

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 12, 1900.

No. 31.

Where?

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

ON other lands in tropic seas,
Where civilization has not left her dregs and lees,
God still preserves a race untamed,
Unknown to arts or fickle science, still unashamed—
Ambition never entered there.
'Mid grassy woods or groves of palm,
On moon-lit seas or coral reefs where breezes calm
And cool return with the stars,
They sing of pure, unsullied love or petty wars;
But strength is chained to Fear.
They vanish as their echo leaves the grove
And pass to other scenes. So on thro' life they rove;
Short space divides their cradles and their graves;
But what are they but ghosts, or elves, or casual waves
Heaped up by Nature's wrath!
They are the sweetest smile of Nature followed by a
sigh.
Why not forget our pride, with such abide awhile and
die!

Lætare Medal.*

THERE are words that live in song
and story long after the lips that first
spoke them are sealed forever; there
are words that tell of heroic daring
and of generous devotedness written across
the pages of history in characters of fire
and blood; there are words still enshrined
in grateful hearts after the bloom of those
hearts is withered; there are words that have
power to attract or rouse to enthusiasm and
move all the fibres of humanity; there are
words which unlock the sanctuary of the
noblest affections and conjure up all forms

and shapes of earthly blessings; but there is
one immortal word combining the best ele-
ments of every other pregnant form of speech;
one that is supreme in its attractiveness and
matchless in its power, because it approaches
nearest to God. Running through the com-
plete compass of the notes wrung from human
misery, it leads captive every heart, can be
understood in every tongue and awakens every
affection. Purer than patriotism; nobler than
mere heroism; lasting like truth; gathering
together in one focus the warmest rays of
religion and virtue; greater than pity, which
looks down on its object; than friendship,
which ends with life; than love, which is often
a degraded human passion; destined to outlive
faith and hope; it looms up in the mysterious
background of human sorrow in divine pro-
portions,—Charity supreme; for

Bright o'er the flood
Of man's tears and his blood,
The rainbow of hope
Is sweet Charity's name.

My voice is but an echo of her's that faileth
not; for I feel that it is to pay tribute to
charity, as exemplified in the life and deeds
of our honored friend, that we are assembled
here to-night. The record of his benefactions
is scattered up and down the heart of this
great city, in imitation of his worthy brother
and both their wives, whose traditions of help-
fulness were honored and respected before
the present generation was born; who assisted
at the birth and rocked the cradle of every
new enterprise of charity known to Omaha
in their time. This institution is a monument
to their name. They lighted the lamp of
benevolence at their own warm hearts, and
they never allowed it to become extinguished.
This, then, is the jubilee of Christian Charity;
the celebration of the marriage feast of Benev-
olence and the honored name of Creighton.

* Address by Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., President of
Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska.

This intensely practical age is prone to gauge its work and outlays by purely material standards; to demand tangible results which it can see with its eyes, hear with its ears, touch with its hands, bring before the tribunal of statistics, and subject to the rigid, if not soulless scrutiny of publicity; penetrating even the sanctuary of the affections in pursuit of safeguards for its beneficence. Every epoch has its follies. Ours is plunged into an abyss of humanitarianism, which has all but hidden the fair form of charity. It is no longer a simple virtue; it is a science, a social mechanism, a system, a governmental necessity. All our representatives of civilization, our philosophers, political economists, sages and philanthropists exhaust themselves in homilies on the vice or the source of pauperism; they lament the hard-heartedness of wealth, and speak touchingly of the privations of the poor; yet all these prophets of progress proclaim the necessity of alms-giving in the name of philanthropic pity. The poor being a fragment of humanity, they succor them, and think that by that title they love them.

That is but a beneficence of calculation founded on selfishness and springing from a sense of terror. Such philanthropists have calculated the numbers of the submerged tenth of our population and surveyed the residuum of society; they have considered the chances of social revolt; the disastrous consequences of the division and upheaval which must follow; they have stamped their feet on the crust which covers the volcano of modern pauperism, in order to learn what weight it will carry without giving way. Unfortunately, this apostolate of selfishness only aggravates the evil by offering no other compensation, in face of insatiable and corrupting luxury, than the humiliating salary paid to hunger in order to soothe its anger and lull its fury to sleep.

The man who never studied any fine-spun theories of philanthropy, but went to work with the simple directness of a generous heart, is before you to-night. He solved many a problem by recognizing that there is a limit to the mighty power of a dollar, and that it shrinks into insignificance beside the warm flesh and blood sympathy of a manly heart, and the moving pathos of a human tear.

To praise a man during his life and especially in his presence savors of adulation and I shall not be guilty of it; it is particularly out of place in the case of a person of pronounced

democratic tastes and spirit, who never regarded himself as a hero and who considered himself merely as a representative of Providence in dispensing some of the good things with which God had blessed him. I shall not offend his modesty nor your sense of propriety; but I feel justified nevertheless in characterizing what I conceive to be his spirit.

I hold in my hand a little card. Though I read in its face no history I seem to hear it proclaiming with a hundred tongues the spirit which gives soul to this ceremony. It is the profession of faith and of principles on the part of a man who had met somewhere in his travels this humanitarian sentence, and he was so struck with its justice and truth that he had some hundreds of these cards struck off for presentation to his friends—and he acted up to his motto. The legend reads thus: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good things, therefore, that I can do, any kindness that I can show to any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

There is a rim of gold on these bevelled edges, but there is a deeper rim of humanity around the heart of a man who is courageous enough to challenge the world and declare unequivocally that charity should find place in the busiest life. That represents the thought of John A. Creighton. Thrust into the arena of the 19th century he has done well his appointed work; and he never considered himself absolved from works of benevolence during life, because he had the intention of leaving some large endowment to charity by his last will and testament. There is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"; and good intentions often fail when they are not fostered by the living and ever-active fire of present charity. Men are frequently called away suddenly before they have time to put their affairs in order; wills are daily contested and broken, in obedience to the delusion that he who leaves much for charity has been stricken with a most dreadful form of insanity; and the persuasion that those who survive know better what he ought to have done and intended than he did himself. Charity performed during life is well done, because God demands charity from the living more than He has required it of the dead. He wishes it bestowed by the warm touch of a hand of flesh and blood and not snatched from the skeleton fingers of a corpse.

All honor then to the recipient of the Lætare Medal! His example is an inspiration. He has built his own monument and has seen the good grow under his own fostering hand. And though he has paid the penalty of all liberal men in being besieged beyond measure by every form of application for help, he has not stayed his hand in well doing.

All honor, too, to the University of Notre Dame, whose hand we clasp in friendship, whose happy conception of the means of showing appreciation of individual merit has filled a gap and removed the reproach that Catholic laymen must content themselves with the approbation of their conscience and their God, the unexpressed satisfaction of the discerning, the silent approval of the wise and prudent, the quiet word of commendation passing from lip to lip. Notre Dame University has taught us that a more solemn sanction is possible. The merit of its gift is enhanced by the utter absence of any mercenary or interested motive, by its entire unselfishness. If it had any other object in view than to reward conspicuous merit, the medal would never have gone to some who received it; for it would have been altogether outside their power to offer any material recompense for the honor done them. It is sometimes said in a spirit of envy and jealousy that merit backed by wealth is the only merit rewarded. But Notre Dame has given an emphatic denial to this statement; she has scanned the field, and with an impartial hand bestowed her favor in this instance upon one who has thought it his duty to confine his efforts mainly to the upbuilding of the charities and educational works in his own state and city, and who has never, perhaps, even visited the great University of Notre Dame.

