Archbishop Riordan at Notre Dame.

At any time a visit from Archbishop Riordan is an occasion of joy to everyone at Notre Dame. To the University it is the home-coming of one of her most illustrious and beloved sons. But his visit of last Sunday had a special significance. He came to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance here as a student. He came for the sole purpose of showing his appreciation of and gratitude for the self-sacrificing endeavors of the men who made possible the Notre Dame of to-day.

The Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, D. D., was born in Chatham, New Brunswick, August 27, 1841. When a child his parents moved to the West, and the future Archbishop of the city of St. Francis, after completing his preparatory training, began his classical education in the old college and seminary of St. Mary’s of the Lake, Chicago. In September, 1856, he entered the University of Notre Dame, where by his brilliant talents and devoted application to study, not less than by his manly piety, he endeared himself to the priests, brothers and professors of the then struggling school, by ties which the intervening half century have ripened into a warm and tender affection.

Leaving Notre Dame in 1858, he later entered the celebrated University of Louvain in Belgium. While there he met for the first time and formed a life-long friendship with his school-fellow, John L. Spalding, now the distinguished Bishop of Peoria. On the completion of his studies in 1865 he was ordained to the priesthood. In the following year he was assigned to his first missionary labor as assistant to his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Dunne, then pastor of St. Patrick’s Church, Chicago. Subsequently he was appointed to the Chair of Theology in St. Mary’s Seminary, Chicago, and held the position until the closing of that institution. In the following year he was assigned to his first missionary labor as assistant to his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Dunne, then pastor of St. Patrick’s Church, Chicago. Subsequently he was appointed to the Chair of Theology in St. Mary’s Seminary, Chicago, and held the position until the closing of that institution. He was then successively pastor at Woodstock, Ill., and at Joliet Ill., where he remained until 1871. In that year he was made pastor of St. James’ Church, Chicago, where he built a handsome residence, a parochial school and one of the finest churches in the archdiocese. It was from his zealous labors at St. James’ that he was called to the sublime dignity of the episcopate, and made coadjutor, with the right of succession, to the Archbishop of San Francisco. Of his remarkable success in that field, space does not allow us to speak at length. The words of his friend, Bishop Spalding, spoken at the ceremony of his consecration have proved prophetic: “I feel in my heart that he will do a great work for God. God will uphold him and use his abilities, augmented by his enthusiastic zeal, to accomplish a great work, and will crown his earnest efforts with the benisons of peace and joy everlasting.” His present activity in the reconstruction of new San Francisco makes this prophecy doubly true.

Archbishop Riordan arrived here on Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning at 8 o’clock he said the students’ Mass in the college church. He took dinner in Brownson Hall refectory, where after the dessert, Father Cavanaugh addressed him as follows:

**Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan:**—The presence of any anointed son of Holy Church within these walls is a source of pride and encouragement to the faculty and students of the University. Loyalty to our holy faith, reverence for authority and the instinctive admiration of youth for a good and great man would alone insure to any prince of the Church a cordial welcome here. But the Archbishop of San Francisco will always be acclaimed with special enthusiasm and cherished with unusual tenderness by all at Notre Dame. You are our elder brother. You are of our own household. Within these walls your own college days were spent. You treasure the same sacred memories of priests, brothers and professors that tradition has handed down to us. Wherever you have gone the honor of Notre Dame has been dear to you, and we know that her praise has been ever upon your lips. When you come back to us it is almost as though Father Sorin and Father Granger had blest us a moment with their presence.

On the other hand Notre Dame has followed your great career with the pride of a mother in a son upon whose brow both God and man have set a crown of honor. Your labors in Chicago are still a bright tradition there, and by none so carefully treasured as by us. When the voice of Peter bade you rise up and take your place upon the Throne of Allemany in the city of the Golden Gate, no hearts bounded with greater joy than ours. When the Church grew under your care into a great and fruitful vineyard we shared in your triumph, and when last year the work of a quarter of a century was swept away, like a broken toy, in a few minutes, we felt the crushing weight of your great sorrow.

But apart from the pride and sympathy we feel for you, there is another circumstance that makes this
day a memorable one in the history of Alma Mater. Fifty years have sped since first you came to Notre Dame, and to-day you keep your Golden Jubilee. Clad in the dignity of exalted office, crowned with the love and admiration of your flock and of the whole people, your great heart has prompted you to come back to the cradle of your soul and to the graves of the men you revere. It is to us a tender as well as a historic occasion. From the lowest to the highest we take you into our hearts. We salute you in the name of the sacred memories that come rushing back into your soul to day. During these days of retreat we promise special prayers for yourself and your work, and we beg of you, Most Reverend and most. dear Archbishop, that you will sometimes pray that we may be not too unworthy of the great and holy men who upbuilt this University, of which you are the most distinguished son.

His Grace was visibly touched, and replied in an address which made a lasting impression on the youngest of his hearers, while its tender tone almost melted his old friends to tears. The following is not, we regret to say, a verbatim report of the address; but, imperfect as it is, it conveys some notion of its happy quality.

REVEREND PRESIDENT, PROFESSORS, STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME:

I hardly know what reply to make to an address so personal as the one to which you have all listened. It has touched me very deeply. It brings to my memory recollections of the past. I had better dismiss it all by saying that I am deeply grateful to the President of this institution for his words of welcome and for the praise undeserved which he has bestowed upon me. This year marks, the Golden Jubilee, if I may call it, of my coming to Notre Dame for the first time. In September, 1856, I came here as a young student, and from 'this place I entered the seminary of the Propaganda in Rome, pursuing my studies preparatory for the august dignity of the priesthood. I have always borne in grateful memory the lessons of wisdom which I received here, and I have always come back to this house of religion and study as a boy comes back to his father's home. I may be permitted, young gentlemen, as one who has passed through fifty years of a very busy life, and has gathered in their passage some lessons that may be of use, to say a word or two to you who are at the beginning of life, as I feel that I am towards its close.

