

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTURVS· VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·
F.X.9.

VOL. XXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 15, 1899.

No. 27.

Love and Hate.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB.

IF I should find that you were cold to me
And did not come as freely as your wont,
Until I felt it was a stinging taunt
To look upon your face;—if I should see
In you no trace of what you used to be,
Till your departed love my couch should haunt,
Till all the streams ran low within life's font,—
Should I, then judge hate forced your love to flee?

Nay, n'y, dear heart, you should not think it so—
Disuse may do what too much use will do;
The coward's fear, the courage of the brave,
May cause the same effect; and therefore know
That signs of hate may sit on love's brow too.
A garb of hate oft hides a love grown grave.

He Used his Latin.

FRANCIS J. MAURIN.

JOHN SANDERS had finished the medical course and spent his last vacation in those enchanting Maine woods immortalized by Thoreau. Upon his return home he had many adventures to relate, but none so interesting as the one he told me when I visited him last autumn. We were speaking of the utility of the dead languages one evening at supper, when John said that the discussion reminded him of an adventure he had had that summer in the Maine woods. At our request he told it.

One day in my wanderings through a dense pine wood I came upon a hut. It seemed so unusual to find any sign of the *genus homo* in those solitudes that I determined to find out what sort of being had made this place his abode. When I came closer to the hut, two fierce dogs ran out of a kennel near the door-

step to attack me. I drew out my revolver in defence, but had no occasion to use it, since the occupant of the hut came forth and commanded the dogs to go back to their kennels.

The old man—for such was the occupant of the hut—greeted me and asked me what I wished. In my dilemma, I answered that I came to get a drink. At this request, he invited me into his hut where he told me to be seated while he prepared a cup of coffee. While he busied himself at the fireplace, I became greatly interested in the equipment of the hut. The first thing that caught my eye was a huge volume lying open upon a rude writing desk. The bracket above the desk was piled with the works of Emerson and Thoreau, Defoe's Robinson Crusoe and a few volumes on natural history and botany. Under the desk was an herbarium and a microscope. All these things convinced me that he was an intellectual character.

While I sat gazing at the only picture on the wall—a miniature of a young woman—he placed the coffee and wafers before me and bade me drink. He conversed with me while I supped the coffee, asking what I was and what I did here. After answering these questions, our conversation drifted upon various subjects—literature, natural history, botany and finally upon dogs, on which topic he became eloquent.

"My dogs," he said are dearer to me than men could ever be. Men betray and deceive; dogs, never." Here he petted his dogs fondly.

I left with an invitation to call again. When I knocked upon the door on my second visit I received no answer. Impelled by curiosity I opened the door slowly, and saw the hermit leaning over the form of one of his hounds. When I greeted him, he turned round strangely, and said with a grin:

"You can cure my dog?"

I approached the dog, and upon examination found that he was dead and already corrupted. The hermit watched me closely as I examined the dog, and when I told him that the dog was dead, he said weirdly:

"But you must cure him."

I answered with a smile: "How can I cure a dead dog?"

"Then I will make you cure him," he said, and he drew from his writing-desk drawer a revolver. "Now," he said, pointing the gun at me, "will you cure him?"

A cold feeling came over me when I realized that I was dealing with a maniac, and I said confidently: "Yes, I can cure your dog." This satisfied him, and I pretended to examine the dog, but really was racking my brain to discover some means of escape. A thought struck me, and I said wisely:

"Your dog can be cured, but I must have the drugs."

"What drugs?" he asked. I answered by mentioning two of the most difficult names in materia medica. To this he said nothing, and I suggested that either he or I go to get them. This suggestion he answered with emphasis.

"Neither of us shall go." Then he called out, "Sancho, Sancho!" At the sound of his master's voice, the remaining hound came bounding through the open door.

"Now," said he, "write your prescription; Sancho will take it to town."

Here I pulled out my memorandum, and jotted down these words in Latin: "*In magno periculo sum. Statim ad me venite.*—J. Sanders." I handed it to him, secretly fearing he might know Latin. He looked at it with a satisfaction that drowned my fear, and after addressing it to Dr. Smith, I placed it in a pouch on the dog's collar.

At his master's command to take the note to John Wabbelson, the dog ran off with as much intelligence as a human being. I had three long hours to wait, since the town was twenty miles distant. All this time the hermit clutched the revolver and stared sadly at the dead dog, often calling him by his name.

Suddenly human voices were heard at the door. At this sound the hermit raved, cried "Deceiver, deceiver," and aimed the pistol at me. I resigned myself to death. As the door opened the pistol clicked. The rescuers perceived the situation, seized the madman, and wrested the weapon from his hand. I examined the revolver and found its chamber empty.

Ideals.

J. CLYDE LOCKE.

Everett Winthorp was wealthy. His father had lately died, and as Everett was an only child, he inherited all his father's immense fortune. His wealth, however, could not all be reckoned on a money basis. He had, besides his worldly possessions, a pleasant disposition, a great, warm heart, and, in short, all the qualities that went for winning him many friends. Of a liberal education, he possessed all that modern institutions of learning were capable of giving him; nor did he lack any of those qualities which are so essential to a young man, and which the world above all things else admires in him, namely, push and energy.

But Everett was in a predicament. He was involved in a love affair,—a love affair that had begun in his boyhood days. When he was but a child he had played with a little maiden on the street. The two became schoolmates; and more than ordinary schoolmates they were, for their names were coupled together in the little love rimes of their companions. Ere their school days were over, friendship had ripened into affection, and as the years went on, affection had been conquered by that powerful god—Love. Then they had plighted troths; some day they would marry.

Now that Everett had come into possession of his great wealth, he was confronted by that question which nearly every sensible young man of wealth has pondered on: "Does Charlotte really love me for my sake, or does she love me for my wealth?" This was the question he often repeated to himself. "I really love her," he would meditate, "but still I have my doubts about her sincerity. I am certainly justified in weighing this matter well before I go too far. Then, Charlotte has her faults, too, serious faults. She is not quite my *ideal*."

Poor Everett was at an age when he could begin to see imperfections; but he had fallen into the error of believing that some things must be perfect; he did not know that perfection was a negative quantity here on this earth. He had his ideals, and was moved with the impulse of youth to find them. He had his ideal woman. She was not Charlotte. He dearly loved her, but was intoxicated with the absinthe of idealism. And his doubt of the sincerity of her love he used as a shield

behind which he would engage in the bitter strife of capturing his ideal.

In the wilds of the mountains in a land far across the sea, a lonely hermit had taken up his abode. A rude cave in the mountain side was his only shelter, and for clothes he used the skins of the animals he had killed for food.

One day as the hermit sat before his cave gazing into the valley, he was surprised to see his haunts disturbed by another human being. A man was coming straight toward him through the shrubbery.

"My young man," said the hermit, when the stranger had almost come up to him, "what seek you here?"

"Something I can not find, or that you can not give," answered the stranger.

"And pray, what is that?" inquired the hermit.

"Peace of mind."

"And think you that I can not give that? First tell me your trouble, and then I will use my charm and relieve your mind of its burden," answered the hermit, making a few mystical signs.

"I fled from the woman I loved," said the stranger. "We were engaged, but I doubted her love for me. I—"

"I know," said the hermit interrupting him. "She was not your ideal. You thought her false; you also saw her defects; and you fled from her to break your engagement. You have since wandered in foreign lands and have met strange women; but among them all you have not found your ideal. Listen, my friend, here is the charm.

