

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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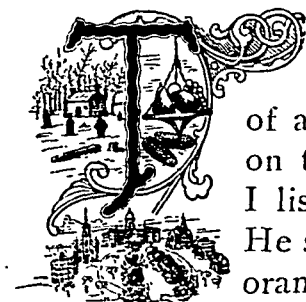
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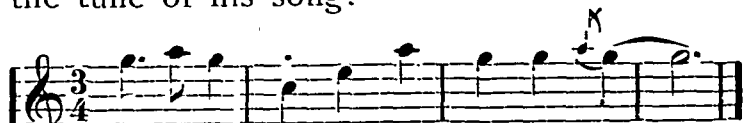
No. 35.

An Oriole's Song.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.



HIS morning while the dew twinkled in tiny globes of azure and gold and crimson on the tips of the grass-blades, I listened to an oriole calling. He stood in his black hood and orange vest on a white limb of a buttonwood tree among the young greenish-gray leaves, and the sky was blue as a tropical sea behind him. That jolly fellow is the beauty and music of May incarnate. This is the tune of his song:



I did not catch the key. The notes, especially the lowest one, are exquisitely full, limpid, satisfying; no musical instrument can reproduce all their harmonics. They are living tones, sweeter than the chime of water dripping into a caverned pool. Sometimes he sets in a quaint, gurgling catch-sound before the first "g" in the third bar.

I saw the first oriole this spring on the morning of the sixth of May. It was beside St. Joseph's Lake. The faint wind crinkled the water into chased silver, and suddenly a tiny purple flame of violets surprised me from the dewy grass at my feet. There was a murmur of bees above my head; I looked up, and lo! a cherry-tree veiled in white, and there the gleam of an oriole's breast.

The oaks then were only brown with a faint vermilion flush along the mass; now they are indescribably beautiful in green-

grays, dull vermilion, and cool yellows. Up near the Novitiate those Dutch belles, the tulips, were loitering along the walks in flame-colored taffeta and sulphurous silk. The "pansies freaked with jet," soft as a fawn's eye, nestled by absurd white-washed stones: good, honest stones that might be holding rich lichens. One little wild pansy lay in the wayside grass, and at the feet of a statue of the Madonna was a faded bunch of "spring-beauties," the veins under the white petals still pink in spite of death. The slanting sun struck along a hedge and covered it with yellow blossoms till I drew near and found only lilac-leaves. The new wheat was still: no ripples, no quivering lines of running shadows and pale-green light.

Beyond the Novitiate live three woodpeckers, whose acquaintance I made last year, but they are still shy. One is a large "flicker." He wears a crimson hood, and his buff wings are lined with yellow. The other two are common-folk woodpeckers. They look like Minims in chapel: each wears a black soutane, over this a long white surplice, over this again a black cape, and the biretta is red. They float up through the tall oaks, sit on a dead limb, shut their eyes, and ta-ta-ta-tap, quick as the clapper of an alarm-clock, with the end of their noses on the tree, till you wonder they do not get a headache. One of them that day chiseled a grub out of a limb, and then he accidentally dropped it; he leaned over and watched the grub falling, tail over head, and said: "Well! You *were* slippery."

Near the western end of the lake a blue jay was quarreling with a robin, and of course the robin withdrew from Larissa. A pair of chipmunks were going to market through the grass at the foot of the tree in which the angry robin was sulking; suddenly this rascally

bird dropped down as a stone would drop, snapped in sheer malice at Mrs. Chipmunk, and scared the poor lady into hysteria. Her husband, his small test-tube cleaner of a tail quivering in righteous indignation, rushed at the robin and routed him. I once considered the sparrow the street-ruffian among my bird-acquaintances, but the "robin" (a migratory thrush and no robin) is no better in his morals. That the sparrow refuses to eat insects, that he injures plants, that he drives away other birds, have been conclusively proved by our Department of Agriculture. This little British ruffian evicts all birds that build nests in boxes provided by man, in cornices and holes in buildings, in holes in trees, in any place the invader likes. He must have read up, before emigrating, the methods used by the English lion, and his small tail should be twisted. He is a bully, but the robin is no better. The egg-collecting boy, however, and the multitudinous woman that wears birds' wings in her wonderful hat are the "sparrows" that destroy the wild singers.

It is surprising how tame the robins are at Notre Dame. One family has built its nest in a spruce tree on the main campus about two feet above a spot where the mortar-boards of the well-lunged Sorinese habitually congregate. There are three fat children in that family already. These babes hop! hop! hop! along the road, like the ghost in *Lenore*, until their mother brings a worm to one of them. Then the youngster splits almost into two by opening its mouth rapturously from shoulder to shoulder, and instantly it is ready for another worm. Where do young birds and young boys put all they eat? There is a question for naturalists! I suppose the tameness of our robins may be explained when one thinks that among the hundreds of boys here there is no bird-killer known. Even "Vic," the small negro dog, beloved of Brownson Hall, does not annoy the robins. When she was young and frivolous she did bark at the sparrows, but they were too wise to fear her.

Vic's reign over hearts is ending: our friend, Brother B., who in India surpassed the deed of the Horatii, has a pair of aristocratic Irish terriers that are growing to be the objects of universal admiration. Perhaps you do not remember how three Paythens were once foolhardy enough to attack Brother B., while he was separated from his regiment. Let me narrate that historical event.

With Fielding I cry: "Ye muses, whoever ye are who love to sing battles, and principally

thou who whilom didst recount the slaughter in those fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy friend Butler, assist me on this great occasion." All things are not in the power of all, and I would tell of a fight that surpassed the mighty deeds done of the hero Mulvaney. Him (Corporal Mulvaney, of course) the cowslip-broidered banks of gently-winding Liffey had nourished, where he first learned the noble art of war, sauntering proudly through crowded fairs with trailing coat, when no hero from all the lands within that Isle begirt by the many-twinkling ocean-stream was found brave enough to tread upon the subjacent fruit of the maternal loom of Mulvaney. Great was Mulvaney, but greater the Three-Horatii-In-One!

That day of days Apollo had turned all the tropic desert-sands to frying-pans, but our hero, bred as warriors are bred, heeded not the arrows shot of Helios. Shield had he none, for he scorned to carry the fort about with him wherever he went, and it is not the part of a wise man to bear heavy weapons while a baggage wagon is close at hand. From ambush the Paythens saw the hero, fit to be the shepherd of the people, and not otherwise than when three ravening lions, portentous beasts, rush roaring down upon a circumvented stag, did these savage Orient spearmen, robed principally in black skins, sweep outward against our mighty man. Was he as a stag? Nay, by Zeus and the ox-eyed Here! But catching the foremost Paythen by his ample ears, the beloved of Ares lifted high the writhing Indian, and drove him even unto the neck, feet downward, into the desert sand. A like disagreeable accident befell the other rash salvages.

That night when the heroes sat before the tents, and the smoke of a burning weed, first found in far Columbia beyond the ocean-stream, was curling up a sweet savor to the gods, did The-Three-Horatii-In-One recount his deed while men were silent and the tethered steeds champed golden grain. He uttered speech and said: "Arrah, man! I stuck them in the sand up to the chin, and left them there to starve!" Then did the well-fed men of Britain shout approval, and they poured a thank-libation to Dionysus, not outwardly, as did the Greek, but in another direction.

Why should this sound of arms clash brazenly athwart my Maytide idyl? The thought was with me that if our hero had had his terriers then, these might have diverted the attack, and made it unnecessary to treat Indians like seed-potatoes.

Christian Unity.*

M. JAMES NEV, '97.



HE recent proposal of Great Britain to enter into a treaty of international arbitration with the United States has brought about the discussion of a subject which is of first importance to Christianity and to civilization.

