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THE MOST REVEREND THOMAS JOSEPH CARR, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

The Martyr Spy of the American Revolution.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, A. B., '97.*



It is seldom that we look among the ordinary paths for greatness. As a rule, we look to statesmen, orators and jurists for great men; in military circles we look for them among the generals and commanders, not in the ranks. Thus many a noble and truly great man walks his way unnoticed, and is, as Gray said, "A flower born to blush unseen." This evening I make one of these flowers my subject. I speak of a man too little known and too lightly appreciated in America; a man not an orator, a statesman nor a jurist; a man to whom the country owes much; a young, talented, noble fellow, lovable in character, patriotic in heart and spirit, bravely heroic in action, and thoroughly American in all. I shall try to acquaint you with the noble soul and charming personality of the martyr spy of the American Revolution.

Nathan Hale, one of a family of twelve, was born on the eve of the Revolution, of Puritan parents, in the village of Coventry, Connecticut. He spent his childhood amid the quiet scenery and firmly rounded hills of New England, where, under the kindly advice of his parents, a manly spirit was lodged in his breast in his early days. In his eighteenth year he was graduated from Yale University with first honors in the Class of 1773. While there, he was prominent in athletics, popular in society, and first in intellectual attainments. When he left he carried with him a respect and admiration from students and faculty such as rarely follows an alumnus from Yale.

After graduation he engaged in teaching school and met with much success. Scholars, old and young, were attached to him; they loved him for his tact and amiability, and through them he gained the admiration and respect of their parents. "Everyone loved him," writes one of his contemporaries, "he was so sprightly, intelligent and kind, and, withal, so handsome.

When the first memorable shots were fired at Lexington and the colonies were convulsing in wildest excitement, there was a hurried

assembling of citizens in East Haddam, where Hale was teaching school, and the young schoolmaster was called upon to address them. His soul was so intensely patriotic that nothing but patriotism could come from it. Filled with a sense of duty, purified by love of liberty, he stepped before the crowd, and said: "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we gain our independence."

He enlisted in the army at once, and served first as lieutenant, then as captain under Col. Webb until the summer of 1776. In early September of that year the disastrous battle of Long Island left the American cause in a very critical condition. Our army, decimated by sickness, suffering from want of supplies, without discipline and without confidence, was scattered along New York Island. Surrounding them, and almost double in number, was the British army and fleet, magnificently equipped and confident of success. The British could move in twenty different ways; the Americans, completely hemmed in, could not move at all. Our cause was well-nigh hopeless. The only possible salvation for America was to gain some knowledge of what move the British would make, so that in a last desperate attempt for liberty and freedom our soldiers would know beforehand what they had to fight, and so be the better prepared for it. Washington openly avowed that the information must be had or else all was lost. A spy would have to be sent; yet even that seemed to furnish only a faint hope, for it was thought that no man could get within the British lines and back again without being caught and hanged.

All the officers were assembled in Colonel Knowlton's tent, and an appeal was made in the name of Washington for a volunteer to perform this dangerous and delicate service. The appeal was answered by a long, sad silence. Gloomy, despondent, discouraged, the officers sat almost motionless. The vision of ignominious death, the disgrace of a spy, the danger of the service requested,—these were considerations that held down patriotism in the breasts of those men, and the American cause was apparently lost.

Just at that moment, Nathan Hale, weak and pale from recent sickness, entered the tent. Again the appeal for a volunteer was made. Without a moment's hesitation, young Hale sprang to his feet, and in that assembly of brave, yet fearful, trembling officers, all older and higher than himself, said: "I'll undertake the task."

* Winner of the Hon. W. P. Breen, '77, gold medal for oratory, May 31, '99.

Every man arose and protested against it; they spoke of the danger; they spoke of the disgrace of being executed as a spy; they reminded him of his bright chances for promotion, begged him not to sacrifice them, and entreated him to withdraw his offer. Unmoved, young Hale stood firm, and said: "No; I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of such an object. I know, too, that a spy is looked upon with disgrace; but in this instance, duty demands that I act as a spy, and what duty demands is never dishonorable. If I succeed, I shall have been of some service to my country; if I am caught and executed, let the name of spy be given to me, for even as such I shall be doing my duty."

Hale passed the English lines, secured the desired information, and was on his way back, when, by mistake, an American boat that was to meet him at the Cedars, failed to appear, and in its stead was a British barge. Taking it for his boat, Hale walked to it, was captured and brought before Commander-in-Chief Howe of the English army. Papers on his person were proof conclusive that he was an American spy, and without even a trial by court martial, he was sentenced to be executed on the following daybreak. In his dungeon that night, he begged for the services of a clergyman, but they were denied him. He asked for his bible; that too was denied. He begged to write a farewell letter and even that was denied. Later on he was permitted by one of the guards to write the letters. In the morning, however, when Provost Marshall Cunningham, inhuman wretch that he was, came to lead his prisoner to execution, he took from him those farewell letters to his mother and sisters, tore them before his eyes, and threw them on the ground. Then Nathan Hale started to his doom, his final home-coming. But what a home-coming it was! Such a one as Mr. Gillette describes in his play. Out into the shadows of the morning, he walked a hero; yet there were no cheering crowds, no friends, no admiring classmates there, no bands to play for him. He was placed under the tree, under the overhanging noose, and asked if he had anything to say. With his arms pinioned to his sides, his shirt thrown open, head and neck bare, he stood firm, looked at the gaping crowd in which there was not a familiar or friendly face, and said: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Search all literature and you will not find another sentence like that. Read every play

and you will not find another scene like that. Call all mankind before you and you will not find another man like the chief character in this tragedy. Take one more glance at his life. There was Nathan Hale, reared in the affection and love of a pious home; Nathan Hale first in the hearts of the students and faculty of the great University of Yale; Nathan Hale loved by all that knew him in after-life, idolized by his fellow soldiers, honored by his commanders and ready for promotions to honor and distinctions; Nathan Hale that foreswore all to serve his country! Young, brave and beautiful, he was led out to die away from college friends, from home, father, mother, sisters, fiancée, and all that could be dear to him; led out to die before he knew whether or not his death would result in any benefit to his cause. As Webster said: "Falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage, he could not see that wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with his spirit." No, he could not see that he was losing the honor of dying in the ranks; that he would be denied even a grave in the trenches with the other heroes. His simplicity would not allow him to believe that he was dying a hero; his ardent patriotism would not let him see that in giving his life and his all, he was doing enough for his country. He was too humble to think that in after-days men might mention him, hence he did not, like André, say to his executioners: "I call you to witness that I die like a brave man." Nathan Hale did not think that he was a brave man. He cared not for what men might say of him; he cared not if they pointed to his grave as that of a spy. With that fatal noose dangling over his head, he cared, at last as at first, only for one thing—the welfare of his country. This thought was in Nathan Hale, and, at that moment, it was Nathan Hale. With no bravado smile on his face, no tears in his eyes, no fear in his heart, no tremble on his lips, he gathered up his whole soul from his body, and that soul, not his lips, spoke the words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Can we express a like regret? No, never! Had he ten thousand lives it would have spoiled his sacrifice. Having but one life, and giving that as he did, he could do no more. I am glad that he had only one life; glad that