Therefore, we welcome this recognition given to our benefactor, and we rejoice in it not merely for his sake, but for ours, inasmuch as we consider any honor done to him as done to the Creighton University in which he has always taken a fatherly interest. If then John A. Creighton thanks you, so does Creighton University, so does the Creighton Memorial Hospital, so does the John A. Creighton Medical College, so does the Convent of the Poor Clares. One and all we join in the rejoicing of his innumerable friends.

The Fate of Jones' Air-Ship.

Jones had been working on his air-ship for years. His back-yard looked more like that of a blacksmith shop than that of a private residence, for he had machinery of every description piled up in large quantities. He worked incessantly; all day, and sometimes far into the night, his neighbors could hear him hammering. Some said he was going crazy, and others maintained that he was already mad. Jones knew what the people thought of him, but he let them think as they would, and kept at work until the machine was completed.

The whole city was thrown into a fever of excitement when the *Daily Journal* came out with this announcement: "William Jones, a young and promising inventor of this city, has, after years of work, perfected an air-ship. With a company of chosen friends he will sail to-morrow for Klondike. The party will make their ascent from the city park."

The air-ship proper was an oval-shaped machine with an immense fan on each side. A large aluminum box capable of holding ten persons was suspended from the oval by four powerful chains. Around this box extended a platform and railing, and here the travellers could take their recreation and enjoy an unobstructed view.

At the appointed hour on the following day the entire population of the city was out to see the party set sail. Everyone had a doubtful expression on his face, and the general verdict was that the trial would result in complete failure. Jones, however, was in the best of spirits, for he was positive of success.

After a few hurried repairs had been made everything was ready. Some of the travellers were in the house, others on the platform; all were ready to start. The signal was given and the immense fans started to move. The crowd was lost in amazement at seeing this gigantic machine move through the air. At first it started slowly, then faster and faster. The occupants in the heat of excitement all rushed to one side of the platform to bid their friends good-bye, when alas, the ship cleared the ground, was overbalanced, and all were pitched to the earth. Jones was up in a second trying to get into the machine, but it was gone. All he could do was to watch how perfectly his invention worked as it smoothly sailed away.

LEO CLEARY.

A warm-hearted man with a noble soul,
Ne'er fails to land at the proper goal.

John's Surprises.

John Tremayne was reading a short note at the breakfast table. He soon looked up and said to his wife: "Well, Ellen, I must run up town to-morrow, and to-day I'll hustle around and straighten matters up, so that nothing will hinder me from going."

John and Ellen had been married almost a year. John possessed considerable wealth, and surrounded by all the comforts that riches could procure, he and his wife were perfectly content. They lived in the neat town of T— on the Hudson, just a few miles above Albany. John often made trips to the city, so his present announcement was not surprising. The next morning after bidding good-bye to his wife, he found himself bright and early bound for Albany.

In the forenoon Mrs. Tremayne spent the time in various busy ways. When the afternoon came however she found herself with nothing to do. As luck would have it, while wandering about the house, she passed John's desk and noticed an open envelope lying upon it. With a woman's curiosity, she drew out the letter and read it. What she saw turned her face as pale as a sheet and set her head in such a whirl that she could not believe her eyes. As ill fortune would have it (for John), it was the letter he had received the morning before at the breakfast table. Again she read it. This is what the note contained:

"DEAR JACK—She arrived last night. Come up as soon as possible.—Charles M."

At first Ellen thought she must be dreaming. But soon a suspicion grew upon her, becoming stronger and stronger, until she was certain she knew all. She remembered now that John's visits to Albany had been quite frequent recently. She fancied too, that by his manner he wished to avoid questions about his business in that city. There could be no doubt. False to her, he had gone to meet another, and that only a year after their marriage.

Anger toward John took full possession of her; she would have revenge. Then she asked herself what was to be done. A woman's first way out of such a difficulty came to her—she would go home to her mother at once. She would let him know that she cared no more for him than he did for her.

Angrily tearing the note into small pieces, and throwing them out of the window, Ellen

proceeded to carry out her resolution. She had her trunk packed in a short while, and left at once for New York. Hasty action indeed was this, but Ellen's anger overcame her good judgment. Noticing that it was nearly time for John to return, she had made it a point to leave before he should arrive.

Her carriage had gone but a few moments when John drove up to the door. He was smiling contentedly to himself, thinking of a little surprise he had in store for Ellen. But quite a surprise awaited him. He wondered why his wife did not come out to meet him as she usually did. On entering the house he inquired for Mrs. Tremayne, and great was his astonishment when he was informed that she had left but a few moments before with her trunk for New York.

John was completely dazed on hearing this. At first he knew not what to do, but he soon decided to follow his wife. He took a cab to the station whither he and his wife usually went to get the cars for New York.

Luckily no scene occurred, as the train had left just before he arrived. Three blocks away was another station on a fast road to New York. He saw that he had but a short time to catch the train. In five minutes he was aboard and bound for his destination.

He arrived at New York after dark, and immediately went to the house of his mother-in-law. His wife had arrived only a few minutes before, and had given her mother a disconnected account of the situation.

At first Ellen refused to see her husband. But her mother, thinking there was simply a misunderstanding, prevailed upon her daughter to meet him. She came forward with all the scorn she was capable of. The few hours' ride had not cooled her wrath in the least, and John fairly quailed before her shower of angry, unintelligible sentences. He caught several scornful phrases, such as "business trip," "Albany," "she." He knew at once that the trouble had risen from his trip to Albany, and more puzzled than ever, he said mildly:

"Why Ellen, what is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter! Didn't I read that note telling you to come to Albany, that she had arrived the evening before? Don't try to play the hypocrite with *me!*"

Suddenly understanding what it all meant, John smilingly held out his arms and said:

"You silly little goose, it was all about a yacht that I have procured for our summer outing."

R. V. STEPHAN.

The Origin of the "Horse Laugh."

Trees.

Nearly everyone has heard the story of how Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, yet very few people know that this story is wholly false. Rome was really saved by a "horse laugh." It happened this way:

When the Gauls descended upon Rome they drew up their camp close to the walls of that great city, and prepared to attack it just before daybreak. Strict orders had been given by the leader that there should be no loud talking or noise of any kind. Lights were prohibited, and anyone striking a match or smoking a cigar was threatened with death. The whole army was assembled in groups before the tents, and began to kill time until the attack should commence.

In spite of orders one group pulled out cigarettes and tobacco, lit up, and began to tell jokes. Each man took his turn at amusing the rest of the company, and everything went well until one member of the party told a joke that all the rest had heard many times before. One of the soldiers could not contain himself at this breach of story-telling etiquette and emitted an exceedingly loud and boisterous "horse laugh." This roused the sleeping Romans so that they got ready for the approaching conflict. When the Gauls attacked the city at daybreak they were repulsed, and Rome was saved.

But this was not the origin of the "horse laugh." The "horse laugh" dates back to very ancient times; in fact, to the time of our first parents.

One day when Adam and his wife were sitting on their front porch in the Garden of Eden, enjoying the beautiful sunset, a jackass passed by on the road and lifted up his voice in song. Eve, who was a little near-sighted and who had never seen a jackass before, said to Adam:

"Why, Adam, just hear that horse laugh."

Adam thought this a good joke on the jackass, and so although the "horse laugh" was really invented by a mule, the name has been handed down from generation to generation, and the horse gets all the credit.

H. P. WARNER.

THE rain came down upon the dust
 With dull and heavy thud;
 "Ah there!" it cried "I'm onto you,
 And now 'your name is mud.'"—J. SHERLOCK.

