

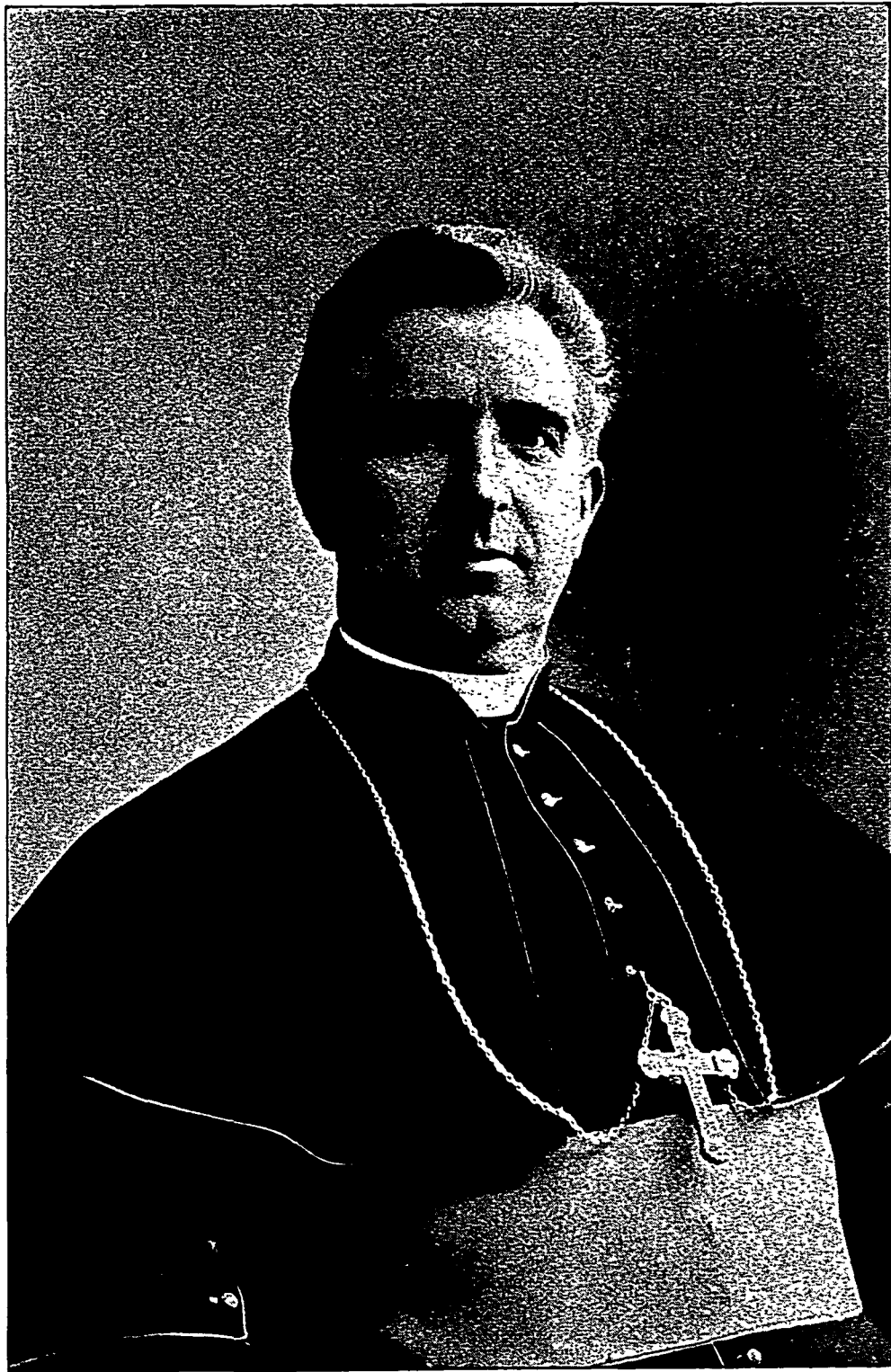
# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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THE RT. REV. MAURICE F. BURKE, D. D., '66.

Bishop of St. Joseph, Mo.

Our Commencement Orator.

## The Character of Falstaff.

WILLIAM S. MURPHY.

In all the wide range of Shakspeare's characters there are few so productive of mirth, so interesting and worthy of study as "Old Jack Falstaff." Other personages we see only in a single phase of their existence. There is some ruling passion or particular trait around which is centred their every action. In Brutus it is intolerance of oppression; in Iago insatiable envy; in Hotspur a fierce impetuosity of temper impatient of all restraint. With these men the poet strives to accentuate the predominant characteristic of each. Exaggerated and intensified, perhaps, we can still form a definite idea of an Iago or an Othello, and associate him with one that has come within the range of our experience. We can say, with some degree of certainty, what he will do in this or that emergency. They are always true to the author's conception, and if we know them well we are able to forecast their action under different circumstances. It takes years to know some of them; but that is our fault.

Falstaff, however, transgresses every rule of consistency, and slips from our grasp at every turn. He evades every attempt to fix his position in the social scale. We imagine for a moment that we have in the roisterer of Eastcheap a gross sensualist whose vision extends no further than the bottom of a wine glass, and whose deepest concern is the price of sac, when lo! we find him discoursing with the depth and wisdom of a philosopher. While we are laughing at the stupidity he displays in the affairs at "Gadshill," he suddenly turns the tables with an amazing display of wit and shrewdness. We are altogether at a loss to reconcile traits of character so contradictory. It is only after a close scrutiny that we can fathom his motives and recognize the fact, that Jack too has a method in his madness. If he allows his tormentors to gain a momentary triumph, it is only that his own may be the more striking and complete. Nor does he waste his wit solely to amuse his companions or to win their applause. He has always an eye to his own advancement. Under the cloak of a jest he strives to emphasize his personal worth. This is nowhere more evident than in his impersonation of King Henry, in which he discourses as follows: "If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I

see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily, I speak it—there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish."

In spite of his engrossing love of self, he is as cool and quick-witted on the battlefield as among his satellites at the "Boar's Head." He views danger with calm indifference. His wonderful adaptability to circumstances puts him at his ease in every sphere of action. Nothing takes him by surprise, and he is always ready for a cheerful view of things. With him life is a grand holiday, and he lives only to make merry. The word care has no terror for him. His supply of good humor is seemingly inexhaustible. All times and all places are equally suited to the easy flow of his mirth. It is as rampant amid the turmoil of battle as in the nightly revels at Eastcheap.

There is a deal of practical philosophy as well as humor contained in his soliloquy, as he surveys the remains of Sir Walter Blunt: "Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring on the plate. Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: There's honor for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy, too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels."

The companion of hostlers and tapsters, and the equal of the prince in wit and wisdom, he is altogether an amazing mass of incongruities. We can almost forgive the enormous amount of sac he consumes since it is all converted into mirth.

Falstaff's vices, though of the meanest sort, are never disagreeably prominent. His good qualities so far outshine them that they receive but a passing glance. It is only toward the end of Henry IV. that the poet allows their real baseness to appear. This he is compelled to do in accordance with poetic justice. However much he may amuse us, Falstaff's manner of living is repugnant to every sense of decency and morality. Though his keen wit and pleasing versatility may cause us to overlook it for a moment, we can not help condemning it in the end. Therefore it is meet that he should reap the reward of his misdeeds. Fortune at length begins to frown on her favorite. Falstaff's worldly wisdom can not longer ward off the impending danger, and he sinks at last beneath the accumulated weight of his iniquities. He is cast aside by the king as unworthy of further tolerance or pity.