It is not my purpose, this evening, to criticise the action of the United States Senate in rejecting this proposal; even were it practicable to do so in the short time allotted me. My proposition is peace. Not peace to be sought by the tramp of hostile armies, the roar of artillery, or the stirring airs of martial music, but by the same heavenly harmonies that aroused the shepherds at the rock-founded city of Bethlehem, proclaiming in their dulcet warblings, "peace on earth and good will toward men"; not by flashes of contending steel, amidst the bad passions of the battlefield, the shrieks of the dying and the flames of subjugated cities, but by the glowing light that shot athwart the firmament and illumined the whole heavens at its advent.

Everything among a highly-civilized people demands peace and decries war; violence and brute force are but the attributes of the savage and his only argument. The question uppermost in the minds of thinking men is: "Shall the nations of the earth who have become so pre-eminent in philosophy and in the science of mind over matter, and after six thousand years of civilization, and two thousand years of Christianity, still retain the method of the barbarian in settling their disputes?" Were it on no other grounds than those of the humane feelings, the brotherly love, which are the natural corollaries of a common creed and kinship, the answer should be most emphatically *No*. But there are other reasons that argue for arbitration. It requires no profound knowledge of political economy to understand what great advantages the nations of the world gain from their commercial intercourse. When some controversy arises that may result in war, this commerce suffers greatly, merchants lose confidence, withdraw their capital, and industrial depression is the inevitable result.

With arbitration we would be freed from this evil; we would rest assured that our

grievances would receive the close attention of the master-minds of the countries interested, and that no resort to hostilities would be had if sound sense and mature judgment could avoid it. You must agree with me, when I say that mediation, when vast and sacred interests are at stake, is always better than rash, impulsive action. Above all the other benefits arbitration would bring about are the unity of Christian nations and the abolition of standing armies. It requires \$800,000,000 and the services of 10,000,000 men yearly to maintain the peace of European nations, while their laboring classes are in the most squalid misery by reason of excessive taxation. Why not, I say, put into practice the true precepts of Christianity, do away with these great armaments, and turn this immense sum of money into productive channels, and into the uplifting of these lower classes?

These European nations present the deplorable spectacle of a house divided against itself, a coterie of Christian nations, each afraid and jealous of the other, each with immense bodies of armed men patrolling their shores, and mighty battle-ships furrowing the ocean and ready to thunder forth death and destruction at the slightest provocation. There is no unity, no practice of the brotherly love that Christ came upon earth to instil into the hearts of men. Only avarice, only selfishness and greed, are the distinguishing characteristics of these European nations in this, the twilight of the nineteenth century of Christianity. These nations have stood serenely by, and have seen the infidel Turk lay waste the fairest provinces of Christendom, simply because they are not united, and can not call a halt on his murderous work, or compel him to submit his claims to a committee on arbitration. They have viewed, with sluggish indifference, his nefarious slave-trade between the Equator and the African coast; they have looked across that dreary desert, and have seen the trail white with the bleaching bones of the unfortunate beings who have fallen victims to hunger and fatigue or ill-treatment by this trafficker in human flesh. They have heard the pitiful wail of children, the cries of violated maidenhood, and the death moans of aged men and women, break forth from the unhappy land of Armenia without ever finding a responsive echo in either earth or heaven.

Because there is no unity in Christendom, this Turkish nation, which is entitled no more to the consideration of civilized peoples than a band of robbers and assassins, dares to defy

* Delivered in the Oratorical Contest, Wednesday, June 5, in Washington Hall.

Christendom. To defy Christendom? No; it is not necessary to defy Christendom. To the shame of the three greatest powers of Europe, they are, for selfish motives, become the abettors of the Turk; and when plucky little Greece rose up against this Satan in human garb, they did their very utmost to bring about the subjugation of Crete, and hovered about the scene of conflict like vultures gloating over carrion. O Justice! if thou dost still hold thy seat in the minds of men, see here a noble and enlightened nation robbed of her freedom and put in chains; her beautiful works of art trampled beneath the feet of a cruel and immoral oppressor, and her talented sons and daughters subjected to indignities that are worse than death—O Justice, look down upon this scene of infamy, and there write your verdict!

Amid all this treachery, and lawlessness, and national greed, arises the voice of the grand old man. Yes, Gladstone has spoken, and in no measured terms, to these shameless Christian powers of Europe; and I am glad that his voice is in perfect consonance with that of the other grand old man of the Vatican—Pope Leo XIII. Well may they arraign before the bar of public opinion the selfish policy of European nations that has permitted the unspeakable Turk to lay waste this fair land of Greece, the cradle of philosophy, of art and of science. Her beautiful monuments lie in the dust, and many of her national characteristics have vanished; but the nobility of the Greek spirit still endures. There is nothing so dear to Greece as liberty; and although bound by the cruelest chains that ever held a captive, her heart still throbs with bright hopes of future freedom. The memory of her glorious past sustains her in this heroic struggle, and will never allow her to become reconciled to the debasing yoke of Moslemism.

It requires but the strong arm of united Christendom to roll back the stone of Moslem tyranny from the door of the sepulchre where crucified Grecian liberty lies entombed, and she will rise again to edify the world with her arts and sciences.

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece, that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."

Is the unity of Christian nations by means of arbitration possible? Most assuredly it is. The good results of common-sense and judgment, and the bad effects of rash, impulsive action, have been well demonstrated in recent

years. Let us take a few examples. The flag of Germany was insulted a few years ago by Spain; yet Germany arbitrated with Spain, and allowed the Pope to act as arbiter; all reasonable apologies were made. Now was Germany wiser in this course than if she had gone to war with Spain, squandered millions of dollars in property, and sacrificed the lives of her best citizens, and then perhaps have gained no other advantage than the sad one of taking human life?

France resented Germany's imaginary insult by an appeal to arms, and the Franco-Prussian war cost her two of her best provinces, four billion francs and thousands of the lives of her best citizens. Where can we point to a single instance, except in defensive warfare, where a good result was obtained? I might dwell at length on the baneful results of war, and the good results of reason and judgment in settling international differences, but it is scarcely necessary.

Rome was the greatest military power that ever existed; the nations of the earth bowed submissively before her invincible legions; but where now are the haughty men who were so proud of their Roman citizenship? And where are the mighty Roman senators who dictated the policy of the world? And where are the stately towers that rose by the Tiber? They have been! Even her language is dead; and well may the poet refer to her as the "Lone mother of dead empires." Just a few decaying ruins plead for the memory of her glorious past; the owl hoots from the desolate towers of the forum, and the winds of the desert chant a sad requiem over the mouldering walls of the Coliseum.

Napoleon was the greatest warrior that ever lived; he made Europe tremble at his frown; he made vassals of kings and princes; yet he met his Waterloo; and the only thing remaining to comfort him in his dying days was the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena. We are told by General Sherman that war is hell; and we believe the truth could not have been spoken more plainly; and General Grant told us most sincerely that he never knew of a quarrel that could not have been better settled by friendly adjustment than by war.

There are certain Americans who say that it would argue timidity on the part of the United States to enter into a treaty of arbitration; but nothing could be further from the truth. There is no doubt among the nations of the world as

to the prowess of America. They have not forgotten that there still dwells among us the valor that made Washington and his little patriot band brave the icy waters of the angry Delaware in the darkness of that January midnight, and gain the greatest victory that the world has ever known. In the British Parliament the eloquent voice of Edmund Burke is forever stilled; but four words that he uttered in his great speech on conciliation still echo in the ears of mankind: "You can not conquer America!"