There are many kinds of trees—oak trees, maple trees, pine trees and family trees. Family trees are, however, the most interesting, because they tell us of our noble ancestors who fought and bled for the crown when knighthood was in flower.

All respectable families should know who they are, and this information is given by the family tree. Our family tree tells us from what great king we are descended, for we are all relatives of Brian Boru, Richard the Third, Clovis, or William the Conqueror. Most family trees lead back to William the Conqueror, but the Irish claim that they are direct descendants of Brian Boru.

When a visitor enters your home, the first thing to do is to lead him to the family tree, and show him who and what you are. Explain to him that your noble ancestors were knights and lords at the court of King Arthur, and that the Earl of Donothing is your first cousin.

We learn from our family trees, if they are good ones, how our ancestors, who in reality were running around in skins at that time, set out with the Crusaders in the year 1095 in order to destroy the terrible Turk and restore the Holy Land to the merciful Christian.

If one of our ancestors was a carpenter the family tree has him down as a contractor for the government, whereas probably the only job he ever did for the government was to nail up a fence in the park. Every good family tree has its members come to America in the *Mayflower*, and I may say here that all the people and furniture supposed to have come over in the *Mayflower* could not be carried in the largest ship of the present time.

Besides this, the family tree tells us that the Revolutionary War was fought and won by men from whom we are descended. It is added in an off-hand way that these men were given hundreds of medals for bravery on the field, which medals, however, were unfortunately lost. And furthermore it tells us that the history of the Civil War shows that our ancestors were always where the bullets were thickest, and that the tide of battle was turned at Gettysburg by Samuel Jones, our noble grand uncle, who received a personal note of thanks—note since destroyed—from the wise and appreciative President Lincoln. Many other leaves might be read from the family tree, but space does not permit. W. P. HIGGINS.

A Close Call.

At the hour of noon one day last year I stepped into a restaurant in Chicago. As there were no vacant tables I sat down at one occupied by two well-dressed men. Having ordered my dinner, I took out a paper and started to glance over its contents. It was just after Kirk had accomplished his feat of circling the globe in seventy days; and the papers were full of the news of it. The two men opposite me were conversing about this and applauding what they considered a most wonderful feat, when I very rudely interrupted their conversation by saying that any man could have done what Kirk did. "Furthermore," I said, excitedly, "I can make Kirk look like a snail by circling the globe in fifty days." My companions thought I was crazy and paid no attention to me. I became angry at this insult, and bet ten thousand dollars that I could do it. The senior of the two took me up; we exchanged cards. When we parted, I took out his card and read, "J. J. Astorbilt, Room 51, Chamber of Commerce."

The stipulations of the bet were that I should circle the globe and report at Astorbilt's office at 12 o'clock on May 15, fifty days from the date of departure. I thought afterward how foolish I had been, but it was too late to turn back. I packed my trunk, boarded the train for San Francisco, and having arrived at that port on time, immediately embarked for Hong Kong. So far fortune favored me, and after a quick passage to Hong Kong, I took another steamer for Calcutta. From there the voyage was so favorable that I embarked on the *Campania* homeward bound one day ahead of schedule time. As the steamer came up to her dock in New York I felt that I was just ten thousand dollars ahead of the game. But the trip was not finished yet by a good deal.

On nearing my destination over the Lake Shore I thought to myself what would be the use of arriving in Chicago a day ahead of time. Would it not be more dramatic, now that there seemed to be no chance in the world of my losing my wager, to come in just on the minute? So when the train arrived at Laporte, Indiana, I got off and put up at a hotel near the depot. I gave the landlord instructions to wake me in time for the early train. He said he would, but in case he should forget he gave me a little alarm-clock. Having set this for half-past six, I went to

bed and was soon sound asleep. I was wakened next morning by a violent shaking, and when I came to realize where I was, the landlord told me I had just five minutes in which to catch the train. Throwing my belongings into the trunk, I told him to take it to the station. Fortune was with me and I arrived at the station in time. I need not add that I spent no extra moments on making my toilet that morning; or that my appearance when I reached the station would indicate anything other than a man travelling on a ten-thousand dollar wager.

As I sat smoking in the parlor car, I gave a deep sigh of relief, and congratulated myself on my narrow escape. Now it was all plain sailing, and I would surely be in Chicago at half past eleven o'clock. At the depot I put two porters in charge of my trunk with orders to take it to a cab outside, while I went back to the train for my hand baggage. On leaving the car, I saw the two porters to whom I had given my trunk in heated conversation with an officer. I told the men to hurry, that I had no time to waste.

"Does this trunk belong to you?" asked the man in blue; I replied that it was mine. "Then you may consider yourself under arrest." I protested that there must be a mistake. He explained that he had orders to arrest a "crank" answering to my description, who was following President McKinley, then in Chicago, with the intention of assassinating him. "Furthermore," he said, "at this moment the infernal machine is in your trunk."

The porters set the trunk down lightly and moved away. The officer led me over to the trunk and told me to put my ear to it; I did so, and from within there came an ominous ticking. A newsboy shouted, "Jiggers, for the bomb," but I, with great show of bravery, unlocked the trunk and brought forth the supposed instrument of destruction. I dashed it to the stone pavement, where it went off with a loud ringing amid the shrieks of the crowd. It was the harmless little alarm clock, which, in my hurry, I had thrown into the trunk. I dashed up to a cab and offered the driver five dollars if he would get me to the Chamber of Commerce before twelve o'clock. He earned his money at the risk of his life and the lives of three or four pedestrians, and just as the big clock in the Stock Exchange gave the first stroke of twelve, I dashed into Astorbilt's office saying, "Gentleman, I am at your service. You lose." H. N. MAHER.

A Lay Sermon.

Anyone that observes the conduct of a great many of our Catholic young men of to-day will soon see that a reform is needed. If you do not agree with me, go to any of our churches, occupy a rear pew and judge for yourself.

A young man will come in, dip his hand in the holy water font and go through a performance something like that of a person striking a fly off his nose. He does this so quickly that you would never know what he was about unless you were aware that it is customary for Catholics to make the Sign of the Cross on entering a church. He then proceeds up the aisle, and on reaching his pew, genuflects like a man with a wooden leg. He feels it incumbent on him, of course, to occupy exclusively the outside seat, and make those who have a right to share the same pew tumble over him. From this outlook he keeps the congregation under strict surveillance. This might have been proper in the days of the pioneers, when it was necessary for a man to be in readiness to repel an attack by the Indians, but in these days it serves no purpose and looks bad.

Mass begins, and the young man is on a pivot. The organ peals forth a solemn melody and the voice of the young lady soprano floats through the air. The young man is on pins and needles and his head inevitably swings around to see if he can get a glimpse of the singer. If a stylishly dressed individual disturbs him, he assumes a cheerful attitude; while on the other hand, if a poorly dressed person passes him, he assumes an expression of disgust or ridicule. He has no use for a prayer-book or beads, and he looks as if he came to church in order to kill time. In fact, the crowd on the street corner listen to a fakir with more attention than many of our Catholic young men display at the sacrifice of the Mass.

The priest now enters the pulpit to deliver the sermon, and the young man gives himself over to the god of dreams. He has an idea that the sermon is not for his benefit,—it is for the others. It is no uncommon thing to see a young man leaning over in his pew, his head nodding as if he were giving approval of all that was said in the sermon. A friend gives him a shake which brings him to consciousness; he listens attentively for a

moment, pulls out his watch and remarks: "He had seven good places to stop in that sermon, but he didn't know it." The young man talks also; it doesn't make much difference what he talks about so long as he can keep you distracted; he aims to kill time, and moreover, imagines he is making things pleasant. He redoubles his questions and exclamations as you get restive and attempt to say your prayers, and is quiet only when he again falls to sleep.