he had the opportunity to give that life as he did; glad that it was our country that furnished the opportunity and furnished the man. I give Nathan Hale to college men as their typical college man; I give him to Americans as their patriot; I give him to soldiers as their truest type; I give him to champions of honor and liberty and right, as the martyr of their cause; I give him to hero-lovers as their hero; I give him to the world as the noblest, bravest, most lovable, magnanimous, truest and most manly man that ever walked the earth. I love to think of Nathan Hale as he lived; I love more to think of him as he died. When I look back in mind and see him, truest of true blue men, younger in years even than I, sacrificing himself for all that was best and noblest in life, when I see him on that eventful morning in 1776, and hear that last grand sentence of his, I am forced to say: "O Nathan Hale, you are my pet American! You are my idol, my ideal, my man!" And when I turn to my country and foresee that America must go through great crises, as she has gone through them in the past, and that she will be in need of great and brave men, then I say, "Dear old Columbia, God speed the day that will bring thee another Nathan Hale!"

A Character Sketch.

JOHN J. ENGLEDRUM.

The son of respected and wealthy parents, John Mayberry was surrounded by more than ordinarily favorable conditions. His genial disposition, manly traits of character, and progressive nature seemed to justify the predictions of his friends that his would be a most successful and happy career. At the home schools he outclassed all his fellows; at college his aptness in study and agility in athletics made him the pride of both professors and students as well. After leaving school he was a successful worker in the field of journalism. The persuasion of friends led him into politics, and his candidacy for congressman resulted in his election.

Public life was not in accordance with his nature, and at the expiration of his first term as representative, he retired from politics and again took to the editor's table.

At this time he was only thirty years old. His steps toward fame were rapid. When he was married a few months later to one of the

most beautiful and accomplished ladies in his town it was the cause of much favorable comment, and the wishes for a long and happy life seemed certain to be realized.

All was sunshine in John Mayberry's home until a shadow came in the person of a second Iago. The tempter had come, and the green-eyed monster had a firm grasp on Mayberry. There was no cloud in his horizon with a silver lining, and he saw nothing for which to live.

He was not the kind of man, however, to give over in despair and commit any act of violence against the life of himself or that of his wife. He disposed of all his property as best he could, called his wife to him, gave her a good share of the proceeds, then, with a forced "good bye," walked his way. He was going from the town of his birth, but whither he did not know. This seemed to him but a dark and dreary world at best.

In a quaint village among hills situated far away from any town of importance was an old school-teacher, kind and generous, quiet and unassuming. He might be seen daily walking to the school with a sad expression on his countenance and a look that betokened a heart weighed down with trouble. His melancholy smile led many to inquire into the cause of his reserved nature, but even the most inquisitive could ascertain nothing in regard to his past life.

As the years rolled on, the school-master was the same kind and sad-faced man that lived seemingly not for himself but for others. The villagers seldom saw him except when he was going to and from the school-house, and they regarded him more as a recluse than an ordinary man.

One morning when the children came to school they did not find the door open as usual, nor was their old teacher awaiting them with his customary greeting. Search was made for him. In his cottage they found him—dead. In one of his hands he clasped a letter, in the other a picture,—a picture of the wife of John Mayberry. The letter explained to the villagers the mystery of his past life. They saw how his happiness had been lost, and the verdict was that he died of a broken heart. In accordance with a request in the letter, an humble tombstone was erected over his grave with the following inscription taken from King Lear: "Here lies a man more sinned against than sinning."

The Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

The duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, which resulted in the untimely death of Hamilton, was but a natural termination of the long-standing enmity that existed between these two men, whose characters were so unlike. Aside from their political rivalry, their dissimilarity of character was of itself enough to make them antagonistic to each other. This difference between them in personal quality and political opinions was finally settled under a code that both men alike recognized.

It is evident from the history of that time that Hamilton did not wish to fight Burr. He had nothing to gain if he were successful, for Burr was politically dead, and could no longer be an obstacle in Hamilton's way. Hamilton did not avoid the fight because he feared Burr; but he had some doubts as to the morality of duelling. He had, however, recognized the "code of honor," and when Burr challenged him his only course was to accept.

Burr on the other hand was embittered by defeat, and he saw insurmountable obstacles in his road to higher political fame; therefore, he was ready to wreak his vengeance on some one. Jefferson was a menace to him in national politics, and Hamilton had proven himself to be an equally invincible barrier in state politics.

Burr could find no legitimate excuse for attacking Jefferson; but after his defeat for the governorship of New York in 1804, he saw the last ray of his political glory rapidly going out. But a few years before he was within one vote of the presidency. Hamilton's influence had kept that vote from him and defeated him; and now again, Hamilton had proved himself an immovable rock standing between him and the governorship. This was too much for Burr's ambitious spirit. The opening of his political life had been so promising that the sudden fall into a minor place in politics was more than his haughty soul could bear. He must have revenge, and Alexander Hamilton was to be his victim. Burr searched eagerly to find something for which he might challenge Hamilton to a settlement under the "code of honor." Nor was he long in finding it.

Colonel Burr pretended to take offence at a public letter published in a newspaper and signed by Dr. C. D. Cooper. In this letter Dr.

Cooper said: "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." Burr rested on this last quotation as a suitable libel for his action in challenging Hamilton. Years before Hamilton had spoken of Burr in a manner that was more derogatory of the latter's character, and which would have been a more justifiable excuse for a settlement under the "code of honor." But then, Burr's political prospects were bright, and his ambitious spirit shrank from doing anything that was likely to injure his aspirations. He looked upon all that Hamilton said of him as a right that political opponents had in the furtherance of their cause. Now he was defeated, with all the hopes of his once brilliant future dead. He could be satisfied only with blood; and finding a suitable quibble in an utterance of his great rival, he challenged Hamilton.

On June 17, 1804, Judge Van Ness conveyed to Gen. Hamilton a letter from Colonel Burr. In this letter Burr demanded "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant the assertion of Dr. Cooper," namely, that "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton has expressed of Col. Burr." Hamilton, after considering the matter fully, answered that he could not "make the avowal or disavowal which you seem to think necessary." He dwelt at some length on the different shades and degrees of meaning between the word "despicable" and "more despicable." Hamilton also refused to be "interrogated as to the justice of *inferences*," which he "may have said of political opponents in the course of fifteen years' competition."

After this several letters passed between Burr and Hamilton. The latter's letters were always an attempt to remove the difficulties between him and his antagonist; but Burr's letters tended more and more to complicate the trouble. Hamilton said that if Burr "would specify any other particular language or conversation in which he charged that his honor had been assailed," that he, Hamilton, "would at once return a frank avowal or denial as the case might be."

