

A SHORT CUT.

Among the hills of Sligo there is a small lake renowned in that region for its fabulous depth. A well-known professor, who was in that part of Ireland this summer, started one day for a mountain, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed Pat asked him if he would like to see the lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr." "How do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor. "Well, sorr, I'll tell ye. Me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said, "I'll prove the truth of me words," he said, and off with his clothes and into the water he jumped." The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression. "Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all." "But," said the professor, "I don't see that he proved the point by drowning himself." "Is it drowned? Divil a bit drowned at all he was. Sure, didn't a cable come from him next day in America askin' for his clothes to be sent on!"—*Ex.*

"The Morality of College Sports," an essay in the October number of *The Vindicator*, presents a fair and altogether to-be-appreciated phase of the question of college athletics. We are inclined to disagree with him as to the superiority of baseball over football, but heartily endorse the statements quoted below: "The highest compliment ever paid or possible to be paid to sports is their adoption by institutions of learning. Educators are wise in their generation, and in sports they perceive not only the in-

determinate morality that belongs to any and all human actions, but more than that, they recognize in them the possibility of engendering and promoting right morality. Their reasons for this are manifold and valid. There is an old dictum of '*mens sana in corpore sano*' and beyond that is the fact that a healthy youth, when he is neither at his books, at play, or asleep, will be at something—well, something that will do him no good, at any rate. College athletics are here to stay, and it is a pretty general rule that at colleges where athletics are not allowed to stay, the students will not stay."

MY CONSOLATION.

(Leo Hirner.)

Oh, I have got rheumatics
And rheumatics has got me;
Laws, I am in a sorry fix
As stiff as I can be.

No more the rabbits fear my gun
Which used to make them go;
Now 'fore I shoot they all have run
I am so dog on slow.

The fish no more jump at my bug
As they did do before,
For creeks ne'er see my orn'ry mug
Along their banks no more.

I am no good around the place,
To help the work along,
I can but go a fat duck's pace,
My runnin' gear's gone wrong.

One consolation I have though,
And sure enjoy it too,
My jaw is good—I let you know,
So all I do is "chew."

—*The Solanian.*