As I came up here yesterday, my mind went back again to the old house of fifty years ago, to the small college buildings, the humble church, the little post-office, And I thought of the surroundings past and present, and my mind took in the forms of those who were then living, professors and superiors of this institution. I think I can say in all truth that although the buildings are immeasurably superior to those of the past, yet the men who lived fifty years ago in this house have never been surpassed in education, ability and sanctity of life. Everything you have here is the outgrowth of what those men did. This whole institution still lives and speaks of him upon whose monument we might put the words of Holy Scripture: Deiunctus, adhibe loquitur—"Though dead, he speaketh yet." Indiana's noblest son, and the one who by the influence of his life has done more than any other to build up the greatness of a great state, is this man whose statue stands before the noble entrance to the University. (Applause.)

You are here, my dear young men, for a triple purpose. The prayer of the psalmist is one which should be upon the lips of all students day by day: Doce me, Domine, bonitatem, scientiam et disciplinam—"Teach me, O Lord, goodness and truth and discipline." If you will notice, the goodness comes first, because goodness is better than learning: it is better to be good than to be great. You are here principally for the formation of character rather than the acquirement of learning, for learning is not given in a few years. You are here to learn how to be good, and goodness comes from the formation of character. Live up to the laws of Holy Church. You are under a government of discipline—to be formed, to be disciplined for all life. You are here as boys who are training in a gymnasium; every muscle must be trained to meet the requirement of the contest which is to come. And then you are here to learn the principles of knowledge. You should have no other thought before you, and if it is not so you are losing time. The golden opportunity of youth never comes back. When it passes, it passes forever. I would therefore call you to lives of labor, of studious activity. You are here for that purpose. All the prizes of life now go to the capable men, and the capable men are those who have prepared themselves for life. There is a demand for young men now, capable young men. This country of ours is a country of intelligent activity. The demand for intelligent activity is the demand of the world to-day. "Show me a man diligent in his business," says Holy Scripture, "and I will place him before princes." I call you to a life of intelligent activity.

Another point that I would bring to your attention is the necessity of discipline. The whole country is suffering from want of respect for authority. You live 'under authority, respect it; live in obedience to government; submit to law; accept the will of those who are above you and conform yourself to it. The conquest of the world is for those only who have already made conquest of themselves. Man's goodness and greatness grow out of his character. Make religion a fundamental part of your life. Conform yourselves to the religious spirit of this institution, for it is through religion that you are to attain the mastery over yourselves.

There are two methods by which you may seek to avoid the evils of life: one is by closing your ears and your eyes to what is vicious and corrupt; the other is by making yourself so strong that you will not fall away under evil influence. You who are studying the classics will remember the fable of Ulysses. When his ship passed through the dangerous passage, he stopped the ears of his sailors with melted wax that they might not be charmed by the
song of the sirens and so bring about the destruction of the ship; and then Orpheus came along with his lute and played such exquisite music that the sailors forgot the song of the sirens and passed over the dangerous place in safety. We can not close our eyes to ‘every vice; we can not close our ears to evil noises; but we can so strengthen our character as to pass through dangerous places without fear of peril.

As I stand here after fifty years and look back over the vast army of young men who have gone out of this institution and have been a credit and an honor, not only to Indiana, but to the whole country, I can not help feeling a thrill of pride in the thought of how great has been the service which Notre Dame has rendered to Religion and to the State. I do not believe that a similar work has been done in any other spot in America. For myself, whatever I have done, I have been able to do because the foundation of a little wisdom and a little virtue was laid here under the wise direction of those who were placed over me. I remember going week after week to Father Sorin’s Christian Doctrine class, then taught in the old frame church. I can almost recall word for word some of his instructions, they were so well put, with an eloquence and an unction all his own. So I have always looked back with deepest gratitude upon what this University has done for me. I hope that you too will be able to remember this great School, now the most flourishing and most frequented of our Catholic institutions, with the same gratitude and affection. May God bless you and the great work that is being done by this College.

Reverend Father President, I thank you again for this reception, and I hope I may some time be able to show in other ways than by words that I have not been an ungrateful son.

The Archbishop spent the afternoon at Saint Mary’s in meeting old friends. Monday morning, accompanied by Father Cavanaugh and the Rt. Rev Mgr. Vaughan, he visited Holy Cross Seminary. Father French, Rector of the Seminary, introduced His Grace as an old friend of Holy Cross Congregation in the United States, and all the earliest traditions and practices at Notre Dame, speaking especially of the old seminary custom of nocturnal adoration, which within the past few years has been re-established. His Grace then made an eloquent and touching address to the seminarians. It was in part as follows:

Perhaps the dearest recollections I have of Notre Dame are those connected with what was then St. Aloysius’ Seminary and its superior, the saintly Father Granger. He was one of the many holy men whose words and actions exercised a most potent influence in directing, fostering and strengthening my vocation. To the devotion, the humility, the holiness of these men the Notre Dame of to-day owes much.

The story of their Christlike lives and the upbuilding of Notre Dame University constitute the most important chapter in the history of Catholicism in America. The characteristic which above all others distinguished these early priests of Holy Cross was their self-sacrifice, and this is the virtue which you, young men, who hope to be priests of Holy Cross should strive to attain. You must not forget that the priest was born in the shadow of the Cross. The night before He died, Our Lord brought into existence the priesthood to which you hope to belong. Let the spirit of self-sacrifice enter into your daily lives. You all know the story of St. Hilary who rebuked an angel of darkness appearing to him as an angel of light, because the Holy Doctor could not see in him the marks of the Cross of Christ: “I see not in you the pierced hands, the pierced feet, the opened side.” So let us look for the cross; let it be the touchstone of all our actions.