Two or three more letters were passed between Judge Van Ness, on the part of Burr, and Mr. Pendleton, in the interest of Hamilton. Burr's attitude was always aggressive. It shows plainly that nothing but blood would appease him for the deadly blow dealt his political aspirations by Hamilton. He knew

that Hamilton would never in any manner compromise his self-respect and honor, and being an expert in the use of a pistol, he finally issued the challenge. Hamilton accepted, and each man began to prepare himself for the conflict in his own way: "Burr by pistol practice in his garden; Hamilton by settling up the business of his clients." Hamilton requested that the duel be postponed until the term of the Circuit Court, then in session, should be over. This was readily granted.

It has been said that "never in the whole course of his professional life had General Hamilton been more eloquent, more learned, more sagacious, or more triumphant in the trial of his causes than during the last three weeks of his labors at the bar."

On Friday, July 9, 1804, Hamilton executed his will. In regard to the approaching duel, Hamilton wrote a short article denouncing duelling, in which he says that, aside from political differences, he bears Colonel Burr no ill-will. He further says that he intends to "reserve and throw away his first fire," and that he may even reserve his second fire, and thus give Burr "a double opportunity to pause and repent."

The place selected for the duel was Weahawken, three miles above Hoboken, New Jersey, opposite New York. The combatants met there July 11, at seven o'clock in the morning. Burr and Judge Van Ness, his second, arrived first. Hamilton and his second, Mr. Pendleton, arrived some few moments later. Mr. Pendleton explained the rules to be followed by the duellists. The pistols were then loaded, and ten paces measured off. Hamilton and Burr took their places, and Mr. Pendleton gave the signal, "present!" Colonel Burr fired instantly, and General Hamilton fell, discharging his pistol into the air. Colonel Burr without a word left the field.

Mr. Van Ness says that Hamilton fired first; but from the testimony of Mr. Pendleton, and from the statements made by Hamilton before the duel, and after he had been mortally wounded, we may rightly believe that Hamilton did not shoot at Burr at all.

Hamilton was taken to his home, and died the next day at two o'clock in the afternoon, mourned by the whole nation, enemies and friends alike, and Aaron Burr became an out-cast and a wanderer; and after destroying the happiness of many homes, he died in poverty at the Port Richmond House, Staten Island, on September 13, 1836.

Varsity Verse.

OUR GREEK CHORUS.

THE group, that late, in garb as Greeks
Sang Theban songs upon our stage,
Are such as some fair goddess seeks,
Or wandering sprites love to engage,

As nightly by some summer sea
They capture zephyrs with their melody.
Oft may they link their league, again,
Of voices sweet to sing a strain,
Such as had Cupid's tuneful ear
But caught it on his way above
He would have paused awhile to hear
And fire some goddess with an earthly love.

Their hoary locks and palsied hands,
Were well attuned to fillet bands;
But their feeble steps and sparkling eyes
Showed where the art of "make up" lies.

Their flowing cloak and regal staff
Would say they lived through many years;
But did you see them wink or laugh!
Ah! that would change your needless fears.

Their leader was a youth, I ween;
They say he loved a dark "colleen."
But now he's dreaming hour by hour
Beside another lassie's bower.

No doubt they tend to Hymen's shore,
Or spread their sails for Colchian strands;
Then may they love their state the more,
And foremost with great Jason stand.

May some fair Juno, less divine,
Or Hebe, to those youths incline.
For there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart.

Their glory too will never die,
For still the echo fills our home,—
We still can hear the "Oh, Papoi"
Re-echo 'neath the Golden Dome.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But 'twas some magic in the chords,
Or in the lips, that gave such power
To music in that glorious hour.

I love to praise each actor's name,
But this was done by one of greater fame.
Our kind Professor claims more than a six-foot line,
But we shall sing his praise some other time.

P. J. D.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

The night was dark and cold
And fiercely howled the wind—
When lo! a mother, bold
In heart, though old and blind,
Was led, by children kind,
Seaward to bear a guiding light
For him who sailed that stormy night.
Her tender heart was filled with joy
When safe the vessel heaved in sight,—
And to her heart she pressed her boy.

M. J. O.

The Nebular Hypothesis.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

Besides evolution in life, scientists have brought forward a theory of successive changes in matter. This hypothesis accounts for the formation of the universe, and it has been developed by Laplace, a French astronomer of this century. Evolution proper teaches that by gradual changes brought about by external circumstances—as climate or innate tendency—plants and animals better their condition. There are many reasons in favor of universal evolution, properly so called, and there are also strong ones against it.

The nebular hypothesis, however, seems to have had few objections against it,—perhaps because there has not as yet been sufficient importance attached to it to cause thinking minds to discuss it. Life is more important to us than matter, therefore the theory of evolution has engrossed us more. If the nebular hypothesis is not firmly rooted, the reason is that it is still young. Besides, it does not afford such an occasion for ignorance to display itself, as has taken place with the enemies of evolution. It is out of the question to talk profitably about the development of the universe without knowing something about astronomy. Whatever objections have been brought against the nebular hypothesis have been explained away, and, if not overcome, there is evidence that the hypothesis must be modified to suit occurring conditions. In no case, however, has the whole theory been put in question by any number of reasonable objections.

To account for the formation of the universe we have to rely solely on matter previously created and a force to act upon this matter. Taking confused elements at rest, in their least dense form, which is gaseous, let force act on them as attractive or affinitive, then heat and motion will result. By reason of attractive force, matter will be collected in one place or in many separate places. The motion will, perhaps, be whirling, because the parts come from different directions to a centre of gravity, as in a whirlwind all the currents strike in one point. The result is obvious.

These collected gases may be called a nebula. This in time cools and contracts until it becomes liquid. Before this formation, chemical

action takes place by reason of affinity, and compound substances result. If in contraction the centrifugal force becomes greater than the attraction of parts for one another, the laws of mathematics and of mechanics tell us that a mass of certain size will be thrown off at such a distance that both forces are equalized. This mass will then revolve around the former in an orbit, and it may retain a revolving motion around its own axis. The second body may likewise throw off a third with similar results. Now if all the bodies cool still further and become solid we have the history of the solar system according to the nebular hypothesis. The first body formed is the sun, the second is a planet, and the third a satellite:

It may be said that all this looks plausible; but what are the reasons that make us believe this actually took place? In this respect the nebular hypothesis may be looked upon as the wild dream of an astronomer. We can not get absolute proofs for what happened millions of years ago if the facts under discussion really happened at all. Waiving possibilities altogether, we can by analogy get at strong probability.

In the first place this universe of ours does not appear to be completed yet. What we suppose took place ages ago still goes on. Stars, which are only suns like ours, though perhaps more vast, are still in various states of formation like those just explained. The "Whirlpool Nebula" shows all the characteristics of a revolving mass of gases that must result in a system like the solar system. The "Rings of Saturn" may at some time break away or collect as satellites of that planet. It is even supposed that Mars once had rings, and that the enormous attraction of Jupiter at one time pulled them away and formed of the fragments the numerous asteroids. However this may be, it is now granted that the nebular hypothesis is more than a dream, and that it is universally supported by analogies still occurring before our very eyes. Time, instead of weakening its principles, rather strengthens and perfects them.

A Plea of One Ambitious.

P. J. R.

While I live, let me live, for the day is short,
And the night will be night for aye;
Enough can I dream when the night-time comes;
Now I'll labor and build up the day.

