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When Prudence Spins.

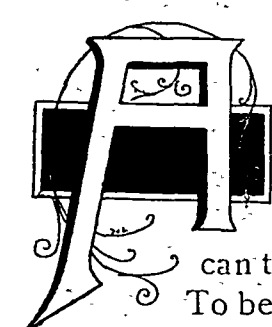
CHARLES F. ENSIGN.

WHEN Prudence spins the whirling wheel
With dreamy cadence seems to steal
Into my heart and nestle there;
To drive away all thought of care,
It sings of loving hands that mate,
Of loving lips that trembling wait.
In web of flax she weaves my fate,
When Prudence spins.

The ruddy glow of the firelight lies
With a softened glint in her tender eyes.
Her foot on the treadle seems to rest
As light as foam on the ocean's breast.
Then I close my eyes and in fancy feel
That I hear the bells for our wedding peal,
And it tunes my heart to the song of the wheel,
When Prudence spins.

Are Athletics a Help or a Hindrance in College Work?

A SYMPOSIUM.*



ATHLETICS are a help in college work in more than one way. The necessary training puts a student in perfect physical condition. His brain can therefore stand a greater strain. To become an athlete and to "make the team" takes a great deal of perseverance. If he be diffident in his studies, the athlete, perhaps unconsciously, gives more time to his work and sticks to it better from the lesson he has learned in training. Perhaps he does not realize it, but the athlete learns to

curb his temper. He must receive in silence all the rebukes and corrections which he receives daily. And what is better for a man than to have control over himself? In nearly all colleges a man must have seventy-five per cent for an average, which is considered a good mark, or he cannot take part in athletics. This puts to rout the contention that athletics are harmful. As a general thing the athletes have better class standing than the "non-combatants."

C. H. PULFORD.

I am convinced that athletics are a hindrance in college work. I have never known a great athlete who was a great student. If we read the biography of the men who shine in the literary world we shall see that they were not fond of the playground, but on the contrary were more frequently seen in some solitary nook reading the classic authors or musing on the beauty of nature. But the student who is a great athlete seldom gives his mind to serious study.

B. CONON.

I think that this question can be answered very easily, for it is a known fact that athletics have always aided the college student in his intellectual training. Among our prominent men of today we find those who, in their college days, "bucked the line," "tackled" and "went down"; also men who have distinguished themselves in some other branch of athletics. This physical training which they receive at college helps to prepare them for their struggles through life. It makes robust and healthy men; it tends to curb their tempers, and makes out of them men to be admired and respected by everyone. In almost all cases these athletic teams are composed of men who rank high in their studies, for the healthy, robust student is more capable of standing the hardships of study than his effeminate classmate.

ANGUS D. McDONALD.

* Written in the lecture-room by the Freshman English Class. Only a half hour time was allowed for the work.

Athletics are a real aid to college work. There are some students who are inclined to study all the time; but to the average American boy a life without athletics would be a sorry one. Besides, of what value would it be to a man were he to become as wise as Solomon, if he gained his wisdom at the expense of his health. It would be as foolish as if he tried to gain the whole world at the expense of his immortal soul. If athletics are not a help to college work, why do our learned men in the college tolerate them? It would be impossible to suppress them, because baseball and football have come to be as necessary as the class-room. Look round at our American colleges; which of them has the largest number of students? None other than the one that excels in athletics. The day when students sat in their garret chambers and studied by candlelight has passed, and the athletic student has come to take his place.

ARTHUR T. HAYES.

* *

An old adage is that a strong mind thrives in a strong body. To cultivate this mind we must also cultivate our body, and this cultivation can be pursued at college better than at any other place. A student who does not exercise, thereby undermining a strong constitution, is unquestionably poorer in his class work than one who takes a moderate amount of exercise. The first student may shine for the first year or so, but the superiority of the athlete will be shown when the averages of his course are figured up. A student who is strong and healthy is much better able to cope with the hard work of college life than one who is weak and sickly. The student that sits around and watches sports and does not take a part in them *will become lazy!* And once a person becomes physically lazy he also becomes mentally lazy, and study is a bore.

JOE MURRAY.

* *

Athletics are certainly a benefit to college work. This has been, and is, demonstrated yearly, inasmuch as the college in the front ranks of athletics turns out a large proportion of the brainy young men of the time.

A large brain and a small body are not harmonious. Great men *are not* those who have applied themselves solely to study while in their college courses. A man physically incapacitated is unfit to bear the burdens and jolts of the world no matter what his intellect may be.

EDWARD J. YOCKEY.

I will unhesitatingly say that, as practised in our American colleges, athletics are a help. They afford a pleasant diversion from the general routine of study, and, by a healthy exercise of the muscles, clear the mind for more sober work. Few instances can be cited where college athletics have been a detriment to class work, and it is generally agreed by all interested in university work that nothing more beneficial can be practised. I think, from the interest shown here at Notre Dame, that most of us are of the same opinion.

ARTHUR I. SIMPSON.

* *

Athletics, as practised at American colleges today, are one of the greatest benefits derived from a college course. A student must study if he wishes to be successful, and this requires the better part of the day to be spent indoors. There is a constant strain on him which, unless relieved by exercise, will render him a wreck physically. How many young men have, through neglect of athletics, returned home after graduating, mentally strong but physically wrecked. What has been one of the greatest inducements for a college course? Athletics. Many of our great colleges would be insignificant, if they had not given athletics so much encouragement as they did. Athletics and college education are inseparable.

GEORGE HANHAUSER

* *

Athletics are a help in college work, because we attend school to fit ourselves for the struggle of life. A man can not succeed during life, if he has developed his brain at the expense of his physical powers. To prove this we have but to read the lives of a large majority of our great men. The heads of our colleges have seen the beneficial results of exercise, or else they would not have permitted their students to take part in athletics. "A sound mind in a sound body" is the goal of every man who hopes for success, and the only reasonable restriction to put on athletics is that they be not overdone.

HENRY HOOVER.

* *

Athletics are of vast importance to every student. Not only do they give the proper exercise, so needed for the physical welfare of the body, but in many respects, they are beneficial to the development of the mind. They make us strong and healthful, and thereby give our intellect support in its labors by maintaining a vigorous system; they have also a tendency to create a new energy, and the

slow and dull student is encouraged by their effects, to more earnest study. Among those who have a natural desire for study they are highly important. Such students are in danger of giving too much attention to the development of the mind and neglect the wants of the body. Therefore, athletics should be encouraged, for they are absolutely necessary to the college student.

EMMETT A. CORLEY.

Athletics are a part, and an important part, of college work, and should not be viewed slightly. The college is not an institution for the education of the mind only. The world wants men with vigorous bodies as well as vigorous minds; this no one can deny. As now practised in our colleges, athletics are productive of most excellent results. They train all the faculties. They develop a certain kind of courage and self-confidence very necessary in life, which can be attained only through athletics; they train the mind to quickness of action and decision not produced by the classics; and they do not deter but rather aid study.