We of the present generation have no adequate idea of the horrors of war. We were not born in 1863 to see our fathers offer up their lives upon the altar of freedom; but the nameless graves that deck the bleak fields of Gettysburg, and the saddened firesides of our land, speak more eloquently than all that can be told us of the miseries of war. The truly enlightened man of today recoils at the thought of slaughtering his fellow-man. The humane feelings and kindness, which are always the offspring of true education, will never allow him to see the little child put its arms about its mother's neck to ask for its murdered father, or be the cause of the widow's tears, as she sits in her lonely home, waiting for the husband or son who will return no more.

We, the rising generation of America, we upon whom so much depends, we who are soon to take active part in this great drama of life,—we should adopt for our motto that line of Terence:

Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto.

We should strive to bring about a condition of universal peace with our neighboring nations. We should assert the superiority of mind over matter, the advancement of civilization over barbarism, by doing away forever with this benighted relic of the dark ages—hostile and bloody warfare. And when we look toward the East and see the bright sun rise on another century, may we also see the union of Christian nations, the abolition of standing armies, the brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God.

A Hypocritical Farewell.

My Varsity Verse, I give you good-bye,
Till the dawn of another year;
With head bowed low, and a tear in my eye,
My Varsity Verse, I give you good-bye,
For the days have sped and the end is nigh;
Our time has ended, I fear.
My Varsity Verse, I give you good-bye,
Till the dawn of another year. L. P. D.

Our Need of Naval Preparation. *

THOMAS TYRONE CAVANAGH, '97.

"LET us have peace," said one of America's most honored sons, and in this phrase he expressed the whole trend of American diplomacy since the days of the Colonies. We are a peace-loving nation. All our laws are framed to foster a deep feeling of harmony among ourselves and to establish amity with other nations. Never in her history has our Government pursued a policy of colonization in lands where war was to be a factor in the enterprise. The policy of neutralization introduced and advocated by Washington and his contemporaries has been practised by their successors during all administrations. We are ever willing to defend our rights; but the desire of peace, innate and traditional, prevents us from rushing thoughtlessly into the terrors of war.

Washington, in his message to the Third Congress, said: "There is a rank due to the United States among nations that will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace—one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity—it must be known at all times that we are prepared for war." Preparation for war is the preservation of peace. Our Government has, since the Civil War, disregarded in legislation and appropriations the counsel of our first President. Our navy, once powerful and great, has become deplorably weak. To attempt to point out the necessities of a stronger sea-power, to show that the United States is in need of naval defence, and, finally, to indicate that this power should ever be in readiness, is the object of my address this evening.

Naval preparation and the judicious development of sea-power is necessary for two reasons. In the first place, war in the case of this country, is possible, and secondly, it is probable. To a nation like our own, blessed with tranquillity and removed from entangling alliances, war, as an abstract idea, seems to be a useless waste of force, and theoretically arbitration should prevent it. But arbitration implies consent; and to a nation without strength arbitration is only a name. No people can demand arbitration unless they can defy a conflict. Only

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when pacific settlement of disputes is the dictate of good business policy on the part of a government, will that government abandon the battlefield for the court of arbitration. Nor is it right to assume that we have advanced beyond the fighting age. To say that civilization prevents war is to contradict history. Do we not see men of one century fighting for the same principles that their forefathers, centuries before them, had died for? The American Revolution is in point. Exorbitant taxation caused the war of '76 and established the American Republic. But was not this identical with the taxation of Charles I., which cost that monarch his head and established the English Commonwealth? History is ever repeating itself even in the face of progress and civilization, and the wars that have been waged in the past may be waged again in the future. Blood will ever flow in defence of what men call Right. Seventeen centuries of Christian civilization did not prevent the decapitation of Charles I.; eighteen centuries could not abate the fury of the French populace as it rushed through the streets of Paris crying out for the blood of the nobility and the royal family; nineteen centuries have added the blood of a Waterloo, a Sebastopol and a Gettysburg to the annals of human fighting, and now the twentieth century dawns on a world re-echoing to the tread of marching millions.

To see removed every possibility of war is impossible; but if the end of legislation is the welfare and protection of the many, it is clearly the duty of a government to be ever prepared for an emergency. And this country should always be ready to repel the least possibility. In all our pompous civilization we disregard what nations, even of antiquity, carefully heeded. We must have strength equal to our dignity, if that dignity is to be preserved.

The probability of war renders our present position still more remarkable. In the late Venezuelan controversy our claim to enter into a question not originally our own was rejected unanimously by the European press, which, as a rule, antagonizes British policy whenever the opportunity presents itself. But in this instance an exception was taken, and the justice of the Monroe Doctrine was denied. This one fact teaches a grave and important lesson. Happy as has been our interference in this case, is it not possible that this same point may arise again in connection with the policy of some other European power that

aims at colonization on this hemisphere? Can we not picture to ourselves the existence of conditions under which the claims of the Monroe Doctrine would be assailed by nations whose convictions are directly opposed to our demands? The opening of the Panama Canal will transform the Caribbean Sea into one of the great highways of the world. Through its waters a great commerce will travel, bringing European interests close along our shores. In such an event international complications will surely result. The long and bloody strife for supremacy of the Mediterranean, dating back to the days of the war of the Spanish Succession and continuing down to our own times, will be repeated. Then we will be forced to uphold the Doctrine of Monroe by sheer strength, and the United States is weak in comparison with any of the European powers today.

Great Britain, for instance, could demolish our sea-power with half her force, and blockade our principal seaports at the same time. The attempts to blockade our great centres of export and import trade—Boston, New York, the Delaware, the Chesapeake, and the Mississippi—would not entail upon any of the great nations efforts greater than those made before. Great Britain has blockaded Brest, Toulon, Cadiz and the Bay of Biscay at the same time, even when there were powerful hostile squadrons lying in the harbors. There is nothing to prevent an easy and effective blockade.

The question of coast-defence is, consequently, one of vital importance to us, situated as we are on two oceans and a gulf, with nearly 14,000 miles of coast. During the last fifteen years the Government has made great strides in building up an adequate protection. Along the North Atlantic coast strong fortifications have been set up, armed with the latest and most improved devices, and facilities for domestic ship-building have been introduced; but there is still much to be desired. The Gulf is practically defenceless, and the Pacific coast is deplorably weak. The mouth of the Mississippi is not fortified at all. In fine, with the exception of a few forts along the North Atlantic coast, we are open to the enemy.

In this line should the Government direct its force. Land fortifications proportionate to the importance of the situation should be set up on every side. Its importance is manifest. The Mississippi was a source of great disaster

to the Southern Confederacy. On account of its weak defence Farragut was able to steam up its waters and capture New Orleans. A few months later the Union forces took Vicksburg, and thereby gained possession of the whole Mississippi River. The importance of adequate coast defence can not be overestimated. It is essential to success in war.

In a properly constituted coast-defence there is, however, another factor just as necessary as land fortifications, and that is a sea-going navy, torpedo vessels, cruisers and battle ships. It is necessary above all that an enemy be attacked before he reaches land, or even comes within range of the land guns. To this end a sea-going navy is necessary.

During the last twenty years the United States has greatly strengthened the navy itself. By the joint action of both political parties in Congress, and the establishment of home industries that produce perfect naval material, this country now stands fifth among the naval powers of the world. But she is still unfit. First and foremost is the need of a stronger coast-defence. With this built and our sea force well established, with a school for naval reserves founded, and finally with these factors ever in readiness, then would the United States regain the supremacy she held before the Civil War—a supremacy that was well defined by Daniel Webster when he cried out at Bunker Hill: "We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored, navies which take no law from superior force."