Then too, we have the young man who loafs in front of the church until Mass begins. He waits until all the people are seated, and then of course gets no further than the rear of the church. Here he stands during the services,—unless it happens to be a collection Sunday. On such occasions he remains until the collectors start from the altar railing with the contribution baskets, when he decides to go outside and take a breath of fresh air. A number of our up-to-date pastors, however, desiring to save time and money, have the collectors start from both ends of the church, and in this way the young man is intercepted.

When the priest reaches the last gospel, the young man grabs his hat and is ready to rush out. He leaves the church like a man quitting a house on fire, although he finds plenty of time to stand in front of the gates until the last person has come out.

There is also the young man who does not care whether he goes to church or not. He is generally very tired after Saturday night, and if he attends Mass at all, it is because he has a good mother or a strict father to pull him out of bed and actually drive him to church. Although he always makes it a point when he goes to a play or to see his best girl to arrive as soon as possible and remain until the last minute, he does not seem to be particular how late he comes to Mass or how soon he gets away.

JOHN CURRY.

 Love's Labor Lost.

Oh! the parson preached for an hour to-day
 About death and heaven and hell,
 But what he was driving at anyway,
 No one but himself could tell.

"Such nonsense as that deserves no pay,"

I said when his sermon was through,
 And so when the penny box came my way,
 I wouldn't put in a sou.

H. P.

It Might Have Been.

"O Nellie, ain't you going to tell me a story at all?" said the feverish child on the sofa, as he turned anxiously to the girl who was moving about the room.

"Bother your stories," replied his sister as she prepared to study. "The idea of me with all my high school classes"—with special emphasis on "high school"—"trying to amuse you with stories. Ned dear, it is impossible."

"But Ralph Tomkins' sister always tells him stories," was the lad's timid rejoinder.

"Why, Ned Miller, what do you mean by comparing your sister with a girl who works in a factory every day and has nothing whatever to do at night? You're a nice kind of brother, I must say." The dignified senior was highly angered by this "odious" comparison.

"But you know you promised me," persisted the child, awed by his sister's manner, yet willing to provoke her further in the hope of gaining his point.

"Oh! I am too busy," was the reply; "I have Latin and German to translate, and geometry to study, not to mention a physic's lesson. Now, go to sleep and don't bother me any more. Besides, excitement is not good for you; you're too weak."

After a few moment's silence the boy timidly ventured:

"Nellie, tell me a story when you get through?"

"Yes, maybe, if you will go to sleep and not bother me till then," said the girl.

"All right, Nellie, only be sure to wake me up 'cause I'm awfully tired and I'll have to go to sleep." And with a deep sigh the child turned in his position and fell into a soft slumber.

A month later Nellie Miller is sitting at her desk preparing her lessons. Before her is the picture of a young boy, and as she looks into the sad little face her eyes fill with tears. Oh! if the small lips would only ask for a story now, how readily the request would be granted. But alas! that is another story—of how it might have been.

TIMOTHY CRIMMINS.

Let loose upon the road one day,
A small dog sprightly frisked and tossed;
A load of coal rolled down that way
And lo! another bark was lost.—M. WALSH.

A Rash Judgment.

"No work after a search of six long months," exclaimed Mr. Johnson despondently, as he entered his house one warm April day. He had hardly uttered these words when his wife handed him a letter.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, after glancing at the contents, "it's John Williams writing to tell me that he didn't steal those eight thousand dollars. What a hypocrite he is! I know he robbed me; no one else could have done it. He asks me to recall the incidents of that memorable night, and see if I am not mistaken in maintaining that he is a thief; and for the sake of the friendship we once had for him, Mary, let us do so.

"I came home from the office early in the afternoon and went directly to the sitting room. There by the fire Williams was cosily established reading a newspaper, and the children were playing behind the organ. Having greeted John and kissed the children I carelessly took off my coat and put my bank-notes on the organ. We three then went to dinner leaving the children still at play. At dinner, as you know, Mary, John and I entered upon a political discussion that grew somewhat personal and resulted in a quarrel. John became flushed with anger at something I said, and with a look of bitterness arose from his unfinished dinner and left the house.

"Shortly after his departure I noticed that my bank-notes were missing. I hunted high and low in the room, but without success. I was then thoroughly convinced that John was the thief. That evening I notified the police and had a warrant issued for the fellow; but he had a start of two hours and so made good his escape. Now that I have at least some idea of his whereabouts I'll see that the detectives are on his track."

The afternoon of May 15 found Mr. Johnson and his wife again considering the wretched state of affairs. Poverty stared at them from every corner of the house; they had not a cent of money. Bills that had never been heard of before—being debts contracted in the season of prosperity—were coming in every day. Their rent was due, the landlord was insistent; and it seemed as if there was no one in this wide world who would in any way have compassion on them. After considering means to conceal their misery from the children they concluded that the best thing

to do was to sell their organ; this would keep food in the house for a few weeks more.

Acting upon this, Mr. Johnson went to the nearest music-store and easily persuaded the owner to buy the organ for thirty-five dollars, provided that it was in good condition. The next day the music-dealer came to test the organ, and John and his wife rejoiced as they heard each key produce a perfect tone; but they held their breath when they saw that the dealer had discovered a few keys which gave out no sound. Will he buy the organ or not? Will he buy it at a reduced rate? He looked very much puzzled; but finally assured them he would find out the trouble. After thoroughly examining the music-box, he brought forth a small book which he handed to Mr. Johnson who immediately exclaimed: "Mary, my bank-notes!"

One of the children on hearing this cried out: "O papa, is that the book you were looking for so long ago? Why, one day while we were playing store behind the organ the book fell down, and it looked so nice that I thought that small box would be a fine place to put it in."

E. DE WULF.

A Character Sketch.

From early childhood I have a recollection of a very old man that passed by our house every morning. I used to be frightened by his appearance; he was then my conception of the real "bogy man." However, when I had reached an age when boys boast that they no longer believe in "bogies" I became accustomed to await with some interest the daily appearance of this terror of my young imagination.

He was a German and a carpenter by trade, though he did no work now, and was living with his daughter, the wife of a well-to-do American farmer. In order to compensate in a small way for the kindness shown him he used to do small chores about the house or go to the village for groceries. Felix Hampell was the old man's name, but he was better known throughout the neighborhood as "Father" Felix. Though his back was bent and his face withered by old age, he preserved a well-proportioned frame which bespoke great muscular strength and activity in his youth. What was left of his hair was snowy white; his eyes, in spite of age, were of a deep blue, and ever sparkled with good-will and good humor. "Father" Felix presented a

venerable appearance and was regarded with more genuine respect than is commonly paid to old age. There was that in his most trivial act which gave evidence of a truly noble character. His arrival brought sunshine and happiness; his presence ended all disputes and checked angry or sneering remarks. Blessed with a keen sense of humor, he enjoyed friendly bantering, and he was noted for his witty sayings as well as for his wise remarks. He loved little children and was generally surrounded by a troop of them.

One of "Father" Felix's favorite amusements was telling stories to the boys and girls of our school. Many an hour he sat beneath the shade of a large elm tree, surrounded by a group of eager listeners who would remain any length of time spell-bound by his wonderful tales. He related incidents of the Franco-Prussian war, told of bloody battles and weary marches; spoke of the discomforts of prison life and of the efforts of desperate men to regain their liberty. He entranced his listeners when he referred to the great ocean voyage or to the hardships and dangers and Indian fights of the early pioneer. The school bell was always regarded as a disagreeable interruption of those happy moments.