B. METCALF.

Many of our leading men in almost every branch of science strongly recommend athletics as a necessary part of college training, and so, without doubt, they are; for, as soul and body taken together form man, so the cultivated mind and the cultivated body taken together form true education. Again, I may say, as the body without the soul is dead, so a cultivated mind unless accompanied by a cultivated body is also dead—as man, no matter how learned he may be, can make little use of that mental ability if his body is constantly ailing. We see, then, how necessary it is for the college student to exercise not only his intellect, but also his body. The cultivation of the mind, as we are all aware, weakens the whole body, so that again it is necessary to cultivate the body in order to cultivate the mind the better.

MATTHIAS OSWALD.

Athletics are almost a necessity in a college curriculum. When a young man is graduated from a college he should not be sent forth to battle with the world with only an intellectual development, he must also be physically developed, so that he may be able to stand the mental strain which may fall to his lot. What benefit or pleasure will one derive from going through a college course, if his consti-

tution is broken down by neglecting to take proper exercise? Every branch of athletics should be established in a university, so that each student may take part in his particular branch and thereby obtain that exercise which is conducive to perfect health. Let athletics be promoted as much as possible, and let the colleges of America turn out men both of mental and physical development.

R. A. REED.

Her Sacrifice.

CHARLES F. ENSIGN.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JACK HARVEY, of the U. S. cruiser, *Fearless*.

DOROTHY LOWELL.

SUZETTE (*a French maid*)

SCENE. *A morning room in the Lowell mansion.*

DOROTHY. *Discovered seated in an alcove pensively regarding a little bronze Cupid that stands on the table.*

DOROTHY. And only last night he proposed. Not that I hadn't expected it was coming and tried to prepare myself for it, but he spoke so suddenly—and so well—that I know I blushed like a girl of sixteen when I said, "I did love him." Yes, I said I did love him; and I do. I wouldn't have told even you that yesterday, Cupid, for I scarcely knew it myself—then. But I learned a lot of things last night.

Jack has such dear old Puritan ideas too. Only a few days ago he said to me, "I can find no respect in my heart for a self-styled lady who thinks it 'quite proper' to have her 'little smoke,' 'a sip of wine, you know,' or 'a game of cards to risk her pin money on,' and many other little vices whose practice she hopes will bring her 'up to date.' Up to date, indeed—'bah!'" And the way he said, "Bah!" made me thank my wee lucky star that I could call myself exempt. But he is coming this morning, and you shall see—

Enter Suzette.

SUZETTE. A letter for you, Mam'zelle (*hands letter and retires*). Ah! Windmere. That's from Goldie Spofford; bless her heart! I wonder what she has to say (*reads*).

"MY DEAR OLD CHUM:

"It has been a long three months I have let you go without a letter, and I am ashamed of myself for my neglect; but I am sure you will

pardon my silence when you know the cause.

"You were my best friend at school; always ready to hear my childish troubles and comfort me with your kind words. But Dorothy, it is a far more serious trouble than those of my school-days that I confide to you now.

"I will give no details, suffice to say that last summer I became engaged to a gentleman from New York who came to Windmere for his vacation. I need not tell you that I was very, very happy, for I loved him with my whole heart. But one day we quarrelled—a foolish quarrel—over a trivial matter, as lovers do, and he went back into the big world from whence he came, saying "he would try to live it down." Then my dream of happiness vanished and left me with an aching, breaking heart. Yes, Dorothy, it seems foolish, but—oh, I can't help it!

"I have heard that he was in New York, and if by chance you meet him try, like a good friend, to send him back, for surely time must have softened his anger. I almost forgot to tell you his name, for it seems to me you should know him, if only because I think of him so much. It is "Jack Harvey of the U. S. cruiser *Fearless*," and—*(the letter drops from Dorothy's hand and she turns very pale)*.

Enter Suzette.

SUZETTE. Zare is a gentleman to see you, Mam'zelle *(hands card and retires)*.

DOROTHY. *(takes card with trembling hand and starts as she glances at it)* Jack!—*(bewildered.)* What—what shall I do? *(her face shows signs of a severe inward struggle, but suddenly her features grow firm as if her mind were made up.)* Yes, I must—I will do it.

Enter Jack.

JACK. Here I am ship-shape and according to promise! You don't know how time drags when I am away from you, dear *(begins to remove his coat and gloves, all the time talking rapidly. Being so occupied he does not notice Dorothy, who gazes out of the window with a bored expression on her face)*. I almost committed a breach of discipline this morning while thinking of you. When I returned from my inspection of the ship the captain said to me: "Is she all right this morning, Mr. Harvey?" I looked over the rail and replied in an absent-minded sort of way: "I hope so; she was last night." Ha! ha! *(drawing closer to Dorothy, whose back is still turned, and speaking tenderly.)* Only think last night, Dorothy *(tries to take her hand, but she draws away)*.

DOROTHY *(impatiently)*. No! no! Don't!

JACK *(surprised)*. Why—I don't understand! What's the matter?

DOROTHY *(weariedly)*. Oh, nothing! nothing! *(brightening up)*. But you must be tired after your long ride *(rings bell)*. Now sit down and I'll order some refreshment *(Suzette appears at door)*. Suzette, bring in the bottle of wine you will find in the cooler *(going to door and whispering to Suzette)*. It's only ginger ale—you understand?

JACK *(confused)*. No use, Dorothy, I—I never drink wine.

(Suzette enters with bottle and glasses.)

DOROTHY *(in a surprised tone)*. What! not drink wine? Oh, you foolish man! Well then, I suppose I shall have to teach you *(pours out a glassful which he firmly refuses.)* No?—you won't? *(coaxingly)* Not even for me? Very well, then, I shall drink it myself, if you are determined to be stupid *(raising glass and leaning over back of his chair)*. Here's to our future happiness when you learn to be more convivial *(drinks and pours out a second glass)*.

JACK *(horrified)*. Dorothy, don't do that, I beg of you—

DOROTHY *(not heeding)*. Now, attention! If you *won't* take some wine I am going to ask a slight favor of you.

JACK *(coldly)*. Name it, and I will see if I can be useful if not sociable.

DOROTHY. Well, then, you are a man who has seen a great deal of the world and know how to do most things cleverly. Now, I want you to teach me how to play *(very confidentially)* the great American game of—of draw poker!

JACK *(breathless with astonishment)*. What!

DOROTHY *(poutingly)*. Have I said something dreadful? You look as if I had asked you to kill somebody.

JACK *(becoming indignant)*. Dorothy, what do you mean by this?

DOROTHY *(lightly)*. Oh, Jack! You're such a funny fellow; I'm afraid we'll never get along well together. You frighten me so with your "old-womanish" ways. I'll have to have another glass of wine; I really will *(drinks)*. There; I feel better. *(aside)* Good! Brother Will has left some cigarettes on the table. *(One more shock to Jack)*. Now *(takes cigarette, lights it in an awkward manner and sits down on a low stool)*. Now come, Jack, make an effort to be sociable. Light a cigar and sit down on the floor beside me, and we'll have a real nice chat. Come.

JACK *(thoroughly disgusted)*. I don't care to sit on the floor beside you!

