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REVEREND PRESIDENT MORRISSEY, C. S. C.,

FRAIL, as a spider film that loops a clover head
And bends beneath a weight of dew, is a thread of love:
Strong, as the perfect web of strands innumerable,
Is the net of woven fibres that enmeshes you.

Columbus.*

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

SAINTE of past ages, the holy and the blest!
 Around whose dust so many glories shine,
 The call to sail the unknown seas was thine.
 A nation's grandest hopes in thee had rest.
 When disobedience bared its stubborn crest,
 And all seemed shattered on the seas, no sign,
 No threat or deed could force thee to incline
 Thine ear a moment to a coward's behest.

To-day I see thee rise to guard this land,
 And lift your ghostly arms in despair,
 To see the honor, which in truth is thine.
 But could your noble spirit frown 'twould stand
 In awe before our claims—unjust, unfair—
 And call this unknown greed destruction's sign.

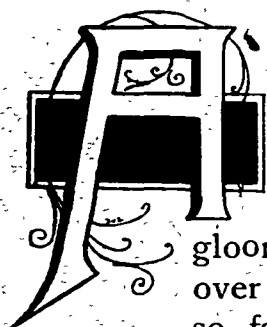
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'Tis true that Spain had known thee but in part
 And honored not the light that shown in thee—
 Prophetic fire not statesman's courtesy.
 Thy life was more inspired than formed by art.
 Thy honor too, they sold in envy's mart:
 A slave in chains they sent thee home, "lest free
 You'd hold the sceptre in this country"—
 A thought unworthy of a savage heart.

So now they dare to ship thine honored dust,
 Encased in gold, from Cuba's bloody soil.
 What petty glory showered on thy remains!
 On yonder prison walls thy fetters rust
 And could thy ashes gain new life to toil
 Perhaps they'd send you back again in chains!

O'Connell as a Statesman.

MICHAEL J. MCCORMACK.



A GODLESS people had long tyrannized over Ireland under the disguise of religious fanaticism, and the sodden clouds of murder and the gloom of hopelessness hovered over the land that nature made so fair. It was the opening of the eighteenth century; the age of barbarous cruelty had passed, and the heavy, deadening fog of penal enactments had succeeded. Cromwell had gone to meet the terrors that his guilty spirit feared so much in life. The gibbet of William of Orange was still the

visible sign of his curse: the murderer had given place to the hangman.

The Parliaments of Anne and the two Georges had fettered the Irish with a chain of villainous enactments that only Englishmen would dare call laws. During the early years of George III. the bonds were slightly relaxed, and an Irish Parliament met in College Green, but it was a Protestant Parliament,—the four millions of Catholics had no representative there. The Irish peasantry seemed to have passed that limit of degradation beyond which they ceased to aspire or to feel their misery. Here and there might be found an Irishman that managed to hold his estates,—generally through favoritism or apostasy, but the majority were, as Swift says, "without leaders, without discipline, little better than hewers of wood and drawers of water, and out of all capacity of doing any mischief if they were ever so well inclined."—"They lay helpless and motionless as if in a tomb," said Grattan, who knew better the inexhaustible vitality of a race that was true to God and feared not men. Liberty had already come in a great measure to the Protestant minority of Ireland, but a Catholic had no more rights than the vilest reptile. To practise his religion was a crime, and the priest that held out the hope of a hereafter wandered on the ground that saints had trod with a price upon his head. Dimmed and darkened were the good days, and it seemed that hope had taken wing from Erin.

Such was the land at the birth of Daniel O'Connell—a true Irish patriot. A man that achieved what he did is not to be looked on as a mere orator or statesman with established rules to guide him, but as a father of statesmen. His words have been quoted by many leaders and conquerors, and have won for him immortality. The unfinished labors and blighted hopes at the close of his life have endeared his memory to his countrymen. His name is repeated with veneration, and the ardent zeal and labor with which he worked for his fellowmen will never be forgotten.

A statesman should have the welfare of the people rather than his own at heart. O'Connell never lost sight of this precept, and it was his policy to make personal sacrifices for the great cause he had undertaken, regardless of inconvenience and danger.

It was natural that he should bear strong hatred against British rule in Ireland, not merely because it subjected the people to hardship, but on account of its attempt to trample

* The remains of Columbus were taken from America on December 5, 1898.

down his professed religion, for which he had great attachment. Spurred on by this motive we see his dogged determination evinced at an early age when he was called to the bar of Ireland. Still, looked on as professing a degraded creed, he was shut out from the chance of promotion, and subjected in many ways to sectarian hostility. Did such obstruction cause in him despondency? No! As the ice-clad river in springtime, swelled by the sunshine on snowy hills, bursts the bonds that concealed its majesty, so O'Connell's strength and enthusiasm, intensified by the fervor of his countrymen, shattered the barriers of lethargy and bigotry, and, leaving them to disappear forever, rushed onward triumphant.

It is especially to the credit of the Liberator that, after the bondage of centuries, he taught the Irish to raise their heads to the level of freemen. Although important relief bills were passed in 1777 and 1793, still those iron fetters of the penal code remained unbroken; but finally, to the glory of O'Connell, his words, that have been likened to a "sledge hammer," completely shattered those heavy shackles and forged them into two words—Religious Freedom. Had his work stopped here, and all his labor been summed up in the single title Liberator enough had been done for humanity by one man, and immortal should be his name. However, he went further with his people in the struggle. By his eloquence he aroused them from the political stupor that had prevailed in the country for centuries. He not only liberated them from religious bondage, but formed them into a nation. For the first time since the invasion, they saw the importance of self-government—a lesson they are not likely to forget.

While it is true he had more advantages than the average Irish Catholic of his day, still, there were other learned men that attempted the same reforms, but died in disappointment. Henry Grattan was one that labored with devotion for his country. His speeches, with their poetic and classic finish, charmed the Irish Parliament and the English House of Commons. Their literary style far surpassed O'Connell's, and although that true zeal was back of them, what did they accomplish? Sad to say, absolutely nothing. Another man came to the front. The illustrious name of Edmund Burke will be revered by Irishmen as long as Ireland exists. Yet, he gained little more than his predecessors. His long, noble life was devoted to the relief of his oppressed countrymen. Like Washington the principles

he set forth are imperishable, and his defense of religious liberty is not equalled in any tongue. However, the Irish race could not appreciate, at that time, the teachings of a polished philosopher. Instead of acting with them, he only attempted to convince the high class of English and Irish. This is the reason he failed. O'Connell's success was due to the fact that his character was essentially that of the Celtic peasant. With none of the coarseness, yet with that powerful understanding which has won for Irishmen at all times "the highest distinction in the field and in the schools, the large, warm heart, easily swayed by generous impulses, the humor closely allied to tears, which is the secret of the most popular orators." Were he alive to-day to stand on the Hill of Tara he would sway the multitude with that deep, mellow voice, even more than he did years ago. With that power which he alone possessed, he wrested Catholic Emancipation from the combined force of English intellect, wealth and king.