One day just before the recreation hour "Father" Felix was seen coming over the hill on his way home from the village. The children watched him as he came slowly toward the school-house and sat down in the shade of the favorite elm. All eagerly anticipated the word of dismissal; never before indeed had class been so uninteresting or study so irksome. The smaller pupils stole cautious glances through the windows to assure themselves that "Father" Felix was still waiting, and when at last the bell sounded, the children scampered pell-mell out of doors, each one eager to secure a position close to the old man. They found him seated in his accustomed position on the green sod with his head resting against the tree. They heard no story that day; "Father" Felix had gone to enjoy the reward he had earned so well.

JOSEPH BURKE.

Ships that Pass in the Night.

They came from the bar at midnight
And carried an awful load.

Yet they said they were feeling "out of sight,"
And they walked all over the road.—P. C. K.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 12, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

The Board of Editors.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97;	
JAMES F. MURPHY, '99;	ANTHONY F. DORLEY, '00;
F. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '00;	JOHN M. BYRNE, '00;
JAMES H. MCGINNIS, '00;	PATRICK J. DWAN, '00;
VINCENT D. DWYER, '00;	WILLIAM D. FURRY, '00;
HUGH S. GALLAGHER, '00;	JOSEPH P. SHIELS, '00;
ANDREW J. SAMMON, '00;	JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '00;
ANTHONY J. BROGAN, '01;	HARRY P. BARRY, '01;
WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, '01;	FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02;
WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01;	EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY	} Reporters.
JOHN L. CORLEY	
LEO J. KELLY	
THOMAS J. MURRAY	

—Just as we are going to press the news reaches us of the death at Arcadia, Wisconsin, of Mr. McWeeney, father of our football coach. Word of his serious illness was received on Thursday evening, and Mr. McWeeney had gone as far as Chicago on the way home when a second message announced his father's death. The SCHOLASTIC extends the sympathy of Faculty and students.

—A law recently enacted in Wisconsin provides that the graduates of law schools of other states may be admitted to the Bar on presentation of their diplomas for indorsement by the State Board of Examiners, if such law schools are found on careful investigation to be equal in their courses of study and standing to the Law Department of the University of Wisconsin. The matter of accrediting our Law Department with reference to that standard came before the Board within the past few days, and Prof. Hoynes has been officially notified that "the Law Department of the University of Notre Dame has been duly accredited under the new law, and its graduates will hereafter be admitted to the

Bar of Wisconsin on presenting their diplomas to the Board for indorsement." This is an exceptional privilege, inasmuch as it dispenses with an examination. No law school could receive higher honor. As a rule, diplomas are recognized as evidence of qualifications for admission to the Bar in the states only in which they are granted, and the holders of them must elsewhere undergo examination before being licensed to practise law.

—Within our walls contests will be held this afternoon for the State Championship in field and track athletics. Though our team goes into the meet without Captain Corcoran, still we hope to keep the banner here. However, the first duty we owe ourselves is not so much to be given over to the struggle to win the meet, as it is to see to it that every courtesy be extended to members of the visiting teams. No matter who wins or loses, when Purdue and Indiana leave here to-night let us make them feel that they have received all that fair, sportsmanlike treatment can give them. This in itself will be a victory even if we have not the largest number of points. As for Nebraska, our relations with them have always been most satisfactory to both sides.

—To-day the formal opening of Cartier Athletic Field is made. It is an event that will be recorded in the annals of Notre Dame as a testimonial of the generous devotion that one of her former sons has shown to his *Alma Mater*. When Mr. Cartier left the University with his diploma thirteen years ago, those that had served as his instructors were satisfied that he would soon be among those members of our *alumni* that Notre Dame points to with pride as examples of the men she has fitted for the world's battle. Whatever expectations were laid on his shoulders have been fully realized. And now in the midst of his successful career he turns back to Notre Dame and builds there a memorial that will make the endurance of his name co-existent with the life of the University itself. So long as Notre Dame continues, and so long as there are athletes within her halls, the name of Warren A. Cartier and that of his wife, Mrs. Catherine Dempsey Cartier, who joined her husband in giving us one of the finest athletic fields in the country, will be gratefully remembered by each succeeding generation of students.

The Formal Presentation of the Lætare Medal.

On the evening of May the first, the University formally paid its tribute of esteem to one whose personal worth was so well known as to make him the recipient of the greatest honor Notre Dame can confer. Count John A. Creighton of Omaha is the distinguished gentleman on whom the honor was bestowed,

deserving a person as Mr. Creighton. Very nice invitations, announcing a varied and excellent programme had been sent out beforehand, and when the time for the exercises to commence was at hand the hall was crowded.

After a musical number rendered by Dimick's Orchestra, Father Morrissey, in a few brief remarks, explained that his mission was to represent Notre Dame in bestowing the medal, and then read the formal address of greeting which was as follows:



and Very Rev. President Morrissey was sent as the representative of the Faculty to make the formal presentation. The exercises attending the presenting of the medal were held in Creighton University Hall, at Omaha, in the presence of a large number of invited friends. The officials of Creighton University spared no effort to make the event a memorable one in the lives of those that were present, and were happy to see honor conferred on so

TO THE HONORABLE JOHN A. CREIGHTON
GREETING
FROM THE
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

It is known to you that for many years the University of Notre Dame has had a custom of presenting a Medal on each recurring Lætare Sunday to some American laic who has deserved the gratitude of Catholics by rendering signal service to the Church in America. Those who have hitherto been adjudged to possess this

eminent quality are: John Gilmary Shea, Patrick J. Keeley, Eliza Allen Starr, John Newton, Patrick V. Hickey, Anna Hanson Dorsey, William J. Onahan, Daniel Dougherty, Henry F. Brownson, Patrick Donahue, Augustin Daly, William Stark Rosecrans, Anna T. Sadlier, Thomas Addis Emmet, Timothy E. Howard and Mary Gwendolen Caldwell. In bestowing the

LÆTARE MEDAL

in this year of our Lord, 1900, the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame have turned to you, esteemed sir, as one in nowise unworthy to be associated with this noble company. By your benefactions to Creighton University and other religious and charitable institutions you have rendered invaluable service to religion and set a conspicuous example to the Catholics of the United States. You have given proof of unusual generosity as well as of singular discernment of the needs of the Church; you have used with exemplary discretion the great opportunity which Providence set in your path; you have had an honorable part in diffusing the blessings of Christian education. He is the truest benefactor of humanity who labors most effectively to propagate wisdom and virtue among his fellowmen, and it is in recognition of your great share in this Christlike work that the University of Notre Dame confers on you its Lætare Medal, which it begs you to accept as a testimony of admiration and affection from Catholic educators to a conspicuous friend and patron of Catholic education.

Count Creighton responded in a few well-chosen words, expressing his gratitude for the honor conferred on him. The address read and presented by Father Morrissey was beautifully illuminated and artistically printed at St. Mary's Academy. It was diamond shaped, placed on fine parchment and framed in bronze.

Hon. William J. Onahan, who was the recipient of the Lætare Medal some years ago, was present and delivered a very pleasing address congratulating Mr. Creighton and speaking of the significance and meaning of the Lætare Medal. The Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., President of Creighton University, made the closing address, the text of which is given on another page of this issue.