DOROTHY (*crossly*). Oh! you're too awfully particular (*struggles to her feet with seeming difficulty and reaches for the wine bottle*). But say, Jack, now do have a glass of wine!

(*Jack rises and strides to the door indignant and disgusted. Dorothy leans against the table and smiles at him*).

DOROTHY (*sweetly*). What are you going to do, Jack?

JACK (*haughtily*). Take my leave of one whose real character I have mistaken. Miss Lowell, I feel that it would be common justice to us both to break the bond that can have no ending but misery. Therefore I ask you to relieve me from my part.

DOROTHY (*falteringly*). Of course—if you insist—I—I do!

JACK. Thanks! and now good-bye. (*aside*) Thank God! I do know one good woman yet. (*turns to go.*)

DOROTHY (*pretending to grow angry*). One word, Mr. Harvey! I have some slight remembrances of you I am sure it would pain me to keep. Where may I send them?

JACK. I leave for Windmere, Connecticut, tonight. They will reach me there. Good day (*exit*).

DOROTHY (*clutches at a chair for support; her face grows pale and her lip trembles*). I've—I've won!

Throws herself on the couch, buries her face in her hands and sobs bitterly as

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Innocence Abroad.

JAMES M. CONWAY.

THE confidence-man with his soothing charm,
Picks out the Reuben from off the farm,
And they stroll along in the cooling shade
Of some quiet path, where his game is played.
Something strange, a joy, a thrill,
Comes o'er the Reuben, (as it sometimes will);
The red blood mounts to his sunburnt face,
And a wonderful change right there takes place.
Does his brown eyes flash, and a cry of wrath
Echo along the shady path?
Nay, nay; but grinning he holds in his hand
The goods he has bought of the confidence-man.
Ten years have past and flown away
Since the Reuben bought the goods that day;
And on his grave-stone, so I'm told,
The following lines are found enscrolled.
"Oh! we loved him well, yes, we loved him,
Our Silas, the brave and the bold;
But the angels they came and took him
Where green-goods are not sold."

A Modern Prodigal.

There were three heavy hearts in the Wilkins' little farmhouse on the Berkshire Hills that cold night in December. The two little girls had cried themselves to sleep, and the mother, poor thing, had lain far into the night grieving silently as women do, until blessed sleep had driven the tears away. As for Amos Wilkins—the father—it would be hard to describe the conflict raging in his breast. He was a proud, obstinate, quick-tempered man whose straight-laced New-England training had grounded the idea of parental authority so deeply into his nature that the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother," was interpreted with Spartan severity.

The cause of this cloud of sorrow over the little house was simple enough. A few hot, thoughtless words, the angry opposition of two obstinate natures, and—a face was missing from the family circle. Joe Wilkins had inherited his father's disposition, and that afternoon, when they had disagreed over some trivial matter, it had blazed out in all its strength.

The upshot of it was that Joe had packed his black imitation leather valise, counted over the little sum he had saved, and gone—nobody knew where; nor did he know himself when he bought his ticket for the little junction town where the railroad branched out so many ways into the big world, what his destination would be. And he cared little where as long as he got away from Waterford. Joe was not a hard-hearted fellow, and a lump came up in his throat when he thought of his mother and his two little baby sisters—and Tilly; but his pride choked it down when his wrong came back to him.

As for Amos Wilkins, if he felt any remorse he took pains to conceal it. That night when the table was laid for supper he silently took away Joe's plate and moved the chair so that it would appear that four were as many as had ever sat there. Then he said sternly: "Never let me hear his name again." That was all.

The next morning, after Amos had gone to the fields, Patience Wilkins was clearing away the breakfast things and thinking sadly about her boy and the sudden way he had been taken from her, when the door burst open, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl stood on the threshold stamping the snow from her little feet.

"Law sakes! it's cold," exclaimed the sun-

shiny young lady, throwing back her hood and loosing her curly golden hair. "I'm all out of breath! Ran all the way over here to tell you that we're going to have a little party over at our house tonight. We'll make some maple wax and pop some corn and gossip and have a real good time; and mother told me to tell you and Mr. Wilkins—and Joe (*with a blush*)—to come, and—Why, Mrs. Wilkins, what's the matter?"

The poor mother had held back as long as she could, but now she sank into a chair and cried as if her heart would break. Between sobs she told Tilly the story of the quarrel. When she had finished Tilly put her arms around the bent form and, raising the tear-stained face, softly kissed the wrinkled forehead; then she went slowly toward the door. As she put her hand on the knob, she turned and said, with a little sob in her voice: "I—I guess we won't have any party tonight."

The city seems to act like a magnet on the country boy, and he flies to it with no definite occupation in view, only to be there and share in the excitement. All the noise and bustle, and the thousand and one sights of a large city are sources of wonder and delight to him after the calm, work-a-day life of the country. So, like the moth, he will hover about the attractive light till his verdant wings are singed and he falls back into the open arms of the "old homestead" where a square meal and a good bed are certainties.

Joe was no exception to the rule, and to see New York had long been one of his secret longings; so he took the evening train from Waycross for the Metropolis—of the East.* Arriving there he was bewildered by the awful roar of the depot, but he clung to his little black valise, and looked warily around for fear somebody would want to shake hands with him. You see our hero knew all about confidence men—from the comic weeklies.

We shall not try to follow Joe through all his experiences in New York, suffice it to say that the poor fellow had a hard enough time of it to dampen the ardor of a book-agent. Work, such as he wanted, was not to be obtained, although he spent many a weary day looking for it.

Things ran on in this way for about three months, till one morning Joe took a reckoning of his affairs, financial and personal, and found that he had just ten cents in cash and a great longing for breakfast. The breakfast was in-

dulged in, and it took the ten cents, so there was nothing for it but to beg or go hungry. Starvation is a great convincer, and the outlook clinched a resolution that had been shaping itself in Joe's mind for some days past. This was to go home and trust to the softening influence of time on his father's heart for his reception. So a north-bound limited freight carried at least one passenger that night who was not entered upon the company's books.

One bright April day Amos Wilkins was working in the field that bordered on the road, and thinking, it must be owned, with remorse of the boy he had driven from the little home by his unreasonable anger, when he glanced down the road and beheld a ragged figure approaching in the distance.

"One of them pesky tramps, I suppose," he muttered, but as he looked he seemed to recognize something familiar about the walk—or what was it? Surely he had seen the man before. He strained his eyes, and as the figure drew nearer he exclaimed breathlessly: "I'll be durned if it ain't Joe!" When he was sure of the fact he jumped from the wagon, and, leaping the fence like a boy of sixteen instead of a man of sixty, rushed down the road shouting: "Don't say a word, Joe! Don't say a word! It's all right now!" And as he reached his boy he took him by both hands and shook them vigorously while his eyes filled with tears of joy. Then he drew back and looked him over while Joe hung his head in a shamefaced way.

"Bless my soul," said the old man, "you look like you'd been drawn through a knot-hole. Come up to the house now and your mother'll give you something to eat; and"—with a twinkle in his eye—"I guess some soap and water wouldn't hurt you any, eh?" And he airily capered for joy, if old men ever caper.