We all know of his complete failure on the question of "Repeal," yet, it was not due to any personal disability to handle so great a question, but to the vast difference of physical strength between England and Ireland. His great victory was due partially to the fact that England saw rebellion staring her in the face under an able leader, and she was in no condition for such a contest. In 1843 England had grown stronger, and was prepared with a military force that was able to crush rebellion on all sides. Therefore, O'Connell and his followers were thrown into prison, but were liberated after a severe trial. He was not discouraged, however, but began at once to prepare himself to take up, under the title of "Federalism" what is now known as "Home Rule." Yet his followers insisted on simple repeal or nothing, and he was obliged to abandon the idea.

Integrity and firmness, the first qualities of a statesman, are the keynotes to O'Connell's successful career. His prudence and sagacity soon averted the greater dangers that threatened the nation, and made an invincible wall that will protect true Irishmen as long as "The glorious sun runs his immortal race." Every statesman that wishes to leave to posterity a name unsullied, that cares to be remembered as the benefactor of his nation and the protector of his country's liberty, should turn to O'Connell as the lodestar of the civic firmament. The fact that his sayings and ideas on all subjects pertaining to governmental affairs

are quoted by the most learned men proves that he is a father of statesmen. Quote the Bible for the sake of your religion—quote O'Connell for the sake of Ireland.

O'Connell was a remarkable man. After overcoming the great difficulty of entering Parliament he found the fortunes of four millions of people depending on his unaided efforts. From that day he established a precedent that has never been equalled in the history of the English Parliament—he overcame and conquered that most proud and haughty assembly. Courage and endurance were two of O'Connell's virtues, and to these were added the wisdom, tact and caution that are found only in the true statesman.

Irish-Americans especially consider him a great statesman. Although there are men that achieved greater fame, he won success by his own merits, while other statesmen were encouraged by the assistance of great nations. He left the world better than he found it. The swelling tones and majestic figure of the great Liberator have become multiplied in the mirrors of remembrance, and they are not wholly lost for those who have not been under the spell of his presence. In time, possibly, he may be forgotten, but the echoes and spirit of his voice will hover around the slopes of Erin's green hills, and forever remain in the hearts of Irishmen as "a firm foundation still for Hope."

His Mistake.

ROBERT L. FOX.

Joe Campbell was lounging idly in his comfortable apartments on Wells Street when there suddenly came a rap at his door.

"Come in," said he.

A messenger boy entered and gave him a note.

"Any answer?" asked Joe tearing open the letter.

"No," said the boy leaving the house.

After Joe had finished reading the note a smile came over his face, and he said to himself: "She does care for me a little after all."

Just then another knock was heard, and Joe's old chum strolled into the room.

"Hello! Joe," said he throwing himself into one of the large cushioned chairs, "are you ready?"

"No! I don't think I will go to the club to-night."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"Oh! nothing, but I do not feel very much like going."

"You told me at noon that you would go."

"Yes, I know, but I have changed my mind."

"But why do you not care to go?"

"Because," said Joe.

"That is a woman's reason."

"Well, if you insist I will tell you. I have another engagement."

"Another engagement?"

"Listen! this will explain all."

"My dear Joe:—If convenient I should like ever so much to have you call this evening.—L. C."

"Oh! I understand," said Jack rising, "a girl in the case, that is different. Don't let me detain you. Good-night."

"Wait a minute—plenty of time," but his friend had gone.

"Can it be she?" thought Jack as he reached the sidewalk. "Elsie—yes it must be, for she is the only girl in town that he knows by that name. Elsie—the girl I have been engaged to for a week!"

Thus his thoughts were occupied until he reached the club-house. He went in, had a hand at billiards and played several games of poker, but all this time he was thinking of that note Joe had received. He started home earlier than usual, and while passing under an arc-light on his way he saw Joe Campbell on the opposite side of the street. He was coming from the neighborhood in which Elsie lived. Now there was no mistake; it must have been she. Jack continued on his way home vowing that he would see the girl the next day and have an explanation.

At ten o'clock he was at her house.

"How do you do? Jack," said she tripping into the room, "You are an early caller."

"I came on a matter of importance," said he.

"Why, Jack, what is it?" seating herself beside him.

"Did you have any callers last night?"—very abruptly.

"No—why do you ask?"

"Did you not send a note to Joe Campbell asking him to come to see you?"

"No," she said, now becoming very interested.

"Well, he read the note to me and it was signed Elsie, and I saw him coming from here when I left the club-house."

"Why, you are mistaken, Jack, for he was up to see Louise Condon. She told me so this morning."

"Louise Condon," thought he—"L. C.—oh!"

He Lives in His Songs.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

There are certain "snatches of old tunes" that seem to find instinctively a place in the human breast. They are so familiar that one scarcely ever asks who wrote them, or why, or under what circumstances. They are of the heart, not the head. They send the blood tingling through the veins of a generation or more; then by the gradual mutation of society domestic life becomes entirely changed; the song loses its significance, and is conned only by the historian or dilettante as a reflection of the peaceful, popular spirit of its time.

Should such songs be decried, or altogether disregarded? Have they a legitimate place among the things that make life worth living? They have not the stateliness or complexity that marks the classical composition; the mood does not vary and the rhythm is easy and expected. They deal with the simpler feelings of natural character, and express with more or less propriety of selection the joys of love and home, or the sorrow that results from their deprivation. The great, heroic struggles of the soul are not therein depicted. The effect of material surroundings and the steady undercurrent of affectation for associations of happy days are the themes.

If a composer were to be judged by the abiding, popular success of his productions, America's favorite would be Stephen Collins Foster, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home." He was born in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, on the fourth of July in 1826. His songs were written in the palmy days of the Old South, and their success was instantaneous and permanent. It is curious to note the popularity in the North of songs written by a Northern man depicting Southern life. While the peculiar plantation life and institutions of the South were criticised and hated with unreasoning fanaticism, Foster's portrayals of slave life were sung all over the Union.

He was the first to give graceful, adequate expression to the only distinctively American music we have—that of the negroes. Its fascination and possibilities had been demonstrated at Cincinnati by Rice, the actor, in the grotesque and then novel song and dance, "Jim Crow." Such songs became the vogue everywhere, and the proprietor of a Pittsburg music hall offered a silver cup for the best song in

the negro dialect. Foster wrote "O Susanna," which when played before the promiscuous crowd in the hall "took" immediately. The proprietor and his partners, however, awarded the prize to some one else. Foster afterwards copyrighted his effort, and the man who was to receive fifteen thousand dollars for "Old Folks at Home," was thrown into an ecstasy of joyous bewilderment when a check arrived one day for a hundred dollars.

Whatever his rank may be among musical composers, it must be conceded that he started a new epoch in popular music. The introduction of the negro element by Rice was an innovation. Omitting its characteristic, dress, dance and dialect, it had no more sense or vitality than any fad. Foster caught the swing and richness of negro melody during his visits to the South, and voiced the black man's sentiment in smoother, seemlier phrases than his own jingling nonsense.

The negroes have never produced a poet. They have no talent for formal expression, but they feel the charm of the commonplace more than any other race. Labor under sunny skies, guardianship, and freedom from responsibility was agreeable to the nature of the African. He is now a citizen, and a master no longer demands his energies or shelters him, but his "heart lingers ever" with the careless companions of his servitude.

The deafening cannon has proclaimed the emancipation of the colored race, the old regime has passed, and the white man's burden must be borne at a more respectable distance; but as long as sentiment and love for the old things survive, we will croon in careless, merry hours the refrains of "Uncle Ned" and "Old Black Joe."

