained
throughout. Of course, the second line in
the sestet is objectionable because of its ren­
dering divine homage to a created being.
We honor the Virgin and invoke her aid,
but we do not bend our knee in adoration to
her. "Wordsworth," as Brownson once said
was "too fond of descriptive poetry; hence the
want of unity in so many of his sonnets."

The old Latins used to say: Non multa sed
multum,—"Not many things, but much." We
may say the same of the sonnet. Its expres­
sion is very limited, and the rules governing
its construction are numerous and rigid;
but the advantages we derive from these
restraints and limitations fully compensate the
labor required for the production of a perfect
sonnet.

Archbishop Trench thus expresses these
advantages: "Oftentimes," says he, "a poem,
which, except for these [restrictions in tech­
nique], would have been but a loose nebulous
vapor, has been compressed and rounded into
a star. The sonnet, like a Grecian temple,
may be limited in its scope, but, like that, if
successful, it is altogether perfect."

Nature of Poetry.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

The observation of nature has at all times
been the great pursuit of both students of
science and students of aesthetics. This has
led to the two ways of observing the objects
that surround us in life. One is practical, and
makes the acute, alert, and sharp man; the
good physician, business man, and lawyer.
There is in this method no element of contem­
plation for contemplation's sake. The other
kind of observation is aesthetic, and it does
not observe an object directly for its own
sake, nor for the practical use it affords, but
rather for the beauty that is suggested by
a tree, a flower, a mountain crag or stream. The
poet sees only associations of things which
when combined please and elevate. The natu­
ralist generalizes and draws conclusions after
the manner of the philosopher, since science
is the knowledge of things by their causes.
The poet also reasons and generalizes but in
a different way. He generalizes in as far as he aims to combine such elements of beauty in nature as will stir up the emotions to the highest pitch. The scientist, then, aims to prove; the poet, to please.

Nature may be called an immense garden where the scientist and poet meet and spend some of their time. Each comes with a definite but different object in view. The student of science is more like the gardener, and, like all gardeners, observes very carefully. Nevertheless, he is so busy with his plants that he never stops to consider the beauty of his flowers. The poet is only an habitual visitor to that garden. He picks up a blossom, and thinks of the beauty that lurks behind the perfection of symmetry, form and color, and then gathers a bouquet for us. He is himself deeply responsive to the beauty in nature, and he will have us also feel that "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The scientist examines and classifies the reasons and explanations in connection with life and its functions, with phenomena and their bearing on the order of the universe. The poet may or may not see all the intricacies in the composition of the smallest being; at all events, he does not stop here, but goes beyond. The harmony and relation of parts strike him too; but he tells us rather of the beauty that exists therein. Beauty, then, is his theme; and in so far as he is able to convey his ideals to others his perfection as a poet will rise. What the student of nature considers as an end the poet uses as a means.

The question of beauty has caused much thinking, yet we are as far away from the solution of the problem as ever. The philosopher tells us that it is the splendor of truth, but this is a vague explanation. We are told that beauty has characteristics similar to light. Objectively, light is a vibratory motion or disturbance of the ether. When this disturbance reaches the eye we perceive light. Without an eye to see you can not have light, any more than you can have sound without an ear. There may be vibrations, but sound results only when there is an ear to hear the vibrations.

Beauty to that extent is subjective and varies with persons. But since beauty is the splendor of truth, and truth is objective, there is an element in beauty that makes it objective. Thus the comparison is quite analogous. I should rather think that it was from this comparison that the philosopher's definition was obtained—the splendor or light of truth.

As far as concerns us, there can be no beauty without a perception of it. There may be truth, but beauty is an effect left on the mind by pleasurable truth. The perception of truth naturally runs over into the beautiful, although truth is not beauty. It is, then, our own fault if the true in our mind does not adorn itself with the garb of beauty. If the naturalist always aimed thus to adorn truth he would also be a poet. All this looks like a platitude, still there may be some explanation in it, since much of our information is like the light that comes through a prism—it depends on the manner in which the rays fall on it and come out at the other side.

When I say that beauty is objective, I do not call in question the truth of the lines of Gray:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

There are many beautiful things that are never perceived, yet their beauty avails us naught unless they are seen directly or in the imagination.

With the beautiful the poet may often use the sublime also. Sublimity is not beauty in an advanced degree, neither does the perception of the former flow over into the latter in a manner similar to the method in which perception of truth naturally tends to become beautiful. The sublime is rather the highest pitch of poetic force. You can not have sublimity without beauty, because when the latter is wanting the whole drops down into the ridiculous or burlesque. The poet that aims at the sublime is scaling a high precipice. The venture looks foolhardy, and, if he drops, we do not wonder, even if his fall is great. If he succeeds, we forget, our railing at his first attempt, and the world wonders at his ability.

There has also been some question whether there can be a poet without the power of conveying to others his emotions or feelings of the heart. There are those who say that if great and genuine poetic thought exists it will always find an adequate means of expression. Newman, in his Essay on Aristotle's Poetics, claims that expression is essential in the poetic character. Indeed it stands to reason; for we all have feelings and moods, but we can not make others feel as we do. This fact does not suffice to make us poets. Once in a century a man appears that has deeper and more intense
emotions with the power of making us feel as he does. He is the poet. The rest of mankind is satisfied with acknowledging that he says what they so often felt but could not say.

Even a mathematician may find the keenest delight in working out a formula. The microscopist may take the greatest pleasure in the wonders of life, and all this may even arouse great emotion in the contemplation of truth thus beautified. This may, moreover, be called poetic to the individual himself, if sought and seen for the pleasure of the pursuit. This emotion can not be shared or suggested to another, and is therefore not strictly poetic. Whether the biologist relate his ecstasy over the wonders of the microscopic world, or the mathematician tell us of his delight when finding the cubature of a hitherto incomprehensible solid, we do not feel the same pleasure, nor can we be made to do so. We at most pity him, though there might be reason to pity ourselves. For in this there is beauty—the beauty of truth. It is not such as can be pictured in imaginative or rhythmical language and made so as to appear to us. It is perfectly clear to the mathematician; but he can not impart it to others so that with him they may enjoy it.