A Man, a Woman and a Mouse.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

They had been sitting in the summer-house for an hour. For one half of that period at the least, the silence had been broken only by the monotonous droning of an enterprising bee as it flew past the open door.

They were sitting on a rustic settee, he with his elbows on his knees boring little holes in the gravel with her parasol. She appeared to take a great deal of interest in the designs he was making. Once he made a mistake and she blotted out the hole with her foot. Suddenly he stopped; she glanced at him apprehensively.

"Maud, I do wish you'd let me tell you what I came here for. I don't see the use—"

"George, why can't you let good enough alone? We've been having a pleasant time, and now you want to spoil it all. Let's forget all about this afternoon and be like we were before," and she leaned back against the lattice work. He never looked up, but he destroyed with his heel the design on the gravel.

They were silent again, he not knowing what to say, and she refusing to say anything.

She was gazing out the door now at the mountains across the lake wondering why they looked so like air, and still their outlines were so distinct.

Without moving he called her attention to a small mouse that had wandered in and was flashing its little black, beady eyes at them.

In an instant she was standing on the settee, clutching her skirts. The mouse darted away but came back immediately. George neither smiled nor moved, simply ceasing to play with the parasol.

"Maud!"

"Oh George! do drive him away. Please do. Won't you?"

"Maud," he repeated, without moving a muscle, except those of his vocal organs, "Maud, I came here to-day to tell you—"

"Oh George! please chase him away!"

"I came here to-day to tell you that I love you—"

"George, I'll never see you nor speak to you again! If you don't chase that creature away I'll faint."

"—and I want to ask you to—"

"I'll hate you as long as I live. George, d—d—don't let him come nearer," she almost screamed as the mouse moved towards them.

"—I want to ask you if you'll marry me."

"Don't be so mean, George. Please, please make him go away."

"Will you marry me?"

"How can I talk when that horrid mouse is there in front of me? George, I ask you again to drive him away."

"Will you marry me?"

This time the answer was only a few sobs. She dared not retire behind her handkerchief.

"George, you're the meanest man I know. Oh please, take me away from here!"

"Will you marry me?"

"I want to go home. Mamma will be waiting for me."

"Will you—"

The mouse darted toward the settee.

"Yes! yes!"

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's go home. That blessed mouse has left us. Allow me to assist you."

My Dreadful Night.

A. J. T. B.

I, a boy of twelve, had no right to tell my aunt I did not fear ghosts. Perhaps I should not have done so if I had not just read a story where the spirit in the haunted house turned out to be a white goat. Besides I felt certain she would be back before midnight, for she had gone to make a call next door where our neighbor, Mrs. Loftus, was dead.

At half past eleven I poked the coals, not because the storm raging outside made it cold, but to keep myself from thinking about the deceased old lady. Despite all I could do, however, my thoughts would always revert to her, for everything I had ever done to displease her. In the old-fashioned town where we lived the houses were crowded together, and my aunt's was joined to that of Mrs. Loftus; but a very low fence separated the gardens, and a four-inch brick wall divided the fireplaces, so that one chimney answered for both houses.

When I thought how easy it would be for the old lady's shade to come down this chimney I began to start at every noise. Once the contending winds above blew back the smoke, and I more than feared to see the old woman's face in the midst of the filmy mass. With this hair-standing fear came before me a thousand

petty injuries I had done her. Among these, the scalding of her pet cat, the stealing of an old clock and the desecration of her rose and lilac bushes, stood out boldly. The time I fell from the branch of a pear tree to frighten her shone before me as if written in fiery letters. The roaring of the wind and the beating of the rain against the house added to my terror.

Other nights it was ideal happiness to sit reading near a bright fire while the wind whistled through the keyhole, and the wet leaves beat against the window. To-night, however, it seemed as if the old lady moaned in the blast, and instead of the leaves it was her fingers tapping on the pane. This thought completely unnerved me. I looked wildly at the door, then at the window expecting to see the old woman peering in out of the thick darkness. At that moment a flash of lightning lit up the yard where I had enacted my bad deeds. Heavens! What did I see? It was the ghost of Mrs. Loftus. She was fixing the branches of her lilac bushes that the wind had disarranged as the living Mrs. Loftus used to do after one of my raids. I tried to cry out but could not. I attempted to move but seemed rooted to the spot. Another flash—I saw it again. That was all.

I must have fainted, recovered, and fallen asleep. But in my sleep the injured grandam troubled me. She stood near my bed uttering some mysterious words. I felt myself raised and floated along in the air until I came to the river that ran through the town.

Another blank, and then I was going down stream in a curiously-shaped boat. In it were some mortals like myself, but the majority of its occupants were terrible-looking spirits. The most frightful one of all sat near me, and by his appearance I knew he was the leader. His body was sometimes transparent, yet he appeared formidable. His skin was the color of bronze except his face which was of a darker hue. Long black hair, which was always catching fire and going out again added much to his awful look. In his hand he held an implement that resembled a paddle when dipped in the river, but appeared to be a flaming knife when out of the water.

He looked at me, and although I wished to avert my eyes I could not take them off the balls of fire that burned in his sockets. His face was not repulsive, but its appearance was such that it filled me with a horrible dread. Something told me he was the devil, and that I was on my way to hell. Then I began to

beg for mercy—one more chance and I never should do anything wrong. I could see his burning tongue as he told me I had better promise never to do anything good.

We happened to pass a swimming pool where I saw some of my companions bathing. I stretched out my hands and implored their aid; but they turned toward me the hideous grinning faces of old men. All hope left me. I began to curse as I had never known mortal do. The arch-devil smiled to encourage me, but his demoniacal look filled me so with fear that I changed my curses to prayers. This enraged him. He rushed on me with his flaming knife uplifted. His eyes, mouth and nostrils emitted sparks. I made a superhuman effort and jumped into the water.

I had fallen out of bed, where I had managed to get some time during the night, and the fall awoke me. The sun shone into the room as if the place had not been the abode of dark spirits all night. The cheerful daylight could hardly dispel my fear; but a prayer of thanks came from my heart that it had all ended so happily.

I rushed down stairs to tell my aunt the wonderful story. Instead of being horror-stricken as I expected she only smiled at me.

"Don't you believe me, auntie?" I said, "I surely saw Mrs. Loftus' ghost."

"No, you did not, child," answered my aunt. "It was her daughter, Jennie, whom you saw. She threw the old lady's cloak over her shoulders, and ran into the garden to save the plants her mother loved so much from the fury of the storm."

A Picture.

JAMES P. FOGARTY.

A face like hers one rarely sees:
The contour almost masculine,
Belied by dainty dimpled chin,
The silk hair floating in the breeze;

A Roman maiden's constancy,
The classic profile of a Greek,
Eyes calm and pure as summer sea,
Soft parted lips that almost speak—

Who is she? That I do not know.