## A Country Bumpkin.

FRANCIS J. F. CONFER, '97.

"If somebody would only come," complained Gwen Harkyns with a rueful glance at her sprained ankle and another at the bunch of May-flowers on the log beside her.

The sun had already hid himself behind the western Alleghanies, and the twilight was fast deepening in the wood when that unlucky stick had turned under Gwen's foot and left her helpless a mile from the academy. An hour before, she had obtained permission from Mother Gertrude to gather some flowers for the shrine of Our Lady of May, in which the girls at St. Xavier's always took an especial pride. Just when the bunch of blossoms in her hand had grown large enough to satisfy her pious greed, it seemed as though an unlucky accident was not only about to prevent her from placing her offering upon the shrine, but bade fair to condemn her as well to a night in the wood, with no better company than the odorous pines and the chirping katydids. What would Mother Gertrude think? Would they send out a searching party? What if a storm should come up? Altogether, Gwen was in anything but an amiable frame of mind, and two big tear drops were glistening in her blue eyes when the snapping of a twig caused her to look up and see a man approaching, clad in brown overalls and shirt, with a big straw hat pulled down so low as almost to hide his face. Just as Gwen was about to address him he pushed back the big hat and said:

"Pardon me, but you have lost your way, perhaps? Could I be of any assistance?"

"Oh! thank you," returned Gwen. "I fear I have sprained my ankle. Anyway, it hurts so badly that I can scarcely walk. I am from the academy, and I don't know how I shall get back."

"If you will permit me," he said, helping her to her feet.

"There, I think I can get along nicely, if you will allow me to lean on your arm."

The farmer, for such he evidently was, made no reply, and as Gwen limped along in silence she could not help but notice that her companion was not altogether like most of the farmers that came occasionally to St. Xavier's with milk or produce or some message for the Sisters. His hands, though browned by the sun, were delicately moulded and tapering, and

upon one of his fingers was a broad band ring. His features were regular and finely-cut, and when he lifted his hat she had noticed that his deep, white forehead was crowned with a mass of closely cropped chestnut hair that showed a decided inclination to curl. His graceful, self-possessed manners seemed out of keeping with his rough garb, and Gwen had about come to the conclusion that he was a particularly favored specimen of the genus, farmer, when they arrived at the academy.

"I am so much obliged to you," she said after he had rung the bell. "And will you not tell me to whom I am indebted?"

"Philip Armstrong, at your service," he replied with a bow. "I am living on my uncle's farm, two miles north of here. He brings milk to the academy every morning." Then, as an after-thought, he added: "Perhaps I shall ride down with him tomorrow."

When the milk wagon drove around to the academy the next morning, Gwen was on the west veranda, and as Philip Armstrong raised his big straw hat she waved a "good morning" to him.

The following Sunday they met in the village church. Gwen was not surprised to see Mr. Armstrong dressed in a well-fitting suit of tweed, and a trim fedora hat. Somehow he seemed only to have realized her previous expectations.

Once, when the Sister's eyes were for the moment absorbed in her prayer-book, he leaned over and asked Gwen in a whisper if she had fully recovered from the effects of her accident. A few words more as the people were leaving the church were all he could obtain, but they were sufficient.

Gwen went for flowers almost every evening after that, and Philip never failed to happen in the wood near the place where they had first met. June followed May, but before commencement time had come, Philip Armstrong had told the old, old story to the woman he loved, and heard her whisper "Yes."

Mr. Harkyns was by nature stern and taciturn, and after his wife's death he became more silent and implacable than ever. He loved his daughter fondly, and was ever ready at heart to gratify her slightest wish; but she mistook his silence for indifference, and her love for him was liberally commingled with a fear of his parental disapproval. This was the reason, perhaps, why she hesitated to tell him of her engagement with Philip Armstrong.

After Gwen left St. Xavier's for her home in

Orbisonia, Philip wrote every day, and it was agreed that on the twentieth of August he should come and claim his bride. A week before the appointed day, Gwen, who still feared to tell her father of the engagement, wrote to Philip that she would meet him at the railway station and accompany him to Philadelphia, where they could be married at the home of her aunt.

The day set for the elopement at length arrived. After her father had gone to his office, Gwen dressed herself and sat down to write him a note telling him all. The train upon which Philip was to arrive was due at half after ten, and when Mr. Harkyns would come home for luncheon, his daughter and her intended husband would be far on their way toward Philadelphia. It was ten o'clock when the last sentence was finished. With a last look at the pictures of her father and mother, which hung side by side in the library, Gwen pinned on her hat and started for the station.

At just twenty minutes past ten o'clock Mr. Harkyns mounted the steps of his home. Some important papers had been left in the library, and rather than trust a messenger he had come back from his office to get them. The first thing he saw as he went toward the library table was a letter addressed to himself in the familiar handwriting of his daughter. Hastily tearing open the envelope, he scanned its contents, and his eyes almost bulged out of their sockets as he read the letter a second time.

"Run away with an ignorant, country bumpkin, will she?" he roared, "not if I can help it."

A glance at his watch told him that it was twenty-five minutes past ten. He jammed his hat down upon his ears, and started on a run for the railway station a quarter of a mile away. When a block from the station he heard the bell give the signal for the train to start, and—yes, there was Gwen's sailor hat, and with her was a man in a tweed suit with brown hands and face. The excited man did not notice, however, that he bore himself with more grace than farmers usually do, and that the car was a private one.

Mr. Harkyns redoubled his speed, but before he could reach the train Gwen and her companion had boarded the rear car. The irate father in hot pursuit was just going to mount the steps after them, when he ran plump into a burly negro porter.

"Yo' kyan't come in hyah, suh," said the porter. "Dis am á pribet kyar."

"But my daughter has just got on board,

and she is running away," puffed Mr. Harkyns.

"I dunno 'bout dat," returned the porter, blocking the way, "but dis yere am a pribet kyar, an' yo' kyan't come in."

"If you don't let me up those steps," yelled Mr. Harkyns, recovering his wind, "I'll—"

There is no telling what Mr. Harkyns would have done had not the train started just then. As it was, he deemed discretion the better part of valor, and boarded another car. He made his way forward muttering, "I'll catch them in Philadelphia anyway."

In the smoking-car he found a friend named O'Kay, and the two were soon involved in stocks and prices to the utter disregard of the eloping couple in the rear car. When both had agreed that Portland and Boston Railway 5's were sure to go up during the next month, O'Kay remarked:

"By the way, Harkyns, did you notice that private car in the rear of the train? I asked the conductor whose it was, and he told me that it belongs to Philip Armstrong, the young manager of the Portland and Boston."

"What's that?" gasped Harkyns. "You don't mean the son of my old college chum, Phil Armstrong of Boston?"

"That's the man," responded O'Kay. "He's been living in the mountains the past year. His doctor ordered him to take a course of farming in order to build up his health, and he has been staying with his uncle over in the western part of the state. But what's the matter, old man?"

Mr. Harkyns had jumped up, and was gesticulating wildly to a porter who happened to be in the other end of the car.

"Bring here two bottles of pommery," he shouted to the porter, "and bring 'em quick!"

While they were drinking the wine he told O'Kay the story of his daughter's courtship and elopement, and then the two men shook hands, while Harkyns chuckled softly to himself.