Although, as already shown, that order of observation alone is aimed at by the poet, which seeks brilliant, effective and unusual associations of beautiful characteristics in nature, still the other kind is not to be neglected in the attainment of his end. The scientific observation trains us to be on the alert for minute details in the objects themselves, and this method is always the beginning of the one the poet must have. To think to be able to practise aesthetic observation without having gone through the ordinary method, appears like solving problems of trigonometry without having learned arithmetic. We must, indeed, observe things themselves before we can observe how to draw associations of beauty from them. And all this lends force to the fact that the literary man must be a man of universal information, for everything comes under his sphere of work. The amateur painter, when depicting a sunset, may use a compass to draw his sun, whereas the sun near the horizon appears no more round than an egg. This appears trifling, but it is the close attention to trifles that makes the master in aesthetics as well as in business or everyday life. "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

Varsity Verse.

REST FROM TOIL.

We hate the sky that turns to blue,
We hate the waves that change their hue;
For all that change must end in pain,
And death ends all! Where is the gain,
To partly crown this bitter fight?
Where is the year that passed last night?
Ah! Death Shall death end all that's bright
And fair? Are nature's gifts but born to die,—
The master works of God? Ah! why
Should life all labor be?
But why must all so mutely pass
And fade into an unknown shade?
But what so shaped shall last!
We are robbed of all we had and made;
They are packed and parcelled with the past.
This life is nought, but war on sin;
Still at our death we scarce begin
That bitter fight.
Oh! give us death to keep us still,
Or let us dream to hide our moan.
We are not here to do our own
We are only here to do God's will.

P. J. D.

SOME DAY.

'Tis sweet to hum in waking dreams
Fair pictures out of dim hope-gleams;
To see the future rosy-hued
And all the world with good imbued.
Pleasant to place our cares away
And picture what will come some day.
Fair 'tis to free from reason's chains
Our minds, for when our fancy reigns
We are true princes, we have gained
Successes no man e'er attained.
Dear dream in youth, nay, sweet ahavay.
To picture what will come some day.

P. J. D.

A MARCH SUNSET.

A swirl of snow and the wind is hushed.
The gaunt, grim shadows longer grow
And creep across the glistening snow.
Far in the west the sun blood-red
Sinks into night, and the day is dead.

J. F. F.

WHICH SHALL I CHOOSE?

Three photographs before me stand.
Myself in dream I gladly lose,
For of these maids, all fair and sweet,
I know not which to choose.
The first is rich, had I her wealth,
The world to me would naught refuse.
I love her not; but think of power.—
Shall I this maiden choose?
The next one is my mother's choice.
She thinks of naught but church and pews.
She'd pray for me. I need her prayers.—
Shall I this maiden choose?
The last of all is far most fair;
And me with love she fondly views.
My frown brings tears; my laugh brings joy.
Shall I this maiden choose? E. C. B.
From Dyea to Dawson.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

I.—DYE A TO THE SCALES.

In the month of March 1898, I was one of a party of prospectors that went to the Klondike country to try the fortunes of gold-hunting. On our way to the gold fields of Alaska, we found that the pilgrim to Dawson City, by the overland route, must often change his mode of travel. Between Dyea and the Scales, or the foot of the last ascent in Chilkoot Pass, a distance of only sixteen miles, we were constantly fighting difficulties and changing the means of carrying our outfit. At Dyea we hired a team and wagon to haul our goods to Canyon City, eight miles distant. The charge for hauling between these two points was two cents a pound last March, and teamsters there made forty dollars a day. The Indians, who formerly packed provisions for prospectors charged as high as forty cents a pound for the portage of goods from Dyea to the summit of the pass. For admission into the Northwest Territory, each prospector must bring at least a thousand pounds of supplies; the average weight, however, of a prospector's outfit is the double of this.

Between Dyea (pronounced Di-ee by the white men, Tai-ya by the Indians) and Canyon City, we passed a place called Finfiegan's Point. Here lives Finnegan, a public benefactor, who has bridged a great difficulty by bridging a small chasm. This chasm is narrow but deep, and in summer a mountain stream rushes through it. Finnegan seeing the necessity of a bridge over this hindrance to travellers, felled two large spruces that grew on its edge so that they lay parallel to each other across the gap. Branches were then laid on the logs, and lo! Finnegan's bridge. His house and bridge are side by side, and no loaded man or beast dare cross the latter without paying toll. By what authority Finnegan demands tariff no one questions, but every follower of the trail is glad to pay the fifty cents demanded when he sees what a problem has been solved for him.

For two miles after passing Finnegan's Point we passed over a road strewn with boulders. This road was made by merely removing the largest boulders, some of which were six feet in diameter. We saw bears all along this road as they frequently came out of the thicket into the roadway to pick up grain and other food that fell from the passing wagons. These are mostly cinnamon bears and a species of black bear. The Indians, who are constantly employed assisting prospectors over this part of their journey, take this opportunity to supply themselves with bear meat and skins.

On arriving at Canyon City, a town of tents and board houses at the mouth of Chilkoot River we put our goods in two-horse sleighs to be hauled the remaining six miles to Sheep Camp. Dog teams and oxen are also used in this part of the journey. The oxen are slow but sure, and their chief advantage is that they can pull a whole outfit of two thousand pounds in one load, thus saving many return trips that are necessary when horses or dogs are used. Besides being somewhat slow, oxen are expensive to feed in that country. Last spring hay cost fifty dollars a ton at Dyea, and five hundred dollars might buy a ton at Dawson City. Oxen, however, can be employed for the full journey down the frozen lakes and rivers to Dawson City where they may be slaughtered and sold at an abnormal price. Miners do not consider price when fresh beef is to be had. Our journey thus begun from Canyon City lay in a canyon for four miles between mountains ranging from a thousand to two thousand feet high. The passage through this place must be made in winter when the water is frozen solid. Here also toll was collected as temporary log bridges had to be built at various points throughout the canyon. Two miles more brought us to Sheep Camp, a town like all other mining towns in that country—tents and houses of logs and rough boards. This is at the base of the Chilkoot Mountains, and here the famous Chilkoot Pass begins.