The establishment of an extensive merchant marine would be the only motive strong enough to organize and keep in readiness a large navy; and we, who aim at commercial supremacy, must appreciate the need of naval supremacy. By a merchant marine I mean all the vessels used by a nation in its commercial pursuits. The possibility or probability of war, imminent though it may be, will never induce the United States to expend millions of dollars in simple naval preparation. History, however, demonstrates that the organization of a vast merchant service leads to the building and enlarging of the navy itself. Great Britain is an example. Her vast shipping interests and her widespread colonies make a navy a necessity. To this one cause alone is due her present undeniable position as "Mistress of the Seas."

The importance of a large mercantile service is obvious. Of what benefit is it for us to reap year after year a vast surplus if we can not find a market? And what determines the nation's

rank today but its commercial strength? It is axiomatic that the nation with the greatest export trade controls its own destiny and also the destiny of its debtors. When its imports exceed its exports it becomes dependent on the nation from which it imports, and every step increasing that dependency forfeits a part of its sovereignty. The question of exports is so important that it should command the utmost attention. We should find markets for our surplus wherever we can, and to this end a merchant service is necessary.

We are in a position to control all the commerce of civilization. We have natural resources incalculable, raw material at our feet, mechanical skill of the most advanced type, and seventy millions of industrious, intelligent and thrifty people to do the labor. With such a capital, why don't we control foreign markets? It is the want of a merchant marine. With all these riches in the choicest distributing point on earth, with miles upon miles of seacoast, with splendid harbors and numerous seaports, we sit idly down and let business slip away from us for want of ships. Our sea power should be the most cherished daughter of the Government. We should subsidize vessels until our flag is seen on every sea and our ships in every port. Every commercial people of history has seen to this; but we, in all our boasted and pompous progressiveness, neglect it. Protect our commerce, organize a merchant marine, and the foundations of a navy are laid, and we are prepared for naval warfare, which means, as Captain Mahan, U. S. N., says: "We are prepared for anything that is likely to occur."

The honor of our country is the total of the honor of the individual. Its protection must be as sacred as our pride demands. In carrying to realization the proud destiny of our land, let us make our triumphs for peace the proud yielding of strength—not the suppliant prayer of the weak. Far in the future we can see the success of this land of ours. We can see the American farmer supplying the world with the choicest fruits of the soil; we can see the American merchant shipping the produce of American factories to every corner of the globe, and on every stream and on every ocean we can see ships with Stars and Stripes at their peaks distributing the work of American industry and American skill. That is our material destiny. But it is not all. Let us send our White Squadrons through the waters of the earth carrying the spirit of our people to every race and to every clime. On the firm foundation of might and strength let us guarantee peace and tranquillity for our people and their pursuits. And foremost among the nations of the earth will stand the battle-flag of our Republic, unstained by innocent blood, untarnished by defeat, but proudly decorated with the garlands of prosperity and honor.

Varsity Verse.

IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

IN crimson glory long the day has died,
 Yet all the West is glorious with the hue
 Of royal purple shot with scarlet through
 And with bright golden pendants beautified.
 As molten gold the purling waters flow,
 The softly whispering beeches blush in shame,
 The chapel's dome glints golden in the flame,
 And all shines brighter in the after-glow.
 The sun of love fades from my life away;
 My lady smiles no more, as she of old,
 And I must watch the falling night enfold
 The cherished beauties of my hope's short day.
 And yet the after-glow still beautifies
 The twilight of my hopes; sweet memories
 Come circling back with tender touch to ease
 My soul still sorrowing for the love that dies.

C.

'LISBUTH ANN.

Comin' home late, I cut crost the medder,
 Put up the ole gray mare 'n fed her,
 Pulled my hat deown
 'Cause when I's in teown
 Ole Hank Hawkin's comes runnin' areoun';
 'N he grabs my arm 'n pulls me in
 Fer a bottle a' sumthin' not very thin;
 An' when I've been drinkin', she's wus 'n a man
 Fer throwin' me out, is 'Lisbuth Ann.
 I goes in the house all sober 'n stedly
 Ter see if 'Lisbuth had supper reddy;
 An' she sez, sez she,
 "Did yer bring thet tea?"
 'N I clean fergot it, sure as be.
 Then she begun ter blaze in the eyes
 'N I felt 'bout half my us'al size,—
 Fer, fumin' an' swearin' wus 'n a man
 Is an ornery caper off 'Lisbuth Ann.
 So I sneaks off kinder shiverin' 'n shakin'
 An' went ter bed, 'cause my head wus akin',
 An' 'bout twelve er'clock
 I woke with a shock,
 'S if I'd been hit with er small-sized rock,
 There she was talkin' ter beat the dickens,—
 Swearin' 'n cussin' the durned ole chickens,
 Oh! fumin' 'n swearin' wus 'n a man
 Is an ornery caper off 'Lisbuth Ann.

E. J. M.

PROLONGATION.

Until we meet, each livelong day
 Will drag its weary length away
 With vexing sloth. Ah, would that I
 Had naught to do but sit and sigh
 And hope for better days and pray!
 But hopes are vain and clothes are high,
 As all my tailors testify:
 So I shall work and work alway
 Until we meet.

"I'll never let your memory die,"
 To your kind missive I reply;
 But I'll be very old and gray
 And rich before I try to pay
 That bill of yours. Sweet sir, good-bye,
 Until we meet.

A. L. M.

American Naval Heroes:*

EDWARD ERASMUS BRENNAN, '97.



AS nations, we have days set apart to cherish the memory of our illustrious dead. The first, and, perhaps, the greatest hero of the young, is Washington. In the nursery we are told of his magnanimity, and later we are impressed by the keen intellectuality and marvellous observation which so characterized the modest diplomacy of this man in wielding the affairs of a nation. In a distant clime we hear of the prodigious intellect of Napoleon; we follow him in spirit to the battlefield, and witness the invincible courage which he manifested on every occasion. So in the channel of prosperous civilization lingers the memory of those whose character has been known and whose accomplishments serve as a monument to mark the grave of opposition. Yet, on the tablet of heroism there is a little space devoted to a class of men,—patriots and loyal subjects to the rule of every government—whose memory seems to linger as far from the hearts of posterity as do their deeds from the eyes of the many. In all ages and in all climes, the heroes of the land seem to predominate in the admiration of the world. Those valiant heroes who in time of war place themselves before the shot and shell of the enemy, at the mercy of that unrelenting and awful power, the sea, which moves on forever, are relegated to the dark oblivion of forgotten lore. Little, indeed, has been the tribute paid to the memory of those whose hearts must have burned with a glow of patriotic intensity unparalleled even in the strange deception of pagan mythology.

In the great strife for national superiority, the heroes of the sea have played quite as important a rôle as the heroes of the land; the generalship of the sea has been at all times as momentous to the welfare of state as has the generalship of the army. In the Gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave; and at Trafalgar and the Nile nations held their breath; while on the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of a world.

Our great aim is to draw example from the worthy actions of our ancestors; but in the selection of our ideal we too often mistake ambition for heroism. What is heroism? In

* Delivered in the Oratorical Contest, Wednesday, June 5, in Washington Hall.

classical mythology a hero was a superior being—distinguished from ordinary men chiefly by greater physical strength, courage and ability—at the time of the Homeric poems, still regarded as mortal. In its nobler meaning, however, heroism is the glow of genius, the spirit of God, manifesting itself in the actions of men.

In treating a subject of this nature, I believe that example is more powerful than precept; and in selecting material for illustration, none could be more manifestly elevating than the heroes of the sea. They fought not for their own glory; they fought not for their own welfare but, rather, with the unselfish desire for the happiness of those who were to follow.