"When I was a young man as you are now, I was a painter. I was ambitious. I hoped to paint something that would out-rival all the works of art—something that would be a masterpiece of masterpieces. I determined to paint scenery, and I set out to find a model. I could run across nothing that suited me. I saw defects in the mountains and hills, in the forests and in the fields; the ocean was not grand enough to honor my canvas, and it was a waste of time, I thought, to use oil to reproduce the imperfect lakes and rivers. In what seemed a fruitless search for a model, I came to this wild mountain land; I was sitting beneath that tree yonder, one evening, and I happened to turn my gaze heavenward; the starry firmament met my sight. And as I looked upon that great work of God I was struck with amazement. There was a perfect

model. I had travelled through many lands for a model when I could have found it at home. I began to paint, but soon I despaired. I had found my model, but could not paint it; it was beyond my power.

"My friend, you see me here to-day a lonely hermit. And why? Because I despaired when I found that I was not worthy of my ideal. I thought Providence cruel and heartless. Young man, you seek your ideal woman. She may exist, but not here on earth; you are not worthy of her. But do not do as I did. Despair not. Be content with the lot for which God intended you. Go—go back to your sweetheart. Where your love dwelleth, there dwelleth also what is nearest to your true ideal."

The hermit still dwells in his cave in the mountain wilds; but long ago Everett Winthrop took Charlotte Travers to be his wife. And many times, now, as they sit beneath the starlight before their pleasant home, Everett thinks of the realization that came to the hermit, and thanks the same stars that the hermit *did* despair, and was able to tell him this story.

"The Old Clock."

RALPH J. ELLWANGER.

Mr. Blake had moved into his new house, and was just settled when his wife suggested that they should give a party to open the new mansion. Mr. Blake accordingly consented, and invitations were soon sent to their friends.

The night of the party came. At eight o'clock everyone was present. Of course, the host showed his guests around the house. While they were roaming about, he called their attention to an old clock. He told his friends of his great attachment to this timepiece, and grew quite pathetic at certain points in his remarks, which he closed by saying, in a voice full of emotion:

"Gentlemen, I have wound up that clock every night for forty years."

He had evidently made an impression on his visitors,—a solemn impression, had not some one, who had been carefully examining the clock, cruelly remarked:

"Well, I always did think you were something of an idiot. That's an eight-day clock."

Two Deaths.

LINUS C. O'MALLEY.

An old man tottered out into the moonlight. The snowflakes shone as opals and diamonds. Between rows of trees that appeared sombre even in the moonlight, he walked—walked until he came to the gate of the cemetery; slowly, tremulously, he crept in. The tombstones were ghost-like. Down on his knees he sank by a new-made grave, so new that the black of the upturned earth and the white of the snow were mingled, producing a desolate grey effect.

A cloud obscured the moon—all was black. The quietude became more intense, broken only by the old man's sobbing and the mournful wailing of the wind through the branches of the trees. Another heart was broken.

Kindly the snow covered the quiet form of the old man. The next day the feeble sexton dug another grave.

They had not been separated long.

How I Lost my Dinner.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB.

At last I was seated in the train. My destination was a small place called Ampton, and on my way there I passed through the town of Marlo, where my aunt, who is a widow, lived with her daughter. I had written to her several days before that I should have dinner at her house at eleven; for I had to continue my journey at noon. I promised, however, to stop on the way back in the afternoon and spend my entire vacation—a week—with her.

Strange to say, I had never seen either my aunt or her daughter; but from descriptions of her I knew that she was an amiable old lady, and I was told that my cousin was very pretty.

My aunt replied to my letter, expressing her pleasure at my coming. She also said: "I am sorry that no one will be at the station to meet you. Julia will be away till half-past eleven; but you can easily find the place. You will see from the station a row of six houses exactly alike. Mine is the third from the corner."

When the train stopped at Marlo, I hurried off—the only arrival at the place. The town was smaller than I had thought. I walked

along the platform past the solitary individual whom I supposed to be the station-master, and looked around. Sure enough the first thing that caught my eye was the row of houses, directly facing me. There were two paths—one leading to each end of this row. I took a short cut to a position opposite the space between the middle of two houses, and was trying to decide which one to enter. I was saved that trouble. A slovenly-looking girl opened the door in one of the houses and smiled. She came to the gate.

"How do you do?" she said, and then without stopping, "Ma told me you wuz comin'."

"Great Scott," muttered I, as I heard this butchery of English issue from a large mouth set off by a pug nose, "mighty fine cousin this is." I managed, however, to tell her I was glad to see her.

"Jes' come in and set in the parler. I guess you kin play the pianner. We've got a new un, Ma's got the key, but I kin get it for you."

I resolved to make the best of it—at least till I got my dinner.

"Indeed," I said, seating myself at the open window overlooking the adjacent lawn, "I don't play the piano."

"Don't you? Now that's strange! Jim Daly that works in the plainin' mill kin play 'Home, Sweet Home' and lots of tunes he made up himself."

The rattle of dishes in the room back of us gave me courage:

"Jim Daly must be a remarkable man," I said, wondering why my aunt didn't come to greet me. The girl informed me.

"Ma's busy with the dinner. She'll see you as soon as she kin get away."

By this time I had decided that this would be the last meal—if I ever got it—that I would take under this roof. I made up my mind to tell my cousin that an engagement would keep me in Ampton all week, so I could not stay with them. I started in:

"I am sorry I have to leave so soon after dinner, and that—"

"Oh! are you? I'm sorry too. We could have a nice talk. I started to take singin' a couple of months ago."

This was getting worse; I said nothing to this choice bit of information. I was afraid she would volunteer to sing.

My silence didn't disconcert my attentive cousin in the least. She continued:

"Yes, I practise singin' every day. Ma's kind agin it; but the parson said in his sermon

las' Sunday that a young girl ought to be accomplis'd. So ma isn't so down on it now. She thinks the parson's just so. I don't think so much of him."

"I have no doubt that the parson is a good man," said I, stealing a look at my watch—"Twenty minutes past eleven!" I was getting anxious about my dinner. I couldn't afford to miss that train. The rattling of the dishes became more violent. The girl was silent. I said:

"I am afraid that business—"

"That's it. You men allus have business. Jim Daly's allus figerin' in his book that he carries in his pocket."

"Yes, I shall be kept longer—"

"Poor Jim's that way too. Why, he often stays in the mill longer than seven in the evenin'."

I gave it up: My cousin kept on eulogizing Jim Daly. I waited and waited; she talked and talked. After a while I took another peep at my watch—"Twenty-five minutes to twelve." This was getting serious, I did not like to mention dinner to my cousin. She knew I was in a hurry; for she undoubtedly saw my letter.

I heard a gate-lock click just then, and looked out the window just in time to see a pretty girl go into the next house. I made a final effort to tell my cousin that I could not spend my vacation there.

"I shall not be here for supper nor all next week," I blurted out, expecting a gush of disappointment from her.

"That's too bad," she said.

"So you're getting cool," I muttered, "then I'll stay away without saying more about it."

At that moment I heard a heavy knock on the front door, and then the old lady herself came through the hall to see the visitor.

Out of the window by my side, I noticed a kind-faced old lady standing at the next gate and the girl I saw before in the doorway.

"I'm sure that train came in," she said. Julia, you run down to the station and ask the station master if anyone got off to-day."