Such a laughing and such a crying, such a crying and such a laughing as greeted that wayward one is not in my pen to describe. It seemed to Joe that his cup was full, when he heard a step on the walk and Tilly burst into the room, and ran—well,—right into his arms. When she had caught her breath after his energetic salutation, she said: "Joe dear, I'm glad you're come back."

"Amen!" smiled Mrs. Wilkins.

"And we'll have our party tonight, won't we?"

"Hiram," yelled Amos from the door, "kill that big gobbler. If this ain't a thanksgiving, then I don't know one!"

* This is a concession to Chicagoans.

Varsity Verse.

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

WHEN the skies above are bright
And the wavelets dance with light,
When the hoarse-voiced storm is under Nature's
ban,

Who is so ready with his song,
As the good ship speeds along
But the gayest of the gay, the man-o'-war's man?

When a storm is on the deep
From the awful blasts that sweep,
When the order comes: "To duty if you can!"
Who works without a fear,
Though perhaps grim death is near,
But the boldest of the bold, the man-o'-war's man?

When lying in the port
Where comes the jolly sport,
With sweethearts, wives and mothers the ship is overrun;
Who then shows up his heart,
As he plays his happy part,
But the dearest of the dear, the man-o'-war's man?

C. F. E.

OFF THE TRACK.

I bet on a horse called Needles,
And Needles had many fine points;
I bet on a horse called Opium,
And Opium was good in the joints.
I bet on a horse called Rubber,
And Rubber was good in the stretch;
I bet on a horse called Napoleon,
Good price for bones he would fetch.
I bet on a horse called Barber,
And Barber won by a hair;
I bet on a horse called Rosy,
And Rose was a very fine mare.
And then I bet on old Graveyard—
I was sure not to win on the dead;
In despair I bet against Cabbage,
And Cabbage came in ahead.

W. H. T.

GRAVE HUMOR.

Pat scratched his head in blank surprise,
As o'er these lines his optics ran,
"Beneath this mouldering clay there lies
A lawyer and an honest man."

"'Tis mighty quare," Pat, wondering, said,
"And something Oi can scarce belave,
They tuk advantage o' the dead
And put two fellows in wan grave."

R. A. R.

THE WINNING STROKE.

Vesta of the violet eyes,
Blue as bluest depths of skies,
Do you love me—will you say?
Will you name the wedding day?
Vesta, deep my love for you
As your peerless eyes of blue,
How could it be deeper, pray?
Won't you name the wedding day?
Vesta, I've a bank account
For a very large amount;—
Now you do not run away,
Now you'll name the wedding day. J. M. C.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

THEY left the crowded ball-room,
With its glare and tumultuous life,
Where broken hearts will hide their gloom
In the reckless, mirthful strife.

She took his arm; they strolled away
From the whirling, restless crowd;
Important things he had to say
To her, but not aloud.

They slowly sauntered toward the shore;
But neither spoke a word,
A strange constraint ne'er known before
His bosom deeply stirred.

No sound disturbed the silent night,
Except for his deep sigh,
Which told uncertainty despite
The love-light in her eye.

But suddenly he raised his head
With hopeless courage then
In trembling tones he softly said,
"Say, mother, give me ten."

J. T.

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought.
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own,
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower,
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest.
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

F. H. DEL.

WENT UP IN SMOKE.

He dwells somewhere up in the sky,
And never more will he tease her.
At Christmas she gave him a box of cigars,
And he smoked a couple to please her.

W. D. D.

JAMIE HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Jamie had a little lamb,
He thought it was immense,
With nice green peas and other things
It cost him ninety cents.

T. D.

Essays in Little.

I.—Our Country's Destiny.

GEORGE H. WILSON.

Before we consider our country's destiny, it may be the part of wisdom to recall the purpose of her founders. Man always looks from his present condition to the future for a better state of things, and four hundred years ago, a man of hope and courage placed within the reach of the millions who were to come after him the means by which they might realize all their best and highest hopes. This New World contained the promise of all the loftiest and most ambitious desires of the thoughtful and earnest of the Old World. We are all familiar with the history of the founding of the colonies. We know the purposes which moved our forefathers in coming to this land of promise. We are aware, too, that those colonists that were moved by the best and highest desires were those that succeeded in establishing the government of the people. When men face dangers of sea and land in order that they may worship God as it seems best to them, they are likely to dare and do much for the sake of the highest liberty in government. Having brought to our minds the recollection of the founding of this country of ours, we shall consider how she is fulfilling her destiny, or how the future will carry out the will of those brave men who have lived and died for her.

We are rich in all the things of earth, air and water. Nature has done wonderful things for us. But while all this is something to be glad of, something to be profoundly grateful for, yet the real greatness of our country lies not in wealth that can be measured by dollars and cents. The feeling of every true American is that the true wealth of his country is summed up in the motto of the World's Columbian Exposition, "Not Things but Men."

So far every man coming to this land has received all good things for the body—good food, clothing and suitable shelter, and, more than all, excellent opportunities for the education of his children. A great part of all the dreams and hopes of the millions who have come to us have been fully realized. But a higher destiny is yet in store. When we are older as a nation, we will have learned to have

our government free from most of the abuses which have crept into it. Money will not be used to corrupt our public men, because the people will demand a better state of things. Children will not be allowed to work in factories, because the people will realize that the children of the nation are its best heritage, and that the future of the country lies in the hands of the children. The dumb animal will be protected too. The rights of each will be the rights of all. The Golden Rule will be observed in the working out of the laws, and ours will really be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Let us all speed that happy day when our beloved country will truly be "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

II.—The Blue-Back Spelling Book.

EMMETT A. CORLEY.

As we slowly advance on our college career, we sometimes wander back in fancy to the time when we first began this life of study. Again, the days of childhood are vivid upon our recollection, and the feeling of joy that filled our younger hearts comes to us as we remember the first book given us.

The Webster Elementary Spelling Book was the pride of every studious lad, and proud was he who could spell off-hand all of the words within its covers. The boy of six summers, standing before his teacher in a rustic school-room, felt happy indeed when he could successfully spell the first word of two syllables. This word "ba-ker," though simple, was the test. The lad who could master the lesson number twenty-six, containing ninety words, felt confident of renown. And when he could correctly spell and pronounce by syllables the longest word in the book—"in-com-pre-hen-sibil-i-ty,"—he was a genius of no small compass.

It was the crowning ambition of every boy or girl to be able to spell every word at the spelling-school. On Friday night each month the parents of the children would come to hear the "spelling-match." The student who could withstand the volley of words poured out by the teacher from the old "blue-back" book, mastering where others failed, until he was the last in the contest, was considered the hero of the evening.

Nothing will so completely carry one back to "childhood's earliest hours" as a perusal of

the old "blue-back" speller. The "old oaken bucket," which recalls sweet memories, finds a competitor in this thumb-worn reminder of former school-days. Aside from the knowledge it imparts, it leaves impressions of enduring value upon the mind by a few selected sentences after each lesson. These last remain as mementoes, and a few of these gems will bear repetition here:

"The gambler is uneasy when at home."