When Gwen and Philip got off the train at Philadelphia they were startled by a hatless apparition that came rushing up to them, and proved to be Mr. Harkyns. But Gwen's surprise turned into amazement when he bawled out:

"Bless you, my children! I'm here to give the bride away!"

As a matter of fact he "gave away" the groom, too; for it was from her father's lips that Gwen first learned that her "country bumpkin" was Philip Densmore Armstrong, manager of the Portland and Boston railway, multi-millionaire *and* farmer.

Our Great Hero.

M. JAMES M'CORMACK (LAW), '99.

Washington is so distinctively a great general that we often forget his less brilliant, but more endurable qualities as a statesman. On the battlefield he achieved a great deal with little forces. When the war was over it required a master-mind, a mind greater than that of a warrior, to unite the jealous, shattered colonies, and form them into a nation that was to have innumerable more virtues than faults. The man that did this was more than a great general; he was a statesman.

A statesman should have the welfare of the people at heart rather than his own. Washington never lost sight of this precept even in trivial matters. Though it did cause him some inconvenience, it was his policy to respect the wishes of the community in matters of no great importance.

At the close of the war he became a private citizen, and the people confidently expected to enjoy all the blessings of a free and independent nation. For about the first six years all these magnificent air-castles were vanishing more and more every day, and at last it seemed that the government built upon public virtue would pass as a swiftly moving cloud. The states were dwindling into separate sovereignties, and in their desire to pay off their debts contracted during the Revolution for local services, they made their own regulations as to taxes, tariff, etc.; and in many instances the system pursued by one state was very injurious to the neighboring state's welfare. After the long struggle for independence this caused Washington great anxiety, and in one of his letters he says:

"The confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without the substance, and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to. To me it is a solecism in politics; indeed it is one of the most extraordinary things in nature, that we should confederate as a nation, and yet be afraid to give the rulers of that nation, who are the creatures of our own making, appointed for a limited and short duration, and who are amenable for every action, recallable at any moment, and subject to all the evils which they may be instrumental in producing, sufficient powers to order and direct the affairs of the same. By such policy the wheels of government

are clogged, and our brightest prospects, and that high expectation which was entertained of us by the wondering world, are turned into astonishment; and from the high ground on which we stood we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness. That we have it in our power to become one of the most respectable nations upon earth, admits, in my humble opinion, of no doubt, if we would but pursue a wise, just and liberal policy toward one another and would keep good faith with the rest of the world."

Although Washington was not taking an active part in public affairs at the time, this letter and a great many others he wrote to the leading men of the country, show the wisdom and far-sightedness that is indispensable to a great statesman.

At last steps were taken to prevent the ruin of the newly born nation, and at the convention, held in Philadelphia in 1787, Washington was unanimously made President. The Constitution thus drawn up was discussed by the greatest minds, and arguments made for and against its acceptance; but Washington's signature at the head of a list of names that represented the heroes of the time attached to it, completely crushed all dissenters. The Constitution was put into effect, and Washington accepted the Presidency of the United States, though prompted only by his great sense of duty and love for the country he had freed. Here, again, he conquered his personal inclinations in favor of those of his fellowmen. In fact, he never heard the voice of his country but with love and veneration.

Integrity and firmness are the first qualities of a statesman, and these two words are the keynotes to Washington's successful administration. His prudence and sagacity soon averted the dangers threatening the nation, and made an invisible wall that will protect true Americans as long as there are Americans. He has been justly styled by one of the members of the House of Representatives, "The Sage of America." It should be the ambition of every American statesman to walk in Washington's footsteps, and the fact that his sayings and ideas on all subjects pertaining to governmental affairs are quoted by our most learned men proves that he is the father of our statesmen. Quote the Bible for the sake of your God; quote Washington for the sake of your country.

He was not like the majority of men that forget their God when they have reached the height of their ambition. Surely when he was



made President he was at the acme of his success, and in his inaugural address he says:

"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of man more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency." After the oath was administered he, accompanied by the Vice-President, members of the Senate and House of Representatives, attended divine services in St. Paul's Chapel. This example given us by the Father of our Country should be followed not only in time of trouble, but at all times, as the greatest blessing and only true consolation the Almighty has given us.

As for education we never had a statesman that encouraged learning more than Washington did. In his farewell address he speaks for the promotion of institutions of learning; and, in fact, we are indebted to him for our great system of public schools. In the Old World, colleges were often endowed with large sums of money, but the endowments free institutions have received in this country are far greater. Who was it that first contributed to these public institutions? The glorious Washington. He gave freely to any cause that would promote learning, and even in his will he left large sums of money to free schools.

One of his mottoes was: "Cherish the public credit." By the revolutionary war our financial resources were drained until dry; but Washington gathered men around him like Hamilton that were successful in establishing the treasury and operating the financial part of the government upon the principle that honesty is the best policy. The national debt was paid off before half a century had passed and a surplus was left in the treasury. So has every debt that has been contracted since the Stars and Stripes were unfurled to the breeze been honestly cancelled.

Like all great rulers he saw the advantage of keeping in friendship with every nation. He has thus expressed himself: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations—cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct. Can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." Have we

not followed this advice, and consequently made ourselves respected by all peoples? With the exception of the Mexican and Civil Wars we have, I think, followed it even in the very smallest detail. President McKinley is closely adhering to those principles. Thus all the honor of our nation may be traced to Washington.

His principles, like the strong foundation of a house, have upheld our government against all storms that have come, or could come. We Americans especially rank him with the greatest generals the world has known. Cæsar, Alexander the Great and Napoleon are without doubt in that list, and they made their nations respected as long as they had millions of men behind them. Washington did this with but a mere handful of soldiers, and, in my opinion, he was not only a warrior, but also one of the greatest statesmen that has ever lived.

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#### Down on the Cimarron.

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FRANK MALOY.

We had crossed the Cimarron River about the middle of April. There were fifteen of us taking a large drove of cattle north to the grazing ground of Western Nebraska. Hopkins, a young bank-clerk from New York, had left his desk for a two years' trial at roughing it. Aside from saddle-sores and stiffness that naturally follow in this kind of work, he was getting along very well, and was fast becoming accustomed to his new life.

It was the hardest kind of work for Warner to ride horseback. He was so fat, lazy and good-natured, that he prevailed upon the boss to let him ride in the "chuck wagon." He was cook, general roustabout, and story-teller. He was also from the East, Indiana, I think, and brought with him a wonderful fund of anecdotes and humor. He retold his stories of "way back East," many a night, as we sat around our fires and laughed. Philips, the boss, was a sun-burned fellow, tall and thin, sharp of wit, with drooping black moustache, and tough as a knot. He was continually alert, particularly so now that he had two or three new hands to work with.

"Keep yer eyes open, fellers, after we get across the river and get into them foot-hills," said Philips. "The rollin' of a stone or a crack of lightnin' is likely to start them steers goin', and when it does, look out fer trouble."

This, with the knowing look from him, was enough. Warner was the only man that took no heed of his words. The night patrols were doubled, and the lead ponies were staked some distance from the herd, and many unusual precautions were taken.

Everything had passed peacefully and quietly for several nights until we were fairly among the foot-hills north of the Cimarron. We had been making short and easy advances since the grazing was fresh and good along the bottoms.