Then I saw my mistake. I rushed out and explained to the man at the door that I had got into his place. I told my aunt and cousin about it, and I hurried to the train without any dinner, just as a file of men went into the boarding-house I had been in. I came back, however, and spent my vacation very agreeably, except that once in a while my pleasure was marred by the sight of the girl with the pug nose.

Varsity Verse.

AT THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

FRESHMEN past and Freshmen future,
Students, friends, and all our readers,
We the class of nineteen-nought-two,
Make our timid bow before you,
Here present to you our efforts,
Our attempts at writing stories,
Essays brief and sprouting poems,—
Anything, in short, to please you.
Judge not harshly these productions;
Though we've tried to make them pleasing,
Still we know they are not perfect;
So we beg your kind indulgence,
As you read to-day's SCHOLASTIC. H. E. B.

THE ORPHAN'S "IN MEMORIAM."

I.

The hand that lies upon your brow,
And fondly clasps your own,
The smiles that greet you gently now,
The voice of kindly tone,
The patient heart that yearns to please,
And soothe away your tears,—
Dear boys, you will remember these,
In after years.

II.

The fairy-land of youthful joy
Soon vanishes from sight,
And time will many a dream destroy
That dazzles with delight.
What can replace a mother's kiss?
Her love that hushed your fears?
Dear boys, you will remember this,
In after years.

R. J. E.

WHEN SPRING IS HERE.

When sparrows chirp the whole day long
And fill the earth with gladsome song;
When buds are sprouting from the trees
And fragrance charges every breeze,—
Then spring is here.

The robin with his blood-red breast
Is here to make the earth more blest;
The brilliant white is changed to green,
Nor ice nor snow can then be seen,
When spring is here.

Then can we hear the silvery brook
That murmurs in the shady nook;
Then can we see the clouds of white
That float within the golden light,
When spring is here.

O then indeed the sky is blue,—
All nature has a brighter hue,
The crocus peeps up from the ground,
There's gentleness in every sound,
When spring is here.

F. C. S.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

At break of day a ship sets out to sea;
Twilight, the wreckage floats along the shore:
E'en so, from hopes storm-dashed on the sea of time
Mem'ries alone come drifting back to me. L. O'M.

A Modern Ghost Story.

HENRY E. BROWN.

The rooms of the Manhattan Club of New York were crowded. Every seat in the reading-room was occupied, every cue in the billiard-room was in use. Down in the bowling alley scores of men were patiently waiting their turn, and above them in the gymnasium scores of others were boxing, wrestling, contesting in all the various trials of physical skill and endurance. And besides all these, there were many others gathered round the card tables or seated in groups idly talking.

In one of these groups were two young men most opposite in character and appearance. The first, Harry Marvale, was a small, slender fellow, with light brown hair and a face that was almost girlish. His form was slight, but one could see that it had been made strong and supple by long practice in athletic sports; indeed, Marvale had been considered one of the best quarter-backs that Yale ever produced. And yet despite his football reputation, Marvale was timid to the last degree, and was so easily frightened that he might almost have been called cowardly. Even to-night, as he sat there surrounded by friends, he turned deathly pale and trembled like a leaf at every fresh flash of lightning or thunder clap. The other man, his direct opposite, was Jackson Bort. Bort was a comparative stranger to most of those present, for he had but lately come to New York, and was not even now a regular member of the club. His name had been proposed by the president of the club who knew him only slightly himself, and he had been elected an honorary member. He was a dark, small man of stocky build, with what might have been a handsome face, had it not been for the sneering expression almost always there; besides this, at times there came into his eyes a look that fairly made the flesh creep. During the three weeks which had elapsed since his first appearance at the club, he had made but few acquaintances and not one real friend.

Shortly after Bort joined the group in the club, there came a frightful clap of thunder, louder and sharper than any that had yet come. Marvale started perceptibly when the clap came, and after it had passed he sat for several seconds pale and trembling. Bort had seen Marvale grow pale, and now, turning to

the man next to him, and with the sarcastic smile on his face more pronounced than ever, he said in a voice loud enough to be heard by every member of the group:

"That poor little fellow has been tied to his mother's apron string so long that he's about as much a coward as a two-year old baby. I believe if he were to see a rat he'd have a fit."

Marvale heard this speech, and all his nervousness vanished instantly; turning angrily toward the speaker, he said:

"I suppose you think *you* are brave; well, I'll bet you one hundred dollars I'm not as easily frightened as you are."

"Done!" cried Bort eagerly, thinking he had struck an easy mark. He reached out his hand; it was grasped by Marvale, and the bet was made. Instantly a crowd gathered around them, and eager questions poured in from all sides. "What was the bet?" "How are you going to decide?" "How much time are you going to take to scare each other?" By consent of both betters it was left to two men, one selected by each better, to decide these questions. These two men brought in the following report: "Each one is to do whatever he can think of to frighten the other, keeping, of course, within the law, and doing no harm to his opponent. They are to have until the evening of the second day thereafter in which to work." With that the men left the club and took their separate ways to bed. Next morning when Marvale appeared at the club, one of his friends came up to him and drew him into one of the side rooms.

"Say, Harry," he said, "that fellow Bort came up to me this morning and asked me if you were afraid of ghosts. Of course, I had heard about the bet you two made last night, and so I knew what he was up to."

"What did you tell him?"

"Why, I told about the time some of the fellows played the ghost racket on you at Yale, and how you were so blamed scared you came near kicking the bucket. I told him it wouldn't be right to try ghost with you and he promised not to do it; but somehow, I don't take much stock in him, and so I thought I'd better let you know."

"All right, old fellow, much obliged to you. I don't think he'll be able to do much now, for 'forewarned is forearmed.'"

He shook hands with his friend and started away. Then an idea seemed to strike him, for stopping abruptly he turned round and came

back to where his friend was still standing.

"Say," he asked eagerly, "did you tell him that it would be dangerous to try the ghost racket on me?"

"Yes. I told him you were so deathly afraid of ghosts that the shock would most likely be too much for you."

"Good for you, old man! By Jove! I believe we'll be able to turn his own game against him. And say, old fellow, don't tell anyone that you told me about this. I'll have to go and fix things up."

Having again bade his friend good-bye, he left the club and started to walk down town. He had not gone far before he caught sight of a cab. He hailed the driver and was soon inside, having first called to the driver—"To the wax-works."

Meanwhile, Bort on his side had been preparing for the night's work as ghost. For he had not hesitated for a moment about carrying out his plan, although he had been told that the result might be fatal. The scheme which he had in mind was made possible, owing to the fact that Marvalé was, at the time, staying at the very hotel at which he himself stayed.

Late that night, or rather during the first hour of the next morning, a white, muffled figure might have been seen to steal out of Bort's room and creep softly to Marvale's door. Here a bent wire was inserted into the lock, the bolt was slid back and the door was softly opened. Once inside the room, the figure closed the door and the place was left in darkness. Next, the figure moved silently to the middle of the room. Here the hood which had covered the head and face was thrown back. The face which was then revealed was horrible to see: The eyes were sunken in their sockets, the cheek bones seemed ready to break through the skin, and the mouth seemed a perfect volcano from which fire darted forth continually. For perhaps a second the figure stood thus; then the right hand was lifted and swung forward, and the next instant something hit against the pillow on the bed. Twice this was repeated; at the third trial the missile struck the sleeper. The sleeper stirred and seemed to rise upon his elbow. Then there came a gasping cry, the sleeper fell back on the bed, and all was still. Instantly the ghost lost all semblance of ghostliness. The white covering, which turned out to be a sheet, was thrown aside; the false face was removed, and Mr. Bort appeared in his true form. A low laugh of triumph came to his lips.