At Sheep Camp the goods, or cache, as the prospector's stock of provisions is now called, was taken from the sleighs and put on pack horses, bronchos, donkeys, goats, or dog-teams to be carried up the mountain side to the Scales, which was two miles further and a quarter of a mile from the summit of the pass. The horses were sent in strings; a rope connected each horse's head with the tail of the horse before, in which there was a hard knot tied for securing the rope. Twenty horses were often joined in this way, and sometime they ran off and played havoc with the cache. The man in charge rode the foremost horse. He gave the signals by whistling, and when such signals were given all the horses would cock their ears and look up curiously.
Donkeys were driven even forty in a string; they carry a big load and are very sure-footed. They also possess, at least by repute, the remarkable virtue of living on such articles of food as sand, gravel and ice; but this is, no doubt, an exaggeration. Their more healthful diet consists of bark and brush. Native dogs are the commonest and best beasts of burden in Alaska. Their food is a small item as they find most of it themselves. To these, like the donkeys, an indiscriminating appetite is attributed, and many a time Jack has been called to account for the disappearance of his harness. The attempt of the United States Government to introduce reindeer was a failure—as proper food could not be found for them in Alaska.

The most valuable dog in Alaska is the Malomet, and animals of this breed are procured for leaders of dog teams. No reins are used; the signals for guiding are given from the sleigh with the hand, and the dog that leads keeps an eye on the driver by turning his head frequently as he moves along in a steady fox trot. “Mush” is the word used by Indians to urge dogs forward. The white men taking up the word, add “on” to it, and so on the trail, “Mush on” is the common word of command to a dog-team. A Malomet dog can haul five hundred pounds on a sleigh or carry forty pounds on his back. The cache is packed in bundles of twenty pounds, and two of these are hung on each dog’s back like saddle-bags.

A pair of Malomet dogs was seen at Sheep Camp, for which the owner paid five hundred dollars, and this amount has been paid for a single “leader” of the Malomet breed. He is often at the head of eighteen dogs, but from three to eight dogs generally make a team.

Another dog used is the Siwash, a breed named from the Siwash Indians, who live about Fort Selkirk on the Yukon, and who keep these dogs. They are long-bodied dogs and have the appearance of wolves. The Husky is another breed. They resemble the Spitz, and like them snap and bite readily. Alaskan dogs do not bark like our dogs. When there is occasion for them to give vent to their feelings, they howl. If they are in large numbers, they frequently howl together, and when this fit seizes them they point their noses straight upward and, each in a different key, send up a chorus of weird moans that are withal musical.

All the pack animals were relieved of their loads at The Scales. This is the last stopping place in the United States’ territory. When you reach the summit, you are inside the Northwest Territory. Before getting inside, dangerous points must be passed; you must go where masses of snow rolled from the mountain top and covered scores of gold-seekers, many of whom are still buried in their white graves. Not all that try will cross that mountain-top threshold.

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**Hurling.**

*JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1901.*

Hurling is a game which receives its name from the instrument with which it is played. The hurley is made of wood, generally of young ash. It is long enough to reach the waist of the owner. The upper part called the handle is somewhat round, though more oblong. As the handle approaches the lower end it becomes thicker and wider, and finally ends in the shape of an axe, varying from five to eight inches in width; and one inch thick at the pole. This part of the hurley, in distinction from the handle, is called the boss. The ball, or, as it is more properly called, slitter, which is used is made like our ordinary baseball. The only difference between the two is that the slitter is covered with much thicker leather, and sewn so as to leave a ridge all around.

A team consists of twenty-one men. Before the game is called the players stand in the middle of the field with hurleys crossed. Soon the referee asks: “All ready?” and then he tosses the ball in the air. Here, however, your expectations are not realized. You expect to see the forty-two players strike at the ball and jump on one another like in a football game: but in reality no such thing happens. The first thought of each one is the defence of his post. Hence they all run to their assigned places leaving the slitter between half a dozen or more.

One has to defend the goal, assisted by two others called forwards, who also guard the points. Other positions, such as full-back, half-back, left and right wing, are immediately occupied by a player and his opponent. About twelve men play in the rush; that is, they have the body of the field to themselves; they are constantly after the leather.

The field wherein the game is played must be hard and level; without grass, or at the
most with very little grass. The distance from
goal to goal is one hundred and twenty yards,
and the width of the field is commonly sixty
yards. Exactly one hour is the time for play­
ing a game. The sides always change posi­
tions or goals at half time. When a goal is
scored it means that the slitter is put out
between two posts, twenty feet apart and
crossed by a rope eight feet from the ground.
Should the ball be sent over the rope a point
is counted to the credit of the side that put it
over. It is easy to score points in compar­
ison with goals, hence no amount of points equals
one goal. That means, if one team would get
fifty points, and the other only one goal, the
latter receives the victory and its reward. On
each side of the goal posts are point posts.
They are ten feet apart, no height being
marked. It amounts to the same thing to put
the leather through these posts as to send it
over the rope.

Whenever the ball goes behind the posts it
is returned to the goal keeper who pucks it
down the field as far as he is able. A good
puck-striker can send the slitter from one goal
to the neighborhood of the other, though fre­
quently it drops half way. Hurleys may often
be seen flying through the air, but very seldom
is a player hurt, except by his own awkward­
ness. Every player that can handle his hurley
skillfully can easily protect himself. Another
thing which helps to prevent all personal
injury is that when a player and his opponent
are running for the slitter or striking at it or
even fighting for it, they are obliged to keep
to the right. Hence the cry which can be
heard at every hurling match: "Ash to ash
on the right."