After the spirit of self-sacrifice strive for sanctity. The priest must be a holy man. To this end love your rule; be obedient. For my part I can tolerate anything in a seminarian sooner than disobedience. With obedience you have the making of a good priest; without it intellect, talent, genius amount to nothing. Strive then to be holy men. Now is the most precious time of your lives; the time celebrated by poets and sages—“The primrose time of youth.” I can never see a body of young men studying for the priesthood without loving them. You remember it is recorded of our Blessed Redeemer that looking on a certain young man “He loved him.” So as I look on you I love you—love you for the youth which you have, which I had, but am fast losing. Make good use then of this precious time which once gone never returns and upon the use of which depends the value of your after-lives. But if self-sacrifice and sanctity should distinguish the priest of Holy Cross so also should learning. True, only the professor can ever become really erudite; but you should all endeavor to amass learning sufficient for your work, as parish priests, missionaries, or whatever priestly office you may be called on to exercise.

In conclusion, the Archbishop humorously likened his return to Notre Dame to that of Thackeray’s to the old Paris Inn, paraphrasing,

“When first I saw ye Cari luoghi
I’d scarce a beard upon my face.
And now a grizzled, grum old fog”
"An Uncommercial Drama."—Part III.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.

Mr. O'Cuisan's drama, "The Sleep of the King," retold a bardic tale of Crumlo, son of Corn, the Hundred Fighter, who left his throne to follow after a fairy woman. From a dramatic standpoint it is not to be considered at all, but it served to show how the amateur actors producing it could speak verse, not as mere puppets of the stage but as poets.

Mr. Yeats' influence was also in evidence here, for there was an absolute lack of stage mannerisms which would otherwise have marred the poetic beauty of the performance. "The Pot of Broth" is almost a farce—the only bit of real comedy that Mr. Yeats has written. It, too, is drawn from a folk-tale which Mr. Gerald Griffin has given a place in his novel, "The Collegians."

To Mr. Fred Ryan, author of the "Laying of the Foundations," a great deal of praise is due. "The Laying of the Foundations" may be called a social comedy. It keenly satirizes social life and political conditions, and shows its author to be intimately acquainted with his subject. Like "The Countess Kathleen," the drama is very suggestive of Henrik Ibsen's social dramas; but Mr. Ryan, like Mr. Yeats, allows his Irish love of the pleasant to assert itself, and the hero triumphs over his enemies and comes forth an honest and upright politician, while Dr. Ibsen would have allowed him to follow the trend of human nature and thus make a tragic ending—a thing that would certainly grate harshly on the sunny Irish soul.

It was these later plays and not the "Twisting of the Rope" that led to the organization of the present Irish National Theatre. When this organization was formed, nearly all the amateurs who had assisted Mr. Fay in his former productions remained in the society, and Mr. Yeats was chosen as president.

Backed as it was by the best literary talent in Ireland, supported by a strong company of amateur actors who were willing to make any sacrifice for the success of the venture, and under the able direction of a stage manager like Mr. W. G. Fay, Mr. Yeats could see no reason why the society could not lay a foundation for a national theatre that could some day hope to compare favorably with the *comédie Française*.

Chief among those interested in the project of the society was Mrs. Harriman of Dublin, a woman who not only designed and provided the costumes used in many of the productions, but who built and equipped at her own expense the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which is now the permanent home of the society.

This beautiful little playhouse was formally opened on December 27, 1904, with Mr. Yeats' poetic drama, "On Baile's Strand." This was followed from time to time by the comedies of Lady Gregory, Father Dineen and William Boyle. Revivals of Mr. Yeats' dramas have never failed to draw crowded houses, and Mr. J. M. Synge's three-act piece, "The Well of the Saints," attracted widespread attention.

It may also be mentioned that this drama has been translated into German, and was produced at the Deutches Theatre, Berlin, during December, 1905. Another drama by Mr. Synge, "In the Shadow of the Glen," has also been produced at the Bohemian National Theatre. Mr. Synge is one of the present directors of the National Theatre and bids fair to become one of the most popular contributors to its repertory.

One of the most promising features of the project is the fact that its efforts have not been confined entirely to Dublin, or even to Ireland. Its aim is far too universal for that, and the demand that has been created for dramas of this type has led to the establishment of many similar societies throughout Ireland and England.

During November of last year the National Theatre Society visited the University of Oxford where it gave four performances at the Corn Exchange. The plays produced at these performances were "On Baile's Strand;" "In the Shadow of the Glen;" "Speeding the News;" "The Well of the Saints," and "Kathleen ni Houlihan." All these dramas were received there with the utmost respect and attention, even "Kathleen ni Houlihan," which in no possible way could make a direct appeal
to an English audience, who must accept it for its literary merit alone.

After the Oxford performances the society, filled with a new confidence and a new hope, proceeded to Cambridge where the same plays were given with an equally pleasing result. The outcome of these performances proved conclusively to the propagandists of the Irish theatre that its playwrights had not only won a place as Irish dramatists, but as English men of letters as well,—no small honor in the world of literature.

On November the 27th and 28th, 1905, the National Theatre Society made its third visit to London, playing two matinees and two evening performances, and producing not only the plays given at Oxford and Cambridge, but in addition to these, "The Land" and "The Building Fund" were acted.

This year the English tour of the society is to be more extensive, and during the Lenten season Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham will be visited.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn has remarked that but little true drama has ever been produced; that is, drama which must be seen to be fully appreciated and which does not read as well as it acts. The Irish drama, therefore, must be rated as true drama of the highest standard, for no reading of the plays can produce the same effect as can a single performance.

The printed versions of these Irish plays differ in many ways from the form which they have taken in the prompt-books of the theatre. Experience has proved the best teacher, and in many places Mr. Fay and Mr. Yeats thought best to make complete changes, that the effect of stage production might be heightened. An edition of the verse plays of Mr. Yeats is soon to be issued by A. H. Bullen, which will be a complete revision of any similar editions heretofore published.

