

Youths' Department.

WHY I LOST A RACE.

The Story of a College Boat-race.

The whole thing started from a talk we had one night in my study. Trib, as usual, had come over after supper to spend the evening with me, smoking and talking over boating matters. Now, Trib's my chum and right-hand man, and one more daft upon rowing, and all that pertains to it, it would be hard to find. I also must confess to a similar weakness, and, I am afraid, ride my hobby much too often for the comfort of my listeners. The consequence is, when Trib and I get together and once get started on this subject, the rest of the company leave. That is the way it was this memorable night. Leaning back, then, on a sofa which I always say "just fits me," and with Trib opposite, seated astride of a chair, we started discussing the chances the different class crews had for the college championship in the coming class races. The crews of the classes of '89 and '90 were pretty evenly matched, though the former had always, up to this time, managed to just defeat the latter; but there was no telling how the races would turn out this season, and therefore boating was a fruitful topic of conversation. Now, while I love—yes, love—boat-racing and everything connected with it, this matter of the supremacy between the crews of '89 and '90 has always been a painful subject, and for the following reasons: Trib, while he is a little fellow and far too weak and light to pull in a boat, is a splendid coxswain, and ever since his entrance into college has steered '90's boat, and always has been defeated. I, from the first took to rowing as a duck does to water, and have pulled stroke oar in my class boat since

MY FRESHMAN YEAR.

Thus Trib and I, while we have always gone in for everything else in college together, have always been opponents in the races, and as I had so far beaten him each season, I hated to refer to my victories for fear he would think I was crowing over him. However, this evening the Fates seemed to be against me. I determined to express no definite opinion on the subject and to get rid of this dangerous argument as soon as possible. At last Trib, finding that I would not talk, began to gradually abate his chatter and finally paused. Thinking this a good opportunity and having been looking steadily at him for a time, his sister—whom he strongly resembled, and with whom I was well acquainted—came to mind like an inspiration as a promising subject of conversation, and one about which we could not possibly differ. But, alas, this, it seems, was the very topic I should have avoided. No sooner had I mentioned his sister's name than Trib began a long account of how interested she was in the class races; that she had lately asked him, in a very sisterly fashion, as he expressed it, "Why he did not sometimes win a race, instead of always letting that Dick Stevens take first place?" Now, as "that Dick Stevens" referred to was your humble servant, this information sent me into a brown study. Of course I had known all along that Trib wanted awfully to win a race; that was but natural, but I argued that I wanted equally to win, and that my desire to see my friend victorious was overbalanced by my duty to my class. My classmates expected of me my best efforts, and it I was capable of winning, to win. But now a new factor had come into my calculation, namely: Trib's sister. The longer I thought about it the more I became convinced of my own and my class's selfishness in

WINNING EVERY RACE.

Why shouldn't the others have a chance? About this time, Trib, who hadn't for an instance ceased the rehearsal of his own wishes and his sister's aspirations for him, came to a sudden stop and aroused me from my reverie, with a "Look here, Dick: May would be awfully pleased if she could see how intensely interested you are in listening to her wishes." This did seem kind of hard, considering that, in my mind, I had just fallen in so completely with her views of the case; but I could not explain this to Trib, so I told him I had been listening all the time, only I was pretty tired.

Well, after Trib had left and I had gone to bed, I lay awake pretty nearly half the time going over the question. I know, at any rate, I was dreadfully upset up the next morning at six o'clock when I had to get up to row. But it was no use, either I must win or lose; and I knew I was able to win. Still I could not decide, and for the next few days went about so abstracted that the fellows all began to ask me what was the matter, and whether I was overtrained. I think I would have gone on this way until the day of the race, in all likelihood, if I had not happened to overhear a conversation one day as I was rubbing down after doing my three miles on the river. It was between two fellows. One was Tom Wetherill, and the other I recognized as I heard his voice clearly; it was Trib, and he was telling Tom, who stroaked his boat, how confident he felt of winning, and how his sister intended to give a set of colours to the crew on their victory. This determined me; if they, Trib and his sister, were so certain of winning they must

NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.