"Ha, ha, my little gambler! I guess I win out this time. I hardly think you'll be able to scare me into fainting as I have you. Now for a grand awakening."

So saying he walked lightly over to the washstand, picked up a pitcher of water, and again approached the bed; he poured the whole contents of the pitcher on the sleeper's face. The sleeper never stirred. Now it was Bort's turn to be frightened. The warning which Marvale's friend had given him in the morning now recurred to him in all its force.

"My God," he hoarsely whispered, "what if this has proved fatal?"

In an agony of dread he stooped over the sleeper and placed his ear close to the mouth; he could hear nothing. Swiftly he placed his hand on the sleeper's breast; there were no pulsations of the heart. A low cry, half groan, half sob escaped the wretched man. He fell full length upon the floor.

When Bort came to, Marvale was bending over him, and by his side stood the two men who had been chosen to decide the bet.

"You see, Bort," said Marvale, "I knew that you were coming to-night, and so I asked these gentlemen here to be present. They have decided that I win the bet."

"Well, but I don't understand. I was sure your heart wasn't beating when I felt it."

"Oh! that was easy," said Marvale. "Here, let me introduce you to my friend," he added, and, going to the bed, he pulled back the covers and revealed a wax dummy. "You see when I found out what you intended to do, I got this thing rigged up and concealed myself behind the bed. You know the rest, and I think you'll agree that I win the bet."

"You can have your old bet," growled Bort, as he slunk towards the door.

Marvale made the two judges promise that they would not tell of the night's adventure, but somehow the story got out, and Bort has not yet heard the end of it.

Against the Twilight Hour.

How sweet it is, against the twilight hour,
When all the daytime's tedious toil is o'er,
When books are put aside and "duties" done,
To rest the mind of all its studied lore.

And when the Prefect taps the silver bell,
How gladdening is the thought of slumber deep
So soon to come; how sweet the long, calm rest;
God bless the man who first invented sleep!

L. M. F.

Who Is Who.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE.

As I alighted from the car, a wet morning several weeks ago, in front of the Traders' Bank, where I was employed as teller, I espied an envelope lying on the curbstone; although I was late for work I stopped to pick it up. It was saturated with water, and the address was obliterated; but in the accustomed corner was an uncanceled stamp, showing the letter had never been mailed. I put the letter into my pocket, and there it remained till noon. When I had given the waiter my order at the restaurant, where I was accustomed to dine, I thought of the letter, and decided to peruse it while being served. I found the envelope, unsealed it, and drew out a single sheet of paper. But the paper, like the envelope, was in a bad condition from exposure to the rain; the address and salutation of the letter were both indiscernible. With great diligence, however, I succeeded in deciphering the remainder of the letter which read as follows:

MR.—I shall expect you this evening at 8 o'clock. Come. Don't fail.—ALICE JACKSON.
At home, April 10. 101 College Ave.

I was at first tempted to throw the letter away in disgust, but on second thought a bright idea occurred to me. Alice Jackson was the beautiful woman I had seen at the theatre a few nights previous accompanied by Sir John Langdon, who, I was informed, would soon lead the fair Alice before Hymen's altar. My friends had often remarked about the great likeness that existed between Sir John and myself; in fact, they declared that I was his "double," and, indeed, I was of the same opinion as I gazed upon Sir John that evening for the first time. Miss Alice had doubtless intended this note now in my possession for Sir John; for to what man would she take the liberty of writing in this free and familiar manner but to him? Yes, it must be a message to Sir John, but Sir John shall never be the recipient of the note. Why should I not impersonate him, and call on her in his place, receive the sweet kisses, the angelic smiles, and catch the melodious words as they fell from her petal-like lips? Yes, I would do it.

I could scarcely wait for the hour to arrive when the bank would close, but finally I had placed the last book in the vault, and found myself out in the open air ready to begin my bold undertaking. I immediately sought

my tailor and hatter, procured a silk hat and other apparel corresponding to that worn by Sir John, and eight o'clock found me pressing the button at the Jackson mansion on College Avenue. I was at once ushered into the drawing-room by the maid, who, thinking I was Sir John, did not ask any superfluous questions. The moment I crossed the threshold I became very nervous; my collar seemed to choke me (it was a very high style such as my counterpart was wont to wear); my gloves began to rip up the sides, the air seemed stifling. At last I heard gentle footsteps, the curtains parted, and a middle-aged lady with snowy hair stepped into the room. What was my surprise! I nevertheless concluded that the woman before me was the mother, and I must greet her as Sir John, doubtless, was accustomed to do. With flushed face I arose and clasped her hand, and was still more perplexed to receive the following greeting:

"Sir John, I am delighted, but still surprised to see you, as I thought while Alice was in New York, selecting her trousseau, the rest of the family would not be favored with your presence."

Alice in New York—and still I had found the note written by Alice that very morning! Could I be dreaming? There was a mistake somewhere, so I must continue to play my part until the mystery is explained.

"Yes, I am greatly disappointed this evening," said Mrs. Jackson, "as I expected the caterer to call that I might talk with him about the wedding luncheon. I wrote a note to him this morning, requesting him to call at 8 o'clock, but he did not comply. Those caterers are such an independent class."

At last I saw it all: the note I had found—curse my luck—this morning, was most certainly the note written to the caterer, and not to Sir John. Fool that I was to jump at conclusions! But how came the signature, Alice, at the end of the note? Simply enough after a moment's reflection. Alice Jackson was the name of both mother and daughter.

The Race.

"Pit-it-ty, pi-it-ty," down the track
Goes the fleeting bay.
Swiftly her hoof sends the echo back!
"Pit-it-ty, pit-it-ty," down the track,
Now she is past the foremost black,
Leading the rest of the way,
"Pit-it-ty, pit-it-ty," down the track
Goes the fleeting bay. N. R. F.

Their Fateful Boat Ride.

ALEXIS F. COQUILLARD.

Harry Bronson was now twenty-five years old. Since his graduation, four years ago, he had hardly been able to earn a living.

This bright May afternoon, Bronson was desperate. The rent for his room was due. He had only fifty cents in the world, and might not have a job for a week. While in this dismal mood, his door opened and the landlady handed him a letter. "Another bill," thought Harry; but soon he perceived his mistake when he saw the handwriting. It was from his college chum, and on it was written:

"SARATOGA SPRINGS, May, 1896.

DEAR HARRY:—Come, spend a week or so with me at my summer cottage. Be on the 6:14 train to-night. I'll meet you at the depot in Saratoga.

Your chum,

PHIL STUVESANT."

"Of course, I'll accept the invitation and I'll be mighty glad to do it?"

Phil met Harry at the station, and after giving him a hearty greeting, said:

"We'll hurry home and eat a good supper."

The first few days were spent pleasantly; boating and fishing took up a great deal of the time. On the evening of the fourth, Phil brought Bronson to call on Miss De Vos, the belle of the resort. She was beautiful and besides this her father was a millionaire, owning much stock in the New York Central.

Miss De Vos was charmed with Bronson's handsome face and graceful manners. She asked him to call again. He was determined to marry her. He called again and again.

Now, Bronson had only three more days to spend at Saratoga. He realized that something must be done promptly, so he formed what he thought was a good plan. That evening Bronson invited Miss De Vos boat riding, and she accepted the invitation readily.