I saw her picture once, and still
Her sweet smile haunts me in my dreams
Mid images of groves and streams
That ripple softly as they flow
Down gentle hills.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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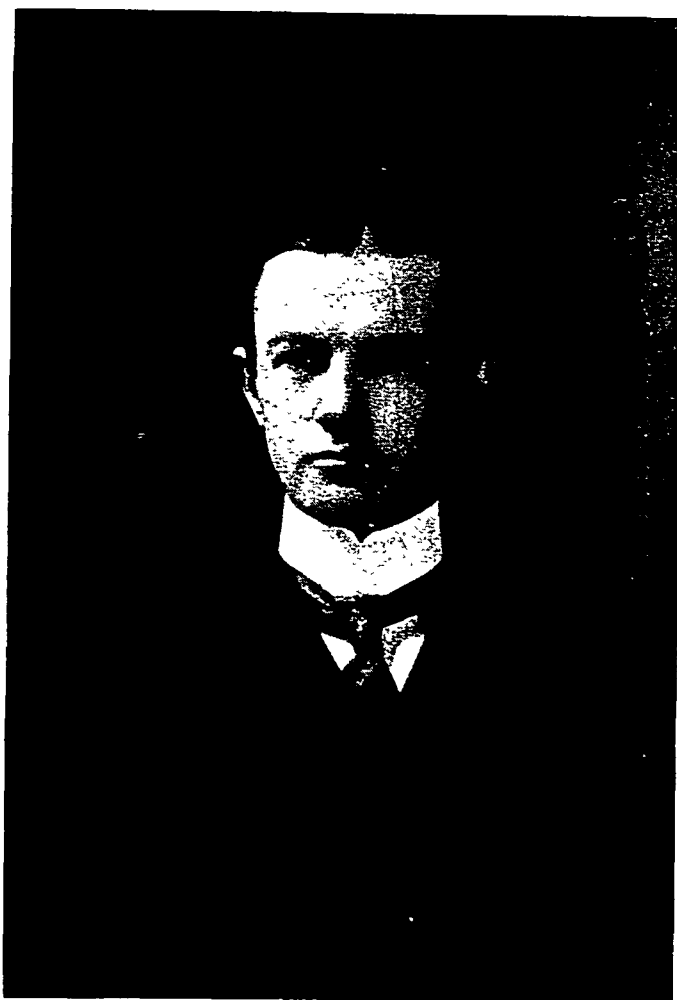
—The act of Comrade Jasper Lewis last Tuesday, while it indicates the personal character and worth of himself, shows also the loyalty and devotion that animate the members of Norman Eddy Post G. A. R. Although Mr. Lewis was very ill, nevertheless he arose from his sick bed and came out to the University in a carriage to pay tribute to his deceased comrade, Father Corby, and lay some flowers on his grave. Such acts as this should be an inspiration to members of our late volunteer army, who this year, for the first time, had comrades' graves to decorate.

—Our readers will be highly pleased with the announcement that the Rev. Luke Evers, A. M., '79, of New York, has consented to deliver the baccalaureate sermon on June 11. Father Evers is an old son of Notre Dame of whom the University has justly felt proud. He ranks high among the clergymen of his diocese, and is known as a pulpit orator of no mean ability. He rarely allows a commencement to pass without finding occasion to visit his *Alma Mater*, and has always manifested a deep interest in her progress. His baccalaureate sermon will, no doubt, be one on which the Class of '99 should congratulate themselves.

The Oratorical Contest.

Honor has again come to the SCHOLASTIC; this time to its chief editor, Mr. Paul Jerome Ragan. At the Oratorical Contest held last Wednesday evening, Mr. Ragan was awarded first place, and he will receive the Breen Gold Medal on Commencement morning.

The Contest, as a whole, was pronounced the best ever held at Notre Dame, and the closeness of the markings, as seen in the schedule, shows that the winner had to work for his



PAUL JEROME RAGAN, A. B., '97.

place. The orations were carefully written, and the finished manner of their delivery could only have been the result of earnest and intelligent training.

Mr. Francis X. McCollum opened the contest with an oration on "Disarmament" in which he made an eloquent argument for the cessation of war. Mr. Frank O'Shaughnessy came next, and in his oration, "Have We Broken with the Builders," made a touching plea for the traditions established by the founders of the Republic. Mr. William D. Furry gave a profound discussion on the "Resources of Literature," making a stirring appeal for a wider and closer acquaintance with all that is beautiful and ideal in literature.

Mr. Alfred J. Duperier chose the subject "America and Isolation." The judges on thought and composition gave him first place, and the excellence of his delivery can be determined by the fact that he lacked only one point of tying with the winner.

Mr. Paul J. Ragan, the victor in the contest, spoke in glowing and eloquent terms of the "Martyr-Spy of the American Revolution," portraying with force and fervor the life and tragic death of Nathan Hale.

Mr. Matthew A. Schumacher closed the contest with an oration on "Newman's Sincerity." His defense of the great Cardinal was calm and convincing, and his delivery was easy and graceful.

The orations were varied with music by the University Orchestra, and between the third and fourth speakers Master Bender, the famous boy soprano of the Preparatory School, sang Mascheroni's "For All Eternity."

The judges on Delivery were Rev. E. D. Kelly of Ann Arbor, Prof. T. C. Trueblood of the University of Michigan, and Prof. A. R. Priest of the University of Wisconsin; on Thought and Composition, Rev. E. Keough of Chicago, Hon. H. S. Hummer of Chicago, and Mr. E. F. DuBrul of Cincinnati. Following is the rankings of the judges:

	McCollum	Shaughnessy	Furry	Duperier	Ragan	Schumacher
JUDGES ON THOUGHT						
Rev. E. Keough.....	6	1	3	4	2	5
Mr. H. S. Hummer....	6	3	1	2	4	5
Mr. E. A. DuBrul.....	6	3	4	1	2	5
Totals on Thought	18	7	8	7	8	15
ON DELIVERY						
Rev. E. D. Kelly.....	2	6	5	1	4	3
Professor A. R. Priest...	3	4	6	5	1	2
Prof. T. C. Trueblood...	5	4	6	2	1	3
Totals on Delivery	10	14	17	8	6	8
Total Rankings	28	21	25	15	14	23

While the foregoing rankings were being arranged, Professor Trueblood was called upon for some remarks. He recommended these public contests as being of the greatest value in the training of speakers, and spoke in highest terms of the one that had just been finished. The decision of the judges was announced immediately—a very good innovation,—and a hearty cheer for the "Manager" expressed the satisfaction of that gentleman's friends.

First Communion and Confirmation.

Last Sunday when the large bell in the church tower announced that services were about to commence, the cross-bearer, acolytes attending clergy, subdeacon, deacon and Very Reverend President Morrissey as celebrant, clad in vestments and all ready for the solemn ceremonies, were assembled at the college parlors. Assembled there also were eighteen young men who were prepared for the great privilege of men, the receiving of First Holy Communion. Outside stood the University band ready with one of its choice marches to escort the clergy and Communicants to the church. There were many visitors present, comprising friends and relatives of the young men that were to receive.