At length one night, Philips, Hopkins, Wilson, a fellow reared in the West, two or three Mexicans and myself were working the patrol. We had driven the herd in between the two hills, and it was resting quietly. Camp had been made about half a mile down the river.

"Look out fer trouble tonight, boys!" said Philips. "Notice how still the air is—that means a storm. If we can keep 'em from gettin' started everything'll be all right."

Slowly we rode around and around that big herd of five thousand cattle. Hopkins singing a bit of song, Wilson whistling and giving grunts of satisfaction as he saw the hour approaching for the "shift," and Philips in the meantime cautioning us "to keep yer eyes open and yer yaps shut. Look out fer that north side," he said, "they're gittin' oneasy over there."

Indeed, at this time, about nine o'clock, clouds began to gather from the north, and an intense stillness fell over everything. Now and then a big steer would raise his head and snort, or others would "low" and restlessly move about. The storm was nearly over us by this time, and the thunder was growling and muttering. Philips came riding up, and sent Hopkins down to the camp on the gallop for the other shift. We could tell from the tone in which he gave the order that he feared something.

"Ef they get started, fellers, keep 'em goin' in a circle and ride like the devil," he said. Almost before he finished, a brilliant flash of lightning nearly blinding us was followed instantly by a crack of thunder as of a hundred cannon. Philips was already on the move, and we could hear his voice from out the distance faintly crying: "Keep 'em in a circle!"

The rain was now pouring in torrents and the herd had begun to scatter. Not a moment was to be lost. Right into them we went. Crack! crack! went our revolvers to frighten them back. Riding like madmen, circling and

wheeling, a stumble, now down, now up, yelling, the clothes clinging to us and the lightning flashing showed us the steaming herd in the centre. The rattling of their horns and the beating of their hoofs mingled with deep bellows were heard above the roar of the storm. We had circled the herd once and I had caught up to Wilson. We were riding together and had reached a point between the camp and the herd, when all of a sudden Wilson's pony stumbled and threw him headlong. He sprang to his feet and his pony scuttled off in an opposite direction. In a moment he was up behind me. It was utter folly for us to attempt to hold the herd in the state we were, as the cattle were now wild with fright, and in a mad gallop they surged off toward the south.

"The Lord help the camp!" yelled Wilson in my ear. At this instant Philips, breathless and hatless, his pony foaming with sweat, rode up and cried: "There goes the camp! Why couldn't you hold 'em? Lost yer horse? stumbled? Yer lucky you didn't lose yer hide." We galloped after the fast disappearing herd, their hoof beats becoming fainter and fainter. We came to where the camp was, but not a sign of it remained except the broken remnants of the "chuck wagon." Hopkins had warned the camp in time, and the shift scarcely had time to cut the tethers of the extra ponies and seek places of safety. The storm had passed over us, and a few stars were beginning to blink through rifts of clouds. In a short time nearly all the men returned except Warner. Hopkins said he had awakened him, but that he turned over in his bed and said, "he would get up pretty soon." We had grave fears he had been caught in the stampede. If that were so, he was surely killed.

Presently from a little clump of jack oak to our right, we heard a familiar voice exclaim reproachfully:

"Well, is the procession passed yet?" and Warner limped painfully toward us, without coat or hat and very wet.

"I really think it's a shame to disturb a fellow when he's resting so easy," said Warner.

Philips merely grunted.

"How'd ye happen to get up, ye lazy cuss?" said Philips.

"Well, you see, I heard them coming, and I thought perhaps I could view the parade better from an elevated position, and as that tree was very favorable for the purpose I climbed it, although in my haste I forgot my coat," remarked Warner, dryly.

## Varsity Verse.

## IDLENESS.

**P**LEASANT it is when the days are long and fair  
To lie in idleness in the checkered shade  
That falls like autumn leaves in the forest  
glade,—

Watching the humming bees that linger where  
The flowers blow sweet with honey rare,  
And the earth in brightest colors is arrayed.  
Summer has come with all its golden weather,  
The summer haze hangs low over hill and plain;  
And summer and I shall live and grow old together,  
'Till summer dies;—for me spring comes not again.

The white clouds sail above in a sea of blue  
And hover like the phantom ships of dreams;  
The waving willows hang aslant the streams  
That purl and laugh as they wind their short way through  
The peaceful wood. Then is it true  
That life is as fair and sweet as ever it seems.  
Summer has come with all its golden weather,  
The summer haze hangs low over hill and plain;  
And summer and I shall live and grow old together.  
Then summer dies;—for me spring comes not again.

A. L. M.

## WHIP-POOR-WILL.

The warm, brown shadows rise in flight,  
And quiet falls o'er vale and hill;  
Strange music throbs through hush of night:  
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

A sad, sweet call cries through the glen,  
It dies away, yet lingers still;  
Ah, list! the echoes wake again—  
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

How oft in the gathering gloom I stood  
To hear the night winds bear the trill  
That breathes through all the silent wood:  
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

The twilight spirits now draw near  
And lead me back along the rill;  
I'm waiting in the dusk to hear  
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

E. A. D.

## WHY?

May-flower, why hide thy winsome face  
Beneath the withered leaves?  
Why try to keep away thy grace,  
Solace of a heart that grieves?

## IN JUNE.

When June days die,  
The setting sun drifts slowly down,—  
When June days die  
God builds His throne in the western sky  
And lights the emeralds on the round hall's crown  
Ere the moon's full flood the faint stars drown  
When June days die.

## A CITY REVERIE.

The roads are dusty, the sun shines hot,  
The city is filled with noise and glare;  
Better this head of a peaceful cot  
Than a money-bound millionaire.

L. P. D.

## An Exceptional Woman.

ARTHUR T. SIMPSON.

Jack Morgan was a manly, well-proportioned young fellow of perhaps twenty-one years of age; he had inherited a large fortune from his late uncle, and after his death had taken up bachelor apartments on Fifth Avenue. He was well liked by all who knew him, was popular in society, and a very influential man in the club. He had originally come from Virginia to New York and was descended from a family of wealth and distinction in that state. He was regarded as quite a "catch" by the match-makers in society, who found him very stubborn when it came to the manipulation of the matrimonial lines. He was at first disgusted with the frivolities of New York society, and had determined to go back to his country place in Virginia.

One evening while trying to pass a leisure hour at the Horse Show on Madison Square he occupied a box near a party of strangers in the lower section. It was the first appearance of a young horse which he had bought a few weeks before, and he was anxious to see what appearance it would make in the arena. He was not disappointed, for when at last it came in to make the hurdles, a murmur of approval came from all sides.

"Isn't he nice!" spoke the pretty stranger in the box above. "I wonder who owns him? Brother says he belongs to a wealthy gentleman from Virginia."

Jack was undecided whether to speak to her or not. It was decidedly bold to address one whom he did not know, and a reply was hardly called for. Just then Harry Dunbar, who sat in the same box, called to him.

"Hello, Morgan! I didn't see you. Permit me to introduce Miss Mayfield."

He turned and spoke to her. How pretty she is! he thought. I must ask Harry if she lives in the city.

As the conversation turned from one subject to another he was charmed to hear her converse so pleasantly and intelligently upon the different subjects discussed, and determined to know her better.

"Come and see me," she said, as they were preparing to leave, "Harry will give you the address. We are on 31st Street."