Like so many others that have contributed to the pleasures of mankind, Foster's life was not unclouded. It seems to unerringly follow—perhaps we put the cause for the effect—that whoever touches the hearts of others must feel in some way or other the sorrows of an incomplete existence. Our songster never suffered from financial necessity, nor lack of appreciation. His work was very remunerative, and he counted such men as Ole Bull, Thalberg and Washington Irving among his friends. Great musicians wove his melodies into fantasies, and literary men declared their appreciation of his new departure and impetus to native talent. Yet, like Poe, melancholy too often followed exhilaration and attuned his life to the plaintive tone that quivered in his songs.

Varsity Verse.

THE FAR HILL COMELY.

I DREAMED that in the west a mountain stood,
 And oft I longed to scale this lordly height
 On whose proud summit ever blazed the light
 Of peace supreme beneath the heaven's hood.
 Below grew many leagues of mighty wood,
 Cross-cut by paths, through which I craved the
 might
 To pass and mount unto that glory bright,
 And seize its sweetness for my daily good.

I asked the god of love to lend his wings
 To me, because there seemed no other way
 To reach the mountain's top. The god's reply
 Was bitter, for he said: "To taste those springs
 Thou must needs toil, not waste in dreams the day;
 Thus climb the height or in the valley die."

W. H. T.

THE VANISHING SNOW.

The robber sun has snatched away the snow
 That decked the hills, and left them cold and gray,
 With only withered stubble on the clay,—
 The hills now wear the darkest look they know;
 But down along the sheltered hillside low,
 In guarded nooks and free from warmth of day,
 Where sunlight can not pry and take away
 The wintry drift, some spots in whiteness show.

Must all the dreams of childhood's years depart,
 Those dreams as bright as snowdrifts on the hill—
 That fade beneath the burning touch of life?—
 Within the sheltered corners of the heart,
 Some dreams lie deeply hid,—they linger still
 Where care has entered not, nor worldly strife.

St. J. O'S.

MY SUMMER GIRL.

The time had come for us to part,
 The happy summer days were past;
 I felt an aching in my heart.
 She said her love would always last.

The happy summer days were past,
 She pinned a rose upon my breast—
 She said her love would always last.
 Of all I loved—I loved her best.

She pinned a rose upon my breast;
 I kissed her hand and stopped to say,
 Of all I loved—I loved her best:
 Then slowly turned and went away.

I kissed her hand and stopped to say,
 Those words I now would fain recall,
 Then slowly turned and went away;
 I hoped to meet her in the fall.

Those words I now would fain recall,—
 She married ere the autumn passed;
 I hoped to meet her in the fall,
 'Tis too late now, the die is cast—

She married ere the autumn passed;
 The time had come for us to part.
 'Tis too late now, the die is cast,
 I feel an aching in my heart.

J. L. C.

In My Uncle's Home.

JOSEPH F. DUANE, '99.

Johnny Bond had never been permitted a very wide range, and consequently, when his tether was lengthened, had shortly arrived at the end of it. Johnny was an orphan—not one of your pitiable, sad-eyed youngsters, but a gay, rollicking bachelor. When he had arrived at his years of maturity, he came into control of the few thousands his father had left him. Johnny had never had a reserve fund before, and when he came out of the institution that managed his little legacy, he felt himself a capitalist. With his inheritance and the income he drew from his position, he might live as comfortably as any well-to-do person for the remainder of his life. But this plan did not at all conform to his ambitions. He had aristocratic blood in his veins, and he needed only an opportunity to show that he could be as good a fellow, or as gallant and proper, as any of the young society men that Johnny saw every day and envied.

Now that the opportunity had come, the eager Mr. Bond did not hesitate to take advantage of it. With his ready cash he soon made himself regarded as a leader among the men about town. He gave wine suppers, played poker with the best of them, and placed himself and his money entirely at the disposal of his new friends. It was not long before the phrase "as generous as Johnny Bond" became generally recognized as a standard of liberality. Johnny soon found himself as great a favorite among the young ladies as among the men.

Do not think that all this was effected without much effort and time on his part. He had to scheme much and spend more before Mrs. Grundy received him into her arms. But his position was finally secured, and two years found Johnny equable and serene, and not at all wearied of his popularity.

About this time he made two discoveries that somewhat ruffled his usually placid temperament. One was the alarming fact that he was nearing the bottom of his small inheritance, and the other, that he was very much in love with Helen Ainsley, with whom he had been very intimate for fully a year, and who, he had reason to believe, reciprocated his affection. He was disturbed by his fast-failing resources, as he was fully aware that his wages would far from support him in his present

mode of living. He would withdraw from his butterfly existence and sink into a more moderate life were it not for Helen. Unwilling to give her up, he borrowed from his friends, pawned all his valuables, and so hung on for another six months. But the day of reckoning came, and Johnny had completely dismantled his rooms, beyond the mere necessities for habitation, and he was unable to borrow another dollar.

It was the night before the charity supper,² which was one of the most important social events of the year. Johnny had accompanied Helen on every occasion when she needed an escort during the last twelve months. He knew that she surely expected him to attend her at this function. He had heard about the club that she had refused Hardly, her other suitor. The detested Hardly refused!—how this gladdened him. For this reason alone it was his duty to take her to the supper; yet how many other motives bound him?

He would accompany her to this supper, then frankly confess his condition. He was not a man to take advantage of a woman. This he thought would be the outcome: she would sympathize with him and they would part friends. He was bound to fulfil this last duty. Still the means for even this one evening were lacking. He had overdrawn his salary and could expect no aid from that quarter. True, he had one article of value left—his mother's watch. No, he would not think of parting with that. He paced up and down his dreary room, but could invent no plan to gain the necessary amount. The tickets were ten dollars; flowers and a carriage would cost five more. He never comprehended the immensity of a dollar before. Finally, he stopped before the mirror—it was built in the wall, and could not be sold—and looking in he tried to imagine that the reflected image was another person. The man drawn there did not appear very penurious. He wore good clothes and appeared to be in a prosperous condition. The reflection of his watch chain roused him from his fancies, and urged upon him his own unpleasant predicament. To escape this constant suggestor of his deception, he put on his hat and coat and left his room.

On his way down town he suddenly resolved to find out how much he could obtain for his watch. Of course he would not sell it; but he was eager to find the value of this last possession. He espied at a short distance three glaring balls, and hurried to the door under those

brazen insignia. He entered the shop and handed the watch to the Jew behind the counter. The shopman opened it, examined the works and offered him ten dollars. Bond made a gesture ridiculing the proposition. "Twelve," bid the Jew. Bond reached for the watch. He opened the back and looked at the picture of his dead mother. No, he would keep this last remembrance. To let it remain in this place, among the conceits and baubles of the unfortunate and needy of every class seemed a sacrilege. The pawnbroker saw by Bond's face that he was about to lose a good bargain. "Fifteen," he cried, with a voice and manner that denoted the limit was reached.

Johnny thought of Helen, even now, perhaps, wondering and fretting at his tardiness in asking her. Then he thought of his mother; but love overcame filial remembrance—and the watch again crossed the counter.

"The Golden-Feathered Eagle." *

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

Long ago there lived in Ireland a king that had three sons born at one birth. Because of this fact, and since he loved them equally, he did not know which one to select as his heir. There was an apple tree in his garden which produced every year forty apples, but they were stolen before they were half ripe. One day the king called his sons to him and said:

"My apples are stolen every year, though I keep them guarded ever since the petals begin to fall. Now whatever one of you will arrest the thief shall have my kingdom after me."