During an entire game the slitter is never at
rest except when half time is called, and then
slitters are changed; thus each side furnishes
a ball for half the time. The game, as a whole,
is very fast, and a good player must be fleet
afoot, strong and enduring, and above all he
must be a sure hitter and firm on the ground.
Now and then a good player will cause a shout
of applause from the spectators, by running
from one goal to the other with the slitter on
the tip of his hurley. Such a feat as this is
rare and can be done only by a fast runner
and an expert player. Should both teams have
the same score at the end of the hour they
never continue to play, but call it a tie-game
and appoint another day to decide the victory.
This may he said to be the only resemblance
that the game of hurling bears to football.

A Dangerous Pig.

JOHN E. MCINTYRE.

The winter of '85 was a long and cold one,
and the volunteers at Fort McKenzie were
suffering more from its effects than from the
attacks of their half-breed and Indian enemies.

Reil was a hard man to fight, as he had
all the cunning of an Indian and the stub­
bornness of a Frenchman. His warriors were
pressing the volunteers very hard, and came
so close as to be seen prowling around Fort
McKenzie. It was about this time that the
garrison were at their wit's end. Every sen­
tinel that was put on duty that week was
missing the next morning, and not a trace of
him could be found. If he had been attacked
by a wild animal some traces of blood could
be found on the snow; and if the Indians had
attacked him he surely would have fired his
muset at the first suspicion of danger, as he
had been ordered to do.

The next night came my turn for duty, and
I confess I felt a little nervous; but I deter­
mined not to let the Indians fool me. About
11 o'clock, as I was walking my rounds, I heard
a grunt that sounded familiar to me; and turn­
ing in the direction whence it came, I saw not
three hundred yards off a black object that I
could not distinguish. It walked slowly in a
zigzag path toward me. I got on one knee and
waited until it came into range when I dis­
covered that it was nothing but a large black
pig that had strayed from the fort, and had
luckily escaped the Indians. I walked on and
when returning passed within sixty yards of it.

But what urged it to prowl round there at
that time of night? I watched it for awhile as
it moved backward and forward snififing the
snow and giving an occasional grunt. It was
surely a pig, but it acted rather strangely I
thought. I was getting so nervous that my
hand trembled as I brought my gun to my
shoulder; and I determined to find out whether
it was a pig or not and take the consequences.
I fired, and the thing rolled over on the snow
where it lay motionless looking wholly unlike
a pig. I advanced slowly with my gun cocked
until the barrel touched it. When the guard
turned out we found it was an Indian shot
through the head, his eyes glaring fiercely and
there was a hatchet clutched in his right hand.
Beside him lay the pigskin that he had used
to disguise himself.
The Three Geese.

JOHN L. CORLEY.

Bill had decided to marry. This was not exactly a sudden decision either, for he was of that mind a long time before he found a person that thought the same way he did about the matter.

Myrintha Hopkins had promised to marry him on the twelfth of May, and all that was lacking to complete the arrangement was the license. The county seat was twelve miles from Bill's home, and to that place he had to go to secure the precious document. He took Frank Jeans, a neighbor, to act as witness to the important transaction and to identify him if it were necessary. After the license was secured, Bill felt very juvenile as he had never taken out a license for the same purpose before. He thought that he was certainly the happiest man in all Cook County; but Frank felt there was something lacking to make the festival a perfect one. He persuaded Bill to believe that a gallon of "old crow" should be bought to treat the boys; so a gallon was bought and placed in the buggy before they left town.

They took several drinks before they had gone far, and as Bill was not in the habit of drinking from a jug (a fact of which Frank was well aware) he got a little more than he had intended to drink, and when they arrived at Spalding's spring Bill was feeling a little dizzy.

"See them goslins over there?" said Frank as he got out to let the gagrein down, "guess about three of them wouldn't make such a poor start at geese raisin', would they?"

"Them ain't so onry," returned Bill in an unconcerned way.

"Say, Bill, what's the matter with gettin' about three of them? They would make a nice present for Myrintha. She'd never know where you got them."

"That would be a right smart like stealin', wouldn't it, Frank?" replied Bill.

"To the devil with stealin'! Old lady Spalding will never miss them, so get out and ketch them if you're goin' to!"

Bill began to look at it in this light, and after thinking what a nice present they would make Myrintha, he got out and caught the goslins.

Well, Bill was married a week later, and as the summer months rolled by, he and Myrintha watched, with no little pride, the little green goslins develop into fine white geese. Bill and Frank often talked about the little game they had played, and always tipped their glasses to the luck of the three white geese. One day in early October when Bill called at the Rabbitville post-office to get his weekly paper, he was a little surprised to receive a letter. He was more than surprised when he opened it, for it read:

"MR. BILL CRAMER,—Sir, return them geese you stole from me last spring or I'll prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law. I give you twenty-four hours to get them back.

"Yours in earnest,

"H. SPALDING."

When Bill went home he concealed his fear as best he could, and told Myrintha that he must leave at three o'clock next morning to help a neighbor haul hogs.

After an eight-mile journey he appeared next morning at the back door of Mr. Spalding's house, with the geese tied—feet together—and thrown across his shoulders. In response to his knock, Mrs. Spalding appeared, and Bill lost no time in saying:

"Here's them goslins I stole—too—got at the ranch, last spring. Mr. Spalding's letter came last night, so I got them here as soon as I could."

Mrs. Spalding hardly knew how to treat the matter herself, so she proposed to send for her husband who was at the barn.

"No, no," cried Bill, "it will be all right with him I am sure. Do not call him."

He did not want to meet Mr. Spalding, so he put the geese down, and leaving Mrs. Spalding standing in the doorway, he hurried back to Rabbitville to tell Jeans of his narrow escape from arrest. When Bill got back to town, instead of finding Frank alone, there was a crowd of boys with him, and Bill immediately saw there was something wrong.