As an outgrowth of the National Theatre the society has published from time to time two little magazines called Beltaine and Samhain. The former was published but a short time, but the latter has become a permanent periodical. Mr. Yeats is the editor-in-chief of this little publication, and it contains the leading accounts of the theatre's work and advancement. In an article written in the first number of Beltaine Mr. Yeats sums up the society's ideals of acting and staging in the following words:

"When the first day of the drama had passed, actors found that an always larger number of people were more easily moved through the eyes than through the ears. The music that comes with the emotion of words is exhausting, like all intellectual emotions, and few people like exhausting emotions; and therefore actors began to speak as if they were reading something out of a newspaper. They forgot the noble art of oratory, and gave all their thoughts to the poor art of acting that is content with the sympathy of our nerves; until at last those who love poetry found it better to read alone in their rooms what they had once delighted to hear sitting friend by friend, lover by beloved."

Thus we see how the aim of one man gave place to a great national institution, how rich and poor, educated and illiterate were raised from the mental lethargy into which they had long since fallen, and had that love for things classic, which one day gained for Ireland the title of the Isle of Scholars, revived by the grace and beauties of poetry.

The Irish National Theatre, although it does not point to a future for the greedy manager, is, nevertheless, an institution which will endure the test of time. Toward it and its noble work the eyes of the world turn to-day, and for it every loyal Irish heart beats with loving pride.

(The End.)

Lullaby.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

Low in the West hangs the sun,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
Soon will the shadows creep,
Sleep, for the day is done.

Night flings his mantle gray,
Rest; little baby, rest;
Shines the first star in the West,
Born with the death of the day.
Varsity Verse.

RUBBER-S.

WHEN the raindrops fall And the mud is deep And you venture out Upon the street, Don’t forget your rubbers.

When club leaves out, And the clock strikes two, And you saunter home, Feeling sick and blue, Don’t forget your “rubber.”

When the forecast says That snow is due, And you don’t know That it’s quite true, Why, forget your rubbers.

When strolling out In the park at night, Where lovers sit, In mad delight Say, forget your “rubber.”

A SURE CURE.

He was sick and we were worried, We were frightened half to death, For he had an awful whizzin’ And he couldn’t get his breath.

So we gave him soothing syrup Of the Mrs. Winslowe brand, And some pills that Mr. Beecham, The compiler, made by hand.

We mixed Lydia Pinkham’s compound Sarsaparilla made by Hood And Hostetter’s stomach bitters, But they didn’t do him good.

Then we tried some pure Peruna Every evening with a prune, And we gave him Scott’s Emulsion Twice an hour on a spoon.

We got crates of appleso Shuffled it with shredded wheat, But he hardly had his mouth full When he balked, and wouldn’t eat.

Our one last resort was liquid Ah! he drained the jug like fun, I don’t know just what was in it. It was marked “Uneda bun.”

IN CHAUCER’S TIME.

“Whilom,” seyde a man to his lady, “Methinketh your goune, dere, is fade;” But it goon to the bad For she spak to him sad, “And thinke, dere, yow moste lese your wad-y.”

M. J. McG.

“Bill and Joe.”

FRANCIS T. MAHER, ’08.

The bell in Mr. Thorp’s private office rang briskly, not with the low, subdued tingle customary from the clerks as though they would send in an apology beforehand, but with a peal as loud and strong as a country laugh. Mr. Thorp, muttering an exclamation of impatience, turned sharply from the papers spread out before him, and fronting the door called out: “Come in,” in a tone far from inviting. His bushy, grey eyebrows raised in astonishment as he beheld in the open doorway, not the president of an associated manufacturing establishment, nor the director of a bank, but an ordinary workingman, a farmer, evidently, from his tanned skin, his heavy shoes, and the unfamiliar fit of his Sunday clothes.

“Well, sir!” demanded the President of the Thorp Steel-Rail Manufacturing Company, “what can I do for you?”

The stranger gazed intently for fully half a minute at the man in the office chair, then said slowly in a voice as mild as the other’s had been sharp:

“I guess, you don’t remember me, Mr. Thorp. My name’s Watson;” and he paused expectantly.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Thorp testily, “you’re right; I don’t remember you. There are many Watsons, you know. Where do you come from?”

“From Gainsville,” replied the other; “your old home, you know, though I guess you’ve forgotten most everything down there by this time.”

“Oh, yes, I remember you now. You must be Joe Watson, the miller’s son.”

The stranger’s tone, as he answered, seemed heavily shaded with disappointment.

“Yes,” said Joe Watson, “and I was the miller’s son, but Dad’s been dead these seventeen years and I’m running the mill now, same’s I played at running it with you when we were boys together.”

A smile flitted to the countenance of the “old man,” as the clerks termed Mr. Thorp; and it seemed for a moment as though he were going to forget business, when some statement of figures on one of the papers
before him caught his eye; his brow puckered and he began to peruse the paper forgetful of the presence of his boyhood’s chum. After a while the sound of heavy retreating footsteps caused him to look up just in time to stop his friend at the door. “But, Joe, you wished to see me on some business. Tell me what it is; but first let me shake hands with you. My,” he continued, “it’s thirty years or more, I guess, since I saw you last—the day I left for college. You are married now, I suppose?”

Joe turned, came back slowly, and shook the extended hand heartily after the manner of all simple folk. His manner was calm, his voice low and mild, as is common among those who live close to nature all their lives and lose themselves in wonder and admiration of her mysteries.

“Yes, I’m married,” he said; I married Clarissya Howard. You remember her, don’t you? We have three children, one boy and two girls; the boy I named William; he’s fourteen now—just about your age when you left Gainsville and your old Aunt Mary, and went off to college and never came back.”