The names of the three were Aodh, Art and Nial. Aodh spoke first, and said:

"I shall go on guard to-night; it is not likely that the thief will come during the day."

"And I to-morrow night," said Art.

"And I the third night," said Nial.

That night, shortly before sundown, Aodh took his station at the foot of the tree, provided with food and wine and well armed. About midnight, as he was about to drop into slumber, he was aroused by a noise overhead, as it were of thousands of birds. Terror-stricken he looked up and saw a monstrous bird whose eyes were as large as the moon and as brilliant as the sun. She came down on that side of the tree and took what apples were

* Translated from the Gaelic.

there. Aodh fired at her, but not a feather stirred.

In the morning the king came out and asked him if he had arrested the thief.

"No," said Aodh, "but I saw her and I fired."

"You shall not have my kingdom then," said the king.

Next night, in like manner, Art provided himself with arms, wine and a plenty to eat and went to take his turn at the night-watch. He sat down at the foot of the tree and began to think. At twelve o'clock he heard the noise as it were of a thousand birds flying above him. When he looked up he saw the large bird with eyes as big as the moon and as brilliant as the sun. She came down on the apples and took some away. Art fired, but he did not take a feather out of her.

Early in the morning the king came to him and asked whether he had taken the thief.

"No," said Art, "but I think I wounded her."

"You shall not have my kingdom then," said the king.

The next night Nial went on guard. About midnight he heard the bird coming. Her eyes were as big as the moon and as brilliant as the sun. She was about to alight on the tree when Nial fired; and sure enough he hit her, for a shower of feathers fell to the foot of the tree. When he looked at the feathers with the light of day he saw that they were of pure gold, and pleasant was the sight of them.

Early in the morning the king came out and said:

"Well, have you taken the thief?"

"No," said Nial, "but I fired at her and behold the result. I am sure she took none of the apples."

The king looked at the feathers, bethought himself awhile, and then said:

"I must get that golden-feathered bird, and whoever gets her shall have my kingdom and wealth after me."

That day the king summoned his adviser, showed him the golden feathers, and asked him on what sort of bird they grew. The learned counsellor looked at them and said:

"Those feathers grew on a bird of whose kind on earth there is no other. There are two jewels in her eye sockets more precious than thy kingdom, and she produces a crop of those feathers every month of the year."

"And where is that bird to be found, or where does she abide?" said the king.

"She dwells in a splendid castle on the side of a high mountain in Spain. She is the most

beautiful woman in the world by day, at night a golden-feathered eagle," was the answer.

"I can not live long," said king, "unless I get her, and whoever gets her for me will have my kingdom and all I possess."

The three sons were present, and they said that they would either lose their lives or get the eagle of the golden feathers.

On the morrow the king gave a purse of gold and a horse to each of the sons, and they departed. At the first cross roads they separated with the agreement that whosoever would come back first should cut the sign of the cross in a large stone that was there.

Let us now follow them in the order in which they had gone to guard the apple tree. The first day Aodh proceeded well enough, and when night came on he put up in a little house on the border of a wood. The host was an old crone who bade him welcome, and said that with meat and drink and whereon to rest he would be well supplied without silver or gold. The only recompense she would ask were three hairs from his horse's tail.

"In troth, you may have them and a hundred if you wish," said Aodh. In a short time supper was prepared and Aodh ate and drank his fill. The old woman gave oats to his horse; then she sat down in the corner and began to converse, asking Aodh where he was going, and what sort of a bird it was that so bewitched his father.

"It is the golden-feathered eagle," said Aodh.

"Well indeed that same scoundrel did me a great mischief," said the crone. "She came one day and took away my only son, and I can not recover him until, having got three hairs out of the horses' tails of all who come this way, I have as many hairs as there are in the eagle's head."

"I said before leaving home that I would either lose my life or have her," said Aodh, "and I can not break my word."

The next night the same thing happened to Aodh, and so on until the horse's tail was as bare as the palm of your hand, for which reason the flies tormented the poor beast and the people called him bare tail. When he reached the seaside he there put up; but at night pirates came, tied him, carried him to their ship and put to sea. There he was working hard until one day a battle with another ship was fought, and Aodh fell mortally wounded.

As to Art, all to be said about him is that

he stopped in the same houses and met with like fate as his brother. He came to the sea-side, took his passage to Spain, but the third day a storm arose and the ship went down.

Let us now follow Nial. When he separated from his brothers he had not gone far when he met an old woman who was worn down with age.

"Good day and God bless," she said.

"The same to you," said Nial.

"Have you time to take an advice?" she asked.

"Indeed, I have," answered Nial.

"If so," she said, "do not part with one hair of your horse's tail until you reach Spain; for if you do you are lost and you will not get the golden-feathered eagle."

"I sincerely thank you for the advice," said Nial. "Here is a piece of money for you."

"You have a noble soul," said the old woman, "and if you take my advice you will succeed. You know that that eagle is enchanted. When you arrive at the castle, take out this little box of powder which I now give you and throw the powder on her. Keep the box open; she will make herself as small as a wren and she will leap into it. Then close it and bring it to me; but if you part with a hair, as I told you, you are lost."

Nial reached the castle safe and sound, but the gates were shut and he would not be admitted. On the evening of the third day the lady came out in her golden coach, passed by Nial, but as she did he threw the powder on her, and immediately she made herself as small as a wren and jumped into the box. Then Nial mounted, but as he did the coachman caught hold of the horse's tail and he could not get away. Just then Nial heard a voice saying: "Hold tight, the burden is light, in an aerial flight." This he repeated, and no sooner said than the horse rose in the air, faced Erin, running as fast as the March wind with the coachman clinging to the tail and holloaing as loud as he could.

Soon they alighted safe and sound at the place where Nial met the old woman. She was there awaiting him, and she said:

"Welcome back from Spain! I see you have a servant with you."

"I have and thank you," said Nial, "and the golden-feathered eagle well secured in the box."

"Give me her," said she. "It is long now since I saw her."

Nial opened the box; but instead of a bird

what jumped out but the most beautiful lady that ever eye beheld?

"Oh! my dearest daughter," said the old woman, "long has been thy stay from me, and I never should have seen your face had it not been for this prince, and now I bestow you on him if he wishes."

"Truly, I prefer her to my father's kingdom," said Nial. "Yet I would wish her to appear once to my father in the form of the golden-feathered eagle lest he should doubt it is she."

"It shall be so," said the old woman. "But from this night forth she is free from enchantment."

"I have a word to say," said the young lady. "What are you going to do with my coachman?"

"Whatever you please," said they.

"Send him again to the castle," said she. "You have the power, mother."

Then the old woman produced a little bladder, gave it to the coachman, told him to blow in it and that it would take him to the castle. He did so, and when he was gone the old woman told Nial to take his bride home with him, that what she had to do was now done, and that it was time for her to go to her rest. "Good-bye," she said, and she went out of sight.

The king was walking in his garden when he saw Nial and the young lady coming. He ran and embraced him, but he could not speak for overjoy, and the tears ran quickly down his furrowed cheeks.