We could invade the depth of fiction, and not find a more ennobling example of that profound heroic inspiration than that which Lieutenant Cushing presented when he stood by the field of battle, looking out over that broad expanse of waters, that melancholy field where thrones have been won and lost. He thought of the tales that the sea could tell were its waters permitted to talk; he thought of the hundreds and thousands of men whose souls came up from the deep; he thought of his home and the dear ones he had left; he thought of his country awaiting him there. For days his anchored fleet had watched the movements of the Confederate ship, and their picket boats had returned that day with forebodings of a coming storm.

The excited captain walked the deck, and vowed that before another day should pass, he would sink the iron-clad *Albemarle*, and, with the angry waters of the ocean, wash the souls of its crew on to the shores of eternity. Nothing but a small steam-launch could steal its way past the guard, and so the danger of the project was painfully evident. In spite of this, and with the firm conviction that even the greatest success would hurl the men of both sides into the court of an omnipotent justice, Cushing arose and asked for the command.

Such was the spirit of enthusiastic heroism that permeated the sturdy sailors of the Union forces; and Napoleon Bonaparte, the venerated land hero of a hundred fields and more, never evinced a spirit so grand, so noble, so heroic. Over the waters and into the heart of danger, that little crew sped on its sacred course. They found the enemy guarded by chains, apparently secure within their own protection. Undaunted by such an obstacle, Cushing bade his men jump to the mercy of

the sea, and he sent that little boat, with its instrument of death right into the ship of the enemy. They had come there to die; they had come there for their country's sake; they had come there for their God's sake, and Cushing alone escaped to tell the story of the *Albemarle*.

On another page we hear of Stephen Decatur, that beacon light of national heroes—going right into the harbor of Tripoli and recapturing the frigate *Philadelphia*. He spread combustibles throughout, lighted them and, by the blaze of the enemy's ship, sailed out of the harbor under fire of one hundred and forty guns.

Paul Jones from a little port in France watched the return of the British fleet, and with a boat of decidedly inferior armament ran alongside the frigate *Serapis*. Together they battled for three hours, with gun firing into gun, until finally the enemy surrendered. Paul Jones ordered his men on board the captured vessel just in time to see his own boat sink beneath the waters of the sea.

Admiral Farragut in his capture of New Orleans dauntlessly ran past the belching batteries, strapped himself to the mast that he might the more clearly see his way, and remained in this perilous position throughout the battle; a battle which opened up the navigation of the Mississippi and split the Confederacy in twain. I might go on to talk to you of naval heroes until the dawning of another day, their number is so enormous, their achievements so wonderful. But I have cited enough to acquaint you with the ennobling spirit of the American sailors, to convince you that heroes can be found as numerous on the sea as on the land, and that many have risen in the semblance of heroism, inwardly stained with the foul dye of hypocrisy, while many have sunk beneath the waters of the ocean, their names unknown, their deeds unsung. The real, the great, the true heroes are men who perform great deeds for the honor and glory of country, and therefore, indirectly, for the honor and glory of God.

Such are the conditions on which valiant and daring men of all times have entered their names on the tablet of heroism; such was the predominant characteristic of many so-called venturesome enthusiasts; such was the personality of many so-called fanatics; such is the life of the American sailors; such is the life of the priests of God, and after them, where shall we find the spirit that actuated the heroes of the sea? We may search from the desert plains of the West to the shores of the broad Atlantic, we may survey the history of a world; but in the destiny of nations, pre-eminent and alone they stand, the unflinching patriots of historic lore, the satellites of another century.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Staff.

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FRANK W. O'MALLEY,	} Reporters.
FRANCIS J. F. CONFER	
LOUIS C. M. REED,	
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

—Owing to the success achieved by two special numbers of the SCHOLASTIC—that edited by the Biological students and that by the Rhetoric Class—we have decided to turn over the forms to the students of the Engineering Courses. The midsummer number, which begins a new volume, will be, very likely, devoted to this purpose.

—The Elocution Contest last evening in Washington Hall was, on the whole, excellent. The competitors for the medal showed remarkable ease and grace. It was especially noticeable that those who competed for the honor last year have improved to a wonderful degree. There was some ranting, of course;—it is hard for an elocutionist, an amateur in the art, to be natural, but there was no inexcusable stepping over the bounds of propriety.

—Throughout the year the Staff has been very materially aided by students of the English classes, and the Staff would certainly deserve censure were it to omit to thank the SCHOLASTIC's special contributors. The Editors have always had about them men on whom they could rely for scholarly essays, clever stories and elegant verse, and, whenever space

would permit, the SCHOLASTIC was open to their contributions. A good many clever articles, however, are still in the sanctum's pigeon-holes, and these will be turned over to our successors, by whom their merits will no doubt be recognized.

—So many of our exchanges throughout the country have expressed regrets concerning the recent inactivity of the author of "The Lakes at Notre Dame," that we deem it proper to state to all interested that he is still in our midst, that he has not "ceased to apply himself," as one of our friends fears, that he is still able to write down a pastel, a song or a sonnet, and that he will be in the publishing business by next September or sooner. While on this subject we are forced to quote the dictum of a very judicial college paper, *The Mountaineer*, from Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburgh, on our favorite poet:—

" We cannot resist the impulse to congratulate personally two of the best poets in the world of college journalism. We refer to Frank Earle Hering of the SCHOLASTIC and Michael Earles of the *Georgetown Journal*. The artistic literary merit of the productions of these two gentlemen is high. We especially wish to congratulate Mr. Hering upon his 'The Lakes at Notre Dame.' In delicacy of imagery, melody of versification and harmonious wording, it surpasses anything we have yet seen in any other college journal."

—Would that life could ever flow on like this! It is hard, very hard, to tear out of one's heart the spot that years have welded into it; it is a minor death to be forced out of the happy place that has grown almost dearer than home. It is with this thought that the Editors of the SCHOLASTIC look upon the end of their career as college journalists. They loved their work, for they love their college; and for the glory of their college as much as for their own advancement they did their best. If we have done anything—and our exchanges tell us we have—let the credit for it go not so much to us as to Notre Dame. No doubt, our successors will eclipse our successes, but they can not love the SCHOLASTIC better than we. We took pride in it and heard it praised, and the words were sweeter than we would say. To those that come after us, then, we wish prosperity; and to the old SCHOLASTIC, let our valedictory be "Good-by!"

Distributing the Mail

Standing upon the rough wooden bench under the tall elm-tree, is Brother Hilarion. He is distributing the mail—the much looked-for event of each day. The eager, expectant, yet jolly crowd gather around him. Good-naturedly they jostle and push each other about in a common desire to get nearer to the Brother. Now and then some humorous fellow ventures a joke at the expense of his neighbor, who has just received a dainty missive, suspiciously effeminate. Occasionally, in the mirthful crowd, a “Derby” hat receives an emphatic thump, but its owner laughingly turns about and hails the mischievous perpetrator with an “Hello, Jim!”

A few feet from him stands a youngster knocking his heels together and looking in a half-expectant way in the direction of the little group. He is not very sure of receiving a letter, yet there is hope. Presently his name is called, and, simultaneously with this surprise, he ceases his restless movements and darts into the crowd, eager to clasp the cherished missive.

When the pile of letters is diminished to a mere few the interest becomes more intense, each student expecting that the next name called will be his. But when the last letter is called, a look of dissatisfaction and disgust steals over the faces of those who are left, and turning away they give vent to some not to be used utterance.

It is curious to note the careful scrutiny



*

(SCIENCE HALL.)

It is truly amusing to note the different expressions on the faces of the students as they listen to the reading of the mail. Here is a boy with a look of profound earnestness. He hears his name read, and quick as a flash his hand goes up with a “Here, Brother!” and grabbing the letter, hurries away, his countenance beaming with joy and delight.