After the exercises were over, an informal reception was held in the university parlors, and Mr. Creighton's numerous friends pressed forward to offer heartiest congratulations. On the following day a banquet was spread at Mr. Creighton's hospitable home, and his most intimate friends, together with Mr. Onahan and Father Morrissey, were present. Once more the Count was congratulated and wished many more years of life in which to continue his good work. This ended the exercises of the formal presentation of the medal. The exercises were all successful, chiefly because of the great interest taken in them by the authorities of Creighton University. To them Notre Dame expresses her thanks.

HENRY PECK.

Varsity Defeats Northwestern.

A baseball team that has just returned from a victorious trip on which she supported her claim to the championship of the West in finished style must be allowed a day off when such easy things as Northwestern happen along. Michigan beat them twenty-six to two, but we could have beaten them thirty-six to nothing had we played the game, we can when we try. Our men apparently are heroes that play best when the chances are against them. To see them play here against Northwestern, and away from home against De Pauw and Purdue, you would not think it the same team. It is all right, fellows, only one more game on the home grounds and then we start on the Northern trip. Defeat Nebraska Saturday, and we shall forget all the things you have not done and think only of the victories which we have already recorded for you. We know that we have the best team in the West, but Wisconsin, Chicago and Michigan a second time must fall before our stem before we can record it.

Monday's game, to say the least, was poorly played. It dragged along for two and a half hours with few redeeming features to relieve the monotony. Donahoe's home run in the second with Fleming's two cracking three base hits served to revive the spectators at intervals, but other good plays were conspicuously absent. Flaeger at third for Northwestern knocked down a number of hard ones, but his throwing to first was erratic. For Notre Dame Captain McDonald accepted fifteen chances without an error, besides having two assists and two timely hits. Donahoe's throw to the plate catching White was one of the finest. Fleming is given an error in the summary because the ball touched his hands when he collided with Donahoe in the fifth. The error is of course excusable.

HOW THE RUNS WERE MADE.

Northwestern was blanked until the third inning. Pinneo and Flaeger walked. Jackson went out from Gibbie to McDonald. Johnson put a short fly in Daly's hands. Hunter followed with a single past Daly, and Pinneo scored. Schodenisk hit an out shoot on the nose that carromed through Farley's legs, allowing Hunter to tally from first, Schodenisk taking third. Morgan stopped White's fast one, but threw low to first and Schodenisk

crossed the plate. Madison forced White at second, retiring the side.

In the fifth Jackson put a fly in left-center which was dropped in a collision between Donahoe and Fleming. Farley missed Johnson's short fly to right and Jackson took third. Hunter died from Daly to McDonald, and Jackson was thrown out trying to get home on the play. Schodenisk hit a swift grounder to Lynch which Bobby fumbled and Johnson scored. White went out from Lynch to McDonald.

Northwestern's last run came in the seventh. Morgan fumbled Jackson's grounder. Lynch dropped Gibson's off Johnson's easy one, and Hunter put a single by third, filling the bases. Schodenisk sawed. White hit one at Morgan which slipped from Red's hands, and Jackson scored. Madison sawed, and West went out on an easy grounder to Daly. In the ninth the visitors came near scoring again. Schodenisk died at first. White walked, stole second and went to third on a wild pitch. Madison, the next man up, hit a long fly to Donahoe in center. White tried to score from third, but was nipped by a foot on a beautiful throw to the plate.

Notre Dame began business right away. Lynch, the first man up, hit a nasty grounder at Flaeger which the latter caught but threw poorly. Fleming put one in the same place, and Pflaeger made another mess. Lynch by clever base running reached third. Donahoe hit a slow one to Pflaeger and Lynch scored. Fleming went to third on the play, and Donahoe went down on the first ball. Farley pushed a slow one to White, which the latter threw to third, and Fleming was run down. Jackson hit Morgan, and the bases were full. Capt. McDonald put a slashing single over third, scoring Donahoe and Farley. Daly went out to Johnson to Pinneo. O'Neill singled to left and Morgan and McDonald scored. Gibson died from Flaeger to Pinneo.

We made two more in the second. After Lynch had flied out Fleming met one of Jackson's shoots near the end of his bat that landed him on third. Donahoe followed with a clean home run to the track in left-center. Farley and Morgan went out in a double play.

In the sixth after Farley's out to Madison, Morgan singled to right. McDonald put another in left; Daly walked. O'Neill waited for four bad ones forcing a run. Gibson struck out. Lynch hit a fast grounder to Flaeger which the latter spilled; McDonald and Daly scored.

The eighth gave us three more. Daly opened with a single to center. O'Neill walked. Gibson struck out. Daly and O'Neill worked a double steal, and both scored on Fleming's three base hit to right. Donahoe reached first on Pflaeger's wild throw, but was thrown out when he tried to steal second. The summary is given below:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	PO	A	E
Lynch, s s	1	0	0	3	2
Fleming, l f	2	2	0	1	1
Donahoe, c f	2	2	3	1	0
Farley, r f	1	0	0	0	2
Morgan, 3 b	2	1	0	2	3
McDonald, 1 b	2	2	15	2	0
Daly, 2 b	2	1	3	4	0
O'Neill, c	2	2	5	1	0
Gibson, p	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	14	10	27	17	8
NORTHWESTERN	R	H	PO	A	E
Johnson, 2 b	1	0	2	2	0
Hunter, r f	1	2	0	0	0
Schodenisk, c f	1	1	2	0	0
White, s s	0	0	1	4	2
Madison, l f	0	0	2	0	0
West, c	0	0	7	1	1
Pinneo, 1 b	1	0	8	0	0
Flaeger, 3 b	1	0	1	5	4
Jackson, p	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	6	4	24	13	7

Wild pitch—Gibson. Passed ball—O'Neill. Hit by pitched ball—Morgan. Home run—Donahoe. Three base hits—Fleming, 2. Bases on balls—Off Gibson, 6; Jackson, 10. Struck out—By Gibson, 6; Jackson, 5. Double plays—Gibson to McDonald to O'Neill. Stolen Bases—Fleming, Donahoe, Daly, O'Neill, Johnson, White. Time of game—2:20. Umpire, Tindill.

Personals.

—Mr. D. H. McBride of Akron, Ohio, is the guest of his sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Rev. Father Quinn of Bloomington, Ill., was the guest of friends among the members of the Faculty last Tuesday.

—The Misses Mame and Kathryn Ragan, who came to attend our debate with Indianapolis, returned to their home in Ohio last Sunday, after a pleasant visit with friends at Notre Dame and in South Bend.

—Mrs. and Miss L. Garza of Saltillo, Mexico, are visiting Mr. Rodolfo M. Garza of Sorin Hall. Mr. Garza was seriously burned some weeks ago, and will probably go home with his mother and sister at the beginning of next week.

—After an extended visit at the University, Miss M. McLaughlin of Boston, left for New York last Wednesday. During her stay she made numerous friends at Notre Dame and in South Bend, and these will be unanimous in extending to her a welcome whenever it may please her to repeat her visit.

Local Items.

—Through their secretary, Mr. Rafael Dominguez, the members of the Mexican colony at Notre Dame wish to acknowledge their gratitude to the University officials for the courtesy extended them on their national holiday, May the 5th. The members were excused from all recitations and were tendered a banquet in the afternoon. Though hundreds of miles away from their native country, they celebrated in truly patriotic style and passed a very enjoyable day.

—Mngr. Crumley is endeavoring to arrange a meet with the Niles Track Team for the Brownsonites.

—Those far-away looks and poetical expressions that never fail to attract attention are commencing to appear on some faces.