"Nine hundred thousand welcomes to you, my darling son," at last he said. "Who is this fair lady?"

"That's my wife, the eagle of the golden feathers," was the answer.

The old counsellor was present, and he assured the king that Nial spoke the truth.

That night the king beheld her as an eagle, and he was so glad that he fell into a fit of laughter and died. Nial then had his kingdom and possessions and the beautiful princess, and they lived happily forever afterward.

Peace Be unto You.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

IT comes after sorrow and nights of prayer
With healing, unspeakable love.
All earthly joys are beset with care.
We seek for pleasure and find despair,—
True peace is from above.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—On account of illness, Dr. Henry Austin Adams could not be here to lecture in Washington Hall on Monday, as announced in last week's SCHOLASTIC.

—Professor Greene's experiments with wireless telegraphy in Chicago were very successful and reflect much credit on the progress of Notre Dame. Others that have tried like experiments have met with little more than blank failure. Professor Greene goes at matters in a business-like way, and does not know what failure is. He says little, but leaves others to speak of what he is doing. In this way he reached the success that has spread his fame and that of Notre Dame throughout the country.

—It is a pleasure to note the friendly spirit that now exists towards our athletic teams among the people of South Bend. Not long ago it was customary for everyone from the city to cheer for opposing teams and count it a glorious victory whenever Notre Dame lost. Happily things have reversed, and the people in the Bend are realizing that victory coming to Notre Dame is victory for South Bend, since our teams represent this portion

of the collegiate world and must call South Bend our town. Last Tuesday, at Springbrook, the attendants were unanimous in cheering for our team. We thank you, citizens of South Bend, and invite you to share in the glory of our victories.

—Gentlemen of the track team, you are all right, and the SCHOLASTIC again extends to you the hand of congratulation. Good hard work in training is sure to produce a brilliant victory. Again we noticed good team work and unselfishness. In the 440-yard run Mr. O'Brien worked well with Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and, like Grady at Indianapolis last spring, spoiled his own chances for honor to help along his college team. That is the kind of work old Notre Dame wants, and it will win for us in the future as it has won in the past.

—The rooting at last Saturday's game was miserable and showed lack of any system. Carroll Hall, as usual, was about the only section heard from, and they did well. Brownson and Sorin Halls sat on the benches during the first seven innings like so many statues, and did not seem to realize that a game was in progress. In the second inning, when our team was winning and the Wolverines were losing, a few mighty yells would have helped wonderfully. You can not rattle a winning team; but when the game is going against them it is an easy matter to excite them. At that stage of the game, when Michigan was losing and going to pieces, a few cheers would have been very effective. Yet there was not a sound from the benches. More than three hundred students sat on the seats as immovable and silent almost as a stone wall. In the eighth inning, when our team was losing, then everybody woke up and began to shout. This only made matters worse. Ours was the losing team and were the ones to get rattled. Michigan was winning and the cheering helped them out. If you wait until your team is losing to cheer, it makes the players feel as though you realize the fact that they are unable to win alone and are trying to help them. Instead of helping them out, it only takes courage away from them and helps their opponents. It is not the proper thing to cheer only while the team is ahead, and then quit when they are behind. The only good rooting is the cheering that starts with the game and lasts consistently throughout whether we win or lose.

Welcomed Home.

When it became rumored about the campus that Reverend Father Morrissey was to return yesterday, everyone wished to do something towards welcoming our President back to old Notre Dame. There was no preparation whatever. Not until yesterday morning did the boys know that he was coming. However, as soon as the news was spread everyone felt an impulse to show that the old College was glad to see her President return. Rev. Father French and others of the Faculty met Father Morrissey at Elkhart. The postgraduates, graduates, managers and captains of all athletic teams, and delegations from every hall at the University went in carriages to the station at South Bend, and gave the college yells with great enthusiasm as soon as he appeared on the platform of the car. On the way out to the University all the children of St. Joseph's parochial school were out to extend greetings to Father Morrissey. Far down the avenue were the military companies from Carroll Hall, the University band and many of the students. When the procession reached the gates at the entrance to the grounds, all the students were there in a body cheering, and waiting to see the kindly smile they had missed during the past three months.

When the President reached the main building all the members of the faculty were on the porch to greet him. While they were shaking hands with him, the band played "Home Again," and then Mr. Eugene Delaney, '99, stepped forward and delivered the following address of welcome on behalf of the students:

DEAR FATHER:—We have gathered to-day to welcome you home.

When you left us, the influence that we felt from your presence seemed not broken but disturbed, for your students knew that there was pleasure for them in awaiting your home-coming. To you, who are so kindly interested in the affairs of the students and of our college, we must be quick to say that our progress and our comfort during your absence were carefully directed by the faculty that work under your good guidance. We know that in paying tribute to Father French's care we only make deeper our welcome to you.

With the thoughts of the earnestness of her President, Notre Dame, during your absence, strove to labor well: her wireless telegraphy, her diligent athletes, and, we dare say, her more silent workers, have all co-operated to bring success to the Notre Dame that is yours and ours alike.

Through the days of your absence, Father, we have looked to this happy day when we should pray you to receive the students' "welcome home."

Colonel Hoynes then delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the faculty. The SCHOLASTIC regrets that it can not give in full the text of the Colonel's address which was replete with earnestness. In his own eloquent way, which is entirely inimitable, and makes one feel that the man is speaking with all sincerity, the Dean of our Law school extended heartiest welcome to the President. He said that while it was a pleasure for all a few months ago to learn that Father Morrissey had listened to the solicitations of his friends, and decided to visit Europe for the purpose of building up his health, it was a still greater pleasure for us to see him return with evidence of having derived much benefit from his trip. The Colonel was very eloquent in picturing the loyalty and devotion that Notre Dame has for her President, and when he had finished speaking he was heartily applauded.

After this, Father Morrissey responded with one of his pleasing addresses. The students were pleased to hear his familiar voice again, and to hear him say that he was glad to be "home with us again." The band played "America," and all the students joined in singing it. The military companies, lined up in front of the Main Building, were called to order, and as soon as the singing finished and the President had made his address and passed through the door, the band played Belford's "Carnival March," and they tramped back to the armory.

Father Morrissey was away since February, on a tour through Ireland, England and continental Europe. During his stay in the old countries he had many occasions to visit the scholars there and inquire into the work they are doing. Although the trip was taken more for the benefit of his health than for study, our President has returned with many new ideas of school and school life. He told the boys in his address that he had heard much of Notre Dame while away. Even in the cities of continental Europe persons spoke very complimentary about our *Alma Mater* and the work we are doing here. It was a pleasure for him to learn that we had made so great progress in athletics while he was gone, and he hopes that in everything Notre Dame will forge ahead in the future even faster than in the past.

In the evening many persons from South Bend, that have always been warm friends to Notre Dame, called to have a hand-shake with Father Morrissey and congratulate him on his return.

Notre Dame vs. Ft. Wayne League Team.