Over there stands a lad with his hands in his pockets looking apparently unconcerned. He does not hope for a letter today, and therefore takes little interest in the proceedings.

with which some boys look into the envelopes received from home. Usually, their first impulse is to see if the old folks have complied with an oft-repeated request. If not, a hurried perusal too often suffices, and the dear old words of advice and instruction from a fond father or loving mother are quickly relegated to the pocket. In marked contrast is the manner in which the letter from a sweetheart is received. There is no hasty perusal, but, on the contrary, the recipient steals quietly away into some secluded corner, and there, undisturbed and alone, he slowly reads and rereads the pages.

L. C. M. R.

* Under the tree on the edge the mail is distributed.

The Close of the Season.

The local baseball season has been eminently successful. We have met the strongest teams in the West, and the Gold and Blue still floats high. We do not hold the championship, but we have made a gallant struggle for it, and we are prepared to win it next year. The Varsity has made an excellent showing, and every one is satisfied with the work done. We have played nine regular games and lost but two of them. One defeat was due to stage fright and a strange diamond, the other came from the ability of the Illinois men to bunch their hits at an opportune time. Our percentage is .888—a mark to be proud of. It is but the truth to say that the team of '97 is the best team that has represented Notre Dame on the diamond in years. Most of its members intend to return to Notre Dame next year, and if they do, there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of those who have seen them play this year that they will hold the Western championship a year from the present time.

We regret that lack of space forbids our giving each man the notice he deserves; but we print below the individual score and list of averages, and they explain themselves. Daly leads in fielding and Powers in batting. Brown and McNichols are second in batting. Powers also leads in base stealing. MacDonald is the best first baseman that has played on the local diamond this year. Gibson has done excellent work in the box, and has, with Powers, given courage to the seven men in the field. In another year Gibson and Powers will compose the strongest college battery in the West. Powers can now claim to be the best catcher in the West. He was a tower of strength to the team, and acted as a brace at critical times. Daly played a strong fielding game, as did Follen and Fleming. Brown played third base and shortstop in a fashion that left little to be desired. Hindel put up the strongest game he has ever played. He was steadier than in former years. His errors were doubtless due in a great measure to the frequent changing about he was subject to. McNichols won his place on the team late in the season, but he proved in three games that he helped to strengthen the team. Fitzpatrick had only two chances to show what he could do, but he acquitted himself creditably both times. He was an excellent emergency man, and lent confidence to the team.

More credit, perhaps, is due to Mr. Hering

than to any other person for the success we have met with. He was always faithful and diligent in his work, and he inspired the players with his own enthusiasm. The effect of his training was evident in the team work, which, above all, characterized the playing of the '97 Varsity. He has developed strong players from men who had little to recommend them at the beginning of the season, and the material that he has discovered will in '98 give Notre Dame the best team it has ever had. Captain Powers and Mr. Hering worked together at all times, and to both great praise is due. Mr. Powers has not only won our admiration as a ball player, but he has also won our respect by proving himself to be a thorough gentleman at all times. He has had to overcome many difficulties, but he always overcame them in a manner most creditable to himself. To him, to Mr. Hering, and to all the members of the Varsity we say, "Well done!"

AVERAGES	GAMES PLAYED	FIELD. AV.	BAT. AV.
Daly, c. f.	9	1.000	.236
Fitzpatrick, p.	2	1.000	.000
Powers (C.), c.	9	.987	.405
MacDonald, 1 b.	8	.914	.281
Gibson, p.	8	.871	.214
Brown, 3 b., s.s.	9	.857	.333
Hindel, r. f., 2 b., 1 b.	9	.800	.316
Follen, l. f., r. f.	5	.800	.250
Lynch, 2 b.	2	.750	.000
Fleming, l. f.	8	.733	.263
Shillington, s.s.	6	.729	.318
McNichols, 3 b.	3	.692	.333
<i>General Average</i>	9	.867	.292

INDIVIDUAL SCORE FOR THE SEASON:

	GAMES PLAYED	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Powers, (C.) c.	9	42	17	17	1	67	11	1
Brown, 3 b. s.s.	9	36	10	12	1	14	22	6
Hindel, r. f., 2 b.	9	38	11	12	5	25	20	12
Fleming, l. f.	8	38	13	10	0	10	1	4
Daly, c. f.	9	34	11	8	4	9	3	0
Shillington, s.s.	6	22	7	7	0	8	19	10
Follen, r. f., l. f.	5	20	2	5	1	4	0	1
McDonald, 1st b.	8	32	6	9	1	70	5	7
Lynch, 2 b.	2	4	1	0	1	3	3	2
Gibson, p.	8	28	5	6	0	4	23	4
Fitzpatrick, p.	2	3	0	0	1	1	1	0
McNichols, 3 b.	3	15	4	5	0	4	5	4
<i>Totals</i>	9	312	87	91	15	219	113	51

SUMMARY OF THE SEASON:—Earned Runs, 15. Two base hits, Powers, 5; Brown, 2; Fleming, 2; Daly, 1; Gibson, 1; Follen, 1. Three base hits, Brown, 3; MacDonald, 2; Daly, 2; Hindel, 2. Home runs, Powers, 2; Daly, 1. Stolen bases, Powers, 8; Shillington, 8; Daly, 5; MacDonald, 5; Gibson, 3; Hindel, 3; Fleming, 3; Brown, 2; Fitzpatrick, 1. Struck out by Gibson, 46; by Fitzpatrick, 11. Passed balls, Powers, 2. Wild pitches, Gibson, 2. Scorer, Stace.

Exchanges.

St. Joseph's Collegian accuses one of the SCHOLASTIC'S contributors of plagiarism. It claims that the story entitled "The Table Turned," which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago, is identical in substance with a drama which the exchange editor of the *Collegian* saw some years ago. The charge was such a serious one that we immediately consulted the author of the story, and we have his word that the plot and treatment is entirely original with himself. He has never heard of any drama or any story in which the plot of "The Table Turned" was used. The ideas are all his own, as well as the mode of treatment. Under the circumstances we can not but believe that the exchange editor of the *Collegian* is mistaken. He does not quote the name of the drama from which the plot of the story is alleged to have been taken, and therefore we can not judge how much foundation he has for his assertions. The policy of the SCHOLASTIC in regard to plagiarism was shown a few weeks ago when a plagiarized story which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC was exposed the following week in the editorial columns when the plagiarism had been detected. The contributor of the plagiarized story received his merited punishment, and his contributions will never obtain a place in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC again. In the present instance, however, we think that the exchange editor of the *Collegian* is laboring under a misapprehension which does injustice to the author of "The Table Turned."

The June number of the *Dial* contains an interesting review of the year in college journalism, and makes several pointed suggestions. The last number of the *Dial* does not show anything of the haste and incompleteness which characterizes so many of the editions of our exchanges toward the end of the year. All its articles are well written and show thought and study.

And now we have to fall into line and say farewell. We shall not review our work during the past year, for other exchange editors have said what we would say far more cleverly than we could say it ourselves. Still we will say that the conducting of the exchange column of the SCHOLASTIC has been a great pleasure to us, and the association with the members of

other educational institutions has been interesting, instructive and beneficial. Our only regret in concluding our work as exchange editor is that we shall have to leave our pleasant task forever. Next year some other fortunate will take possession of our sanctum, and we wish him all success. We wish all our exchanges happy futures, and bid them farewell with nothing but the most friendly feelings in our heart.

With Our Friends.

—Mr. Thomas Steiner, of Sorin Hall, entertained his two sisters Miss Clara and Miss Emma on last Sunday.

—All at Notre Dame will be pleased to learn that Francis P. McManus (LL. B., '96) has been very successful in his law practice in Boston, Mass. "Mac" was a very energetic young man while he was here, and his many friends will not be surprised to hear that he is coming to the front in his profession.