Sunday was an ideal day for boat riding. At two in the afternoon Bronson assisted Miss De Vos into the boat. He rowed around the lake for twenty minutes. Then, while rowing hard, he let an oar drop. When he bent over to reach it he upset the boat. Both fell into the water. When Miss De Vos appeared above the surface, Bronson put his arm around her waist and swam to a dock near by where they were quickly rescued. This was not difficult to do, since Bronson had one foot on bottom all the time.

Meanwhile, Mr. De Vos had been walking along the beach, probably thinking over some railroad transaction, and saw the whole performance. He understood what were the motives which led Bronson to cause the accident. Though he felt like administering a severe rebuke, he kept his temper.

He also kept his daughter.

Great Men.

GEORGE W. KUPPLER.

To become great, you must work. It is only through hard and persevering toil that men reach prominence and renown. We have many examples right in our own country, where poor, humble young men have written their names on the tablet of Fame.

We often hear it said of this or that man that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome, he became great. This, I believe, is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. The majority of the intellectual giants of the world were nursed at the sad and tender breast of poverty. The majority of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame began at the lowest round. They were reared in the moss-covered huts of Europe, in the log cabins of America, in the factories of our large cities, amidst the smoke and din of labor and on the verge of want; they were rocked by the feet of mothers whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

Great men do not live alone. They are surrounded by the great. They are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation. They fulfil the predictions of their age.

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been encompassed by hosts of strife and jealousy. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Ignored by those they wished to rescue, hated by those they were longing to save, these noble soldiers and deliverers fought without applause, labored without thanks, suffered without pity, and many have died vilified and abhorred.

These great men sacrificed all for the good of mankind. They gave all and did all that men might strive for right. In their endeavors they lost all but truth and self-respect.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

NOTRE

Notre Dame, April 15, 1899.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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} Reporters.

—The University was highly honored by some distinguished visitors yesterday: Father Whitney, S. J., Father Conway, S. J., President and Vice-President of Georgetown University, Father Lehy, President of Holy Cross College at Worcester, Mass., Father O'Hara, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md., Father Sherman from St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Father Callahan, Roger Park, Chicago, and Father Fox from Fordham. The students regretted that these gentlemen had to hurry away so soon, and hope they will come again to visit with us longer.

—In this issue the SCHOLASTIC introduces to you some of its younger friends, whom we have been pleased to admit to our fraternity. The members of the board of editors will be making their farewell bow in the course of a few weeks, and these fellows that take our places this week are likely candidates for positions at the editors' table in the next year. At present they are the rhetoricians. Not a startling name, to be sure; but nevertheless the young men have very clever traits about them. As an initiatory bow into our fraternity they come forward and present you with this, the Rhetoric number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The SCHOLASTIC, in congratulating Messrs. Steele, Schumacher and Barry, feels as though it is paying a compliment to itself, for all three of the gentlemen belong to our board. Steele and Schumacher are staff-members; Barry is one of the reporters. Thus, as we have had ample opportunity of learning the capability of the men, we feel quite certain that we will have a terrific celebration around the sanctum about May 4. The SCHOLASTIC men have won everything thus far, and they will win again. After going through the severe ordeal in the preliminaries here they should be ready to oppose any theories the men at the capital city can advance. It is certain that they will hold up our side of the question in such a manner that Notre Dame may feel proud of them, for they are all representative men. There are others among us, it is true, that could do good work and are noted for being long-winded fellows. Yet these gentlemen failed in the struggle for first place, and now it becomes them to bow to the winners, for they are the best, as they have proved themselves capable of holding down all others. Messrs. Steele, Schumacher and Barry are the Varsity debating team; Notre Dame puts her cause in their hands. Success to them!

—Good, manly young fellows are the residents of Carroll Hall. Recently the Philopatrians, one of the societies of that department, went to South Bend to hold its annual banquet. Some of the members, forgetting that they were representing an institution where none but gentlemen will be kept, ventured to grow over-hilarious, and their conduct was very unbecoming. The remaining members of the Philopatrians,—and not they alone, but the whole student body of Carroll Hall with them,—were unanimous in denouncing the actions of these few. Steps were taken at once to show the University that Carroll Hall men will not be backward in maintaining their portion of the honor of the institution. A meeting of the Philopatrians was held, and the seven disorderly members were ejected. No sooner was this known than other members of the hall, wishing to show their approval of the measures adopted, hastened to apply for membership to the society. Eight new men—Messrs. Sinnott, Neeson, Kortlander, Phillip, Irwin, Banholzer, Hubbell and Zeigler were admitted in place of the seven that were put out. Mr. F. G. Schoonover was elected Vice-President.

Books and Magazines.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. Benziger Brothers.

This is a book of five hundred odd pages, profusely illustrated, and issued in a form that can not fail to attract those that are interested in the lives of the great saints of the Church. To the busy Catholic of to-day, who should know at least the main events in the development of the Church's history and in the lives of the holy men and women of the past, this work is invaluable, because within its substantial covers is contained a concise and interesting account of those that passed their days in the service of God and of their neighbors. After each "Life" is given a suitable reflection, so that the work is at once a prayer-book and a history of the Church. Every Catholic family in the land ought to have a copy of this book, which is so cheap that even the poorest can possess it, and so well edited and printed that the simplest and the wisest can equally enjoy it. This work will certainly go far toward stamping out of the minds of Catholics the ignorance which prevails—more widely than is generally supposed—in matters of the first interest. [Price one dollar.]

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY. Benj. Moore, M. A. New York. Longmans, Green and Co.

The number of text-books on every topic has become so great that it is a matter of no little difficulty to make a selection. Even when you have succeeded in this you are not done, for new ones appear so frequently you must be ever choosing. In science this is particularly true, and more especially so in the science of Physiology. Most text-books on this subject have much in common. Mr. Moore has done what other recent writers have done: he has given a clear, scientific, elementary treatment of the subject of Physiology. He has, however, done more than other authors on the subject have done: he has added an original feature which makes the book more valuable and desirable for use in elementary classes. He has summed up the subject in convenient form by adding a number of well-selected and important questions covering the principles of the science in an appendix. By this means the student may gain a sound elementary knowledge of his body easily.

—We recently had the pleasure of reviewing a clever little book of recitations by Lucia B. Griffin, entitled "The Wedding Gown." The

selections are new and quite varied in character, and, together with the half-tone portraits that are on every other page, make the book very valuable to the student of declamation.

—The *Rosary* is a splendid Catholic magazine. The April number is unusually pleasing with its choice variety of stories, prose and verse. The essays are very well written, and deal with subjects deeply interesting to every American Catholic. The stories are all clever and well worth reading. The verse is as good as we commonly find in magazines.

—The *Literary Digest* is the most cosmopolitan high-grade news magazine published. In its columns are no weighty essays or lengthy stories; nothing but the most condensed and best news on politics, science, history, art and letters finds room in its pages. By the squibs taken from leading newspapers of the country, the *Digest* furnishes the combined views of good editors on political questions; the letters of Stevenson and Landor deal with literature and art; other columns contain notices of inventions, religious discussions and foreign topics. All in all, the *Digest* is a valuable and praiseworthy publication.