The long winter months passed quickly away and the summer had come to bid society depart



from the city. Jack and Gertrude became fast friends, and the simple friendship quickly ripened into mutual admiration and love. He spent much of his time at the Mayfield residence, and was always a welcome visitor. The idle life at the club was given up for a more profitable mode of living, and life seemed bright for him, until one fateful evening when they quarrelled.

Idle reports had been circulated that Jack was untrue; ready tongues bore the news to ready listeners, and the sum of it was, that he was coolly entertained on the very night he had that important question to ask.

He tried to explain it all, but she would not hear him; no persuasion or supplication would induce her to listen to what he said. He endeavored to show her that he was right, but all to no purpose. Angry and indignant he left the house, determined to forget it all, leave the city and never return.

The simmering gas-lamp cast a dull, mellow glow about the reception-room, half concealing the piles of books and papers scattered over the floor; dense clouds of tobacco-smoke drifted lazily through the close atmosphere, and the steady ticking of the clock over the fireplace was all that broke the stillness of the hour.

Seated in a large arm-chair before the fire, with his head buried in his hands, sat Jack Morgan; before that eventful evening he had been happy and contented, but now the world had lost its charms. The footman in the hall muttered something about those nonsensical love affairs; the butler and the coachman conferred in whispers upon the probable cause of the trouble, and the whole house seemed to re-echo his misery. As he sat disconsolately brooding over the events of the evening, those happy days of hope and enjoyment floated before his vision, and he longed to return and plead again, but his injured pride would not permit it.

Suddenly he heard a slight knock on the door and then another. Then the door swung slowly open and somebody stepped into the room; a moment of silence, and then—

"Jack," came softly to his ears, and he sprang to his feet.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you here!"

"Yes," she said with a little sob. I had to come back and apologize; it was all my fault. Brother is waiting and I must hurry."

The grey streaks of dawn shone through the partly drawn curtain, and the last ember had dropped onto the hearth before he dropped into a quiet, peaceful slumber.

#### Books and Periodicals.

—Capt. A. T. Mahan has something to say of Current Fallacies upon naval subjects in the June *Harper's*; and now, at the time when our navy is being tested and the questions that have hung upon the tongues of our department chiefs and legislators are being answered by grim reality, the article proves to be very interesting and instructive. Captain Mahan's ability in naval matters has won him many laurels and his articles are eagerly caught up. Margaret Deland's Old Chester Tales are still bringing forth a model short story every month. There is also an interesting paper on the situation in China. Julian Ralph writes of Russia; and Frederic Remington, a story. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart writes a century of Cuban diplomacy, another war time article of interest.

—It is with real pleasure that we greet the current number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In its pretty May-day gown it brightens up our dingy bachelor sanctum, and it is a very welcome guest there.

The *Home Journal* is a magazine of great completeness and excellence. Its aim has always been high, and for many years the work of distinguished writers have graced its pages. Added to this, its numberless illustrations, the several original departments of especial interest to the ladies, and its other features go to make it a cosmopolitan magazine.

A very notable contribution to the May number is Reginald De Koven's successful effort at putting to music Rudyard Kipling's famous poem, "Recessional." The poem was written by Mr. Kipling upon the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and was pronounced by the critics to be one of the greatest poems of the century, consequently, Mr. De Koven's composition is of special interest.

There are many other attractive contributions to this Number. "'Rip Van Winkle' as He is at Home" is an appreciative sketch of dear old Joe Jefferson, and is illustrated by "snap-shots" taken at "Crow's Nest," the actor's summer home; "After Dinner Sketches" is rightly labelled a budget of bright anecdotes of famous folks. "The life of a Trained Nurse" is an article and series of illustrations of no little interest. The fiction is good, and the various departments bright and attractive. Altogether, we have been pleasantly entertained by this visit of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and trust that it may be repeated.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke, who was a student at the University in the sixties, and received the degree of D. D. from the American College at Rome, will be the orator of the day at the Commencement exercises of '98. The mere announcement will be sufficient; for his fame has traveled before him, so that he is well known and well appreciated at Notre Dame. Certainly the exercises will not be beneath those of other years in oratory.

—During the past week the University was visited by Rev. Fathers Garaghty and Nugent of the Augustinians, and Rev. Denis A. Tighe of Chicago. For this we are much indebted, and it is to be hoped that all will see fit to come again in the near future.

—The pennant is the fair proof of what work can do in the way of track athletics. When the year opened there was no thought of a track team in anyone's mind; and here at the end is a well-won victory recorded. Certainly with all the victories that have fallen to our athletes no one can say that the year has not been a most brilliant one. In baseball we have suffered only one defeat at the hands of Wisconsin; and it is possible that Manager O'Shaughnessy may arrange another which might end differently. The greatest game that remains to be played is with Chicago.

—The Rev. J. M. Nugent has been heard before at Notre Dame, and his words have been well remembered, so that it is with gladness the SCHOLASTIC announces that he will deliver the baccalaureate sermon to the Class of '98. To those that are to go out with this last college sermon ringing in their ears it will be gratifying, for Father Nugent's words are deep with thought,

—One hundred proof engravings on Japanese silk parchment have been made of the views of Notre Dame University with its clusters of buildings. The work was done by E. A. Wright of Philadelphia and is very beautiful. Students that desire one of the copies should apply at once, as the one hundred will be taken in a short time. It is a most fitting souvenir; and to those that leave Notre Dame in June it will be a fitting memento of college days dear to the heart.

## In Memoriam.

On Wednesday last Rev. Thomas Carroll, beloved of Notre Dame, died at his home in Oil City. The news of his death was most sad to Notre Dame, as the University had in him, a loyal, loving friend whose first wish was to help his *Alma Mater* and to do good whenever there was an opportunity. Rev. Father Carroll, after having completed his theological studies at the University, took up the duties of clerical life in the old St. Patrick's parish of South Bend, where, doubtless, he will be remembered by many of his older friends. From there he was transferred to the rectorate of Erie, where he won many more friends that were loath to see him depart for Franklin.

Father Carroll was born in Longford, Ireland, November 1, 1834. He was educated here at our own little world, whence he went to the War of the Rebellion as a volunteer chaplain. After the battle of Gettysburg illness compelled him to resign his position. He was rector of St. Joseph's at Oil City from 1871 to the time of his death.

Those that have been about the University have seen the beautiful Grotto of Lourdes with much pleasure; and the University is proud of it as a monument to Father Carroll's goodness. In one corner is a little marble slab on which is engraven the giver's prayers for a happy death; and it is the hope of all his Notre Dame friends that it was a happy death.



N. D. G. CYCLING TEAM, 1898.

## Our Track Team's Brilliant Victory.

Success is always sweet, but it is achieved rarely under circumstances that fulfil expectations so thoroughly that no mite of dissatisfaction or regret is possible. Praise is relative; and it is a pleasure to speak of the work of a body of men, where it is difficult to assign precedence in merit. To evolve a track team composed of students who, with two exceptions, have attained in three short months, to such a degree of excellence as to compete successfully with the experienced athletes of every college in the State, presupposes the most favorable conditions. Everything necessary to success was fortunately ours. Manager Niezer was constantly attending to the wants of the men, and Captain Powers set an example of consistent practice and training that was followed cheerfully by every member of the team. There were no jealousies, no dissensions. The characteristic qualities of the other athletic teams that have represented our University were carried to perfection by the track team. An open, manly rivalry stimulated effort, and the unsuccessful contestant was sincere in his congratulations to the man who defeated him.