The contest with Ft. Wayne looked as if it would be a struggle between babes and sages, and the only reasonable inference that could be drawn was that the babes would fair badly. But they didn't once break even, and the Leaguers had to fight for the games that they won. That the youth of the present day is precocious must be admitted. Some of the Fort Wayne team were playing professional ball when our boys were learning to walk, but they made the "prof." pitchers tired, and they retired the much-sought-after Carney in two innings. The idea of bringing a League team here for a series of games is a wise one, and all thanks are due to Manager Ragan for getting them here. Look over the scores and note the steady improvement in batting and fielding, and your conclusion will be that if the Michigan game came to-day, there might be a decidedly different showing. Holland was on the slab the first game, and the Leaguers scored two hits off him. The following is the score for the first game:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I. B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, s. s.	4	1	2	2	5	0
McDonald, 1 b.	3	0	0	14	0	1
Follen, r. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Brown, 2 b.	3	1	0	4	5	0
Fleming, 3 b.	4	1	0	1	2	0
Lynch c. f.	3	0	2	3	0	0
Farley l. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
O'Neill, c.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Holland, p.	4	1	1	0	3	1
Totals	32	5	8	27	16	2
FT. WAYNE	A.B.	R.	I. B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flood, 2 b.	4	0	1	4	2	1
Belden, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Letcher, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Glasscock, 1 b.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Norcom, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Kuehne, 3 b.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Hollingsworth, ss.	2	1	0	3	4	2
Zinram, c.	3	1	0	4	1	0
Brodie, p.	3	0	0	1	5	0
Totals	30	2	2	24	14	4

Home run, Follen. Passed balls, O'Neill. Bases on balls, off Holland 2, off Brodie 3. Struck out by Holland 4, by Brodie 2. Double play, Donahoe to Brown to McDonald. Umpire, Hering.

The second game of the series, which was the best, was played at Springbrook Park. It took ten innings for the "vets" to win, and then it was a fluke that won it, although the Leaguers pulled down four balls that would have been two base hits in a college game.

Gibson's delivery was delusive to such an extent that Captain Glasscock forgot to shovel sand with his hands:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I. B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, s. s.	5	0	1	0	3	0
McDonald, 1 b.	3	0	1	13	0	0
Follen, r. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Brown, 2 b.	5	0	1	2	2	0
Fleming, 3 b.	5	0	1	4	6	4
Lynch, c. f.	5	0	0	1	1	0
Farley, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
O'Neill, c.	5	0	2	8	1	1
Gibson, p.	4	1	1	0	6	1
Totals	37	3	11	30	19	6
FORT WAYNE	A.B.	R.	I. B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flood, 2 b.	3	1	2	2	3	0
Belden, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Letcher, c. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Glasscock, 1 b.	5	1	1	9	0	0
Norcom, l. f.	4	0	1	3	0	2
Kuehne, 3 b.	5	1	1	3	1	0
Hollingsworth, ss.	5	1	0	3	2	1
Bergen, c.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Whisson, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	36	5	7	30	8	3

Two base hits, Norcom, Farley, Brown. Passed balls, O'Neill. Bases on balls, off Gibson 3, off Whisson 1. Struck out by Gibson 6, by Whisson 6. Double plays, Gibson to Brown to McDonald. Hit by pitched ball, McDonald, Letcher. Umpire, Grant.

Mulcare did the twirling in the third game of the series. He was a trifle wild, but was given good support. Farley's batting was especially good.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I. B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, c. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
McDonald, 1 b.	4	1	2	14	1	0
Follen, r. f.	5	2	2	3	0	1
Brown, 2 b.	5	2	1	3	5	0
Fleming, 3 b.	5	2	1	0	0	0
Lynch, ss.	5	1	0	1	3	3
Farley, l. f.	4	2	3	2	0	0
Becker, c.	4	1	1	2	2	1
Mulcare, p.	3	1	1	0	2	0
Totals	40	12	12	27	13	5
FORT WAYNE	A.B.	R.	I. B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flood, 2 b.	4	0	0	4	3	1
Belden, r. f.	4	1	2	0	0	1
Letcher, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Glasscock, 1 b.	3	1	1	10	1	0
Norcom, l. f., p.	3	1	1	1	5	1
Kuehne, 3 b.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Hollingsworth, ss.	3	0	0	1	2	4
Bergen, c.	3	1	1	4	1	1
Carney, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Brodie, l. f.	2	1	1	0	2	2
Total	30	6	7	24	15	10

Two base hit, McDonald. Wild pitch, Mulcare 1. Bases on balls off Mulcare 4, off Carney 1, off Norcom 2. Hit by pitched balls, Letcher, Kuehne, Glasscock (2), Hollingsworth, Norcom (2), Farley. Double plays, Lynch to Brown to McDonald. Umpire, Dwyer.

The fourth and last game of the series was played in a Sahara-like sand storm. It was anybody's game; the visitors wanted it, and they were let have it. Only seven innings were played, and both spectators and players were glad when game was called.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, s.s.	3	0	0	0	3	1
McDonald, 1 b.	3	0	0	12	0	0
Follen, r. f.	2	0	0	3	0	1
Brown, 2 b.	3	0	0	2	3	0
Fleming, 3 b.	3	0	1	0	1	1
Lynch, c. f.	2	0	1	2	1	0
Farley, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Becker, c.	1	0	0	1	0	1
Gibson, p.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Holland, p.	1	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	21	0	2	21	12	5

FT. WAYNE	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flood, 2 b.	5	0	0	4	4	0
Belden, r. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Letcher, c. f.	4	1	3	0	0	0
Zinram, 3 b.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Norcom, l. f.	5	3	2	0	0	0
Kuehne, 1 b.	4	0	1	10	0	1
Hollingsworth, ss.	4	0	2	2	2	1
Bergen, c.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Rieman, p.	3	0	1	0	5	0
Totals	34	6	10	21	12	2

Bases on Balls off Gibson 1, off Holland 2, off Rieman 3; Struck out by Rieman 2. Umpire, Dwyer.

These scores show a decided improvement in all parts of play. Hits are coming thicker and with better form. The feature of this week's work was Brown's fielding—the ex-Rough Rider has accepted thirty-three chances without an error.

Michigan, 5; Notre Dame, 3.

We lost, but such losing is almost as good as winning. Our boys showed just what they were made of in fighting it out to the last. A combination of hard luck and errors cost us our first collegiate game. In the third inning McDonald got a two bagger and none out, but Miller's delivery proved a delusion to the men following the "Cap." Again in the ninth inning with only one out Fleming hit for three bases, but once more Miller was deceiving. Gibson's work on the slab was just what it always has been, and those that have seen "Gib" work will know what that is. The visitors secured only seven hits, and none of these were bunched so as to bring in an earned run. Captain McDonald held down the initial

bag as if he were born there. He is improving steadily at the bat, and when it comes to handling "nasty ones" he does it in that calm every-day manner of his that is edifying. R. Brown on the second bag is a wonder. Anything that gets out between second and first has to be over R's head. His batting is good. Donahoe at shortstop covered as large a territory as usual, probably a little too much. His errors were never costly ones. Fleming played in his old form on third base, and he made up for his wild throw by hitting safely twice and one of them for three bases. O'Neill played good ball behind the bat, and is sure to make a good showing before the season is very much older. Farley in left played a good game. The other fielders had no chances.

The game started with Michigan at the bat. Flesher struck out. Wolf got hit and was given first, but got out testing O'Neill's throw to second. McGinnis got his base on balls, and Snow knocked a long foul that was taken care of by Farley.