"Hello, Bill," yelled one of the boys, "been out on a wild goose chase, eh?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" came a chorus from the crowd.

"Come in, Bill, and we'll drink to the luck of them geese," cried Frank. But Bill passed on through town, for he knew that letter never came from Spaldings. And they have never since drunk together to the luck of the three white geese.

Bill seemed so ill-humored when he reached home that evening that Myrintha thought he must have overworked himself in helping his neighbor to haul hogs.
When you hear a mighty, jubilant shout coming from the old SCHOLASTIC this evening, and when you hear the ‘rooters’ take the up cry and send it thundering throughout every building at Notre Dame, then you can make up your minds that it is all over. The Varsity men will be all prepared to receive the crowns of olive and laurel, and the vacant place in the trophy room, alongside the championship banner brought from Indianapolis last spring, will be dusted and made ready for the beautiful pennant from St. Mary’s Academy. The advance guards of the enemies are already within our grounds, but our men are not the least dismayed at their husky appearance, and we are going into the battle determined to come out victorious.

All success to you, men of the Varsity; and you ‘rooters’ that have never raised your voices before, prepare to shout as lustily as possible when the SCHOLASTIC announces from his corner that victory is coming our way. Give the men a rousing cheer at the start, and let it run to a glorious climax when the races are finished. We ourselves are going to be there, and you will find us doing our share of the good work. All the SCHOLASTIC asks is that you take up his blaring shout and keep it going.

A six hours’ discourse on the moral influence of the drama given in the style and language of the ordinary lecturer would not have been so effective, nor would it give an audience so just an appreciation of the strong influence of the stage as Dr. Smith’s talk on the modern play. Forcible arguments may be made in an abstract manner regarding either the elevating or unsavory influence of dramatic productions; but, as a rule, the listener is not able to see the depth of the speaker’s logic. Concrete illustrations make lasting impressions. The speaker that adds an argument and then strengthens it with examples taken from actual life,—these examples, too, being in the ordinary course of events and not exceptions to the general rule,—is the speaker that can expose his subject, and make it unmistakably plain to his audience.

Such was the case with Dr. Smith’s lecture on the modern play. The reverend gentleman has a very high opinion of the stage, and denounces those that would scoff at all plays and players. It is true, there are some few plays and variety acts that are anything but elevating; yet these can not be taken to represent the stage any more than a camp-meeting orator can be said to represent pulpit oratory. The stage in general is elevating; it is far reaching in its range of subjects; it is true to life and history, and is forcible and lasting in the lessons it imparts. To prove these assertions, Dr. Smith took many examples from popular plays illustrating how the playwright and actor have successfully dealt with topics untouched by novelists and poets. He showed how prejudice may be forgotten by an audience when it is witnessing a good production of any standard play. The average theatre-goer does not occupy his seat to see a hypocritical or sham performance, and as a rule will not tolerate it. He wishes to see strong characters—men that are true to life; a hero that is a real hero, and one that will assert himself when the time comes for it. Weakness and sentimentality will not be tolerated; the love of the stage must be true love; the leading characters must be firm and rational men, not pessimists or cowards.

The lecture was one of the most instructive given in our course this year, and the wish in the minds of all at Notre Dame is that Dr. Smith will appear upon our stage soon again.
The Track Meet Today.

The day of our indoor athletic carnival has dawned, and the dream of former students is at last realized. To those that wished to see Notre Dame forge ahead and hold a prominent place among athletic teams of the West it is an important day. Until this year our field and track relations were limited to the number of invitations we received to participate in meets with teams away from Notre Dame. Now we are in a position to offer invitations ourselves and hold meets at home.

Never before were we in shape to accommodate visiting teams in the way of offering facilities for indoor athletics. We had no place to train, and consequently when our men were sent out to compete away from home they were in poor condition and could win only a few events. Later on in the season when baseball holds sway, track meets are fewer, and the only one in which Notre Dame was represented was the Indiana Intercollegiate.

To-day we are starting a new era. We have athletes representing the leading universities of the West with us, and we have an excellent gymnasium in which to hold the meet. Yet this is not all; in the large hall where to-day's contests will be fought and won, our plucky athletes have been working in the most approved style during these last two months; and are in shape to entertain their visitors in a manner that will make their guests fully appreciate the tact and skill of their hosts. Among the Varsity rooters,—whom you shall hear in good force this afternoon,—there are many that will not wait till the sun goes down to-night before they count the points that will go to the different teams. They have them counted already, and they are prepared to swear to the fact that the large column belongs to Notre Dame. There are many strong arms ready to carry our men away from the gymnasium in triumph when the games are over; many pretty compliments are already prepared for the victors, and if these compliments fall to others than our men, it will be a disappointment to the wearers of Gold and Blue.

Of the visitors, Mr. C. B. Herschberger, a man with an enviable reputation in athletic circles, is the person likely to cause our men the greatest trouble. When he commences his pranks of jumping hurdles and pole vaulting there will be a lively time in our camp to put him down. Messrs. Hoover and Boyd of Illinois will have to be taken care of about the same time, and they may cause a little disturbance for Captain Powers. In the high jump Mr. Herschberger of Chicago will also take a leading part, and we may look for a clever act from Smith, Keator and Hoover for the Illini.

With Burroughs missing from the dashes, Chicago will have to produce a surprise if she wishes first place. Donoghue and Borden may come in for a share of the spoils, but the better part ought to go to Notre Dame. Duane and O'Brien are both in good form, and they will set a pace as fast as any of them.

The mile run is left completely to Notre Dame and Chicago. Smith and Russell of the Maroons will go the thirteen laps against Connor and O'Shaughnessy. It will be an exciting event, and it is hard to tell who will wear the laurel after the tape is crossed.

Corcoran and Herbert are in good condition for the quarter and half mile runs. Borden, Donoghue and Herrick will get into these events for Illinois, and Calhoun, White, Fair, Russell, Pettit and Maloney will run for Chicago. Maloney and Fair of the Maroons will likely prove very interesting fellows about this time, and Corcoran will have to do a lively quickstep if he wishes to head them off.