The trip to Indianapolis was the most pleasant outing of any team of the past two years. This was made possible by the men themselves. There is a moral tone pervading our athletics that reflects great credit on the University. Every man on the different teams feels that he is personally responsible for the actions of his companions, and this leads him to guard jealously the fair name of Notre Dame. That this fact is noticed by outsiders the following extract from the Indianapolis *Sentinel* of May 21 will show: "Notre Dame boys won many friends by their gentlemanly behavior and successes. They had few with them, but were cheered heartily when they won."

Space will not permit of mentioning the work of every member of the team, but there were several boys who performed so creditably, or under such discouraging circumstances, that the students should know what they did. One of the pluckiest races of the day was made by Corcoran. In the quarter-mile run he had nine opponents, and his position at the start was next to the pole where the mud was three inches deep. Next to him was Cassady, Captain of the Purdue team, who has a record of 51 seconds in the quarter. Corcoran ran the entire race, next to the pole, and staggered exhausted across the tape, a good second; Cassady did not secure a place.

Hoover had the misfortune to lose his shoe, in the high hurdles at a time when he was

four yards ahead of his nearest opponent. He justified expectations by winning second in the low hurdle.

Captain Powers won nineteen points for Notre Dame. His efforts are heralded so widely that anything we could say would be superfluous. He broke the State record in the running high jump, running broad jump and pole vault, secured second in the shot put, and third in the hammer throw. Gratifying as Capt. Powers' performances were, it is equally pleasurable to know that ours was not a one-man team. Outside of the Captain the rest of the men secured thirty points which would have insured Notre Dame second place.

But the hero of the meet was Waters. Without the eight points won by him Purdue would have defeated us. It was a great responsibility to have thrust upon him the fate of our position, but he accepted it, and won gloriously. But the credit due to Grady and Foley must not be forgotten. With the simplicity of manliness Waters insisted that if he were not so nobly assisted by Grady the result of the five-mile race might have been different. Grady sacrificed a place to give Waters first. Such is the unselfishness of our boys. Foley was thrown at a time when the first or second place seemed assured to him. Whether it was accidental or not, we should in the interest of college sport believe it was. Following is a summary of the meet:

One-hundred-yards dash, final heat—Thompson, Purdue, first; McCollum, Wabash, second; Jones, Purdue, third. Time, 11 2-5. Van Allen, of Earlham, also qualified.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yards dash, final heat—Porter, Wabash, first; Swinehart, DePauw, second; Farley, Notre Dame, third. Time, 25 2-5. Barry, Notre Dame, also qualified.

One-hundred-and-twenty-yards hurdle, final heat—Batten, Purdue, first; Montgomery, Purdue, second; Chapman, Earlham, third. Time, 20 seconds. Coughlin, of Indiana University, also qualified.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yards hurdle, final heat—Cassady, Purdue, first; Hoover, Notre Dame, second; Chapman, Earlham, third. Time, 30 1-5. Hill, of Earlham, also qualified.

Quarter-mile run—Teter, of Indiana University, first; Corcoran, Notre Dame, second; Peacock, Earlham, third. Time, 56 seconds.

Half-mile run—Green, Purdue, first; Bent, Purdue, second; Teter, Indiana University, third. Time, 2:18 1-5.

Mile run—Green, Purdue, first; O'Dell, DePauw, second; Froehlich, Rose Polytechnic, third. Time, 5:49 4-5.

Running broad jump—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Thornburg, Earlham, second; Peacock, Earlham, third. Twenty-one feet 9 inches. Former record, 20 feet 10 inches.

Standing broad jump—Maloy, Notre Dame, first; Murray, Indiana State Normal, second; Thomas, DePauw, third. Ten feet 3 inches.

Running high jump—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Peacock, Earlham, second; Klipsch, Purdue, third. Five feet 7 inches. Former record, five feet 6 inches.

Pole vault—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Kearney, Notre Dame, second; Cassady, Purdue, third. Ten feet 2 inches. Former record, 9 feet 11 inches.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Roller, DePauw, first; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Powers, Notre Dame, third. 103 feet 11 1/2 inches.

Putting 16-pound shot—Roller, DePauw, first; Powers, Notre Dame, second; Eggeman, Notre Dame, third. Forty feet 1 1/2 inches. Former record, 39 feet 5 inches.

## The Track Team Reception.

In a blaze of oratorical, musical and gastro-nomic glory were the winners of the State Championship welcomed home. All Notre Dame turned out to greet her representatives and the rafters in the Brownson Hall reading-room, which for years and years have heard pæans in honor of victorious teams, rang again with praises for the triumph of the Gold and Blue. For had not Captain Powers and his men brought from Indianapolis the tangible evidence of their endurance, strength and skill? And does not that pennant mean that our team is the best track team in the state? So the victors were told again and again that their efforts were appreciated, and they had to bow to the storm of congratulations and tell how all of it was done again and again to the ears of the interested.

The track team occupied the front seats and back of them was the loyally enthusiastic crowd of strong-lunged supporters. These adherents thought the team, both individually and collectively, was "all right," and said so in unmistakable terms and every degree of intensity in pitch.

F. Henry Wurzer called the meeting to order, and introduced Colonel Hoynes, President of the Athletic Association, who formally welcomed the team. Then Captain Fred Powers, his breast glittering with medals, presented the pennant to the Association. Colonel Hoynes received it in a graceful speech and complimented the men highly upon their work. Messrs. Frank O'Shaughnessy of Brownson, Louis Weadock of Sorin and Frank Maloy of St. Joseph's Halls, spoke, and Coach Hering followed with a few incidents of the meet. Manager Niezer made an address, and then the men in turn were called on, and Messrs. Waters, M. O'Shaughnessy, Barry, Eggeman, Farley, Powell, Herbert, Grady, Corcoran, B. Maloy, Hoover, Kearney and Capt. Powers responded. Three cheers were given with a will for Charles Foley, who had ridden so well in his events but who was unable to be present. Refreshments were then served, and after the music was over the big crowd filed into the night singing the praises of the track team. Most of the men will be back next year and that means another pennant, perhaps more, for the trophy-room. This first victory means very much; the first pennant leads; and the first pennant winners have the greater glory.

## Notre Dame, IO; Indiana University, 1.

With the respect due philological usage, the Varsity in convention assembled gave it to Pitcher Choler in the neck. Right joyfully did they hit, and the result of their hammering was ten runs, enough to give Indiana a thorough defeat. It is but right to say that the support accorded Choler was not of the National League brand by several furlongs; but Notre Dame was after the whole bunch as hard as it persecuted the principal performer.

Mike Powers wore an overcoat between innings, but played as though illness were a word not in his dictionary. The captain is getting stronger daily, and will be in good trim for the trip. The stands shook with applause when he came on the field, and his colleagues were so glad to see him that they celebrated in a nicely played game. Gibson smiled when that familiar face looked through the bars of the mask and pitched good ball for his nine innings. Powers ripped a two-bagger off the pad his first time up, and his leading men followed his example with a total of ten hits, Follen getting three of them, while Daly and Callahan got two apiece. In the field-play, Powers, Fleming and McNichols were the head-liners. But the coaching! Wilson and McDonald tried to talk so that the base-runners could hear them, but they sank into the comatose state with the rest of their brethren after a few trials. Gingery, snappy coaching has been lacking all season, and a change would be as welcome as a hit with the bases full.