At eight o'clock when all the other students had taken their places in the church the procession started from the parlors. The band played the "Bay State Commandery" march which has for trio the beautiful strains of the "Venite Adoremus." The Communicants marched behind them to the church, and took their places in the two front rows of seats. Rev. Father Morrissey proceeded with the services, and was assisted by Rev. Vice-President French as deacon and Rev. M. J. Regan as subdeacon. Father French preached a short but very impressive sermon to the young men, reminding them of what a high privilege theirs was, and also what a duty it imposed on them to be true to the baptismal vows which were to be renewed that day. Afterwards he addressed a few words to the crowd in general, and requested them to offer their prayers that that day might be the beginning of a virtuous and Christian life for each one of the First Communicants.

During the Offertory a fine violin solo was rendered by Mr. Michael James McCormack. He was accompanied on the pipe organ by Professor McLaughlin.

After the *Domine non sum dignus*, the following youths walked slowly to the altar steps and for the first time received the Bread of Life. Wm. Anthony Rowley; Edwin Francis Bough; John Leo Kelly; Henry H. Landgraf; George McNamee; Lorenzo Joseph Drier; Charles McNamee; John Anthony Shields; James Douglas McGeeney; Vincent Ferrer Romero; Henry Osborne Downer; Simon Robert Dee; Hugh Charles Rotchford; Louis Walker McBride; Carl Fritz Ninneman; Clarence Arthur

Miller; Harry Lerand Goodall and Lester William Burton.

Last Tuesday morning was the opening of a lively day at Notre Dame. As usual at the University on such occasions the exercises were opened by a solemn High Mass for the honored dead. The Eddy Post, G. A. R., from South Bend, were present. Immediately after Mass Confirmation was administered by Archbishop Carr. Besides the men that received First Communion on Sunday, the following were confirmed: George J. Lins, Robert E. Stanton, Francis H. Stickling, Wm. C. Curran,

various departments and members of the Faculty. At the cemetery the Rev. Chaplain, Father Cooney, opened the exercises with prayer. Everything was under the direction of Brother Leander, C. S. C., of Notre Dame Post. Old students that know Brother Leander will remember with how much care he can look after such matters, and how well he can conduct himself as Master of Ceremonies on any occasion.

After Father Cooney's prayer the Glee Club sang a song. The rest of the programme was as follows: Address by Mr. Elmer Crockett;



ARCHBISHOP CARR ADMINISTERING CONFIRMATION IN UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, MAY 30, 1899.

Edward P. Narcille, Wm. P. McNamee, George W. Holmes, Albert C. Fortin, August J. Brown and Henry J. Muns.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

After the services of Mass and Confirmation were finished a procession was formed to go to the community cemetery and perform the ceremonies fitting to Memorial Day. The University brass band headed the line of march followed by Companies A and B of Notre Dame Cadets. Norman Eddy Post, G. A. R., Notre Dame Post, G. A. R., students from the

Address by Mr. Francis O'Shaughnessy, Law 1900; Reading of Roll of Honor by Comrade P. O'Brien; Music, University Band; Reading of Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg by Master J. Abercrombie; Closing Address, Mr. J. J. Abercrombie; Decoration of graves. After this the line reformed and marched back to the grounds headed by the University band. The flag at the entrance was hoisted from half mast to the top of the pole, and then after light refreshments, the Norman Eddy Post, No. 579 G. A. R., returned to the city

Notre Dame, 0; Oberlin, 4.

One Benj. Allen from Oberlin, Ohio, officiated as master of curves last Friday to the intense delight of about eleven others, hailing from the same burg, and also to the same degree of disgust of a respectable multitude that witnessed the home team striving diligently, but with meagre success to hit safely. The ever-joyful Holland was pitching for Notre Dame, and pitched a winning game, but the batting eyes had departed, and the "lucky seventh" was disastrous, as it were.

Allen held the home team down to three hits, and Leo had only seven demerits against him, but there were six errors; and the failure to secure hits at critical moments, or at any old time, lost us our second game.

In the fourth there were three men on bases, all very anxious to come home. Holland hit a pretty ball that on a still day would have scored a couple, but the wind held the ball in the air just long enough for the ubiquitous short-stop to catch it. After that only one man reached first bag, and he was gracefully retired on a double play. The home team seems to have lost the snap and ginger that was characteristic of them two weeks ago.

O'Neill's throwing to bases was fast and sure. In the eighth, J. Pierce was on first; Merriam knocked a foul which O'Neill caught with his back to second, nevertheless he threw Pierce out at that bag.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I	B	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, c. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0	
Lynch, s. s.	3	0	0	1	3	1	
Brown, 2 b.	4	0	0	6	1	1	
McDonald, 1 b.	4	0	1	8	0	0	
Farley, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	
O'Neill, c.	4	0	1	8	3	0	
Becker, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	
Fleming, 3 b.	2	0	0	1	1	3	
Holland, p.	3	0	0	0	3	2	
Totals	29	0	3	27	12	6	
OBERLIN	A.B.	R.	I	B	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Fauver, 3 b.	5	0	2	0	2	0	
W. Fauver, 2 b.	4	1	1	7	3	0	
C. Pierce, 1 b.	4	0	1	12	0	0	
Stocker, s. s.	4	0	0	2	4	1	
J. Pierce, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	
Merriam, c.	3	1	0	3	1	1	
Clancy, c. f.	4	1	0	1	0	1	
Kimball, l. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0	
Allen, p.	4	1	1	0	1	0	
Smyth, l. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	
Totals	36	4	7	27	11	3	

Two base hits, W. Fauver, Allen. Passed balls, O'Neill 1. Bases on balls, off Allen 3, off Holland 2. Struck out by Allen 1, by Holland 3. Stolen bases, Donahoe, J. Fauver and C. Pierce. Double plays, Stocker to Fauver to Pierce, O'Neill to Brown. Umpire, Tindil. Time, one hour and five minutes.

South Bend Greens, 5; Notre Dame, 0.

For the second time Notre Dame was unable to hit the ball. Just why they couldn't hit is not known, but the fact remains that they couldn't; the fault was Bailey's, a gentleman who pitches the ball with the sinister wing—in the vulgate, a south paw.

Two little hits were all Notre Dame could secure, making it appear as though the team, as a whole, had taken a decided slump to themselves in batting. Every team has to weather a period of ill luck, off days, etc., and it is very likely our men will pick up their old-time form in the course of the next week.

Holland did good pitching, but the batting was not anywhere near normal, and he couldn't win against the "Pros" ten hits, though they were so scattered that there was not an earned run made. Bailey's work at bat was exasperatingly good, as was his pitching; the fielding of the Greens was nearly perfect. P. O'Neill threw well to bases and also caught a good game. Brown is the same old "well" on second. Lynch at short did good work likewise.