—The Brownson-Corby game, which was scheduled for last Sunday, but declared off at the last moment, will surely take place to-morrow.

—Guess we won't make things hum this afternoon at the opening of the new field! Rooting, strong, lusty rooting, is all we need to make it a corker.

—The Brownson Hall second team has been organized, and under Captain Geo. Kelly's guidance intends to gather in a few scalps before the season is over.

—This is May 12. In all direct sequence of time next Tuesday will be May 15. Take heed of this, ye candidates for oratorical honors, for your orations must be in by that date.

—It is a pleasure for the friends of Mr. Rodolfo M. Garza to see him about the grounds again, after being confined in the Infirmary for several days with a badly burned leg.

—Lost.—Somewhere between the study-hall and the refectory, a subject for an essay and also an inspiration. Finder, please return to J. J. Koonce before June 14 and receive smiles and a hand shake.

—Hennebry's Clod Hoppers are endeavoring to get a game with Cooney's Cherry Pickers for Sunday—all day. Up to the time of our going to press arrangements had not been completed. If they do meet Sunday look out for squalls.

—The great "Sweepstakes" event is over with, and now the ponies have five weeks' rest before the last and greatest event of all—"The Futurity"—takes place. The successful ones are happy, and the others—well, they have one more chance to retrieve their losses.

—Brownson Hall defeated the St. Joe team last Friday in an exciting contest. The Brownsonites were handicapped by the absence of some of their best men, but managed to win out by heavy batting. Stephan's hitting and

Sherry's good work behind the bat were the chief features.

—The picture of this year's staff is framed and ready to be hung in the corridors of Sorin Hall. Let us suggest now that the members of the class of 1900 see to it that their photographs be left here and be placed on the walls alongside the pictures of the graduates of other years.

—What's the matter with the Tennis Club this year? There are surely enough players here to form a club. Bestir yourselves, ye sons of the racque, and enliven yonder corner of the campus. It is very dull in that direction of an afternoon when the rest of the campus is filled with ball players and track athletes.

—So far the different Halls have not manifested very much interest in the coming inter-hall meet. Wake up, captains, it's only a few weeks off, and preliminary training always counts in such contests. Perhaps when it's all over you will be the one to say that you could have won it if you had trained. Yes, if!

—Cartier Field is in splendid shape for to-day's great athletic carnival. If we had our track team captain running with his men to-day we would celebrate the occasion by winning a splendid victory. Without him we will win anyhow, and the victory will be so much the better. Get ready for the jubilation!

—The Indianapolis debaters returned home and announced through their college paper that they could not have been treated with greater courtesy than they received here. This makes our victory even better than it was since the Butler men have shown themselves to be of fine metal. They are men that can take defeat with good grace and not let its sting prejudice them in any way. We can assure them that their visit here was appreciated, and that should they ever return again the same courtesies will be awaiting them.

—Alas, how great some men are grown! Two of our old-time chums, two jolly good fellows, are no longer known among us by the familiar names of Jim and Frank. Now we must raise our hats, for the former is the Hon. James F. Murphy LL. B., of the Illinois Bar, and the latter is Hon. Francis O'Shaughnessy, P. D. Q., also of the Illinois Bar, and LL. B., *in futuro; i. e., postremo mense*. Both men are members of the SCHOLASTIC'S Board of Editors, hence we are liberal in offering congratulations. After all, when you think it over, it's not a bit surprising that *they* passed the examinations satisfactorily.

—If our athletes to-day will be successful, these will have been two glorious weeks in the history of Notre Dame. Never before did victories crowd on each other in coming our way so fast as they have been doing in the last fortnight. First of all the great intellectual contests have been ours all the way through.

The debate with Indianapolis was ours by unanimous decision. Members of our Law School have stood rigid examinations for admission to the Bar in various states and have been successful in every case. The baseball team defeated everything in the state last week and walked away with Northwestern last Monday. Now if we retain the state championship in track athletes and defeat Nebraska on the diamond this afternoon we shall have just cause for a glorious celebration.

—Some person saw Billyibus Laden buying a pair of cuff buttons and a new tie in Abe's store the other day and immediately spread the report that his lordship had purchased a pair of golfies. A wild rush was made for the store by hundreds eager to get a glimpse of his manly form, with the result that Billyibus, the counters, hat boxes and several of the inquisitives got tangled up. After they were disentangled and peace restored his lordship demanded an explanation, which was given him. He denied the report and stated that he was, on the contrary, very much opposed to the absurd things. "To wear golfies," he said, "is the height of folly, and the custom should not be tolerated." These words so affected the crowd that the Society for the Supression of Golfies was formed and a meeting called for Sunday afternoon. Full report of the meeting and list of the officers will be published in next week's issue. Brown, Crimmins, Meyers and others are to speak before the society in favor of the detestable garment.

—Tammany Hall, ever alive to the interests of its members, has inaugurated a vigorous campaign for the education of its younger members. The campaign is to be conducted by means of a weekly paper, containing the When's, Why's, Don't's, etc., of a politician. This course has been adopted because a great many of the young members—the two Crokers and Jimmy Taylor—are away from home at present.—*N. Y. Bluzzer.*

It must indeed be a course of political training, if the paper received by Jimmy Taylor the other day was sent by Tammanyites. These Tammanyites must be very big-hearted persons. They have not only started out to instruct their members how to become successful politicians, but they also send to those persons they think will be failures, papers filled with the opinions and advice of those that have failed. Perhaps this does not apply to Jim's case, but the paper he received contains advice from those that have failed. It goes by the name of "Star of Hope," and is edited by Nos. 31,196, and 4,311 of Sing Sing and Auburn respectively. It contains (marked in blue pencil by some one) the rules and regulations of the two great institutions, number of members in each, and some "Don'ts." Now, in all fairness to our Jim, we must state

that we firmly believe some horrible mistake to have been made. The paper must have been sent by mistake. Then again we have his own word for it. Tammany Hall has lost one of its greatest rooters by this mistake, and sooner or later they will feel the effects.

—In the Art Gallery, A. D. 2002.—As I promised you last week, Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now proceed to squint (Ten seconds per squint.) at some of John Angelo Svensden's famous paintings. While the attendants are eradicating the dust and cobwebs from the pictures, I will amuse you with a short diagnosis of his case. According to Porkopolitan Historians, Angelo was born in Wachttersalhammerchow on a cold, dreary night in autumn, just three and one half seconds (standard time) after the Aurora Borealis, and emigrated to Porkopolis three years later. During his school days he acquired the reputation of being the best spit-ball shooter and marble player that ever hit the pipe. His first position was with the U. R. I. T. Co., as messenger boy. He held this job two days, and then resigned because the President of the company refused to allow him to carry a message of sympathy and an application blank from the American Insurance Companies Trust Association to Filipino Aggy, one of the greatest Long Distance ("Otis" Typewriter) Runners the U. S. A. ever thought of. The day after losing this job he started for Notre Dame University and immediately took up a course in poetry, football and drawing.

His progress in poetry and football was very rapid; his stride in the latter being a fraction over eleven inches, while in the former his record was six feet. He put the most of his time, however, in drawing. It was a familiar sight in those days to see Angelo, a sketch-book, a short, chubby, overworked pencil, and a serious countenance, strolling around the campus, stopping every now and then to sketch some poor unfortunate or some beautiful spot that struck his fancy. One day while he was sketching Kidder in action, Edgar Jesse Jay Murfee (the greatest tie counter, novel reader and art connoisseur Lafayette ever produced) peeped over his left shoulder and was amazed. He told Angelo that art ought to be his long suit; that the sketch was far better, both in technique and in finish than any picture he had ever laid his optics on—for he had laid both optics and hands on several—and Angelo believed him. From that day Angelo devoted all his time to art. His first pictures—a group of the Everlastings—we have here on our right, and as the attendants have removed the dust and spider webs, we will now proceed to admire them.