"The drunkard's face will publish his vice and his disgrace."

"Our farmers, mechanics and merchants compose the strength of our nation. Let them be wise and virtuous and watchful of their liberties. Let them trust no man to legislate for them if he lives in habitual violation of the laws of his country."

"How happy men would be if they would love what is right and hate what is wrong."

There are to be found several fables in the old "blue back," that are familiar to every person who attended school ten or fifteen years ago. Who can forget the "Boy That Stole Apples?" It represents a boy perched upon an apple tree, while beneath stands an old man calling to him to come down. The boy refuses, and the old man throws a handful of grass at him, but the boy only laughs. This angers the old man and seizing a stone, he hits the lad on the head bringing him down from the tree quickly. The moral teaches soberly that "If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner."

The fable of "The Country Maid and her Milk Pail," so familiar to us all, and even applicable to men and women of today, as well to days gone by, adorn the pages of the old "blue-back." It is not to be denied that the moral this teaches is valuable. "When men suffer their imagination to amuse them with the prospect of distant and uncertain improvement in their condition, they frequently sustain losses by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned."

Other spellers are taking the place of the old "blue back," and it would be difficult to find a school throughout our country in which it is taught. Yet those who learned to lisp the first letters and memorized the fables of this book will continue to remember it as the first stone of the structure of their education. And some day when you chance to find the original book given you long ago you will consider it a relic of happy days.

III.—Telephone Relations.

FRANCIS H. DELONE.

When we take down the receiver to respond to Central's honeyed bleat of "What Number?" it may occur to us that we are blessed above our forebears in the matter of convenience; but we seldom stop to consider what a great social factor we are handling. Society, which stands for the non-professional relations of men and women, takes its grade of intimacy from its connecting medium. When the letter or message had to be delivered by a mounted courier, or by a prim little maid in side curls and pattens, society was stately, formal and rigid in its etiquette.

The ready-made envelope and the postage stamp stood for a new intimacy, and obligations met and disposed of with "a lick and a promise," "Honored Sir" became "Dear Jack," and the wheels of society began to change their heavy revolutions for a lively whirl. Now the sharp voice of the telephone has scattered the last trace of stateliness. Over the democratic wires the college boy and the dowager of sixty are greeted with the same cheerful Hello! the echo of which has crept into all the relations of men and women. A little manipulation will bring them voice to voice at any hour of the day, and so they are beginning to gain an off-hand knowledge of each other, and to lose that quaint awe which was once a part of the social stock.

Moreover, the connecting wire has doubled the possibilities of social life, and brought in a new and charming class of entertainments, the little informals and "Won't you drop ins" that nearly always show people at their best and brightest. These telephone days are perhaps a trifle slangy, and the "hail-fellow-well-met" attitude is sometimes overdone; but after all, this new posture brought about by a climax of civilization, is far more normal and primitive than the stilted sponge of the sealing-wax days.

O Human Heart!

© HUMAN heart, the fountain-spring of love,
Through whose dark caves re-echoes passion's
strain,
Thou art the masterpiece of God above,
An urn that peevish Time can never drain.

P. MCE.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Defeat has come to the baseball men which was accepted with good grace. It is the fortune of no one to be always victorious, and the Notre Dame men have done so well we are prouder of them than ever before, and have greater hopes for their next victory.

—The editors are indebted to a distinguished friend for a feast that again filled the sanctum with joy and good cheer. It is not often—as we might have said before—that this old sanctum is so visited,—which makes the event all the more happy. All of us, then, wish to give our thanks to one so heedful of our good fortune, and our wishes for many feast days to come, as full of good cheer as the little feast of the SCHOLASTIC's board was.

—The board of editors has taken a respite in their work—a day year, and has gone rambling through the glens and flowers and spring breezes while the Rhetoric Class filled the columns of this number of the SCHOLASTIC. It is a rest justly earned. Moreover, the younger writers have done much creditable work; and it is but right that they be allowed to show to our little world what they can do. It will be their destiny to fill the vacant places on the board in one or two years, and if their progress is as fast as it has been, is their any doubt that the SCHOLASTIC's glory will wane?

Our Track Team Wins the Indiana State Meet.

[Indianapolis, Ind., May 20—Special Dispatch to N. D. SCHOLASTIC.]

Notre Dame, 38; Purdue, 33; DePauw, 17. Three Bicycle Races run at 10 a. m. tomorrow, track too bad today.

Corcoran second in $\frac{1}{4}$ mile run.

Maloy first in Broad Jump.

Eggeman 2d, Powers, third, Hammer Throw.

Powers First, Kearney Second, Pole Vault

Powers first High Jump.

Farley Third 220 Yard Dash.

Hoover Second 220 Hurdle.

Powers 2d, Eggeman Third, Putting Shot.

Powers First Running Broad Jump.

Rose Polytechnic and Purdue claim Bicycle races for tomorrow. Purdue is greatly disappointed.

F. E. HERING.

—A writer in the Bachelor's Kingdom of the Yale *Courant* has this to say of the college literary men. "There are two kinds of men who write for the college papers. Those who are really in love with their work and those to whom it is so much hack to be reeled off, with much labor and many hard thoughts and pushed through the letter slot at the very last minute of grace—or later. Then there is a third kind—those who do not write."

The division has been made, let us say, wisely. In every university the three classes will be found. In the first there will be few; in the second, a fair number of men that would keep a last grasp on their laurels, but are loath to do the work; in the third is the bulk of students that give little serious thought to writing; that are well satisfied with their labors if they have succeeded in filling a few pages of foolscap with words to count for their weekly or daily theme, as it may be. Among this last number there are doubtless some that are not gifted with a skill in handling words; but there are, just as surely, some that could write if they sat themselves down to it. Inborn talent counts for something, but not for everything; and there are a number of skilful writers that can point to the foundation of hard work as the reason of their success. Some lack self-confidence. Some give over because success comes not at once, which is as serious a hindrance as lack of self-confidence. The blame falls heaviest on those that have been given the gift of good writing and fail to use it.

Ascension Thursday.

After Easter the fairest festival at Notre Dame is the day that marks the Ascension of our Lord; because it tells of the beginning of the end of the year; because it comes in the glory of May time, and because on that day the First Communion class receives the Holy Sacrament of the altar. It is a rule that this day be a sunny one; but the clouds gathered and poured down the spring rain. In the morning the procession

of the glory and the honor their God had conferred upon them by making their souls His home; and he brought clearly before the minds of all the solemnity of the occasion.

In the afternoon the rain ceased falling and the sun came out long enough to permit the procession to be formed. The students of the halls came first; after them the University band, the Communicants and the priests. The long line that moved slowly to the beat of the grand march, the black and white, the glinting of the sun from the golden vestments made



CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

had to be left out of the ceremony; but it was as bright and fair as ever it was in former years. Rev. President Morrissey was celebrant at the Solemn High Mass, and Rev. Fathers French and Regan acted as deacon and sub-deacon. The big church was wellnigh filled with the friends of those that claimed the day as their own.