I could imagine how May would feel if Trib lost, now that she had set her heart upon his being victorious. I thought, perhaps, she would cry; I had never seen her in tears, and I did not want to, particularly if I were to be the cause of them. Well, training went on regularly, and our crew continued to do by far the best work. We worked like machinery with our long swinging stroke; and it was easy to be seen, even by the uninitiated, that we would win certainly unless something unexpected happened. Trib's crew also practiced steadily; and I could see by the happy, confident look on Trib's face that the idea of defeat had never entered his head. At last the day of the race arrived. It was beautiful and sunny, and I noticed and remembered how clear and still the water looked, and how expectant everything seemed. The boathouse was gaily decorated with flags and bunting for the

occasion; and the balcony was filled to overflowing with a bevy of girls, sisters and friends of the fellows. I had not eyes but for one, and you can easily guess who that was. There she stood, the centre of a group of girls, talking eagerly to them and holding in her hands the bunch of colors which she had in her mind destined for the victor, her brother. Just then the voice of our coxswain crying "ready," aroused me, and the next minute I was helping carry down our long paper shell. Then followed the order "oars," and I got mine in some way, put in the oar-lock, and the next minute was in the boat. Somehow, the fact of being in the boat and hearing the coxswain giving orders seemed to bring me back to a realization of

WHERE I WAS

and what I was to do, and I felt within me a return of the old excitement of the moments before a race. I thought I could actually hear the hurrahs of my classmates as I crossed the line a winner, but then I suddenly remembered that this was impossible; I was not going to be first. Trib's boat was to hold that enviable position. How would it feel, I asked myself, to be a loser instead of a victor, and that, when I knew I could have just as easily been the winner? The idea was not a pleasant one, and, in fact, was so repugnant that I determined to do my best. I could not lose the race purposely, for I suppose my reader has divined my intention; no, it was in me to win, and win I would. But just then '90's boat put off from the slip, and I heard Trib telling Tom Wetherill not to beat '89 too badly as poor Dick would feel so, and he knew how it felt to be defeated. That settled my chances for victory. After Trib making such a speech as that it would be impossible for me to see him loose. No, Trib should win. As we rowed slowly up the river to the starting line I planned out the whole thing, and tried to persuade myself that I was a martyr. But, somehow, I could not feel martyrlike at all. When we had lined up and were all waiting for the word, I could hear the men on the referee's boat admiring our crew, and I overheard one judge say to another that "It was easy to pick out the winner, to his mind. At last came the word 'Go.' I remember to this day, with all its distinctness, and am sure

I ALWAYS WILL.

for it seemed, as indeed it did, to sound the death knell to all my chances for the race. Our crew started off with an easy strong stroke, and, although for the first half-mile the boats all hung pretty closely together, then the superior training of our crew and '90's began to tell, and we slowly drew away from the rest. At the two-mile post we were how and how. I could see however, by glancing over my shoulder that our opponents were doing their best, while I could tell by the regular work in my boat that the crew was capable of much greater exertion. Swiftly we went on, every spurt of one crew being answered by an accompanying one from the other, though both reserved their best efforts for the finish. Closer and closer we approached the finishing line and while we were yet a couple of hundred yards away my crew began to get impatient, and I even heard one or two muttering calls for the last spurt. I held them off, however, as long as I could, and not till I felt it was unsafe to do so longer ordered a spurt. The coxswain repeated the order, and then just at the moment when everyone expected us to shoot ahead, I caught a crab—yes, a crab, of the worst kind—one that sent me flying backward almost into the lap of the number seven man, and threw the entire crew out of stroke. My seat slipped from under me and it was several seconds before I could regain it. Meantime, Trib, seeing the accident, gave a shout, and quickening the stroke in his boat passed us as we lay for the time being, helpless, and crossed the line a winner. Never to this day will I forget the reproaches and invectives which were hurled upon my hapless head by my fellow-crewmen, who would not be appeased. But there was nothing to the sight that met my eyes as I passed the boathouse. For there was May, her face shining with pleasure and excitement, presenting the colors to a fellow member of the crew. Tom Wetherill, the stroke of the '89 man crew.—*P. Cheshill, Windsor, Ontario, Home Journal.*

Motions of the Stars.

The Fates are visibly a group. Throughout ancient history they are represented as seven stars, waiting one in our own day that small square of sky space over which this cluster of half a dozen stars is scattered has been found to be occupied by more than two thousand suns. The distance of the group from us is estimated as at least fifteen hundred millions of miles, and it is calculated that Alycone, the chief of its stars, must a thousand times exceed the brilliancy of our own sun. Now, in regard to this goodly company, there is evidence that the majority have an apparent motion in common. But that which is true of this wonderful crowd of worlds is not true of all the individuals that at first sight seem to belong to it. A few are found to lag behind, while two at least hurry on in advance of the general progress. These, then, do not, in fact, belong to the cluster, but being situated far beyond or far in front, take their places in the same apparent plane only through the effect of perspective. The question may naturally be asked, can produce this appearance of motion either in the stars of the group or in the stars before and behind it? It must be produced by reality of motion somewhere, either on the part of the stars themselves or else of another star, the sun with which we ourselves are identified, or else on the part of both combined. It is obvious that, if our solar system is in motion, the other solar systems of the sky are likely to be in motion also, and vice versa. Thus we might expect that the apparent movements referred to would be a mixed result, and this is found to be the case. The displacements of the stars are analyzed into what is called "proper motion," optically transferred to the whole stellar multitude from the single real motion of the sun, and the "motion peculiaris," belonging to each individual star. Slowly, as slowness is counted in cele-

stial things, our sun is moving toward such and such a point in the heavens. This inference is drawn from the fact that thousands of variously situated stars are found to have a drift in the opposite direction. But this drift does not account for the whole of their movements, and when that part of the movement which is common to all has been subtracted, the residuum, in whatever direction it may happen to be for each, is set to the account of the star's own progression.—*Edinburgh Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