—A first-class American magazine is the monthly published by J. B. Lippincott and Co. of Philadelphia. It lacks the depth and stateliness of thought that mark the *Forum* and *North American Review*, but in its varied make-up it is, perhaps, more acceptable to the ordinary reader. One does not always read to fill one's mind with information touching upon great political, literary or historic questions. There is another kind of reading, perhaps far more extensive and that is followed by lovers of fiction. A magazine containing in its columns both fiction and essays cleverly written is the one to take most readily with the public. The publishers of the *Lippincott* magazine seem to be very fortunate in the selection of matter for their columns, or at least we would think so from glancing over the pages of the April number. In this edition there is a lengthy but complete story by Anna Robeson Brown entitled the "House of Pan." It is a clever thing, and the plot works out fairly well. The article, "The Men who Impeached Andrew Johnson," by Frank A. Burr, is interesting in many ways. First, because it gives one a good idea of what an important affair the trial was in our history; secondly, because it follows the lives and fortunes of the men that voted for and against the President at that time.

A Word to Candidates for Athletic Teams.

Steele, Schumacher, Barry.

In *Popular Science* for April, 1899, there is an interesting article on the effects of tobacco on the physical development of college students. Dr. E. Stivers, from measurements of 187 of the class of 1891 at Yale, found that the non-smokers gained in weight during the college course 10.4 per centum more than the regular smokers and 6.6 per centum more than the occasional smokers. In height the non-users of tobacco increased 24 per centum more than the regular users and 12 per centum more than the occasional users. In increase of chest-girth the non-users had an advantage of 26.7 per centum, and an increase of lung capacity of 77.5 per centum.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock made observations on the class of 1891 at Amherst with these results. In weight the non-smokers increased during their course 24 per centum more than the smokers; in increase of height the non-smokers surpassed the smokers 37 per centum; in gain of chest 42 per centum, and in gain of lung capacity 75 per centum.

In France the difference in scholarship between the students that smoke cigarettes and those that do not was found to be so marked that the government forbade the use of tobacco in all government schools.

The increase of lung-capacity in the two colleges mentioned is very significant. An athlete's power is not in legs, arms, back, but in his heart and lungs. A smoker can not have "good wind."

Fermentative dyspepsia, sour stomach, acne or pimples, in college students are nearly always effects of tobacco. Irritability, dulness, distaste for study where a boy may really wish to work, but can not force himself to do so, are, in nearly every case, results of a deranged stomach, and the derangement is caused by tobacco.

There is nothing in a cigarette itself that makes it worse than other forms of tobacco, but its cheapness, handy shape for a short smoke, and inhalation, are the sources of evil in its use. If you insist upon the use of tobacco the safest form is the bulldog pipe, and the best bulldog is the Morell McKenzie pipe, which has a roll of absorbent paper in the stem. Cigars irritate the throat and cause catarrh, and more irritating ingredients of the smoke are swallowed than when a pipe is used.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

The final debate in the series to determine who should be the men to represent Notre Dame at Indianapolis, was held last Saturday evening. There has been spirited fighting all through the preliminaries, and the race for honors was very close. Many that were picked for winners six weeks ago dropped by the way in the early debates, and the result has overturned many predictions.

Those debaters that expected to win realized early in the year that they would have a very hard fight to make, and thus went at their work with earnest endeavor. This made the contest very interesting, so much so, that those that had money to bet that they could pick the winners, soon began to realize that there were many after that honor, and that their favorites could not put these others aside as easily as they expected.

In the very first preliminary some good men dropped; in the second more strong men found themselves out of the race, and when the line-up for the finals was reached, the following six men were left: Messrs. Tierney, McCollum and Steele for the affirmative; Messrs. Weadock, Schumacher and Barry for the negative. Of these six, it was hard to predict who would be the winners, and in considering the many surprises that had come to light during the course of the primaries, only a few ventured any predictions.

The question over which all the discussion has been raised is, Resolved: "That under existing conditions the abolition by the civilized nations of the world of their armies and navies other than those required for domestic police force is feasible."

Mr. Tierney opened with strong arguments for the affirmative; Mr. Weadock followed with equally weighty arguments for the negative. Messrs. McCollum and Steele followed in turn for the affirmative; Messrs. Barry and Schumacher for the negative. When all was said and the judges had made their reflection on argument and delivery, they gave their decision in favor of the men thus: Mr. Steele, first; Schumacher, second; Barry, third; McCollum, fourth; Weadock, fifth; Tierney, sixth. Mr. McCollum is the alternate. The judges were Mr. J. B. Stoll, Editor of the *South Bend Times*, ex-Congressman Ford, and Mr. C. O. Davis of the South Bend High School. The debate will be held May 3, at Indianapolis.

Exchanges.

The Princeton *Tiger* and the Harvard *Lampoon* have continued their clever nonsense without a break, and not once have they fallen below the standard that long ago was set by them. Their counterpart in the West, the *Wrinkle* from Ann Arbor, also is exceedingly clever, and it can hold its own in a comparison with its Eastern contemporaries.

* * *

The *Monthly* from the University of New Brunswick is a very pleasing paper both in its appearance and in the matter found between its covers. The division of its contents is well made; equal attention seems to be given to fiction, essays and verse, and thus variety is assured.

* * *

The April number of the *Dial* contains several essays, a story and much good verse. The paper on Mrs. Augustus Craven is noteworthy; it is very well written and acquaints us with a character that has been much neglected, a "finished artist and Christian lady," a novelist, whose name in France is a household word, but whose life and work have been overlooked here in America. "The Royal Archer's Proof" in the same number is a clever narrative poem, and the paper on Macbeth treats the subject in a very clear manner. The exchanges and other departments as usual are well written.

* * *

The St. Vincent's *Journal* calls the SCHOLASTIC its esteemed contemporary, says that it has no desire to antagonize science, and thus with becoming grace retires from a further controversy upon the subject of empirical psychology. We are very glad to know that the *Journal* is too sensible to fear that science is a boggy to our religion; but if the *Journal* man will read over his exchange-column in the March number and notice his statements therein to the effect that psychology is breaking church windows and that evolution militates against our faith, he will be forced to admit that we had some grounds for believing that his anathema was directed against science in general rather than against a scientific error. The writer in the *Journal*, or anyone else, has a perfect right to examine a new theory of science and point out error in it, if error there be. But to do this it is not necessary to cry "wolf" at science in general.

Personal.

—Rev. N. J. Bies of Bellevue, Iowa, called recently at the University.

—Dr. T. A. Lilly of Chicago spent Sunday with his sons of Sorin Hall.

—Mrs. M. Lawrence of Marion, Ohio, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Victor Oberting of Lawrenceburg, Ind., was the guest of his son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. M. J. Bligh of Logansport, Ind., was the recent guest of his son of Carroll Hall.

—Rev. F. Fintan, O. B. S., of South Dakota spent a day of the past week at the University.

—H. J. McDonald of D. B. Fiske & Co., Chicago, was a recent guest at the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. William McDermott of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., called recently upon Mr. Brucker of Sorin Hall.

—Mrs. John Maloney of Covington, Ky., was the recent guest of her son, Mr. Maloney of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. M. J. Gibbons and son of Dayton, Ohio, were the guests recently of Mr. Gibbons of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Taylor and daughter of St. Louis were at Notre Dame recently visiting Master Taylor of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Stewart McDonald, Student '95-'97, who at present is attending Cornell, spent last Sunday at the University.

—Mrs. T. Hayes and daughter of Cincinnati were the guests for several days last week of Mr. Hayes of Brownson Hall.

—Miss Margaret Zeigler of Milwaukee spent a few days of the past week at Notre Dame visiting her brother of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. James Fraser of New York spent last Sunday at Notre Dame; he was accompanied by his son who entered the University.