Rev. Father French delivered the short sermon to the Communicants; and never before were his words so well weighed. He told them

the procession most impressive. Before Benediction the baptismal vows were renewed by the class; and at the end of the day's ceremonies the congregation sang the greatest of hymns, "Holy God, we Praise Thy Name."

It was a day long to be remembered by all that were present; for the Communicants themselves it was one of the fairest of their life-days; to their parents and friends it recalled the same time, years gone, when they received for the first time the Bread of Life.

Notre, Dame 5; DePauw, 2.

George Wilson caught a splendid game and the Varsity has won the championship of Indiana. The Varsity without Captain Powers wearing the catcher's-mask is very like Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark out of cast; but Powers was sick, the game was imperative and Wilson was selected to do the back-stop work. The hard training he has been doing since practice began stood him in good stead Saturday. He played his game like a veteran, accepted sixteen chances without an error, nailed venturesome base-runners and was very handy with his bat. Wilson has won his spurs gallantly.

Although sick, Gibson astonished the visitors with a choice assortment of curves and steam coupled with good control, and ended his game with twelve strike-outs to his credit. The only hit made off him was a scratch-bunt in the first, and for eight long innings not a Greencastle man could plant the leather safe.

Outside of the magnificent battery work the Varsity played well. Acting-captain McDonald was in the game every second. McNichols and Donahue were strong, Donahue's sacrificing being the neatest in that line done on the field this year. The out-field had little to do; but when Follen left the diamond when all was over he had two pretty hits alongside his name. More gingery coaching on the lines would not injure the Varsity's chances for success in coming contests, and the base-running was way below par.

DePauw struggled hard against Fate and Gibson but the combination, was too much for them. Pulse was not perfect, although he is the best pitcher DePauw has on her staff. Haynes made a pretty catch in centre and Peck caught well. Barring these men Haynes' followers were shakey. Umpire Ralston did fair work, but was severe on balls and strikes occasionally.

The sacrifice game is growing in favor since young Mr. Donahue and the brilliant Fleming have done so well at it, and the team is working more like a unit; all of which augurs well for future victories.

PARTICULARS OF THE CONTEST.

McNichols fumbled Wendling's grounder, and some one remarked, "that's a poor start." A moment later Wendling got a poor start off first, and Wilson snuffed him out to McDonald. Pulse died from second to first, and then some

party or parties unknown set fire to the powder magazine. Captain Haynes rolled one to Gibson, and beat it out. Murray reached first on McDonald's error at first. Then the usually accurate McDonald threw the ball almost to the lake. Gibson contributed a mis-play, and Haynes scored. Follen was not an error-fever immune, and dropped Ellis' fly, scoring Murray. Daly held Bohn's fly closing the inning.—Two runs.

Fleming went out to Ellis; Donahue and Callahan got passes; Daly reached his destination; Donahue crossed the rubber. Follen went into Lethe and McNichols followed him. ¹ run

From the second to the eighth DePauw went out in order not a man reaching third. Strike outs were plentiful, and Wilson supported Gibson gamely. In the eighth, Wilson disposed of Longwell's foul; P. Bohn hammered the unproductive air; and Gibson let Wendling and Pulse take constitutionals to first. With two runners on the bags and a chance to score Gibson struck Haynes out.

Notre Dame did not score again until the fourth, when McNichols reached first on Wendling's error, second on Longwell's, and scored. McDonald placed a pretty single over first and ran home later. Wilson failed to find Pulse's curves; Gibson profited by Murray's mistake; Fleming was likewise lucky, and Donahue died.—Two runs.

In the fifth Callahan hit safely to left; Daly advanced him by a pretty sacrifice, and Follen's hit scored him. McNichols and McDonald flew out to second and centre.—One run.

After the fifth the Varsity did not score. The game closed in a chilling drizzle, and Notre Dame bundled into their sweaters and raced to the training quarters to congratulate Wilson and Gibson, and to assure each other that they were one step nearer the undisputed championship of the West.

THE OFFICIAL SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, 3 b.	3	0	1	0	2	0
Donahue, s.s.	2	1	0	0	3	0
Callahan, l.f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Daly, m.	3	1	0	1	0	9
Follen, r.f.	4	0	2	0	0	1
McNichols, 2 b.	4	1	0	5	2	1
McDonald (Capt.), r b.	4	1	1	10	0	2
Wilson, c.	4	0	1	11	5	0
Gibson, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	30	5	6	27	14	5
DEPAUW	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wendling, s.s.	3	0	0	2	3	1
Pulse, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Haynes (Capt.) m.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Murray, 3 b.	3	1	0	2	2	3
Ellis, r.f.	4	0	0	3	0	0

J. Bohn, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	2
Peck, c.	2	0	0	4	3	1
Longwell, 1 b.	3	0	0	10	0	1
P. Bohn, 2 b.	2	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	28	2	1	24	11	9

SCORE BY INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.
NOTRE DAME—	1	0	0	2	1	0	1	0	*=5	
DEPAUW—	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=2	

Stolen bases—Donahue. Sacrifice hits—Donahue (2), Daly. Hit by pitcher; by Gibson, P. Bohn. Bases on balls—Off Gibson, 4; off Pulse, 5. Struck out—By Gibson, 12; by Pulse, 3. Umpire, Ralston

L. T. WEADOCK.

That Military Company.

Out on the college campus, under the very folds of Old Glory floating proudly on the breezes, Notre Dame's young soldiers form company twice a week and work hard to prepare themselves for their country's service.

The company is in a flourishing condition. Of course many that enlisted under stress of boyish excitement consequent to last month's great demonstration, have—now that it comes to the test of doing a little work—been found wanting, and have dropped out. But there is a good number that have the right spirit and attend drill with regularity.

Captain Green is surprised and pleased at the progress made by the recruits; the manual of arms has been learned, and the manœuvres necessary for company drill are executed with readiness. The company was organized largely through the efforts of Captain Green, and he and Lieutenants Walsh and White have worked hard to perfect the organization.

The men that have seriously gone into this thing are worthy of praise. Patriotism does not consist in shouting "Down with Spain!" But true patriotism consists in standing ready to fight for the flag, and if it is not yet time to take the field, then the next best thing is to prepare oneself for such service; and that is what this company is doing. That old argument, "the country does not need me," is worn out and weak. No man is conceited enough to imagine that his individual vote is necessary to decide a national election, yet this would be no excuse for not voting. And what is true of a national election is true of a national war.

The spirit of our military recruits is a spirit of genuine patriotism. Drilling is not play; and every time they drill they are doing at least something for their country's sake. And should the need arise, the same spirit that now prompts them to attend drill will then inspire them to march forth in steady cadence to do battle for the flag.

Exchanges.