—Mr. John B. Murphy, '96, who has been at the University during the past year left during the week for West Point, where he expects to enter the United States Military Academy. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the many friends of Mr. Murphy in wishing him every success during his cadetship, and in after life when he will be one of the guardians of the peace of the nation.

—Mr. William Burns (Litt. B., '96) and Mr. Frank Barton (B. S., '96) are spending a few days with their hosts of friends at Notre Dame. Mr. John Mott (Litt. B., '96) is expected in a few days. There will be a partial reunion of the members of the Class of '96 during Commencement, as several other members of the Class have signified their intention of visiting their *Alma Mater* at that time.

—On next Thursday, Commencement day, two sons of Notre Dame will commence the performance of their duties as priests of God. In Mt. St. Mary's of the West Seminary, in Cincinnati, the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder will ordain to the priesthood Mr. John Schopp (A.B. '94,) and Mr. Patrick Crowley (student '91 to '94). From the conduct of both of these gentlemen in their student life at Notre Dame we are assured that they will be fervent and diligent priests. Mr. Schopp was one of the most diligent students, and one of the best scholars that Notre Dame has ever turned out. He was a gentleman at all times and will make a model priest. Mr. Crowley has many friends at Notre Dame who are confident that he will fulfil the duties of his divine calling in a most exemplary manner. The SCHOLASTIC, as well as all the inmates of Notre Dame, join in wishing these two sons of *Alma Mater* a bright, happy, and prosperous life in their labors for the salvation of souls.

A Former Contributor to the Scholastic.

In a hospital in Elgin, Illinois, lies dying Edward J. M'Phelim, whose writings charmed many a reader of the SCHOLASTIC in days gone by. In the seventies the product of his mind expressed in the easy and graceful style which characterized all his writings always found a place in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC and were always received with enthusiastic admiration and appreciation by the readers of our college paper. He was a cousin of Brother Francis de Sales, who was for many years steward and professor at the University, and there were many ties which bound him to Notre Dame. For many years he was connected with the *Chicago Tribune* as dramatic critic. It is to the *Tribune* that we owe the account of his life and work in the newspaper world. He went to Chicago in 1880, and was engaged as a reporter on the *Times*, which was then under Story. He did the usual work of a reporter; but, as the *Tribune* says, all his work, whether a police report, the report of a reception, or of a great accident, was characterized by the exposition of the great ability which he possessed. He became dramatic critic for the *Tribune*, and here he met with his greatest success. Sir Henry Irving declared that Mr. M'Phelim was "the best of all the dramatic critics," and this opinion was that of many of the leading actors. Besides acting as dramatic critic, Mr. M'Phelim was at times also the literary critic of the *Tribune*. Whatever he produced was smooth, masterful work. Many regarded him as the best writer in American journalism. For years he has been suffering from ill health, and now he is dying. We are proud of Mr. M'Phelim's connection with Notre Dame, and is there any more fitting manner in which we can show our pride than by praying for his soul? We therefore beg all the students of the University to join with the friends and relatives of Mr. M'Phelim in earnest prayer for his recovery or happy death.

Local Items.

—"It's all over now."

—LOST, STRAYED, or STOLEN:—Hollow Gizard and Greedy Craw. Kindly return to the Rookery. No questions asked.

—LOST.—An account-book, belonging to Frank Szenski, of Brownson dormitory. Finder will please leave at Brother Edward's or Students' Office.

—During a class recitation recently, the question of "walking" was incidentally brought up. Some one said he knew a man who had only one foot, but who could walk faster than a

man with two. "That is an extreme case," innocently remarked the professor. (*Rough house.*)

—Do not go home next Thursday without a copy of Professor Preston's "University March." You could not get a better souvenir of Notre Dame.

—The High Moguls defeated the St. Joseph's Hall team last week by a score of 17 to 10. The Moguls pounded Lynch all over the field, making thirteen runs in a single inning."

—If anyone, by mistake, picked up a large book of Shakspeare's plays from the Brownson reading-room, let him kindly return the same to Students' Office, as its loss makes a set incomplete.

—Two students who were waiting to see their "cousins" beyond the proposed stone wall, were told by those in authority that they would find it very pleasant waiting—"over in the graveyard."

—Frank Dukette and Ed Rauch, two former students, are here for Commencement. Frank intends to return after vacation. The students say it looks like old times to see Eddie pass around the cigars.

—It is important that the students remember that this year their trunks can be checked through to their homes from the College. They should be careful, then, to prevent any mistake in checking.

—The Lemonnier Library acknowledges the donation, by the South Bend *Tribune*, of an excellent work on ornithology. It is entitled Studer's "Birds of North America," and is a model of binding and press work.

—Bro. Leopold has closed all accounts at the feed store, and the heart of the ticket man is sad. Only the other day Murphy was seen to cast a longing look towards the frosted cake bin, write out a ticket, and then, recollecting himself, tear up his I. O. U. and seek solace in a staler.

THE REPORTERS' APOLOGY.

With this last "grind," we bid adieu
To all our fellow-students, who
Have patiently withstood our blast
Of faded humor that we cast
Each week upon them. Knowing we
That they were helpless as could be,
Often their good natures taxed;
But now, that we've at last relaxed,
We'll say "good-bye" and "pull our freight,"
Hoping they'll all recuperate.

—The first lawn concert of the year was given by the University Band in front of the main building, last Sunday evening. A number of new and lively pieces were played, among the late ones being the new "N. D. U." March composed by Prof. Preston. The college yell, which is cleverly brought into the piece, was responded to in tones loud and strong by the students assembled on the lawn. A number of South Bend people drove out to hear the music. The next concert will be given tomorrow evening.

—The final game of the series of five played between the "Greys" and the "Blacks" of St. Edward's Hall for the medals took place on Thursday last. When the teams went on the field each had won two games, so the final contest was for blood. The "Blacks" made a hard fight, but as they could not hit Weidmann to advantage the "Greys" won by a score of 11 to 9. The features of the game were the phenomenal catches of Clarke and Van Sant, the pitching of McMaster, Weidmann and Freeman, and, incidentally, the scoring of Golden. Nearly one hundred persons saw the game, and they all voted it one of the best ever seen on St. Edward's campus. If these little men stay with us long enough we shall have a wonderful Varsity in a few years.

—By far the most practical test yet made by the University Fire Department took place last Saturday evening. Starting from the post-office the two hose companies took the opposite roads around the oval, and connected their lines of hose to the hydrants in front of the main building; the actual time required for the company to get water on the building, including the run from the post-office and laying of one hundred feet of hose, was ninety seconds. The second company did the trick in twenty seconds more. The fact that the Fire Department has reached such a high state of efficiency is particularly gratifying to the officers who have labored untiringly in spite of a multitude of difficulties which have confronted them ever since the Department's organization. Those who ridiculed the idea of a volunteer fire department at Notre Dame have long been silenced, and last Saturday's test proved beyond a doubt that the University has a fire department second to none of its kind in the country.

—The publication of Mr. Confer's "Mother Goose Melodies" in the last edition of the SCHOLASTIC seemed to act as a hurricane upon the poetic sparks that were smoking in the Sorinites' breasts; and the resulting conflagration has been thrilling,—a great symphony of sky-rockets, boiler explosions, babbling brooks, and a brass band of sunsets as a "chaser." In fact, the eruption was so great that the "Varsity Verse" editor was compelled to put some of the POEMS on ice until the birth of the mid-summer SCHOLASTIC. Just to show what men can perpetrate when closely pressed we print a few selections. No doubt the Professors of English will feel highly gratified when they see the result of their four years' work. Here are some of the twits of the twitterers:

A TRIOLET.