It wasn't the red, white and blue stockings worn by some of the team that was the "Jonah," because who wore them played good ball. "It must 'a been a hoodoo" of some species or the other. All information as to the whereabouts and nationality of the hoodoo will be thankfully received at this office.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I	B	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, c. f.	4	0	0	4	0	0	
Lynch, s. s.	3	0	0	0	4	0	
Brown, 2 b.	3	0	1	5	3	1	
McDonald, 1 b.	4	0	0	10	0	0	
Becker, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	1	
O'Neill, c.	3	0	0	5	3	0	
Farley, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Fleming, 3 b.	3	0	0	2	0	4	
Holland, p.	3	0	0	1	5	0	
Totals	29	0	2	27	15	6	
SOUTH BEND.	A.B.	R.	I	B	P.O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	1	
Rapp, l. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0	
Madden, 1 b.	5	1	1	8	0	0	
Arndt, 3 b.	5	0	2	2	1	0	
Bryan, c. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	
Outcalt, c.	4	1	1	7	0	0	
Grant, 2 b.	4	0	1	4	5	0	
Gaffney, r. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0	
Bailey, p.	4	0	3	0	0	0	
Totals	37	5	10	27	8	1	

Two base hits, Madden, Bailey. Base on balls, off Bailey 3, off Holland, 2. Hit by pitched ball, Bryan. Struck out by Bailey 6, by Holland 5. Stolen bases, Farley (2), Madden, Gaffney Umpires, Steiner and Fogarty.

Beyond the Gates.

The responsibility of a teacher in college is, in some respects, greater than that of a parent: the influence of a parent in shaping the character and directing the thoughts of youth is limited by the number of his own children, while that of the professor extends to the numberless young men that come under his direction during the course of many years.

* *

The "agin-the-government party" evidently are believers in the old saying that circumstances alter cases. A year ago the party opposing the Spanish war had no sympathy for the Cuban rebels; they called them good-for-nothing blackguards, and held that Spain did right in trying to exterminate them. Today this same party are shedding crocodile tears over the rebels in the Philippines, likening them to our own patriots of '76. The difference certainly is not in the rebels themselves; it seems to be in the powers against which they rebelled. The Cubans fought against the kingdom of Spain, and consequently were blackguards; the Filipinos are fighting against our Republic, and consequently are patriots.

* *

Within a few days the students will go forth again into the world beyond the gates. It is a solemn thing this dispersing of college students. Many go for good, and to them the parting means the beginning of a new life, the opening gun in the battle of life. When a man leaves college, as a rule, it is impossible to tell whether he is doomed to failure or sure of success. The standard of measurement, the ways and means, are very different in the greater world. When Grant walked out of West Point after his graduation, small, awkward and shy, to his fellow classmen he doubtless seemed the least promising of any of their number.

Common-sense and hard work, however, are sure *open sesames* to at least a reasonable degree of success. The former is especially necessary for the college graduate. It tells him that most of the adornments that he has acquired at college are to be used between office-hours for his own pleasure, and it prevents him from thinking that he is destined by the Lord to lighten the cares of suffering humanity, or to change the "tendencies of modern civilization."

SHERMAN STEELE.

Personal.

—Rev. Y. DeVos of Spalding, Neb., is visiting at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. M. Walsh of Chicago was the recent guest of her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Warren Cartier, B. S. '86, was recently elected Mayor of Luddington, Mich.

—Mrs. Wiest of Salt Lake City has been visiting her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. John Clyne of Stafford, Kansas, was the recent guest of her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Adams of New Orleans spent a few days of the past week at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. Rochford and Mrs. Harrison of Grand Rapids are visiting their sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. J. L. Spalding, who represents Feeley and Co., Chicago, was at Notre Dame the early part of the week.

—Miss E. A. Smithwick of New Albany, Ind., was the recent guest of her brother of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Joseph Kindle, student '81-'83, who is practising law at Fremont, Ohio, was a recent visitor at the University.

—Mr. E. Trepanier of Des Moines, Iowa, was at Notre Dame during the past week visiting Mr. Newman of Carroll Hall.

—Rev. John O'Keefe, President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., spent a day of last week at the University.

—Mrs. I. A. Lancaster of Washington, D. C., accompanied by Miss Pauline Lancaster Peyton of Denver, called recently at the University.

—Mrs. F. H. Baker and Miss W. H. Johnson of Dowagiac, Mich., are visiting at Notre Dame, the guests of Clarence Baker of Carroll Hall.

—Dr. Henry L. Tolman of Chicago, who is a prominent educator, spent a day of last week at Notre Dame visiting the various departments of the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. Willis Goodhue of Chicago were at Notre Dame last week. They were accompanied by their son whom they entered in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley, student '95-'98, who is attending the Art School in Philadelphia, contributes an interesting article to the current number of the *Catholic World*.

—Miss Anna Fay of Los Angeles and Miss Clara Kasper of Chicago, both of whom were graduated with the Class of '97 at St. Mary's, were among the recent callers at the University.

—Mr. Richard Spalding Slevin, A. B. '96, who has been studying medicine at Louvain for the past three years, is at his home in Peoria for the summer vacation. Mr. Slevin expects to be with us at Commencement.

Local Items.

—What we don't do in the Western Intercollegiate meet will be left for other people to talk about on June 4.

—The Varsity baseball team had its photograph taken last Thursday. The artist promises us a splendid group picture of fine-looking men.

—There is general rejoicing in athletic circles as well as in Sorin Hall because of the recovery and return to school of our star right-fielder, Mr. Peter Follen.

—The St. Joseph Specials were defeated for the second time by the Carroll Specials on the grounds of the latter, by the score of 15-4. The feature of the game was the hard batting of the Carrolls.

—The SCHOLASTIC of next week will contain the well-finished and patriotic addresses delivered at the Memorial Day Exercises by Messrs. J. J. Abercrombie, Elmer Crockett and Francis O'Shaughnessy.

—Capt. Zeigler's team turned the tables on Capt. Weidman's men by defeating them in a closely-contested game. The score was 8-5 in favor of Zeigler's men. Both Werk and McCambridge pitched a fine game.

—Just at this time the members of our track team are battling for honors in the Western Intercollegiate meet at Ravenswood. We may not win first place, but our men will do credit to Notre Dame, and let us give them a royal welcome on their return, for they are sure to rank among the first.

—Bro. Albert, our painter, is unusually busy these days. Only a few weeks ago he finished and sent to Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth at Bengal, India, a fine painting of the Madonna. His latest work is a splendid black and white portrait of Rev. President Morrissey which will be hung in the Carroll Hall reading-room.

—The Law Class of '99 met Saturday night. President Weadock presided. The subject of a class picture was discussed, and the class determined to have one taken and also to start a collection in the Law Department of portraits of former and succeeding classes and of distinguished alumni of the Law School. Messrs. Haley, Hartung and Yockey have the matter in charge.

—In the series of championship baseball games in St. Edward's Hall the Blacks have won two games from the Grays, while the Gray team has captured one. Four more games are to be played. The Blacks are made up of Van Sant, Blanchfield, Wagner, Williams, J. Abercrombie, Dessauer, Strong, Fogarty and Casparis. The players who wear Gray uniforms are Kulleta, Weis, Abrahams, Comerford, F. Butler, Hall, Taylor, Fleisher and W. Butler.

—Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, of Cleveland,

Ohio, has presented the University with a handsome life-sized portrait of himself. The portrait is an oil-painting made by F. W. Simmons, one of the leading artists of Ohio. Father Lindesmith is a chaplain of the United States Army, and is descended from a line of warriors. His great grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution; his grandfather, with two of his brothers, fought in the war of 1812, and his father was a volunteer soldier in the Rebellion.