For the visiting delegates, Hume played exceedingly well; Pitcher was capable and Pike could have been worse. But the fact that Indiana has beaten Purdue makes us think what a snap we would have with Purdue. Their hits were as scattered as street-cars on a rainy night; they came, but they were too far apart to be of any service, and some of their errors were fearful. Moore was in a trance, and none of them was too fast for the company he was in. Yet the team had a reputation, and unless it were destroyed there would have been a blot on our title:

## AND THIS IS HOW IT WAS DESTROYED.

Fleming lashed Moore's grounder over to McDonald before Moore got into his stride. Catcher Pitcher swung his wagon-tongue on a fast one for two bases, and was shaking hands with himself when McNichols nipped him three feet off the bag. A shin-guard on Stalker's



leg worried Gibson, and the short-stop walked. On his first and last error of the day, Fleming gave Alsop a life. Davis fell into Gibson's snare of shoots and curves, and Indiana took the field.

Choler and Pike finished Fleming; Donahue promanaded, stole second and crossed the Rubicon on Powers' slasher for two sacks. Daly hit safely to left, but was thrown out in an attempt to run the blockade at second. Another hit by Follen drove Choler into a frenzy, and when Morre's error put McNichols on first, the twirler was raving. Follen scored, and Callahan's single helped McNichols to the bench. Nobody knows what would have happened had not Alsop nailed McDonald's fly.—Four runs.

This hurricane send-off was too much for Indiana, and they were not heard from until the third, when, after two were out, Alsop, Davis and Hume stood on the bases waiting for the hit that was to waft them home. Gibson laughed at their hopes as he fanned Dailey out.

In the fourth the visitors were close up with two on the bags when Fleming's catch of Stalker's high ball dispelled the illusion.

Neither did the Varsity break any records until the fifth. Then they went to bat with the score-board reading 4-0 in their favor. Powers died from pitcher to first; Daly got free transportation; Follen's grounder was easy for Alsop, and Daly stole third. With two men in the clear, Davis found McNichols' single over near the right-field bleachers long after the fair-haired second baseman was on first and after Daly had scored. Callahan's liner went through short like a torpedo, and McNichols again sat on the seat with the mighty. Davis was dreaming of home when he lost McDonald's sky-scraper. Gibson sauntered gracefully on four unmentionables, and Fleming's base on balls forced Callahan in with the third run of the inning. Stalker and Pike killed Donahue's, and the inning closed with three on bases and—Three runs.

Gibson struck out Alsop and Hume in the first of the fifth, Davis getting a hit but going out from Powers' arm to McDonald's mitt. In the sixth, Dailey brought in Indiana's only run on Gibson's wild pitch, but the pitcher redeemed himself by striking out Pike, Moore, and Stalker. The rest of the game for the Bloomington men was a succession of in-field captures and ignominious strike-outs.

But the Varsity had not finished its mission; and in the sixth Follen got another lilt, while

in the seventh Gibson came in with another run for the basket. The eighth time now on, Daly hit to centre, but fell down in a try at stealing second. Follen got to first and scored later, as did McNichols. Alsop's error placed Callahan on first, but McDonald flew out to Dailey, and Gibson succumbed to Choler's strikes.—Two runs.

Indiana's ninth was purely a matter of form. Pitcher fanned; Callahan's catch disposed of Alsop, and Davis was out from Fleming to McDonald.

The Varsity meets the University of Chicago in Chicago Tuesday.

#### THE OFFICIAL SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, 3 b.	1	0	0	3	2	1
Donahue, s.s.	4	1	0	1	2	3
Powers (Capt.) c.	4	1	1	9	1	0
Daly, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	1
Follen, r.f.	5	2	3	0	0	0
McNichols, 2 b.	4	3	1	7	0	1
Callahan, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
McDonald, 1 b.	5	0	0	4	0	0
Gibson, p.	4	1	1	1	1	1
Totals	37	10	10	27	7	6
INDIANA	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Moore, 2 b.	4	0	0	5	2	2
Pitcher (Capt.), c.	4	0	2	2	3	1
Stalker, s.s.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Alsop, 3 b.	5	0	0	1	3	1
Davis, r. f.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Hume, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Dailey, c. f.	3	1	1	1	0	1
Pike, 1 b.	4	0	2	10	0	0
Choler, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	36	1	8	24	12	6

SCORE BY INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.
NOTRE DAME—	4	0	0	0	3	0	1	2	*	10
INDIANA—	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Stolen bases—Donahue, Daly. Two base hits, Powers, Pitcher. Bases on balls—off Gibson, 2; off Choler, 8. Struck out—by Gibson, 10; by Choler, 3. Wild pitch—Gibson. Passed ball, Pitcher. Umpire Ralston. Time of game, 2:00. LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

#### The Columbian Banquet.

The term of 1898, one of the most successful epochs in the history of the Columbian Society, closed in a burst of glory last Tuesday evening. Through the generosity of Reverend President Morrissey, to whom the society is profoundly grateful, a sumptuous feast was served the debaters. Needless to say the members of the society were equal to the occasion. After the many and varied courses had been served, the feasters indulged in an intellectual repast.

Professor Francis X. Carmody, the President of the Society, presided as toast-master and proved himself a master of the genial art. The following program was rendered:

TOASTS:

The Columbians.....A. J. Duperier  
 Response.....R. Funk  
 Humorous Reading.....E. Hubbard  
 At the Table.....D. E. Collins  
 Song—The Columbians.....J. J. Crowley, Jr.  
 Words and Music by C. F. Ensign  
 The Men that make a State.....H. P. Barry  
 Response.....T. J. Dooley  
 Musical.....J. Tuohy  
 The Ladies.....F. Maloy  
 Response.....J. Woolverton  
 Declamation.....P. J. Fogarty  
 The Columbians as Debaters.....F. X. McCollum  
 Response.....F. Bouza  
 Reading.....H. V. Crumley  
 Twenty years Hence....J. J. Crowley, Jr., Vice-Pres..

The surprise of the evening was the presentation of a handsome umbrella to Professor Carmody by the society in token of their appreciation of his untiring efforts in their behalf. A delightful stroll brought the evening's festivities to a most fitting close.

Our Friends.

—Lieut. Brady, a lieutenant of the famous Irish Brigade during the Civil War and a nephew of General Brady, visited the University for a few hours on Tuesday evening. Lieut. Brady was much interested in the tattered green flag that is on exhibition in the college parlors—the flag of his brigade, which was presented to the late Father Corby by General Grady.

—Friends of Mr. Francis W. Barton (B. S. in Biol. '96) will be pleased to learn of his success in Columbia University, New York, where he is studying medicine. A short time ago Mr. Barton was appointed to the staff of Dr. Bull, who holds the chair of surgery in Columbia. His duties will be to assist the Doctor during lectures and clinics next year. Mr. Barton will thus receive much valuable experience that the ordinary student does not get.

—Mrs. Abercrombie of Chicago, wife of Colonel Abercrombie, is visiting her son of St. Edward's Hall. Col. Abercrombie, by the way, has sent in a request to the Navy Department to have the next cruiser of the *Yale* and *Harvard* class called the *Notre Dame*, and we are happy to say he has received a favorable reply. Notre Dame is fortunate in having so influential an advocate as Col. Abercrombie; for not only have his ancestors been prominent in every war since the Revolution, but the Colonel also won his stripes on the battlefields of the South while serving under his father, General Abercrombie, and he has much influence with the government besides. He has the hearty thanks of Notre Dame for the efforts he is making and our best wishes for success.