I kick at the kow
And the kick kums back,
And, oh, what a row
When I kick at the kow!
For I find—wow! wow!—
She's a crackerjack.
I kick at the kow
And the kick kums back.

JOLLYUS R. C.

MRS. HUBBARD.

Old Mrs. Hubbard
She went to the cubbord
To get her son Michael a luncheon;
But when she got there
The cubbord was bare;
So he gave the dear lady a puncheon.

A. S. J. M.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I sometimes sit upon my chair
And think of thee, sweet slob;
With old-rose ribbons in my hair,
My tootsie-wootsies high in air,
And while I look so *debonnair*
I suck my five-cent cob.

BYRNE-JOHN.

—Programme of the Fifty-Third Annual Commencement, June 13-17, 1897.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.

8:00 A. M. Solemn High Mass
Sermon by the Rev. Maurice J. Dorney, LL. D., '96
2:00 P. M. Solemn Benediction and Te. Deum

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14-16.

Examinations.

TUESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Illumination and Band Concert at St. Joseph's Lake

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.

8:00 A. M. Closing Examinations
10:00 A. M. Regatta
12:00 A. M. Dinner
2:30 P. M. —Calisthenic Exercises in St. Edward's Gym.
" and Field Sports on Brownson Hall Campus
4:00 P. M. —Closing Exercises at Saint Edward's Hall
6:00 P. M. Supper
6:30 P. M. Band Concert

WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall.
Overture—"The Hope of Alsace" *Hermann*
University Orchestra.
Chorus—"Let the Hills and Vales Resound"—*Richards*
University Chorus.

BACHELORS' DISCOURSES—AMERICAN PROTAGONISTS

Oration—In Literature: Longfellow—T. B. Reilly (N. Y.)
Flute Solo—"Grand Fantaisie" Opus 33 *Bohm*
Mr. Edward J. Rauch, Accompanist Francis F. Dukette
Oration—In Statesmanship: Hamilton—Mr. S. Steele (O.)
Concert Selection—"The Sea Sprites" *Preston*
University Mandolin Orchestra.
Oration—In Philosophy: Brownson—C. M. B. Bryan (Tenn.)
Quartette—"Sweetest Time for Dreaming" *Mohring*
Mr. Francis W. Barton, Mr. Thomas T. Steiner
Mr. Frederick J. Schillo, Mr. William C. Kegler.

ORATION OF THE DAY.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph Mooney, LL. D., '96,
New York City.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 8:30 A. M.

Quartette "Home, Sweet Home"
Mr. Francis W. Barton, Mr. Thomas T. Steiner
Mr. Frederick J. Schillo, Mr. William C. Kegler.
Class Poem Mr. James D. Barry (Illinois.)
Valedictory Mr. Joseph V. Sullivan (Illinois.)
Awarding of Honors and Conferring of Degrees.
Finale—"N. D. U. March" *Preston*
University Band.

—In a few short days the students will shake hands with the door-knobs and leave Notre Dame—some for a few months, others for a few years; and still others forever. Many while here fret under the many tasks, the themes, the problems and work of that nature that

must be done; but after they have entered the great world, where only merit and hard work succeed, they will often stop to wipe the sweat from their brow and think of the quiet days at Notre Dame,—of the songs they would sing while seated on the bench under the pine trees; of the walks round the starlit lakes to "the stile"; of the way they caught their breath as they pressed against the side-line wires just before the "kick-off." They will remember the brilliant season of '96-'97—in the class-room as well as on the campus—and the words "steady up, boys; one man gone!" will come to them, and they *will* "steady up," if they be men at all, and go in to win. Just now, of course, no healthy-minded man has any such thoughts as these, but they will come in time. And while we are talking about these things it might be well to let the students know where some of the men will spend the summer, so that if any wish to exchange photographs, twenty-page letters, or anything of that sort, they will have no trouble finding addresses.

Mr. T. Tyrone Cavanagh will accept the position of instructor in a ladies' and children's bicycle school in Painted Post, N. Y.; Mr. W. Bernard Golden will kill time and potato-bugs during vacation on the old farm at Scrubgrass, Pa.; Mr. E. Erasmus Brennan will run for president of Brick Breakers', Mortar Mixers' and Hod Carriers' Union; Mr. Jacob Rosenthal will spend the summer re-writing the first sentence of his essay, "The History of the Moses"; Mr. Willie Wando Fitzpatrick will open a biscuit bakery; Mr. Patricius Reardon will take care of Sing Sing prisoners afflicted with the "snakes;" Mr. T. Burke Reilly will wear his linen duster to Cuba; Mr. E. Jerome Murphy, against the advice of his physician and friends, will go to work; Mr. W. Augustyn Fagyn will coach the Union College Duck-on-the-Rock team; Mr. Jesse Lantry and Mr. Paul Ragan have made arrangements to spend one whole night in a real hotel, regardless of expense (Great Heavens!); Mr. H. Macaulay Bennett and Mr. W. Waldorf Sheehan will tour the Eastern States organizing branches of the National Temperance Union; Mr. J. Vincent Sullivan will chaperon a large party of St. Mary's Minims on an extensive tour through Chicago; Mr. B. Boru Bryan will represent the Memphis Breeze, Gas and Bubble Exhaust Pipe Co. on the road, and will incidentally sell copies of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop"; Mr. J. William Miller will travel through the country delivering his lecture, "Ethical Ethics of Scrapping"; Mr. R. Guyles O'Malley will manage himself and the "Cresco Cracker-jacks"; Mr. Willie Kegler will play the piccolo in a "leettle Cherman pant" in Iowa; Mr. S. Wiseacre MacDonald will learn to play the "Bonnie Blue Bells of Bumtochty" backwards on the bag-pipes, together with golf and the deuce generally.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Bryan, Byrne, Costello, Crilly, Delaney, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonough, O'Hara, Pulskamp, Rosenthal, Reilly, Sullivan, Steiner, Spalding.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Brucker Barry, Bouwens, Baloun, Bommersbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, J. Cavanaugh, Dreher, Davies, Dowd, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daly, Fetherstone, Fadeley, O. Fitzgerald, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Farrell, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fischer, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Hay, Hartung, Hindel, Jelonak, Johnson, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Kuerze, Koehler, Kuhl, Landers, Lyons, Lowery, Lutz, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McGinnis, C. Murphy, McConn, McDonald, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, Pickett, Pendleton, Paras, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Reed, Rahe, Stearns, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Summers, Schermerhorn, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Scheubert, Thiele, H. Taylor, Tomlinson, Toba, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Welker, Wiczorek, J. Wimberg, Wade, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, Wilson.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, Cornell, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funk, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Gimbel, Girsch, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland Klein, Kilgallen, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Mohn, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, J. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, McManus, McDonald, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, Nast, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shiels, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Wells Wilson, Watterson, Wolcott,

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abercombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Arnold, Beardslee, C. Bode, F. Bode, Bosworth, Butler, Blanchfield, Burton, Casparis, Clarke, Cotter, Cowie, Coquillard, Cressy, Cunnea, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dougherty, Dessauer, Ebbert, Engelmann, Ervin, Edgerton, Ellis, Fetter, Freeman, Frost, Frain, Fleischer, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Hubbard, Hart, Hinsey, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, F. Keogh, R. Keogh, Lawton, Lovell, Leisander, Leclerque, E. Manion, P. Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McConnell, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, E. Monahan, S. Monahan, R. McMaster, B. McMaster, C. McMaster, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Mathesius, Paul, F. Phillip, A. Phillips, G. Quertinmont, E. Quertinmont, Rennolds, Rees, Ryan, Redpath, Robbins, Reed, Spillard, Steele, Shields, Strauss, Strong, Seymour, Tillotson, Trentman, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, Wilde, Weber, Wigg.



CLASS OF '97.