—Mr. George Stoffel of Dayton, Ohio, spent several days of last week at Notre Dame visiting his grandson, Mr. Krug of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Thomas Burke Reilly, A. B., '97, holds an important position in the public schools of New York City. Besides his regular work he expects very soon to be engaged in lecturing before the night school.

—Mr. Frank Harrison, student '94-'96, was a recent visitor at the University. Mr. Harrison has completed a thorough course in Pharmacy and has become associated with his father in the wholesale drug business at his home in Wyoming.

—Among the recent visitors at Notre Dan. was the Rev. Father Griffin, Assistant Rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Chicago. He was accompanied by the Rev. Father MacFadden, the patriot priest of Donegal, Ireland, whose loyalty to his native land cost him several years' confinement in an English prison.

Local Items.

—The ex-Minims defeated the Minims last Thursday, by the score of 18 to 6.

—FUNK (on the bleachers at the baseball game:—"I used to be a pitcher once"

GREISHEIMER:—"I guess you're mistaken. You must have been a tank."

—The Carroll Hall Specials have added another scalp to their belts by defeating the "Deweys" of Brownson Hall in a closely contested game last Thursday. The score was 14 to 9. The playing of Noonan was especially praiseworthy.

—Justice of the Peace Weadock held court last Saturday. The case of Gibson *vs.* Brown was on trial. The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Monahan and Haley; the defendant by Messrs. McCormack and Brucker. The verdict was in favor of the plaintiff. The question involved was one of sale.

—There is no wonder that we can not have good baseball at Notre Dame when the following names are applied to the teams. The "Squirts" and "Filipinos" are aggregations of Sorin Hall; the "Deweys" "Lobsters," "Barnstormers" and "Aguinaldos" belong to Brownson. All the members of the "Squirt" team will try to work that name into a yell.

—The tennis players are doing active work in the court of the new gym. It is the best place for tennis we have ever had, and the fellows seem to know it, if we can judge from the large number that are doing practice work. The results are very encouraging, and there is not the least doubt but that Mr. Eggeman will have a team to manage that will bring a few more victories to our University.

—If you are uncertain just what to wear for a spring suit come take a look at "Freddie." All the boys have been holding back waiting for some one to take the lead in spring fads. Fred will fill this long-felt want. The only drawback is that the color of his golfs are misleading. The red, white and blue stripes on his pedal extremities look like a barber pole. Fitzwilliams, O'Riley and McLaughlin were misled by the colors, and followed Fred two miles hoping to get a shave. Fred will be on exhibition in the art gallery at 2:30 p. m.

—The sketching class of Prof. Paradis held its regular meeting Thursday forenoon. Mr. M. J. Cooney was elected President; R. L. Fox, Vice-President; C. E. Scheubert, Secretary; E. C. Elitch, Manager. The class will meet every Thursday. The work will consist of sketching from life and landscape views. All those having any talent, or who would like to take up this work, are invited to be present next Thursday. The class under the supervision of Prof. Paradis will take a trip into the country and take its first instructions in landscape drawing.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening, April 12. The programme was a very interesting one. Mr. Schoonover rendered Hamlet's Soliloquy, in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Bender recited "The Goblins" very creditably. Messrs. W. Higgins, McGrath and Mahoney, gave numerous descriptions of the society's banquet down town last week. Mr. Putnam recited "The Watermillion Thief." Brennan sang a song. He has a strong voice, and would become a good singer if he would cultivate it. Messrs. McLaughlin and Maurus were present. A very interesting programme has been announced for the next meeting.

—While some of the residents of Sorin Hall are growing more refined, others are becoming more warlike. There was a trade over there the other day which, in point of the articles exchanged, is the most unique that ever occurred. Mr. Dorley had an old horse pistol that was made for Julius Cæsar, and, having no use for it, tried to pass it off to somebody else. Fitzpatrick had a mandolin of the 1870 model, that he was tired of playing. Dorley and "Fitz" had a dual concert last Monday. "Fitz" clawed off a few agonies on the mandolin, while Anthony shot the pistol seven or eight times. Dorley was charmed with the music of the mandolin, Fitz with the report of the pistol. The result was that they exchanged instruments.

—The last games of the inter-hall chess tournament were played Sunday in the Sorin Hall reading parlors. The contestants were Romley *vs.* Blackman and Murphy *vs.* Baab. Baab succeeded in defeating Murphy, deciding the tournament in favor of Sorin Hall. Romley, the Brownson crack, made a clean record for himself by winning every game he played. Blackman of Sorin came a close second, losing only one game. The record of the individual players is as follows:

BROWNSON HALL			SORIN HALL		
	Won	Lost		Won	Lost
Romley	4	0	Blackman	3	1
Gaston	2	2	Meyers	2	2
Murphy	1	3	Baab	2	2
Cortez	0	4	Hay	2	2

—The "Squirts," or square-heads, as you like, of Sorin Hall crossed bats Thursday with the Lobsters of Brownson Hall on the Varsity diamond. There were many startling discoveries made in the course of the game. Mr. Reed showed that he was not only a forcible editor, but had more athletic quality in his make-up. He actually caught a fly and knocked a foul tip. Shag was there in profusion. He raised lots of dust and otherwise injured the campus with his ox-like movements. The Squirts changed batteries as often as they thought of it, even going so far as to put Meyers in the box. Murphy and Reuss did

good work for the Lobsters. Murphy worked hard, but after all, he is only that same "Lobstah." The result was a tie; but for clean, correct playing, the umpire was strongly in favor of giving the game to Brownson Hall.

—The game of base—very base—ball between the Lobsters and Crabs last Sunday resulted in a score of 36 to 29 in favor of the Lobsters. The members of the Lobster team with Mr. Murphy, the typical, main enthusiast, are strutting about like young Ansons, and refuse heroically to have anything to do with the vanquished. Mr. Murphy was noticeably the central figure among the Lobsters, and it was to his skilful work behind the bat (away behind) that their victory was due. Think of it—he let only 89 balls pass him, he was knocked insensible several times, but nothing could induce him to leave the game. After the game was won, the players, grateful to Mr. Murphy, demonstrated their joy in a very realistic manner, administering numerous boyish stimulants to his already bruised frame. His remains were carried from the field, and a good Samaritan, perhaps Riley, gently dashed a cup of water in his face and he came his senses. The Crabs were evidently weaker than the Lobsters, although the individual work of "Hamm" and "Greasehammer" merit considerable praise. They are both expert contortionists.

HEAD QUARTERS NOTRE DAME CADETS. NOTRE DAME, APRIL 12, 1899.

General Orders, No. 3.—The following is a complete list of the officers for each company of Cadets:—Co. A—Captain, Atherton; First Lieutenant, Neeson; 2d Lieutenant, McAdams. Sergeants and Corporals rank in the following order: Sergeants—Newman, Sherlock, Evans, Duggan, Stich. Corporal, Britt.

Co. B—Captain, Murphy; 1st Lieutenant, Krug; 2d Lieutenant, Morgan. Sergeants—Schoonover, Brown, Land, Manderfield, Ernst. Corporals—Althoff, Kortlander, Rush, Best, Weidmann.

Co. C—Captain, Geoghegan; 1st Lieutenant, Bellinger; 2d Lieutenant, Werk. Sergeants—Slevin, Sinnott, Fink, Quinlan, Mulcare. Corporals—Moxley, Zeigler, Mahoney, Graham, Giffen, Luken.