(The columns of the TRUE WITNESS are open to correspondents writing on subjects of interest. But it must be understood that no letter inserted is to be regarded as representing the opinion of the paper. Anonymous letters will not be noticed, though the names of writers will be held strictly in confidence.)

C. M. B. A.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

Sir,—I consider Brother Coffey's lectures in the Catholic Record would be much more effective, in converting those hardened sinners who cannot view C. M. B. A. interests in the same brotherly spirit that he does, if he would try and put in practice some of those christian virtues he so ably advocates, for though the seasoning of my correspondence with some pickles may prove somewhat too pungent for his taste, I can assure your readers that they are not near so injurious to the constitution as Dr. Coffey's mercurial sugar-coated pills.

Brother Coffey held such a high opinion of my previous correspondence that he would willingly have published it but only on such conditions that I could not agree to, I believing it more straightforward, instead of firing around the target, to strike the bull's eye at once, and state what I considered were his reasons for such vigorous advocacy of separation, viz.: the indifference shown in not electing him Supreme President in 1888, etc.

Sir, it is well known to your numerous readers how ably Brother Coffey can advocate a cause, in the columns of his journal, in order the better to advance the interests of his relatives, and knowing this and what I have witnessed since I joined the association, and learned through the press, and otherwise, I am not at all surprised, that such a shrewd, keen business man, as Brother Coffey is reputed to be, voted for separation on the first favorable opportunity presenting itself, but of course not from any mercenary motives, seeing how easily with the assistance of his friend the Grand Secretary he has secured a monopoly up to this of whatever in his line is to be done for the association in Canada, and strange it may seem, his other friends as far as numbers will permit filling the other principal offices in Canada. The only thing wanting to cap the climax of Brother Coffey's ambition was to be elected Supreme President. Consequently, as I am credibly informed he voted for separation in 1888, but why vote against it, at convention of Supreme Council in 1888, when it was definitely arranged, between Pennsylvania Grand Council, and the Canada Grand Council, that they would assist each other in their demand for separation, and when he had much stronger reasons for demanding separation in the large increase of our membership and increasing sums of money being sent to pay the assessments of the extra death rate of the New York Grand Council. Was it not the longing desire to have the magic word Supreme attached to his name, and fearing the loss of votes, in securing the coveted prize he broke faith, and voted against granting separation to the Pennsylvania Grand Council, in consequence of which Canada lost separation by a vote of 14 for and 17 against, whereas otherwise, it would have been 14 for and 15 against. I will not call that morally.

Under these conditions, it would not do for Brother Coffey to show his hand too soon, but then it was his friends, as do, etc., etc., need need delivering their orations at the installing of officers of old and new branches, portraying glowing colors the great benefits to be derived from separation, in order not to doubt to prevent there being a dissenting voice when it would be brought forward at the convention in 1890, but Branch 84 blocked the little game, then it was Brother Coffey got desperate in his demands for separation. Then it was that one of his friends expressed his deep regret for having taken part in the formation of Branch 84.

Now, as was naturally to be expected, and as was stated in the correspondence from Branch 84 and elsewhere, the death rate of Canada is increasing, and Brother Coffey, who appealed so pathetically heretofore to the patriotism, sentiments and pockets of his Canadian brothers, to cease paying the enormous sum of one dollar each annually to pay the extra death rate of the New York Grand Council, is now prepared to pay an extra amount to the Canada Grand Council in preparation to meet its extra death rate, may more he is prepared to sacrifice the interests of his Canadian Brothers, who may be compelled by force of circumstances to get transfers to Yankee Grand Councils that they may the better provide for themselves and families. Any brother, as he has lost confidence in the sincerity of those Yankees, they are such deceitful hypocrites, and why? Your readers can judge for themselves, and if I judge by his standard Branch 84 of the numbers who are opposed to separation, his far fetched 95 per cent in favor of it must have wonderfully decreased, if I am guided by the resolutions passed in its favor by a few branches around Montreal and London. I must admit I have no knowledge of those Yankees save that they have faithfully performed the duties of the several offices to which they were elected, and Brother Coffey and his friends could do no more. My respect for the Bishops and Priests of Canada being so great, and my knowledge of them so limited, I could not undertake to make any flippant assertion as to their opinion on the question at issue, and despite Brother Coffey's assertions to the contrary, neither am I in any way over anxious to have my name appear in print, nor am I desirous as a newspaper writer to advance the interests of myself or relatives by encouraging a spirit of discord antagonistic to the grand ob-

jects for which the association was established, a result to be deplored by all those desirous for the undivided Catholic, fraternal unity of the same.