The broad jump can not be estimated, as none of the records of the men can be had as yet. Powers, Glynn and Duane will enter for Notre Dame; Boyd, Hoover and Keator for Illinois, and Maloney and Herschberger for Chicago.

Herschberger and Schmahl, both football men from Chicago, Sutter and Moran of Illinois, and Powers and Eggeman of the Varsity will try their muscle at putting the shot. We have good chances of winning, but it is not safe to wager anything on the outcome. The relay race is given to the Maroons.

The olive and laurel wreaths to be presented to the victors are brought from Patras, Greece, and are the genuine stuff. They are from the groves whence the Grecians were accustomed to select wreaths to crown the winners of Olympian games centuries ago. Winning this alone would be no small honor; but there is more than this in store for the successful men of to-day's battles. Medals of gold will be
given to winners of first places; silver medals to the men that finish second. Tickets have been selling with wonderful rapidity both at Notre Dame and in South Bend. Indications are that every seat will be filled and that those depending on securing tickets after they get here may find that there is no room for them. Manager Eggeman and Bro. Hugh have given as much of the gymnasium as possible to the erection of additional seats to accommodate the crowd, but even then it is feared that many will have to be turned away.

The University band will be in attendance during the exercises, and will try to make things as pleasant as possible by rendering a dozen or more good marches. Just before the events take place the “Light Cavalry Overture” will be played. In next week’s SCHOLASTIC a full account of the meet will be given. The following is a complete list of the entries made by each university:

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Confession and Avoidance.

Fearing that their controversy is becoming tiresome to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, Mr. Westmorland and “Law '99” have decided to refrain from a further exposition of their views upon the subject of genius. They have met, smoked a cigar together, and have come to a very satisfactory compromise on the points in dispute. In short, they have kissed and “made up.” Literally speaking, this kissing operation would be an impossibility, though figuratively, nothing in the world would be easier, as they are one and the same person.

Mr. Westmorland, for his part, wishes to thank those persons that have read or taken any interest in what he has written during the brief term of his existence, and “Law '99” also is grateful to those that have supported him in his contentsions.

This controversy, it may be confessed, was not premeditated. The original article signed by John Westmorland was written solely for the purpose of filling a couple of columns that were needed to complete the issue of a few weeks ago. Naturally, the article was open to criticism, and it is not surprising that one who is studying the ways of the law could not resist the temptation to criticise it. Such a person was “Law '99.” But in his efforts to pick flaws in Mr. Westmorland’s article he overlooked a few in his own, and it was only just that Westmorland should be allowed to come back at him. This he did, but in such a flippannt manner that he deserved a “calling down,” which “Law '99” proceeded to administer. Thus the controversy worked itself out.

To those persons that have been accused of being either John Westmorland or “Law '99” the undersigned apologizes and promises never to do it again.    SHERMAN STEELE.
The literary number of the Oberlin Review would lead one to believe that there was enough literary talent at Oberlin to support a purely literary paper that was issued regularly. The Review is always a well-edited paper, but ordinarily its columns are filled with matter that is chiefly of local interest.

The Engineering Number of the Purdue Exponent is an exceptionally fine one. Its success would warrant the suggestion that the engineers of Purdue issue regularly a technical paper. "What is Engineering?" "Surveying," and the numerous other articles in this number, are well prepared, fully illustrated, and they are interesting even to a layman.

The Tennessee University Magazine for February contains a well-written article on François Villon, the scapegrace French poet of the fifteenth century, who, like "Paul Verlaine was sometimes god and sometimes satyr." The writer treats his subject sympathetically, for, as he says, the figure of Villon has for him charm and pathos. In Robert Louis Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," under the title "A Lodging for the Night," there is an exceedingly clever sketch in which Villon figures, and which the writer of this paper on Villon would enjoy reading, if he has not already read it. In the same number of the Magazine there are two fairly good bits of fiction, and a fourth writer very cleverly points out how Dickens can be used as a cure for loss of appetite.

The Monthly from McMaster University, Toronto, is a magazine of more than ordinary worth. The last number contains several well-written articles, the most notable of which is "Canadian Poetry and Poets." The writer of the paper suggests that the history, romance and traditions of Canada should constitute great literary resources, but he points out that the division of the Canadians into two peoples is a bar to progress in many things including literature. He is hopeful that in the near future a closer internal union will be effected, and the literary resources developed. The poetry in the Monthly is surprisingly good. The "Cor Promethei" really is beautiful, as, indeed, are the two others, "Pallida Mors" and "Ay Me".

Personal.

—Mr. Robert Clark of Chicago was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.
—Mrs. James Parnell of Chicago was the recent guest of her son of Carroll Hall.
—Mr. James Morgan of Neola, Iowa, has been the guest of his son of Carroll Hall.
—Rev. Louis Choson of Oklahoma Territory was a visitor at the University last week.
—Mr. Clarence V. Schmerhorn, LL. B., '98, of Sturgis, Mich., is visiting at the University.
—Mr. William C. Barrett of Grand Rapids, Mich., was recently the guest of his son of Carroll Hall.
—Mrs. George W. Brown of Indianapolis was the guest during the past week of her son of Brownson Hall.
—Mrs. Lockwood of Indianapolis was at Notre Dame during the past week visiting her son of Carroll Hall.
—Mr. E. T. McElroy of Elgin, Ill., was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of his son of Carroll Hall.
—Mrs. J. H. Becker of Kendallville, Ind., was a recent visitor at Notre Dame visiting her son of Brownson Hall.
—Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Rector of the Annunciation Church, Chicago, was a very welcome visitor at the University last week.
—Mrs. J. J. Abercrombie and daughter of Chicago are visiting at Notre Dame, the guests of Master Abercrombie of St. Edward's Hall.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. De Rocher of Chicago were at Notre Dame for several days of last week. They entered their son in St. Edward's Hall.
—Mr. Edward E. Brennan, Litt. B., '97, of Indianapolis, is visiting at the University. Mr. Brennan came up to attend the meet this afternoon.
—Rev. John Talbot Smith, whose lecture on the Modern Drama was so thoroughly enjoyed by all the students, left yesterday for his home in New York.
—Mr. Charles Connor, student '86-'90, who is in business at Evanston, Ill., spent last Sunday at Notre Dame. Mr. Connor was accompanied by Mr. John P. Tyrrell who holds an important position in the offices of the C. M. and St. P. Ry. at Evanston.
—Mr. F. Henry Wurzer, LL. B. '98, who for the last few months has been in the office of the Studebaker Company, has been appointed Secretary to Hon. A. L. Brick, the representative of this district in Congress. Mr. Wurzer's appointment is merited as he worked hard and well in the campaign last fall, and the Scholastic, of whose editorial board he formerly was a member, congratulates him upon his success.
Local Items.