For Notre Dame, Donahoe struck out; McDonald went out on a foul; Follen flew to Snow; Lunn drove a fast grounder to McDonald who accepted it. Sullivan and Davies both struck out. Brown got a hit; Lynch went out from Wolf to Snow; Farley got hit, and Brown scored. O'Neill struck out; Gibson hit safe, Fleming and Farley scored; Donahoe struck out. Score, 3 to 0.

Taylor neglected to hit the ball. Miller got a pass. Flesher bunted to Gib. who threw wild to second. McGinnis sent a grounder to Brown, who threw him out at first. McDonald smote the ball grievously, and arrived at the second bag. Follen struck out; Brown went out from Flesher to Snow, and Fleming's foul found a resting place in Lunn's mit. Snow got a hit in the left lot. Lunn sacrificed him. Davies flew out into left field, and established a protectorate over the sphere. Sullivan got a hit in right, scoring Snow, but Sullivan was ambitious for two bases, and was retired from O'Neill to Brown. Score, 3 to 1 in our favor.

Lynch sent a grounder to Sullivan and was put out at first; Farley beat the wind and Lunn captured O'Neill's foul. Taylor tried to bunt three times and failed. Miller got to first on a wild throw from Fleming Flesher sent one to Brown and retired; a passed ball let Miller come home. Wolf went out from Fleming to the captain. Score, 3 to 2.

Gibson struck out. Donahoe went out from Flesher to Snow. McDonald struck thrice

McGinnis went out from Gibson to McDonald. Snow got to first on Donahoe's error, tried to steal second, but was caught. Lunn flew out to Farley. Follen flew out to McGinnis. Brown failed to hit the ball. Fleming followed suit. Davies flew to Farley, but John let go of it. Sullivan sacrificed. Taylor knocked a little fly over second. Donahoe and Brown collided. The ball hit the ground, Davies wanted to get third base, but Gibson threw him out on Miller's attempt. Flesher went out from Donahoe to Angus. Lynch flew out to McGinnis. Farley flew to Sullivan. O'Neill struck out. Wolf retired on a fly. McGinnis got first on Donahoe's error; he stole second. Snow went out to Lynch. The wild throws started here. Lunn, Davies and McGinnis scored before it ceased. Sullivan retired quietly. Score, 5 to 3 against Notre Dame.

Gibson went out from Sullivan to Snow. Donahoe refused to strike and was given first. Not satisfied with that, he stole second. McDonald went out from Sullivan to Snow. Follen struck out. Taylor went out from Fleming to McDonald. Miller never saw the ball, and Flesher flew out to Donahoe. Brown knocked a foul, and again Lunn's mit secured it. Fleming came up to bat with angry mutterings; he eased his feeling by making the ball look as if it were skiving. Miller took a warning, and allowed neither Lynch nor Farley to hit the ball, and the game was over.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, s. s.	3	0	0	2	2	3
McDonald, 1 b.	4	0	1	8	2	0
Follen, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, 2 b.	4	1	1	3	4	0
Fleming, 3 b.	4	1	2	2	4	1
Lynch, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Farley, l. f.	4	1	0	3	0	1
O'Neill, c.	3	0	0	8	4	1
Gibson, p.	3	0	1	0	3	1
Totals	33	3	5	*26	20	7
MICHIGAN	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flesher, 3 b.	5	0	0	0	4	0
Wolf, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
McGinnis, c. f.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Snow, 1 b.	4	1	1	10	0	0
Lunn, c.	3	1	2	14	0	0
Davies, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Sullivan, 3 b.	4	0	3	0	1	1
Taylor, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Miller, p.	3	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	32	5	7	27	7	1

Two base hits, McDonald. Three base hits, Fleming. Struck out, by Gibson 5, by Miller 12. Base on balls off Gibson 2, off Miller 1. Hit by pitched ball, Wolf. Stolen bases, Donahoe, Flesher, Snow.

* Taylor bunted foul on third strike.

An Easy Victory.

The dual track meet last Thursday between Purdue and Notre Dame was a run away for the boys in Gold and Blue. Everyone that remembers how closely Purdue pushed us for the pennant at Indianapolis last spring was looking for an exciting and pretty evenly matched contest. The Orange and Black wearers, however, seemed to be sadly lacking in form, and never came anywhere near reaching our men. Notre Dame took things to hand right at the start, and never permitted the visitors to get a single first place. Out of ninety points, including ten first places, ten second and ten third places, Captain Powers' men secured all the first places, eight of the second places and two of the third, making the score at the finish 76 to 14 in favor of Notre Dame. The relay race was easy for our fellows, and judging from the large margin by which it was won, any three of the Notre Dame men could have won from Purdue. When Corcoran, the last man on our team, started his quarter he was at least fifty yards ahead of his opponent. In all the long runs our men completely out-classed Purdue, and took their own time to finish as they were never pushed to do their best. The mile-run was nearly twenty seconds slower than it was run in the triangular meet of March 11. In the half-mile and mile, Hayes' good showing was a pleasant surprise to his friends. He kept close behind the fast pace set by Connor, and won out easily. Trainer Engledrum had the men in fine condition, and when the meet was over they were as little fatigued as they usually are after ordinary practice. Klipsch, Cole and Endsley did the best work for Purdue.

After the forty-yard dash and mile race were run it was evident that the meet would surely go to Notre Dame. Not a Purdue man qualified in the forty-yard dash, and as the short sprints are the events in which we are weakest, we were certain of winning when there were four Notre Dame men lined up for the final heat in the forty yard. The one-sided character of the contest prevented any of the enthusiasm that is usually displayed. Despite the fact that they were working against defeat, the Purdue fellows labored hard and were game to the finish. The summary is as follows:

40-yard dash, first heat—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; O'Brien, Notre Dame, second; Thompson, Purdue, third. Time, :05.

Second heat—Duane, Notre Dame, first; Glynn, Notre Dame, second; Cole, Purdue, third. Time, :05.

Final heat—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; O'Brien, Notre Dame, second; Duane, Notre Dame, third. Time, :05.

Mile run—Connor, Notre Dame, 1st; Hayes, Notre Dame, second; Priseler, Purdue, third. Time, 4:57.

Running high jump—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Klipsch, Purdue, second; Endsley, Purdue, third. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

220-yard dash, first heat—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; O'Brien, Notre Dame, second. Time, :25½.

Second heat—Duane, Notre Dame, first; Cole, Purdue, second. Time, :25½.

Final heat—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; Duane, Notre Dame, second; Cole, Purdue, third. Time, :25½.

Pole vault—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Glynn, Notre Dame, second; Smith, Purdue, third. Height, 10 feet.

Shot put—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Glynn, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 40 feet 11 inches.

440-yard dash—O'Shaughnessy, Notre Dame, first; O'Brien, Notre Dame, second; Cole, Purdue, third. Time, :57½.

40-yard hurdles, first heat—Herbert, Notre Dame, 1st; Endsley, Purdue, 2d; Time, :06½.

Second heat—Smith, Purdue, 1st; Thompson, Purdue, second. Time, :06½.

Final heat—Herbert, Notre Dame, first; Endsley, Purdue, second; Thompson, Purdue, third. Time, :06½.

880-yard run—Connor, Notre Dame, first; Hayes, Notre Dame, second; Henley, Purdue, third. Time, 2:10½.

Running broad jump—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Corcoran, Notre Dame, second; Klipsch, Purdue, third. Distance, 21 feet 4 inches.