J. O'FARRELL.

Ottawa, Sept. 21, 1891.

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GERMAN TACTICS

As Carried Out in the Army—An Expert's Opinion on Them.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—An English officer, describing the German army manoeuvres, says: "The method of infantry attack called 'swarming' differs from the English style of advancing in extended lines. The method of the German is simpler. They advance line upon line and shoulder to shoulder. This formation gives great strength, though there is a heavy expense in life, which shows that infantry is still held cheaply and the victory goes to the biggest battalions."

In describing a flank attack on a strong position in the village of Simmerhausen the same officer says that the defenders were strongly entrenched in cornfields, and that line after line of the attacking party seemed to spring out of the ground suddenly and in most unexpected positions, and in crowded masses were halted fifty yards distant from the defenders.

The officer thinks, however, that in the face of heavy rifle fire few of these attackers would have survived to cross bayonets with the defenders.

Instead of the English style of volley firing, the German practised independent firing, the officers judging the distances during the stages of the enemy's advance. Each man was supplied with 150 rounds of Mauser small bore cartridges. The recoil was exceedingly light. The expenditure of ammunition was large, and the officer thinks it would be difficult to keep men supplied with cartridges with such individual firing. Certainly in an open country the advantages would be on the side of the defenders.

Speaking of the three days forced march from Cassel to Erfurt, the officer expresses the strongest admiration for the wonderful endurance of the infantry, the men being deep chested, sturdy, easily fed and contented. In spite of sultry weather, clouds of dust and heavy accoutrements, weighing fifty German pounds, each man maintained a swinging pace of four miles an hour for eight hour spells on hilly ground. On arriving at the end of the march they were bathed in sweat and dirt, but ready for a spirited performance of their exercises. At the end of the day's work they were still cheerful—singing in chorus.

The daily ration is composed of a handful of coffee beans, two pounds of black bread, half a pound of meat and a quarter of a pound of rice.

SHIPS AS BURIAL PLACES.

A Curious Scandinavian Method of Disposing of the Dead.

Burial ships have so far been discovered to the number of a dozen in Sweden and Norway. The bodies laid in them, burned or unburned, were equipped with pathetic care. Besides being elaborately armed and adorned, they had placed at their disposal means of employment and diversion, such as writing tablets, forging tools, whetting stones, scissors, cooking utensils, chessmen, draughtsmen and dice. In one of nine boats containing many bodies, disinterred in the churchyard of Venell in Uppland, weapons and implements were associated with the remains of three horses, three dogs, a cow, a pig, ram, ewe and goose. Another sheltered the bones of a goose, a duck, a falcon, and owl and crane.

The inference seems justified that all these birds were domesticated. Inside the ribs of the celebrated Gokstad ship some "parrots" feathers lay scattered with fragments of gold-embroidered silk-stuff, and the tumbler near Sandefjord, from which it was unearthed in 1880, contained the skeletons of at least twelve horses and six dogs. But the treasures of the sepulchral chambers and ships had long ago fallen a prey to some of the numerous and nameless thieves who

ransacked the graves of warriors old. Their riches were hidden from curious hold the ribs of the celebrated Gokstad ship some "parrots" feathers lay scattered with fragments of gold-embroidered silk-stuff, and the tumbler near Sandefjord, from which it was unearthed in 1880, contained the skeletons of at least twelve horses and six dogs. But the treasures of the sepulchral chambers and ships had long ago fallen a prey to some of the numerous and nameless thieves who

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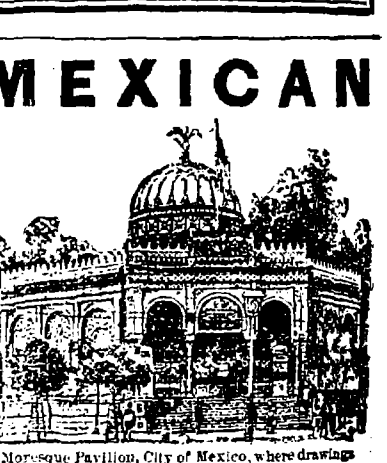
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