—VanHee promises us to put on a white shirt for the track meet. Tutor will also clean up.
—Schaefer has been interesting the students of his alley by his classical descriptions of social life in Paris.
—Peter Pindar, the great story-teller, has died long ago. J. J. Sullivan will take the place of this genius. The background for all his wit savors of the south-side.
—Mr. Donovan will make a speciality of "Quaker Oats" and geese herding on his South Dakota farm this year. Mr. Clarke will herd the geese. Abundance of alkali water guaranteed.
—Leo will understand the art that has made Tom Reed famous, or he will go to Holland in the attempt. Perseverance is the stony road to success, but when you get there, remember Pierson Hobson.
—Whoever told Spikes Elkhart that he had pretentions toward becoming a "dudish dandy" is like Mr. Goldfinch, he is always mistaken, and the sooner that inappropiate remark is retracted the better for somebody's folk.
—Frank Bouza received a letter from the Governor of South Dakota anent the relative merits of lands in different countries. Bouza will don the habiliment of the rustic, and follow the vocation consistent with his appearance.
—We have won and re-won victories from all the Western universities in baseball. We are beginning to be feared in football, and this evening decides whether or not Notre Dame will be considered one of the leading powers in track athletics. We think she will.
—A casual observer, in asking whether or not Sorin Hall could be called a picturesque building, did not receive a favorable reply. Whereupon he unhesitatingly gave the necessary answer: "Decidedly, no. It resembles an ice box tipped upside down with its legs standing out in the air."
—The reading of the bulletins caused some persons to sit erect, extremely dignified, while others wished to crouch into the nearest hole. Some manifested in a superb degree the feeling of "just a little above you," and still others drew themselves as far down into their under-shirts as possible, and gazed benignly at their unpolished shoes.
—"Coach." has his own banjo now. Think of the good, the perfectly excruciating times his near neighbors will have on the north side. "Chunky." is one of his faithful students. He is learning rapidly, and after only ten lessons he can already hold the instrument in nearly the proper position. Think of that! Is he not a wonder, "Teddy."? Or perhaps you would prefer calling him simply a genius?
—Is there nobody in Sorin Hall, that has set his "peepers" on "Shag's" hat? It is rather embarrassing to walk clear from the other end of the corridor to the bulletin board only to learn that Shag has mislaid his hat or lost a pencil. If he will not take it to heart we suggest that he buy an elastic, and wear it 'neath his chin to prevent the escape of his "lid," and furthermore attach a string to his pencils and tie them around his neck. The livers in Sorin Hall would be greatly convenience by these suggestions if they were carried out.

—The following is a nearly complete list of the men that kindly contributed toward getting the medals to be awarded to winners in our indoor meet this afternoon—J. B. Reuss, Fort Wayne; Frank Fehr, Louisville; S. T. Murdock, Lafayette, Ind.; Wm. and Robert Pinkerton, Chicago; F. J. Vurpillat, Winamac, Ind.; George Ziegler, Milwaukee; Charles Cavanagh, Chicago; F. J. O'Brien, South Bend; D. A. Hanagan, Chicago; Dr. A. O'Malley, Notre Dame; Hon. Wm. P. Breen, Fort Wayne; W. L. Dechante, Middlelon, Ohio; Rev. J. J. Burke, Bloomington, Ill.; Dr. J. B. Berteling, South Bend; Christopher Mooney, New York; E. J. McLaughlin, Clinton, Iowa; Henry Heller, South Bend; A. G. Spalding and Bro., Chicago; Mr. George Wyman & Co., South Bend.

—The last of the preliminary debates was held last Monday evening. The first gleaning has been made of the students who desired to represent Notre Dame at Indianapolis. The debates were all spirited, pertinent, and showed careful preparation. The subject was completely mastered by many, and these are the ones that most likely shall survive the next trials which will take place about March 21 and 22. The winners in the debates so far were Messrs. Barry, Brucker, Ahern in the first; Ragan, Medley, O'Shaughnessy in the second; Weadock, Steele, McCollum in the third; and Schumacher, Tierney and Corley in the last. Places have already been chosen for the next preliminaries, and a hotly contested debate is not too much to predict.

—The Poor Student of Notre Dame du Lac (After Louis' Berbrand).—Master Leo standeth behind the counter, a rough plank rubbed even and slippery from many elbows: Master Leo rattles small money in the pocket of his long blue apron of jean, and shuffles between jars of candies, jellies and jams, striking bunches of bananas 'hanging' from the ceiling. I with hungry look and lean paunch strikingly the counter with my few pence held tightly in my finger tips. Master Leo's hair is unkempt, his moustache missing, and his ragged eyebrows and beard of gray black color; he shuffles about looking like a Brownie. My striking grows louder; I raise my voice; with outstretched palm he taketh my few pence. While I nibble my cakes and sip my lemonade, he shuffles between jars of candies,
jellies and jams, striking bunches of bananas, and with outstretched palm and sage look, taketh in other pence.