Relay race—O'Shaughnessy, O'Brien, Herbert and Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; Smith, Dirham, Henley and Brigham, Purdue, second.

* * *

This meet was a very successful one in every respect. Dr. Geo. K. Herman, of the First Regiment Athletic Club of Chicago, acted as referee. Mr. Joseph E. Raycroft, of Chicago, was starter, and the judges were Messrs. J. W. Esterline, H. B. Skillman and Dr. Austin O'Malley. Judging from the comparative ease with which our men won this contest they ought to be sure of getting the state championship again this year.

Personal.

—Mrs. H. L. Goodall has been visiting her son of Carroll Hall.

—Miss Mahoney of Chicago is visiting her brother of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. N. W. Land of Chicago was the recent guest of her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Edward McElroy of Chicago was at Notre Dame visiting his son of Carroll Hall.

—Professor Greene returned last Wednesday from Chicago where he has been experimenting with wireless telegraphy.

—We were honored during the past week by a brief visit from the Very Rev. Dean Keating of Ottawa, Ill.

—Mr. Leon E. Reed of the *Chicago Tribune* was at Notre Dame last week watching the wireless telegraphy experiments.

—Among the visitors of recent date were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams of Milwaukee and Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Murphy of New York.

—Miss M. J. Connor and Miss E. L. Folmer of Chicago were at Notre Dame during the past week, the guests of Mr. Sullivan of Brownson Hall.

—Rev. C. Golder of the Methodist Book Company of Cincinnati, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Keck of South Bend called recently at the University.

—Mr. A. J. Pendleton, student '95-'97, is in business with Caren and O'Neill Dry-Goods Merchants of Columbus, O. Mr. E. Reinhard, student '96-'98, of the same city is with the Columbus Fire Brick Company.

—Mr. Jerome J. Crowley, of the University of Michigan, formerly of Notre Dame, was a guest of the University on Wednesday. In the play, "A Night Off," given by the Michigan students recently Mr. Crowley made a decided hit in the rôle of "Snap."

—We learn from the *Stratford Herald* that Rev. Doctor Kilroy has just celebrated the Silver Anniversary of his pastorate of Saint Joseph's Church, Stratford, Canada. Dr. Kilroy was graduated in 1853; he is the oldest living graduate of the University and one for whom *Alma Mater* has the tenderest feeling. Dr. Kilroy served as chaplain throughout the Civil War, and he rendered valiant services in the armies of the Potomac and Mississippi, bringing spiritual consolation to many a poor fellow that died upon the field of battle. After the war he engaged in missionary work, until twenty-five years ago he became pastor at Stratford, where his kindly disposition and great-heartedness have won him the love of all that know him. The SCHOLASTIC joins with Dr. Kilroy's many friends at Notre Dame in congratulating him upon this occasion, and in wishing that he may live to make the anniversary a golden one.

Local Items.

—What will the baseball team do with Purdue next Thursday?

—The preliminaries in the Oratorical Contest were postponed until next week.

—In three of the Fort Wayne series of games our crack shortstop, Mr. Donahoe, accepted every chance without an error. His next door neighbor, Mr. Brown, took in thirty-two chances without letting any get away from him.

—From some place in the land where good things grow and there are many good persons with exquisite taste and dainty hands to arrange the good things, a delicate piece of Angels' Food was moulded and sent to the University. Our baseball men do not wear wings, and an occasional misplay on the diamond may cause them to say things that the winged spirits might consider vulgar. Nevertheless, when they have a chance to turn aside from the plain food of the training table they can do justice to angels' diet with perfect grace and ease. The sequel of this little story, then, is as follows: Manager Ragan and Captain McDonald got their hands on the Angels' Food and summoned all their fraternity to the training quarters. There was no baseball practice that morning. The players forgot to talk sporting gossip and racked their brains trying to find compliments with which to speak of the excellence of the cake and of the fair person that made it. The Varsity men, good connoisseurs all of them, pronounced it *fine*. They are truly grateful and can do better playing from now on. When at the end of the year, as champions of the West, they are gathered together for the last time to talk over the games won, they will not forget, in speaking of the good things and pleasures of the season, to mention the kindness of the maiden that sent the Angels' Food to Notre Dame.

—Last Thursday night Leo Holland and Fred Kasper went out for a boat ride. They did not notice that the moon had failed to appear and that they could not see whether the boat was going ahead or backward. This caused them a great deal of trouble that they did not expect. Leo was sitting in one end of the boat with one of those "all right but don't tell papa smiles." A big mud-turtle saw this smile, and got mad about it. He clawed his way to the boat, put his left shoulder against it, and threw Holland, smile and all, overboard. It would have been all over with our happy pitcher, if it were not for the presence of a large, friendly bull-frog. Leo was going to the bottom in pretty fast time when he saw the frog and grabbed him by the ear. The frog put his left wing around Holland's neck, held him up and yelled wildly to Commodore Baab who was at the other end of the

lake with one of the boat crews. Baab, realizing the danger of the situation, hastily ordered his men to row down past Holland and carry their boat into the boat-house. Then he ordered the fellows to hurry and get all the ducks locked up while he ran up to the University to explain to the fellows what had happened. They hastily wrote a letter to Leo's father, informing him that his son was in the lake, and then they hurried back to the rescue. The frog had grown tired by this time and all that he could hold above water was Leo's varsity baseball cap. The fellows got a boat out, rowed to where they were and brought the cap in. Then they pushed a plank out in the water to the frog. The frog saved himself by getting on the plank and Holland swam ashore, leaving his smile behind him. The angry turtle wears the smile now.

—A cloud of dust arose and the army was in motion. Instinct incited them and gravitation led them toward Leeper's bridge. A stray rabbit started across the country, and Studie after it. The rabbit was a ten-second man, and Studie—his time depends upon circumstances. Maurin saw the rabbit gain. The hunting blood of fifty ancestors surged in his veins, and he hurdled a hedge fence—the hedge became sadly deficient in thorns. Schwab looked on with the eye of an expert, but being a philosopher restrained himself. Three times the rabbit and Studie encircled a corn patch, and the rabbit gained. The army shouted its applause, stirring Studie on to a greater effort; but while he was laying out a geometrical mode of attack the rabbit escaped. Then it remained for O'Malley to sing the "Fall of the House of Studie." He sat under a tree contemplating heavily the event which had just occurred. The army marched on far ahead, and then began O'Malley's dirge. The cows came to the fence, and with ears erect looked on in wonder. The robin stopped its shrill piping ashamed of a comparison, but a few precursory frogs began to croak in opposition. O'Malley recognized the rivalry, and more tender and pathetic grew his wail—even the frogs stopped and took refuge in the lake. The melodious notes floated along and sounded in the ears of a sleeping dog. Then began a struggle for superiority—a struggle which will ever remain vividly impressed upon the mind of O'Malley's unhappy companions. The dog bayed long and piteously at the moon, and when he stopped for breath O'Malley took up the wail, and tones sweeter than Hamamomens were given to the world. A few dying notes caught the ear of Pete Crumley as he was crossing the railroad track. Pete stopped, uncertain whether the sounds came from O'Malley, a frog or a "coon;" then discretion getting the better of his valor, he took refuge in a box car. When scouts were sent two hours later to look for our lost child, they found him tied in a knot in the corner of the car.