Gainsville—old Aunt Mary—Clarissya Howard! Dim as the pictures in some old gallery they loomed up in the mind of Mr. Thorp, President of the Thorp Steel-Rail Manufacturing Company. No wonder they were dim—thirty years of busy, exacting life, and no thought preserved their sacredness or kept them free from the dust of oblivion. But the retrospect got no further, for his business conscience began to assert itself and to complains loudly of lost time and silly sentimentality. What foolishness was this—Gainsville! a sleepy, old country village; old Aunt Mary—dead almost the whole of these thirty years, and her property now safe in 5% railroad stocks; Clarissya Howard—no longer the bright, winning girl that had so attracted his boyish fancy, but a farmer’s wife and the mother of three children. Louder and louder the conscience clamored, and in obedience to it he turned briskly to the man before him:

“Well, the mill’s mortgaged, the home’s mortgaged, and there isn’t much left of the farm; I guess the only chattel remaining is my word as an honest man. That’s something I ain’t never broken, I’d like to keep the old home,” he rambled on, scarce heeding whether the other heard him—“for it means all there is on earth that’s dear to me: old friends, old familiar scenes, loved ones that’s dead and gone, and all the joy and happiness it’s been my lot to possess. I know it’s askin’ a whole lot of you, Mr. Thorp, to lend me all that money just for the sake of old friendship and with no security; but if you do—” and his voice faltered—“I’ll work till I die to pay it back, and the interest too.”

He finished what he had come all the way from Gainsville to say, and now, sat awaiting the outcome. But Mr. Thorp remained silent, his lips drawn together and a forbidding frown wrinkling his forehead. A short, dry laugh that many in the business world had heard from him on similar occasions almost escaped his lips. Thoughts ran swiftly through his mind—thoughts about his own hard efforts to acquire a fortune and supremacy in the business world; thoughts of all the clever planning, the untiring perseverance that had been necessary to outstrip
his fellows in the race for wealth; thoughts also of the rules and principles of business (those rules and principles that count love, friendship and human sympathy as nothing when weighed against gain), and he slowly but decidedly shook his head.

"I'd like to help you, Watson," he said in his cold business voice, "but I don't see how it can be done; money is not plentiful these days, and most of mine is invested where I can not get at it. Of course, if you had good securities—" but the other had risen as if there was no more to be said on the subject.

"Well, Mr. Thorp," he said slowly, "I'm much obliged to you for sparing me so much of your time this morning. I guess I'll be going now; I've got a few things to get before I go back."

"How soon does your train leave?"

"About four this evening, I think."

"Well, stop in on your way to the station if you can, will you?"

How was the man from Gainsville to know that the request was but a mere formalitj', a neat way of taking leave.

"I will, Mr. Thorp, if I can get time, he responded simply. Then clumsily shaking the president's white hand, he passed out leaving that busy man to return to his work. But the president found that his thoughts; previously so engrossed with the papers before him, would not return to them, but strangely persisted in running backward to old times. Again and again he shook himself in an effort to bring back his rebellious faculties to the work before him, but the result was always the same.

At length he leaned back, an air of abstraction on his face, and his hand idly toying with his gold-rimmed glasses; His eyes were opened wide as though his soul had gone out through them to wander again amidst its old paradise of fields and woods. He felt the touch of the summer-breeze upon his cheek, and his nostrils filled with the odor from the clover-fields; a bird somewhere in the thicket broke suddenly into song as though unable longer to contain its joy; the river in the distance sparkled brightly and on its banks the scarlet flowers shone in the sunlight; every creature round him seemed pouring forth a canticle of joy. The song entered his heart and awoke there the old emotions and the old life. He felt the current of his blood sweep faster till it hummed through his veins, bearing in a flood of bright sunlight, the fragrance of the orchard and the song of birds, and he realized that he was rich—immeasurably rich—not in stocks and bonds nor in heaped-up gold, but in the fathomless riches of boyhood.

Along the river he ranged and through the woods and the fields as he had done in the old life; and ever at his side was one he loved more than a brother; one several years older than he and somewhat graver, but learned in the lore of the woods and wise in nature's secrets; one whose heart was brave and generous and constant to a friend as Truth; and their friendship was such as only boyhood knows.

The sound of the noon whistles startled him from his reverie. As he glanced up his eyes were moist and his features wore a softened look. He gazed through the window at the rush and bustle of the city, and sighed as though the world to which he had lifted himself had suddenly lost much of its brightness. The bell rang, and in response to a listless "Come in," the door opened and the visitor from Gainsville entered:

"I found I could take an earlier train," he began, but broke off in surprise at the other's outstretched hands and hearty welcome.

"Hello, Joe, old boy! Don't talk about going home to-day, for I'm going to keep you with me all day and to-morrow too. I want to take you home with me and talk over old times with you, and I want you to enjoy yourself; so you needn't let that little matter of a paltry six-thousand dollars worry you in the least."

Joe's surprise did not last, for the other's moist eyes, brightened face, and affectionate look told their tale.

"And Joe," he continued, laughing like a boy, "when you go back I want you to cut two good fishing-poles and get some bait ready, for I'm coming down in a few days, and we'll see if the suckers bite like they used to at the old hole near the dam, and we'll find out if Daddy Lane's watermelons taste as sweet as they did when we were boys."

Joe's eyes were full of tears as, in a husky voice he answered:

"All right, Bill, I'll get the poles."
To-day we are playing our first big game. Of all games on our schedule this one is the one which interests us most. From the beginning since we took up athletic relations with Purdue we have been hard rivals. For the past two years the Boiler-Makers have swamped us. But we expect a different story this time. To-day we fight not blindly like despairing men "to hold 'em down," but to win for the supremacy of Notre Dame. Go to it, men, we are with you, with you now and always, in victory or defeat. Notre Dame sends you her truest sentiments, and we all are watching for the outcome. What will it be? Victory we think, but no matter we are the same, Notre Dame to-day, to-morrow and forever. Will we win? We all hope so; we all are confident. At any rate, our sympathies go out to those canvassed warriors in Blue and Gold who are fighting. At home we are following the game with abated interest, and from Cartier Grandstand there comes the murmur of unrest as the rooters sit impatiently awaiting returns.