—Somebody tells a good story on Holland. It seems that Holland comes from the sunny South, where the negro is unspeakable. While the ball team was at Culver, Leo persisted in telling them about some cousin he had in that vicinity, and while everybody was in the throes of expectation, a "gent" of ebon hue approached Leo, and with a dental exhibiting smile, asked Leo if he, Leo, remembered the good time that they, Leo and coon, once had. Leo flushed all the colors in the solar spectrum, and finally gasped out: "Wretch!" It is all right, Holland, we never did think that he was your cousin.

—It's all off since Willie Xavier got his new golfies, and that cap he wears is an inspiration. After looking at it for a few minutes even Mendoza felt inspired to produce something poetic. His verses are of a highly classical order, and we take pleasure in presenting the following concerning the new lid:

Oh! that little old red cap,

That little old red cap,

That little old red cap that Klondyke wore.

It was swiped from "Honest Abe"

And the price was never paid

For that little old red cap that Klondyke wore.

—The Carroll Hall team lost its series with the Reserves last Sunday, making the Reserves the champions of all interhall teams. Good work was done on both sides, Capt. Flannigan distinguishing himself at the first bag. Only for the second inning, which was very disastrous for the Juniors, it would have been very close. In that inning Higgins was discovered for nine runs; after that he settled down, and only one run was scored during the remainder of the game. Kelly for the Reserves pitched excellent ball—only five hits were secured off him. The final score was 10-3, and the Juniors gave up the ghost.

—The prettiest spot in Indiana is the park in front of St. Edward's Hall. The gardeners have just reset the flowers over there now, and it is a refreshing sight to stand and gaze at the thousands of geraniums and other plants that are distributed over that small lot. The long serpentine row in front, winding around and between vases, is as fresh and bright as ever, and the mound near the fountain in the centre of the park is a spot that one may gaze at for hours without seeing all its beauty. Everything in St. Edward's Park is kept in fine trim. The grass is never long nor interspersed with dandelions; the trees are always

well pruned, and the flowers arranged with nearly mathematical accuracy.

—Shelby is a composite town. The hotel, grocery store and post office are in one building. The track team, on their return from Lafayette, were compelled to wait there several hours for a train. A number of rustics had assembled from the country, and rumor had it that the townships were to play a game of ball. Some of the fellows from the opposing townships engaged in a sort of track meet. The marshall acted as moderator and took part in some of the events himself. The boldest challenged some of our boys to join them in a jump. The car links were given to Powers. To the surprise of the rustics he jumped out two feet beyond the best mark. They were dumfounded. One of them broke the spell by saying: "I guess that feller can jump some." Fred took the links again and jumped one foot farther than before. As the train pulled out, the citizens of Shelby were driving in an iron stake to mark the spot of the wonderful jump.

—For the second time in our athletic career of two seasons on the track and field, we are champions of the state of Indiana. Last Saturday at Lafayette our Varsity tried muscle and speed against Indiana and Purdue, the two strongest and largest universities in hoosier territory, so far as athletics are concerned, and came home with more points to their credit than the other two teams put together could make. Surely this demonstrates that the progress of our old college is making faster and faster every year. Last season we won by a narrow margin; this time we set the pace, and finished far in the lead. As was expected, Corcoran and Powers were the star performers. All the dashes went to the former, and not contented with this, he took the state record for the four hundred and forty yard run. Connors, Eggeman, Gaffney and Glynn were also very prominent in their respective events and helped to add point after point to the pile built up by their Captain. Purdue was second in the race for honors, and Indiana third.

—The old days of athletic contests are revived and last Tuesday was one of great activity at Notre Dame. On Brownson campus, where, in years gone by, Hal Jewett, Fitzgibbon and others of our crack athletes, used to toe the mark, there were new aspirants for honors. The Varsity ball team was down at Springbrook Park playing with the Greens, so the whole field was turned over to the track men. There was the greatest enthusiasm that has been shown in any local event except, perhaps, in the last game of football between Sorin and Brownson Halls last season. As was expected Brownson won the meet by a handsome majority, so the real fight was for second and third places. Sorin Hall was second, but was

nowhere near the leaders. Holy Cross Hall finished a very close third, St. Joseph's Hall fourth and Carroll fifth. Brownson had seventy-nine points, Sorin thirty-three, Holy Cross, twenty-five, St. Joseph eight and Carroll seven. Schneider of Brownson did the best work for his team, and Fox of Sorin Hall proved to be the surprise of the afternoon. It was a wise move to exclude members of the Varsity team, as it made the events more interesting and gave the new men more encouragement to work, as they felt more certain of gaining places. The summary of events is as follows:

100-yard dash—Fox, Sorin Hall, first; Lins, Brownson Hall, second; Adams, Brownson Hall, third.

120 yard hurdles—Tierney, Holy Cross Hall, first; McDermott, St. Joseph's Hall, second; no third.

One mile run—Butler, Brownson Hall, first; Marr, Holy Cross Hall, second; Sammon, Holy Cross Hall, third.

440-yard dash—Monahan, Sorin Hall, first; Lins, Brownson Hall, second; McDonald, Carroll Hall, third.

220-yard dash—Connor, Sorin Hall, first; Fox, Sorin Hall, second; Noonan, Carroll Hall, third.

One mile bicycle race—Pim, Brownson Hall, first; Druecke, Carroll Hall, second; Reuss, Brownson Hall, third.

One quarter mile bicycle—D. Myers, Sorin Hall, first; F. Pim, Brownson Hall, second; Druecke, Carroll Hall, third.

Half mile run—Butler, Brownson Hall, first; Heiser, Holy Cross Hall, second; Maurin, Brownson Hall, third.

Half mile walk—Wainscot, St. Joseph's Hall, first; Long, Holy Cross Hall, second; Hennessy, Holy Cross Hall, third.

Pole vault—Van Hee, Brownson Hall, first; Tierney, Holy Cross Hall, second; Sullivan, Brownson Hall, third.

Discus throw, Schneider, Brownson Hall, first; Fehr, Sorin Hall, second; Lennon, Brownson Hall, third.

Hammer throw—Schneider, Brownson Hall, first; Crowley, Holy Cross Hall, second; Diskin, Sorin Hall, third.

Shot Put—Schneider, Brownson Hall, first; Lennon, Brownson Hall, second; Bellinger, Carroll Hall, third.

220-yard hurdles—Cornell, Sorin Hall, first; McCallen, Brownson Hall, second; Yockey, Sorin Hall, third.

Running high jump—Sullivan, Brownson Hall, first; Brand, Brownson Hall, second; O'Sullivan, Holy Cross Hall, third.

Running broad jump—Sullivan, Brownson Hall, first; Adams, Brownson Hall, second; Tierney, Holy Cross Hall, third.

Standing broad jump—Adams, Brownson Hall, first; Brand, Brownson Hall, second; Nieuwland, Holy Cross Hall, third.