—GLEANINGS FROM THE PARLIAMENTARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY:—After the business of the day had been neatly wrapped up and put on a shelf in the cupboard Tear Knee Bill arose and offered the following preamble and resolution:

"WHEREAS, St. Patrick was the Father of his country and could not tell a lie; and

"WHEREAS, The anniversary of his crossing the Alps should be observed by all patriotic citizens whether they can tell a lie or not; now, therefore,

"RESOLVE, Ye members of the Society, to set apart the 17th inst. as a day of feasting and rejoicing, and all go to a dance in the evening. Brother Susana moved to amend by striking out the words "go to a dance in the evening," and substituting the words "Take our way to prayer meeting in the twilight," but he was voted down with a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, and the resolution was adopted in its original form.

—The seventeenth of March will be celebrated as usual at Notre Dame. The exercises in the afternoon, which will consist of an oration and a play, will be under the management of Prof. Carmody, and will represent the talent of Brownson Hall. The Columbian Society, from which the members of the play will be taken, has always presented a good entertainment on this date, and judging from the past we will not be disappointed next Friday. The Society will produce "Fontenoy," a melodrama in three acts. The interest is very well sustained throughout the entire play and the plot is perfect. The leading men are doing well in their respective roles, and some of the older dramatic talent need not be surprised if they find these energetic Columbians coming in for a share of their honor. The oration will be delivered by Mr. Ahern, who has evidently made a creditable showing in the society, or he would never have been honored with the oration of the day. The band will favor us in the morning with several selections in each of the different halls.

—The Senior and Junior Philosophy classes enjoyed a well-arranged banquet on Tuesday last, the feast-day of St. Thomas Aquinas. The affair was under the direction of Father Fitte, teacher of Senior Philosophy; and he took his usual precautions to see that the tables lacked nothing that would tend to the complete satisfaction of each palate. At half-past four the lucky followers of St. Thomas, with no lack of pleasant expressions, moved willingly from the parlor to the Brownson dining-room. Six tables were set, and it required no coaxing to have the fellows fall to. The banquet lasted about an hour and a half, during which time "jest and youthful jollity" were ever shaking hands. There was none of that pink-tea conservatism about it nor any stiff-necked formality, but everyone "ate, drank and made merry." After the last courses were finished Father Fitte made some facetious remarks concerning the cigars in his possession, and with good grace distributed them. The affair reflected credit not only upon Father Fitte's thoughtful nature, but upon his marked delicacy in arranging a pleasant table. Among others present were Vice-President, Father French, Rev. Fathers Ready and Crumley, and Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith.

—WEATHER REPORT.—The committee in charge of the weather bureau warn us to expect the following streak of weather this week:

SUNDAY.—Pretty fair considering that it has to spread out over the whole United States and Cuba.

MONDAY.—Clouds a little top-heavy and-sky seems to have been "out with the-boys." But, what do you expect on wash-day?

TUESDAY.—Gets sulky at the "quarter," but comes under the "wire" too hot to handle.

WEDNESDAY.—All the girls look blue, and we expect this to be the reigning color in "Easter bonnets."

THURSDAY.—Farmers may expect a fine day from 9:00 p.m. till morning. Any attempt to cut hay will be rashness.

FRIDAY.—Oblique atmosphere. A Tissot sunset will close an otherwise harmless day with green the predominant color.

SATURDAY.—Wants to snow but concludes to rain.

The committee state further, that they have seen a comet and that there are spots on the sun, but they are not yet prepared to say whether either affair will have any influence on the weather or the pumpkin crop.

—Some days past a young gentleman in company with another young gentleman was standing in front of our: Post Office talking very much about nothing in particular. Suddenly a third gentleman thrust himself unwillingly upon their company, and relentlessly slapped one of them right upon the cheek. Indignation was never so much at home as it seemed to be on the slapped boy's features. The slapper stood to one side reserved, but his going right at him, and perhaps knocking, accidentally slip from his pocket, and his doom seems to have been "out with the boys." But, what do you expect on wash-day?

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kerchief performed its work, and he was saved by a spider's thread from an awful doom. The slapper turned away with a cynical grin, while the slapped one shaking hands with his savior gleefully thanked providence that the young ladies of Davenport could once more feed upon his charming—he knows it would be a compliment, but then he might resent it if it were in print, so we will not tack on the necessary word.

—The other day when the storm-clouds took a nap and permitted the sun’s rays to reach the earth, the two Bills, Dalton and Baldwin, started for the stile. Their hearts were full of romanticism, their shoes full of mud, and the road was somewhat soggy, but this didn’t hinder them from continuing on their journey. A sparrow that had survived the winter on snowballs and old shoes let up a dismal shriek and flew toward the right of them. “A sign that the gods are propitious,” said Baldwin who was versed in lore. “Hurry up, Bill, there is somebody at the stile...” “Take your time. I have an inspiration. How is this?”

“Dan Collins was a baker’s boy,
His hair was somewhat red,
And though he baked the finest cakes
Poor Dan was not well bred.
He mixed his flour with lordly grace,
Though somewhat of a morir
And though he baked the longest loaves,
He never was a loafer.
Now Daniel loved a maid so well,
Her name was Susan Brown,
He took her to the show one night,
She tried to take him down.
But Susie loved a soldier boy,
Who wore a sword and spur,
Though somewhat of a mopher,
Poor Dan was not well bred.

Shut up, Dalton; I’ve got penance enough during the Lenten season without that,” said Baldwin: “but look at that.” Against the stile a maid was leaning. She looked as pensive as a weeping willow. “I’ll have to comfort her,” thought Baldwin. “Only one avenue was open to escape, to cut diagonally across the field, but a fence must be cleared; they could clear the fence, but the maid was no high jumper. The two Bills were nonplussed. Did they leave the lady to her fate, and do what Caesar did; or did they stay and defend her, taking 2000 lines as a penance? We leave the reader to guess until our next issue.

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