From Saint Aloysius' College, Mangalore, South Canara, India, comes a new exchange, *The Mangalore Magazine*. If the merit of a college paper is any indication of the prosperity and worth of the institution from which it emanates, Saint Aloysius' College must be flourishing indeed. We confess that after we had finished reading the journal through we were still interested enough to spend some time on the advertisements, because of their strangeness to American eyes. The *Magazine* is well written and the printing and binding are in excellent taste. To the average American, India is a remote land where tigers and cholera and the "bandar-log" thrive, and where English is spoken only by Mr. Kipling and the army. Colleges and college papers are not to be thought of. A glance at the journal before us will teach this average American that he has much to learn about India. The magazine contains some creditable verse, an interesting Bombay letter, an article on Indian languages, and well-written editorials and local news. We extend a hearty welcome to our new exchange.

The Xavier has as a frontispiece an excellent half-tone portrait of the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan in honor of his silver jubilee. The portrait, by the way, is about the only successful thing in the number. When we compare past editions of the *Xavier* with the copy before us we are led to believe that the *Xavier* men are suffering from a violent attack of spring fever. Mr. Phillips contributes a paper on "The Spiritualistic View of the Human Soul," which he evidently tore from his psychology notebook; there are two or three pages of verses that are tame for even college verse; and the single attempt at fiction, "Stock Mad," is worthy of its title. The remainder of the paper consists of editorials, book reviews, local news and the exchange column. The exchange man reminds us very much of a youth living up on the top of Niagara Falls, who is also an ex-man. Neither of them see anything good in the world, especially in the college world, but in many other respects they do not resemble each other in the least. The *Xavier* man, for instance, voices his complaints in good English, and he is a gentleman at all times. We hope the editors of *The Xavier* will have recovered from that attack of spring fever before the next number is sent to press.

In Memoriam.

MRS. HENRIETTA BYERLEY.

Another link between the present and the far past has been broken by the death of the venerable Mrs. Henrietta Byerley, who passed away at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, on Thursday, the 19th inst. In her, Notre Dame loses a good friend, as well as a generous benefactor. It was she who fitted up the first altar in the little log cabin which served Father Sorin and his devoted little community for a chapel, and often since has she manifested in a practical way her deep interest in our *Alma Mater*. Personally she was a charming and highly cultured woman, but what most impressed one in her presence was her lofty spiritual character and her saint-like adherence to all the precepts of the Christian life. We bespeak from our readers a fervent prayer for the repose of her noble soul. May she rest in peace!

* * *

GEORGE W. JACKSON, JR.

For the first time in years the Angel of Death has visited our little college world. George W. Jackson, a student of St. Edward's Hall, passed away at ten o'clock on Thursday night, and a protracted and painful illness, resulting from heart trouble, was closed in eternal rest. It is a touching coincidence that he died on the evening of the day on which he and many of his little companions received their First Holy Communion—meet foretaste of the unending union with God, which, we can not but believe, he is now enjoying. He was a bright, attractive boy, a model of the virtues suitable to his age, and a prime favorite among teachers and pupils. He will long be missed by his companions; but the example of his earnest, honest little life will live in their memory forever. Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him! May he rest in peace!

University of Wisconsin, 5; Notre Dame, 0.

The big letter on those flaring Wisconsin sweaters stood for Winners and the Varsity was up against fate. That was all there was to yesterday's game. With excellent fielding on both sides and the interest high all the time, the game was a beauty from a disinterested spectator's stand-point; but few of us are in

that class; and when all is said, it goes against the grain to lose. Why did we lose? We lost because the team couldn't hit a wood-pile with a hatchet. We need go no farther than that.

With Gibson pitching a fine game of ball and with good support in the field all was lovely; but as soon as Hustings began to float easy high ones and express-train straights up to the plate, the Varsity hit like a sand-lot team. It was the same all through, and if Gibson were not the nervy man that he is, the game would have been presented to the Badgers in the early stages. But the box-man stuck to his post, and his example helped his team-mates, but when Notre Dame went to bat Hustings had little trouble with them.

It would not matter so much if this decline in hitting were only temporary, but it promises to be permanent. Most of which goes to show that more good hard batting practice is not only advisable but absolutely necessary if we hope to win more games.

Outside of the wretched hitting, the play was good. Fleming was the only man in a Varsity uniform that hit at all; his two singles and a sacrifice being the club record for the day. Beside this he put up a pretty game at third. McNichols played no faster than the law required, and swung at a third strike in the eighth inning a yard over his head. Wilson played hard, but could not work miracles, yet he worked as if he meant business, which is a great deal. If Gibson had been backed up any kind of hitting would have won the game.

For the Cardinal, "Happy" Hustings, the best of Coach Humphries' pitching talent, did the twirling and did it well. He mowed down weak hitters and men with reputations as batters, and through his term office never dislocated his careless smile. Captain Gregg kept his men on the move all the time. He leads a fine team, but Hustings, Perry and Hensel were conspicuous on Friday.

OUR FIRST DEFEAT.

Captain Gregg was out from third to first; Ball followed from second to McDonald, and Hitchcock's third strike was red-hot for Wilson. Aston hit safely to left and advanced when Hitchcock scored on Gibson's wild pitch. Donahue squeezed in an error, but after an interval retired Aston at plate by a throw to Wilson.

Fleming hit to right on the send-off, and looked fatigued when Donahue, Callahan and Daly struck out in turn.

Wisconsin's efforts to score were futile until

the fourth, when, after Aston had fanned, Siefert was given his base, stole second and scored on Hensel's hit to centre. Daly made a magnificent throw to cut him off at the plate, but Wilson's error knocked it.

In the fifth, with two men out, and two prancing on the bases, Gibson struck Aston out, and the Varsity came in to fall by the wayside in order.

The sixth was uneventful, and the seventh added a run for Gregg and another for Comedian Hustings. In the ninth Perry scored, and made the blackboard read 5-0. Two excellent opportunities were offered the Varsity in the fourth and ninth, but the longed-for hit in time never came.

Well, it's all over and it's only one defeat. In the words of the never-say-die Powers, "Cheer up, there's only one gone." We will beat Chicago and win every game in the schedule if we pick up in the batting department. The best of them lose once in awhile, and there is some consolation in the thought that Wisconsin lowered her colors to ours last year in a shut out game of 13 to 0, which is worse than five to a goose-egg. Somebody must lose, and it's better to drop a game to Wisconsin than to second fiddle to Chicago or Michigan.

Thus closes the story of the first and, let us hope, the last defeat for the Gold and Blue in '98. Better luck next time!

THE OFFICIAL SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, 3b.	3	0	2	1	4	0
Donahue, s.s.	4	0	0	0	5	1
Callahan,	5	0	0	2	1	0
Daly, m.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Follen, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
McNichols, 2d. b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
McDonald (Capt.), l. b.	4	0	0	11	1	0
Wilson, c.	3	0	0	12	2	2
Gibson,	3	0	0	0	1	0

Totals 30 0 4 27 17 3

WISCONSIN	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gregg (Capt.) 2d. b.	4	1	1	2	2	0
Ball, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Hitchcock, 3d b.	5	1	1	2	2	0
Aston, s.s.	4	0	1	2	1	1
Siefert, l. b.	3	1	0	10	2	1
Hensel, m.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Perry, c.	3	1	0	10	2	1
Ford, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Husting, p.	4	1	1	0	2	0

Totals 34 5 7 27 9 2

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R.
WISCONSIN:—I 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 1=5
NOTRE DAME:—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0

Struck out: by Gibson, 11; by Husting, 10; bases on balls: off Gibson, 4; off Husting, 6; Sacrifice hit—Fleming. Stolen bases—Daly (3), Gregg, Perry, Siefert.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

Local Items.