Local Items.

—The Carroll Hall Specials beat Fetherston's team Sunday in a one-sided game. Score, 11 to 3. This is another victory for the Carrolls toward the inter-hall championship and trophy.

—A series of games has been arranged between the Anti-Specials and Morrissey's team. The first game was won by the Anti-Specials. Professor Edwards will tender a banquet to the team winning the most games.

—In the rush of events we have left out our old friend, Jamie. He has been forgotten—it doesn't take long to forget him, except for one or two. His little dear heart palpitates against the pink of his shirt-bosom as he rides away through the dawn to the haven of his peace of mind. Perhaps you don't know where that is; but it's none of your business.

—IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY, A. D. 3000.—This week, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to take you into the Miscellaneous Quarter providing you have the price. (Intermission while he finds out if they have the price) . . . Right back of you there, you have the portrait of Colonel Edwardus Mackenzie, a diminutive, but otherwise precocious Kentuckian that had the impudence to live for fifty-two years. When about the size of a carrot, Edwardus ceased growing and continued to cease until his death. Nevertheless, he was bright and energetic, and could tell a nickel from a quarter in broad daylight. Being from Kentucky he had a natural fondness for sodey water and race horses, and could tell a pacer from a trotter with his hands tied behind his back. He met his death by coasting down a steep hill on his velocipede and died shortly afterward.

We next come to the portrait of Ygnacio Y. Montenzo, one of the greatest authorities on everything, the world has ever saw. His youth was spent among his books—many in number and great in quantity. He was a devoted admirer of Shakspeare and Paulinus Raganus, and considered "Trilby" and "Black Beauty" two of the greatest books ever bound. His essay, "The Stablishment of Penal Nonsensicality," proved to the world that he knew his subject from the ground floor up. Montenzo held that there was no such a thing as gravitation, and to prove his assertion one day jumped out of a six-story window with a very disagreeable effect. Now, ladies and gentlemen, what's the matter with quitting for today? Somebody pinched the chair I had here, and I'm too tired to stand any longer. Next week I will take you out into the wood-shed where we have several cords of unsplit wood. What? You object? All right, then; we will view the portraits of the german notables next week. Somebody, please bring a chair and a cigarette for me.

—The Manager of the Illinois team has

cancelled the game of June 6, for the reason that their season closes the week before, and the team will disband then. The Varsity men were disappointed, because they expected to even up for the defeat of last year. An effort will be made to fill the date with another equally strong team.

—The following program gives the order and title of speeches to be delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Wednesday, June 1.

The Social Influence of the Novel.....E. J. Mingey  
The Catholic Element in Public Life....F. X. McCollum  
The Flag of the Irish Brigade.....F. E. Hering  
American Patriotism.....L. M. Reed  
The Destiny of America.....F. H. Wurzer  
Marquette.....J. J. Crowley  
Edward Sorin.....A. J. Duperier  
Our Chances.....P. J. Ragan

—THINGS SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE UNIVERSITY.—The lawns and gardens are beginning to assume a decided spring-like appearance.

Why do the Brownson men always carry huge, ugly-looking clubs when on their evening walks? Such a weight must certainly tire them, and besides it gives them that ungodly "Coxey" appearance.

There is a robin's nest in one of the evergreens in front of Sorin Hall. The young are just getting old enough to stir about, and it was regrettable, indeed, to see a juvenile Sorinite recently trying to stone the nest and scatter the young. He should be spanked!

The familiar cry of "walk! walk!" is again heard on these delightful evenings.

—The Varsity baseball team are not attracting all the attention given to the national game. The contest for championship of the Halls is receiving white heat. The Carrolls have kept their percentage up to the fourth digit, and will maintain it there if hard playing and team work can accomplish it. They had an advantage over the other teams in the way of team work, as they were organized from the time snow melted. The Reds and Whites are in second place, Dillon's plucky Greys bringing up the rear.

Capt. Dillon is not disheartened, and before the season closes he will press the winners to the utmost. The Reds have discovered a pitcher in Otero, and already they see bright spots on the horizon. Captain Farley promises to make a speech if his team wins. The Whites began under discouraging circumstances, but they gave evidence of their presence. The standing of the clubs are as follows:

CLUBS	WON	LOST	PERCENTAGE
Carrolls	2	0	1.000
Reds	1	1	.500
Whites	1	1	.500
Greys	0	2	.000

—Notre Dame will celebrate Memorial Day with the most interesting ceremonies. Now that a post has been organized, the graves of valiant ones that have since gone to their reward will be decked with flowers by their

comrades that survive them. The following program is sufficient proof of Notre Dame's loyalty to country:

#### DECORATION DAY, 1898.

7:30 a. m. .... Assembly Notre Dame Post, No. 569  
7:45 a. m. .... March to church, preceded by Band  
8 o'clock a. m. .... Mass

After Mass the procession will form outside of the church in the following order and march to the Community Cemetery.

N. D. U. Band.

U. S. Volunteer Reserves.

STUDENTS.

St. Edward's, Carroll, Brownson, Sorin and Holy

Cross Halls.

The Community.

#### EXERCISES AT CEMETERY.

Reading of General Order.

Music.....Band and Choir

Prayer by Chaplain Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Orator.....Jasper E. Lewis

Music.....Band

Decorating Graves.

Commander's Remarks.

Senior Vice-Commander.

Chaplain Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Lincoln's address at Gettysburg—Master Abercrombie

Music.....Band and Choir

Salute the Dead.....U. S. Volunteer Reserves

Benediction.....Chaplain P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Auld Lang Syne.

The procession will please return in same order to Campus and dismiss.

#### MEMBERS NOTRE DAME POST, NO. 569, G. A. R.

Commander.....William A. Olmsted, C. S. C.

Senior Vice-Commander.....James L. McLain, C. S. C.

Junior Vice-Commander.....Mark A. Wills, C. S. C.

Adjutant.....Nicholas A. Bath, C. S. C.

Quartermaster.....James Mantele, C. S. C.

Surgeon.....William A. Olmsted, C. S. C.

Chaplain.....Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Officer of the Day.....James C. Malloy, C. S. C.

Officer of the Guard.....Ignatz Mayer, C. S. C.

Sergeant Major.....John McInerney, C. S. C.

Q. M. Sergeant.....Joseph Staley, C. S. C.

Rev. Thomas Kennedy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C. S. C., Montreal, Canada.

Rev. James Boyle, Ware, Mass.

Rev. Thomas Scully, Cambridgeport, Mass.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., Provincial, late  
Chaplain 88th N. Y. Vols., Infantry.

Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C.

Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C.

Rev. James Dillon, C. S. C. .... Chaplain U. S. Vols.

Rev. Patrick Dillon, C. S. C. .... Chaplain U. S. Vols.

Rev. Paul Gillen, C. S. C. .... Chaplain U. S. Vols.

Brother Richard, C. S. C. (Wm. Stoney).... 38th N. J. Vols.

Brother Polycarp, C. S. C. (James Whyte).... U. S. Navy.

Brother Sebastian, C. S. C. (T. A. Martin).... 1st Pa., Cav.

Brother Polycarp, or James Whyte, was cousin of  
Colonel Keogh, U. S. A.; killed in Custer massacre.