About that Indianapolis trip—what are the men going to do? It seems very discouraging for the management to fix up conditions so that the men could get away and not to notice any particular movement on the part of the student body for preparation. It isn't often that we get away on trips such as the Indiana one promises to be; such affairs are epochs in student-life. They are the things you talk about when you meet in later days, they are the events that leave an impression on all who take part. To-day, and ever since, we hear echoes of that famous Northwestern trip. How Notre Dame held the Methodists; how Salmon made himself a national reputation; how that grand old line held like the best Jackson ever had, and how two hundred rooters from the Irish University drowned the whole Northwestern contingent—these are things which promise to be duplicated at Indianapolis. As then, so this year too, some football dope is to be upset, so come along and root. Even if you are not an enthusiast and at best but a looker-on at the show, come any way, you'll get your money's worth.

—The other day a college paper went out of business. It was a severe blow to the great school and a just cause for humiliation. For if there is one thing more than another in living, it is to About Our live to say. If we are tied up and our mouths closed we are nonentities. And why live and be a nonentity? Our SCHOLASTIC is not under any danger of "closing up," but its standard can not be maintained if we do not get some suitably good work. So, Collegiate men, get in and give us some of your best work. If we are going to have a mouthpiece of Notre Dame, let it be a worthy one, a true representative one.

—Somebody said at the last exam., "I didn't think he'd ask that." It wasn't the first time the expression was used, since men began studying it has been true. The only way to get around it is to work from the beginning and be ready for anything he asks. Get a new start now for the next bi-monthly exams., they'll be here before you know it.
The Annual Retreat for the students was concluded on the morning of the Feast of All Saints by a general Communion. The Director of the retreat, Monsignor Vaughan, has won a permanent place in the affection of the students. His sermons were substantial, practical, and presented in excellent literary form, while his evident piety and unction reinforced his words.

Monsignor Vaughan will doubtless bring home with him from this visit many pleasant impressions. Let us hope that not the least pleasant will be his remembrance of Notre Dame and the students' retreat.

On Friday afternoon the students of the Collegiate English classes had the pleasure of hearing Mgr. Vaughan's "Reminiscences of Italy." That even the "informal talk" by one so familiar with Italian life would be informing and interesting, was expected. We have heard that Monsignor Vaughan possesses some valuable and curious data in the way of original documents on Mediaeval England? Those of us at present interested in the pilgrims to Canterbury would appreciate the light that such collateral information would shed on the days of Chaucer.
Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 5; Michigan, "Aggies," 0.

In one of the best games of football seen on Cartier Field for several years, the Varsity defeated Michigan Agriculture College last Saturday by the score of 5 to 0. The winning score was in the middle of the second half. Notre Dame had carried the ball to the Farmers' 25-yard line. In two attempts they gained but 6 yards, and Captain Bracken made a quarter-back kick which the "Aggies" recovered on the 2-yard line. Small immediately lined up for a punt behind his own goal-line. Sheehan broke through the line and blocked the kick, Hutzell falling on the ball.

In justice to the "Aggies" let it be said they deserved a cleaner beating than they received, for they put up a remarkably fast game and played good, clean, hard football throughout the contest.

The weather conditions could not have been worse. A stiff gale was blowing across the field and driving rain fell during the entire game. The lower end of the field was muddy and slippery, and runs on that part of the gridiron were impossible. The players were covered with mud from head to foot; the suits after ten minutes of play weighed all the way from fifteen to forty pounds. The ball was wet and slippery, and every condition adverse to football was in existence. Yet withal the game was fast and clean. Fumbling was frequent but excusable.

Four times in the first half the "Aggies" carried the ball into the Varsity's territory far enough to try for a drop kick, each time the ball going over the line, forcing Notre Dame to return the kick from the 25-yard line. The play during the first period was in the Varsity's territory the greater part of the time. But on one or two occasions the ball was carried far into the "Aggie's" part of the field, to be lost on downs.

The second half saw a change in the game. Time after time the Varsity carried the ball within striking distance of their opponent's goal, to lose it on a fumble or on downs. Line-bucks and skin-tackle plays were all that were used by Notre Dame, and the superior weight of our backs was gradually weakening the "Aggies," so that near the end of the game the Varsity was marching straight down the field for a touchdown.

The Farmers played a style of game which displayed the new rules well. Trick plays, forward passes, fast end runs and drop kicking marked their attacks, but the Varsity's defense held.


The Notre Dame-Purdue Game.

"Now for Notre Dame!" So heads the column in the Daily Exponent. It is more than a "mere local" too; it is the opinion of the student body at the big technical school. But for all that we go into the game with a fixed determination to upset the calculations of a few. They are worthy rivals, and to-day's game will be worth going to see. Barry has worked hard and consistently with his men; with Captain Bracken as general we can look for results. We expect a few to win their spurs to-day.

The line-up will be as follows: Hutzell, right end; Dolan, right tackle; Munson, right guard; Sheehan, center; Eggeman, left guard; Beacom, left tackle; Berry, left end; Bracken, quarter-back; Callicrate, right half; Waldorf, left half, and Diener, full-back.

The field was too slippery for Captain Bracken to get away with any long runs, but he slipped through the "Aggies'" defense a couple of times for runs of fifteen and twenty yards.

Callicrate injured his eye so that he thought he could see double. The injury is nothing serious, however, and was only for the moment.
The Conditions at Purdue.

BY H. L. BARNES, PURDUE, '08
(Asst. Issue Editor, Purdue Exponent).

Football practice since the defeat by Wabash last Saturday, has been far more encouraging than at any time previous during the season. At the start the material available, while plenty, was, to a very great extent, green and untried, and combinations of these new men which at first looked good panned out very badly. So that at this time just before the Notre Dame game the team consists very largely of new men, and men not played before this season. However, it can be said that these men have shown up much better than any combination yet tried. Greeson and Chapman, both seniors, and men taken from the senior class team, who will in all probability hold down the half-back positions Saturday, have gotten into the plays with great spirit, and we expect great things of them.