—The Inter-hall series of baseball games began last Sunday. The Carrolls defeated the Reds—11 to 9. The colts won from the Greys by a score of 10 to 9. The games for Thursday were postponed on account of rain. This series will determine the championship of the scrub teams and interest in the contest is extremely high.

—Mr. P. J. Kasper while visiting the University last week chanced to see the newly organized military company on parade. He thought it proper that they should be initiated into army diet, and consequently sent them a large quantity of hard tack. It was a rare treat to the boys, however, and they wish to extend their thanks for the same.

—There is no university or college in the country that offers to its students the opportunity for athletic training that Notre Dame does. Each department has a separate field, properly laid out for all games, and encircled with a bicycle track. There are uniforms, balls and bats for all the students, ranging from the Minims to the men on the Varsity. The athletic field for the Varsity presented an unusually active appearance for the past two weeks. The candidates for the track and field team have been hard at work preparing for the Indiana meet. The Varsity ball team are out daily perfecting themselves for the contests that will bring Western college honors to them, and the reserve teams are working for the interhall championship. The tennis courts are too few to accommodate the players, and the tournament is attracting considerable attention. Hand-ball is not a lost art; three courts are kept going despite the hot weather. If a student does not get exercise here it is his own fault.

—IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY, A. D. 3000—When we adjourned last week, ladies and gentlemen, I promised to take you into the literary quarter. Hence we will proceed immediately to that section. (Intermission while they proceed immediately to that section). . . . Here you have a profile of the Rt. Hon. John Jacob Dowd, Born Jan. 32, 1878; succumbed Feb. 29th, 1957. When a young boy of twelve years, the now famous poet began to evince signs of great talent and other ailments. Unlike most boys he seldom engaged in boyish pursuits. When his companions would be out in the gutter playing marbles or leap-frog, young Dowd would be in the house pulling the cat's tail, or indulging himself in some other equally intellectual pastime. Dowd advanced in years as he grew to manhood, and became more learned as he increased in wisdom. On the little tablet beneath his picture you will find a most remarkable quatrain written when he

was but seventeen years old. Note the beautiful thought, the smooth rhythm and the delicacy of tone-color, as I read it:

Oh! lily pure, that doth thy lips bend low
To kiss the dancing waters as they flow;
Oh! tell me, is your love sincere or joke?
Or do you kiss to have your face in soak?

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will pass on to the portrait of Captain Robert G. Franey whose book, "Physical Culture and its Relation to Christianity," has a world-wide reputation. Had it not been for this wonderful work, the portrait of Capt. Franey would be in the miscellaneous quarter. Franey was born and cultivated on a farm—a good old farm where the turnips pop their dainty heads up through the spreading cabbage leaves, and the rugged potatoes smile beneath the shady burdock, as the inky crows pick the necktie off the dummy. At the age of eighteen, Franey entered the University of Notre Dame where he made a special study of physics and boating. His course in the former was rapid. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will separate ourselves from this gallery as Maggie wants to scrub. Next Saturday I will take you into the Miscellaneous Quarter.

—The SCHOLASTIC has started a Prize-Story Contest and will print each week one or more of the stories received. You may make your own choice as to which story is the best, but your choice will not cut any figure in the contest. We will attend to that part of it. Below we print the first two stories received:

(Prize Story No. 1. By Chauncy Hotfoot.)

One cold summer's night, when the wintry winds whistled consumptively through the icy-cycled branches of the shivering trees, a little evaporated girl, with bristly red hair and abnormal teeth, ventured from the comely door-knob of her sultry home into the wintry night that had followed close upon the dying summer's day. She was thinly clad, and the barren sweeping wind did heave and sigh as it rattled noisily around her well-worn shoe-buttons. But she pressed on, thinkless of anything but that which she was thinking about. And, dear reader, what do you think she was thinking about? What pressed upon her childish, simple mind that bade her leave the dishes unwashed and go forth into the inky night? Ah! it was for the love of her father. She was going to help him carry home the growler.

(Prize Story No. 2. By Willie Jenkins.)

One sunshiny day during the summer races at Podunk while a large crowd of checkered-shirted sports were crowding and cheering old Long Neck Nell on to victory, a tall, fine-looking man, with yellow hair and congress shoes, feeling the gathering drops of sweat upon his glossy forehead (he had \$50.00 on the race) reached into his pocket; as he supposed, for his embroidered handkerchief, but in his excitement he had inserted his hand

into another man's pocket, and in consequence languished 24 days behind the persuading bars of a gloomy jail. It is only another case of "falsely suspected," but it goes to show that an intelligent jury can err even if they do stay awake during the trial.

—Prof. G. Rene Guds, G. B. T. B. P. P. V. H. J., has this to say of the students of the University Extension Course:

In introducing myself to the public on the subject of Archaic Literature I shall say that Classics only will be given attention. If it is my good fortune to start another renaissance moving, I shall share the honors with the indulgent public and claim for myself nothing more than Father of the movement. Literature is the beautiful in letters (not penmanship). It is one of the liberal arts, so named because so many borrow without asking permission. Its exact origin is obscure. The first authentic literary work we have record of, is the life of "Li Hung Chang," written in 410 B. C., by N. Sine, under the *nom de plume* of Confucius.

This work was first published in serial form in the New York papers, and gave rise to yellow journalism. A brass drummer, by the name of Gordon, in the army of Tamerlane, is responsible for the production, "I Want to be an Angel." He died when he was a child. Had he lived, no doubt, he would have written the life of N. Sine. China has produced no other great men, although Two Hee would have become famous. He was a real wit, but he died a violent death at the hands of an infuriated populace. He left no enduring writings other than "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back."

The literature of France was given birth under the paternal government of Charlemagne. This wise ruler gathered to his court the best and most learned men of the western world. Among these was Dulée, the vagrant bard; whose love ballads were of the purest rhythm. His songs became world wide, and his lyric ballad, "Rosie O'Grady," was translated into the Hebrew under the title "Rebecca Lowenstein."

Du Perier, the tragedian and deep-voiced singer, was the brightest luminary of the brilliant French court. The people of that country have not yet recovered from the convulsions occasioned by his masterpiece, "Fireman, Save my Child." K-Lon Dyke was another man that made Charlemagne famous; his writings are of superior strength and boldness. Edmund Burke and Brinsley Sheridan played him false by appropriating his material for their speeches. His fame somewhat lessened by their plagiarism; but I would ask the public to read his powerful work on the "Curriculum of the Union High School," if they wish to know the man. This work was buried in the French archives and thus saved from the robbers of his glory.