Co. D—Captain, Ragan; 1st Lieutenant, Curtis; 2d Lieutenant, Eigelsbach. Sergeants—Breslin, Groogan, Clyne, McCormack, Higgins. Corporals—Naughton, McGrath, Kasper, McCambridge, Hogan, Ill.

The position of Quartermaster-Sergeant is vacant owing to the promotion of Morgan to 2d Lieutenant of Co. B. The list of Corporals for Company A is not yet complete.

By order of

J. J. GREEN, Comd't of Cadets,
W. M. GEOGHEGAN, Cadet Capt. and Adj.

—Our friends, Anthony and Joe. of Brownson Hall, take unusual pleasure in making their afternoon promenade in the direction of the little school-house, where a little "maiden" tries her best to impart her acquired mental store to the country youngsters. Joe, in his own gallant way walks majestically into the little school-house, followed by his seemingly backward friend, and after the customary method of procedure, which embraces numerous smiles, bows and exclamations of joy and surprise, he prepares to question the shaggy students. Then they get an early recess on account of the distinguished visitors. Joe experiences so much delight now that he has to hold tight to Andy or he would be dancing a jig, or who knows but what he might be proposing when the other had his back turned. Each labored frantically to surpass the other in the number of smiles given and received, but somehow or other the count lost, for Joe's face gradually became one smiling whole and remained so. Joe did most of the entertaining, which consisted in delivering a few remarkably stale jokes and many allusions to the pleasant weather. Just how he enjoyed the *tête-à-tête* in an old romantic school house, and how delightful it would be to be a pupil under Miss —. Whereupon Miss — blushed, and of course had to say she wished it were just reversed. So they went on, Joe talking Anthony listening and Miss — gigling in a girlish manner, until circumstances made it imperative that the visitors should leave.

—Baer's Terriers and Hennebry's Rough Riders met on the field in a game of baseball; the stakes were two pies, and each team was determined to win or lose its pie. John Svensden came to bat with blood in his eye; he had played ball in Cincinnati, and his team looked upon him as its prop. The umpire called one strike, John looked at him scornfully; two strikes the umpire said, the crowd yelled in derision; then when three strikes were called, a riot nearly ensued, but the catcher fumbled the ball, and, like a baby carriage, John started for first base. Schaefer followed John at bat, having learned baseball in Paris, and, being a left-handed batter, he started for third instead of first base. But these little mistakes did not stop the interest of the game. Jack O'Brien was handling the ball for the Rough Riders, like Riley handles MacDougals "Long Toms." Sylvester Sullivan started after three fouls and pulled the tail feathers off two. McLaughlin was making an enviable reputation in the pitcher's box until — came to bat. He struck the ball at the center of curvature, and started it skyward as though gravitation existed only in text-books. John, Baer, Hamilton and Moren tore across the field after the ball—they all had their eyes upon the airy visitor, and came together with a clash. That is the reason why the game wasn't won—but it wasn't lost; yet

through superior knowledge of the law, the Rough Riders took possession of the pies. Baer thinks John lost the game; but when we look at his superior sliding, his wonderful propensity to strike out and coach, we must say the gods were not propitious.

—The Minims are a revelation in athletics. There are at least ten Carrollites who have had this idea well fixed in their minds. Both departments had their representatives in a dual meet which was held in the new gymnasium Sunday afternoon. The Minims were victorious by a score of 58 to 14. They feel elated over their victory, and justly so. Even though they did hamper their opponents by barring out any very promising athlete whom the Carrollites wished to have in their team, still the chances for victory seemed to be equal. Williams, Blanchfield and Taylor made a good impression on those who witnessed the various contests. F. Weidmann made the best showing for the Carrollites. The Carrollites were so sure of victory before the contest began that they would not allow their younger brothers more than fifteen or sixteen points. The score indicates plainly that the tables were turned; and the princes ran away with the big score, while the Juniors worked hard for their few points.

The SCHOLASTIC is glad to see these inter-hall meets started again, and hopes that it will lead to the old-time rivalry that once existed between the various departments. This will build up our athletics wonderfully. Now that we are members of the Western Intercollegiate Association we can not allow any opportunity to pass that will in any way help to push our teams to the front. We congratulate the young boys on the showing they made Sunday, and will watch their work with interest in the future. The following is the summary:

40-yard dash—Williams won; Blanchfield second. Time, :05 $\frac{3}{4}$.

9lb shot put—Abercrombie won; Blanchfield second. Distance, 26 feet.

880-yard run—Strong won; Kasper second. Time, 2:52.

Running Broad jump—Williams won; Comerford second. Distance, 14 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—Taylor won; F. Weidmann, second. Height, 6 feet 7 inches.

220-yard dash—Williams won; Blanchfield second. Time, :30 $\frac{1}{4}$.

440-yard run—Blanchfield won; Wagner second. Time, 1:14.

High jump—F. Weidmann and Williams a tie. Height, 4 feet 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Weidmann won first place when the bar was lowered.

40-yard hurdles—Williams won; Weidmann second. Time, :07 $\frac{3}{4}$.

The Varsity Track and Field men acted as officials. J. Eggeman was starter; M. Connors and P. Corcoran were judges, and Mr. J. McLaughlin, timer.

—The Varsity played its first game last Thursday against a team from South Bend. If we can judge from the first showing of the men we are going to have the fastest team this year that ever played under our colors. Holland made his first appearance in the box and did very well, allowing only four hits, three bases on balls, and striking out eight men. He and O'Neill, the freshman catcher, were the two men of the team most closely watched by the rooters, as they were the only men that had not played before on some of the sub-teams. O'Neill has a hard task on his hands to step in and fill the place left vacant by Powers. However, if he plays as well all season as he did in his first game he will not be a disappointment. He is a sure back-stop and a good thrower. Captain MacDonald will play as well at first if not better than he did last year, when he made a record for himself as one of the best first basemen in the West. Brown at second is a good man and a heavy hitter. Fleming and Donahoe need no introduction to our readers. They will both play faster and hit better than they did last season. The outfield—Farley, Becker and Follen—had no opportunity to show what they could do, as the only balls that reached them were a few grounders. Considering that they had no practice this spring the visitors played a very strong game. The double play in the first inning by McCormack, Clark and Gaffney was the prettiest play of the game. When they are properly organized and have played a few games together, the men from the Bend will have a good team. They scored two runs against the Varsity on an error by one of our players. Dwyer, Arndt, McCormack and Audleman did the best work for them in Thursday's game. The line up and summary are as follows:

SOUTH BEND	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, s. s.	4	0	1	1	2	3	1
Arndt, 3 b.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bryan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Gaffney, 1 b. (C.)	4	0	0	0	12	0	1
Schaefer, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	1	0
McCormack, p.	3	0	0	0	1	4	1
Audleman, c.	3	1	1	0	1	0	2
Clark, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	4	4	2
La Field, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	32	2	4	1	24	12	8
NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, s. s.	4	1	2	0	4	4	0
Brown, 2 b.	5	2	2	0	4	2	0
Fleming, 3 b.	5	2	3	0	1	0	1
McDonald (C.), 1 b.	4	0	0	1	11	0	0
Follen, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Becker, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Farley, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	0
O'Neill, c.	4	1	0	1	9	1	0
Holland, p.	3	0	0	1	8	4	0
Totals	37	7	9	5	37	11	1

Summary—Notre Dame, 7; South Bend, 2. Three base hit, Brown. Two base hit, Audleman, Fleming, Brown (2). Double play, McCormack to Clark to Gaffney. Umpires, Gibson and Eggeman.