Munson showed the best form of his career as a punter. Against a strong wind his kicks averaged 45 yards in the first half.

"Us Tackles," Beacom and Dolan, again proved their worth on offense, annexing many yards for the Varsity.

Miller came near going through the Farmers' entire team on the last kick-off. He received the kick and dodged the forwards completely, being stopped by the man in the back-field.

The only real injury of the game was received by Parker, the "Aggies'" right guard, who had his knee twisted.

The Farmers lamented the fact that the field was slow, lessening their chances. Not for the sake of arguing simply, but the Varsity had cause for disappointment, as they had spent the week preparing end plays which Coach Barry instructed them not to use on account of the uncertain footing and slippery ball.

P. M. M.
The probable line-up of the team will be as follows:—Wyant, L. E.; Frushour, L. T.; De Lauter, L. G.; Wellinghoff (Capt.), C.; Berkheiser, R. G.; Robertson, R. T.; Fleming, R. E.; Holdson, Q. B.; Chapman, R. H.; Tong, F. B.; Greeson, L. H.

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WHO'S WHO ON THE PURDUE TEAM.

DeBoos, '08; end; first year on team; 160 lbs.; 5 ft. 11 in.; basket-ball squad two years; won his "P" last year; Phi Delta Theta; Columbus, Ind.

Frushour, '07; tackle; second year on team; 190 lbs.; 6 ft.; baseball team; Logansport, Ind.

Rasmusen, '07; guard; first year on team; 170 lbs.; 5 ft. 10 in.; Valparaiso, Ind.

Wellinghoff, '08; captain; center; third year on team; 215 lbs.; 5 ft. 11 in.; Coatesville, Ind.

De Lauter, '09; guard; first year on team; 186 lbs.; 5 ft. 9 in.; North Manchester, Ind.

Robertson, '07; tackle; second year on team; 190 lbs.; 6 ft.; Helena, Mont.

Fleming, '08; end; 1st year on team; sub last year; 180 lbs.; 6 ft.; West Lebanon, Ind.

Holdson, '07; quarter-back; second year on team; 135 lbs.; 5 ft. 7 in.; basket-ball team captain last year; Sigma Nu; Indianapolis.

Funk, '08; half; first year on team; 177 lbs.; 5 ft. 11 in.; Carden, Ind.

Reid, '07; half; first year on team; 160 lbs.; 5 ft. 8 in.; Sigma Chi; Holliday, Pa.

Long, '07; full-back; second year on team; 170 lbs.; 6 feet 1 inch; Phi Delta Theta; Louisville, Ky.

Berkeiser, '08; guard; first year on team; 6 feet; 187 lbs.; plays a good clean game; Marion, Ind. (Normal School.)

Mellen, '07; tackle; first year on team; has played four years on class team; fast and aggressive player; 161 lbs., 5 ft. 9 in.; Boonville, Ind.

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Purdue, Nov. 3. Coach Barry with his squad arrived last night. Every man is in perfect condition; Diener will play full-back in to-day's game. Notre Dame is determined to win, and with Greeson, Purdue's star half-back out of the game, it looks as though Purdue were going down to another defeat.

Notes from the Colleges.

Northwestern has a new one in football. An announcer explains to "side-liners" how each play is executed during the progress of the class games each Saturday.

Cutts, ex-Coach of Purdue, is perfecting the Harvard line, for the Yale-Harvard game of November 24.

The college editor is not immune from the far-reaching evils of labor wars. The Daily Iowan is tied up because of a strike of the printers and line-type operators of Iowa city. Cecil Rhodes was not a lover of the "bookish" student, as is evident from the provision in the requirement of an applicant for his scholarships: "Regard shall be had as to the student's fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football and the like."

Charlie Chadwick, the football "dopster" of the East, says that the number of field goals is amazing this season.

The Ottawa Review's Exchange Editor refers to our Scholastic as the "third visitor, with the quiet and even tone." We were unaware of our exceeding modesty.

There is a great deal of argument, a host of capital charges, and a babel of confusion in general, over the publication and election of editors of the Cap and Gown, a Chicago student publication.

Up at Michigan you have to show your girl to the ticket seller in order to get her in on the student rate ticket to the football games.

Georgetown won the first football game of the season from Gallaudet of Washington, D. C., by a score of 24 to 0. P. M. M.
Statement of Facts.

LYLE V. TAYLOR.

Eli Taylor and Charles Lyle are residents of South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana. Taylor is engaged in the patent medicine business. Lyle is the night clerk in the Olive Branch Hotel. On the 25th of August, 1906, Taylor went to the hotel, found Lyle and engaged a suite of rooms for the night, stating that he expected some friends from Mishawaka in the evening, who would eat supper with him and become guests of the house. They arrived about 5 o'clock p. m. and registered as commercial travelers. After supper they repaired to the largest of the rooms in the suite, seated themselves at a table under the chandelier, ordered a box of cigars and a pitcher of ice-water, smoked and chatted merrily about a "growler" (presumably a large dog owned by one of them), and then produced a pack of cards and began to play a game which they called, in technical language, "draw poker,"—evidently a dangerous proceeding, if the words were to be taken literally. One of the party, evidently a politician, referred to his admiration for the President and said, "Give us 'a square deal,' and we'll 'stand pat!'" Taylor took part in the game, and an exceptionally generous spirit seemed to come over him all at once, for, in response to certain cabalistic words of the others, such as "threes," "fours," "full house" "flush," etc., he gave them all his money. He then sent a message to Lyle, who made his way at once to the room and necessarily observed the kind of game that was in progress. Taylor called him aside and in a subdued tone of voice solicited a loan of $150, saying I will give you my note for the amount and pay it when the bank opens to-morrow or the following day. Lyle handed him the amount and received his note, couched in the words and figures following:

"$150. South Bend, Ind., Aug. 25, 1906.

"At sight I promise to pay to the order of Charles Lyle one hundred and fifty dollars at the First National Bank in South Bend. Value received.

"Eli Taylor,"

Soon afterward Lyle left the apartment and did not see Taylor again for several days. When they met, Sept. 1st, Lyle tendered the note to him, saying, "Here, Taylor, is your note. I need the money. I must pay a debt of $500 to-day, and what you owe me, added to what I have, will just about make up the amount." Taylor laughed jeeringly and said, "Oh, no! It is not in gaming alone that a man may lose his money. Why didn't you sit down, take a hand with us and enjoy some of the sport? You might have won, and you certainly could not have lost much more than the amount you gave me to squander. And squander it I did. It is all gone. I must admit, however, that it was clever of you to come to my aid when those fellows had driven me to the wall. I was in debt to them, and you enabled me to pay up. But as to this note, let me tell you, as advised by my lawyer, that it is worthless. The law forbids gaming, and money loaned in furtherance of it can not be recovered. So good-bye; ta ta!"

Greatly exasperated at Taylor's language and manner, Lyle now sues on the note.

The foregoing case is set for trial at the November term of the Moot-Court.

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Mr. Frank A. McCarthy (Law '06) writes Prof. Hoyes to the effect that all Notre Dame Law students who were recently examined for admission to the Bar at Springfield, Ill., passed with credit. They are now members of the Bar of the Supreme, Appellate and other courts of Illinois. We quote as follows from his letter: "The majority of the members who took the examination thought it very hard, and no doubt it was for the ordinary law student, but for anyone who had taken a course as thorough as that at Notre Dame it was comparatively easy. All of the members of the class from Notre Dame, including Thos. F. Healy, Ralph C. Madden and Lawrence McNerny, passed creditably, and they as well as myself owe you our sincerest thanks for the interest taken in our welfare while we were at the University. I am now located in a very good office at Elgin."
James O'Leary of Brownson Hall was called home last week because of the death of his sister. His many friends in Brownson and the University extend to him their sincere sympathy in his sorrow.

Local Items.

—Purdue to-day.
—Another call for contributions to your college paper, bring them in.
—Rooters attention, get together and organize, Nov. 10 isn't far away.
—The management of athletics announces that the Notre Dame contingent will stay at the Dennison House while in Indianapolis.
—"Do we want this game?"
"Sure!"
—"Are we going to get it?"
—U. N. D. rah! rah!
—"Are we?"
—U. N. D. rah! rah!
—"Whoo-a-rah!"
—U. N. D. rah! rah!

—To-day St. Joe plays Corby Hall on Cartier Field. The admission will be twenty-five cents. During the game reports will be read about the Purdue-Notre Dame game. There should be a good attendance because of the game, but principally to hear the reports.

—Saturday St. Joe Hall sent its second team up to Niles to play the burg's High School. The burg people beat St. Joe 11-0. But the score does not tell all the story, as time and again the light St. Joe men would hold the heavy High School lads. Cull and Barry played star ball and were ably backed by their team.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening. The principal feature was a debate. The question was: "Resolved that it is for the best interest of Cuba to be annexed to the United States." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Madden and Duncan, while the negative was supported by Messrs. Depew and Bradick. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. Bro. Alphonsus and Pres. Eggeeman spoke about the preliminaries, and encouraged the candidates. After Mr. T. Maguire and Mr. G. Springer entertained the society with a few impromptu remarks, the meeting adjourned.

—Fairbanks at Notre Dame. Thursday evening the student body assembled in Washington Hall to listen to the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Fairbanks. His stay was brief, but in that time he threw out many valuable ideas concerning young men and their ideals. We were a bit disappointed, however, that the renowned republican did not tell us a few things on the political order. It would have been quite apropos and appreciated.

—Last Sunday evening Prof. Farabaugh addressed the members of St. Joseph's Hall on the benefits to be derived from debating. In the course of his few but well-chosen remarks he stated that St. Joe held a high position in the art of debating. He pointed out the difference between elocution, oratory and debating—oratory is to persuade and debating to convince. He further added that it does not benefit a speaker to pour forth rhetoric and bombastic speeches. The prize comes to him who by diligence and perseverance delivers his well-planned, logically arranged arguments in a clear, convincing manner. In a word, the debater with an inferior speech but good delivery is capable of achieving more than the man with a strong speech but poor delivery. The gentleman's remarks were well received, and it is to be hoped that St. Joe will profit by these few remarks and enter the debates determined to win the inter-hall banner.

—Halloween came and went; there was nothing significant about it, except perhaps its usual Retreat. A party of youngsters from the nearby city invaded the premises and aroused a few Corbyites, but it was only for a moment and the vociferous ones were squelched. A dog in Kenefic's room made up its mind to start things, but the beastly thing was choked to death and finally kicked ere it could do any harm. Kenefic wept, but that didn't make any difference. A couple of footpads who stole along the gravel roof of the hose house, bent on nefarious purposes, were duly ejected and confessed. Someone below it is reported, by accident caught a lighted cigarette from 66's window and the smoker was impressively awarded "his." Carrollites were unusually good and some say that Brown-som dreamt pumpkin heads—pudding heads, a Corby man said—but then he was from Corby and so a friend. A passing judge said, "it didn't make any difference they might be either one or the other," but the writer of this doesn't know. He thinks they are neither. So that's about all there was to Halloween at Notre Dame. O yes, Callicrate went home; but then he was in training and was just as safe there as in Sorin. So ends the report which I have been scheduled to make. "Nothing doing," is the way everyone wrote to his male friend, and he was thinking of his male friend also when he added: "To think of studying on Halloween, and that barn dance out at Brown's."