The first picture in the group is that of the famous note juggler and rope skipper, G. Sharp Leach. Notice the expression of extreme disgust depicted on his face. That

was caused by a stryconlucossus piece of green onion sticking in his Adam's apple and causing contraction of the musical pipes called conglumentation. If you observe closely you will be able to see the projection of his Adam's apple. Angelo always endeavored to be true to life, and this picture shows that he succeeded. G. Sharp was born on a ranch in Illinois and learned to sing at the University. After leaving the University he made a tour of the country as the "Mocking Bird" in Barnum and Bailey's Big Circus, and made several hits. Some mementoes of his first appearance—a bunch of cabbage, a few sidewalk planks, a piece of skull, etc.—have been preserved. He died a natural death.

The second is that of Uncle John Hennebry, baseball magnate and buck and wing dancer. It is a very good painting and a nice picture, but in this case the artist was guilty of flattery. It looks more like his pard, "Red" Harrington. But for all that Uncle was a great man. He owned, managed, controlled, and captained the renowned Clod Hoppers, an aggregation of ball players that scooped up everything in sight, but never won a game. As a buck and wing dancer he won imperishable fame. He danced before the aristocracy of Three Swamps, Mich., for eighteen minutes, and so captivated their hearts that he sold enough photographs to pay his fare to Waukeehaha. At this place he was employed to do a turn with the celebrated Watermelon Sisters at the Amusement Hall of the Indigent Old Mens' Home. The chief feature of his work was the cleverness with which he manipulated his pedal extremities, which were of enormous size, measuring sixteen inches in length and four inches in breadth. He died happy and contented. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will have to conclude for to-day. Next week we will investigate the others.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Advanced Christian Doctrine—E. Campbell, F. Cornell, J. L. Toohey, J. F. Sekinger, A. Pancratz, R. Stephan, A. Krug, J. Quinlan, H. Fink, H. Brown, J. Neeson, A. Stephan. *Ethics*—F. Cornell, E. T. Long. *Philosophy*—E. Campbell, W. Guilfoyle. *Psychology*—E. Rumley, J. O'Hara, A. Krug, J. Drachbar. *Latin*—J. Byrne, G. Marr, J. Sutton, F. Sekinger, F. J. Maurin, E. Rumley. *Greek*—W. Furry, G. Marr, A. Merz, F. Schwab, James Sutton, F. Sekinger, R. Sweeney, R. Lynch. *English*—A. Brogan, W. Furry, F. Dukette, M. Szaleswski, William Tierney, F. Schwab, F. Maurin, F. Barry, E. DeWulf, C. Kahler, J. Neeson, A. Stephan. *Civil Engineering*—A. Dorley. *Sanitary Engin.*—A. Dorley. *Hydraulics*—A. Dorley. *Graphic Statics*—A. Dorley. *Analytic Mechanics*—Edward E. Hay. *Astronomy*—Edward E. Hay, John I. Mullen. *Advanced Surveying*—Francisco Gaston. *Surveying*—Anton Stephan. *Thermodynamics*—G. Stuhlfauth. *Machine Design*—J. Carlton. *Descriptive Geometry*—F. Baer. *Trigonometry*—F. Petritz. *Analytic Geometry*—C. Kahler. *Calculus*—F. Baer, F. Gaston. *Algebra*—J. Neeson. *Physics*—F. Baer. *Electrical Engineering*—E. C. Smith, G. Stuhlfauth. *Chemistry*—

R. Krost. *Geology*—E. Rumley. *Advanced Botany*—V. B. Welker. *General Biology*—A. Krost. *Human Histology*—E. Murphy. *Human Anatomy*—R. Krost. *Law*—T. M. Hoban, T. A. Medley, W. Monahan, William O'Brien. *Medieval History*—J. Kelleher. *English History*—W. A. McInerny. *Roman History*—Robert Sweeney, E. Rumley, F. McKeever, A. Krug. *Materia Medica*—E. Warder, J. Murphy, J. Forbing, George Senrich. *Pharmacy*—J. R. Kelly, E. Warder, Charles Nies, G. Senrich. *Pharmacognosy*—N. R. Gibson, John Forbing, C. Nies, G. Senrich.

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Christian Doctrine—W. Ferstl, G. Baackus, S. Hartnett, E. Guerra, G. McFadden, M. Cooney, M. Garza, A. Bassave, A. Acuna, W. A. Moore, R. Emerson, W. Manier, P. McDonough, N. Wells. *Latin*—R. Stephan, G. Farabaugh, G. McFadden, J. Hart, F. Zerhusen, J. E. Morgan. *Greek*—W. M. Wimberg, G. Farabaugh. *Geometry*—M. Ryan, F. Petritz, F. Madden, J. Maurin, A. Devereux, G. Fredell, C. Hagerty, Leo J. Kelly, W. Maher, W. C. O'Brien, L. Cleary, C. E. Rush. *Algebra*—L. Cleary, G. McFadden, G. W. Burkitt, F. E. Madden, J. B. Flynn, J. Cunnea, W. Draper, J. Hart, E. Johnson, S. Mooney, J. Booza, J. P. Shea, W. Bandy, S. Trentman. *Physics*—F. J. Petritz. *Elementary Botany*—R. A. Krost. *Elementary Zoology*—O. White, W. Shea, T. P. Irving. *Elementary Law*—L. Cleary, P. McDonough. *General History*—J. Clyne, J. Dunne, G. Foertsch, W. Manier, J. E. Murphy, A. Stewart, W. Bauman, H. A. Geraghty. *Composition*—L. Antoine, G. McFadden, C. Daly, C. S. McCracken, N. Hogan, C. L. O'Donnell. *Book-keeping*—F. Dorian, H. Pauline, C. Daly, A. J. Rose. *Grammar*—H. B. McCauley, M. F. Flynn, J. Lantry, O. Fleicher, L. Tansey, A. Shea, E. A. Davis, W. Nolan, J. O'Reilly, A. Flynn, A. Hoff, J. Rhodes, F. Serafin, A. L. Winters, T. E. Madden. *Arithmetic*—A. Basave, J. A. Rhodes, J. Corbidge, B. Madero, F. McQueen, J. Hennebry, R. Johnson, C. Reuss, W. Bauman, S. Fleming, R. Kolch, A. McFarland, A. Freidman, R. Stephan, H. Warner, J. Usera, J. O'Reilly, E. Wilkin. *Geography*—J. Rhodes, P. Lindemann, F. Verduzco, V. F. Romero, G. D. Strong. *United States History*—J. A. Rhodes, P. Lindemann, J. Vilaro, A. Freidman, E. Narcelle, R. Price, V. Romero, A. G. Strassheim. *Reading*—W. Gibson, F. W. Kidder, C. F. Sheekey, M. Hanyz. *Special Orthography*—G. A. Gaffney, E. Stahlknecht, P. Warrell, V. Romero, S. Sypniewski, S. Garza. *Spelling*—W. O. Birk, A. Acuna, R. N. Van Sant, M. Hanyz. *Penmanship*—S. J. Fleming, R. Revilla, W. A. Stevens, J. Pancratz, W. L. Brand, J. Wathen.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Shop-work—F. Petritz, F. A. Smoger. *Drawing*—J. Carlton, E. N. Guerra, A. Ill, C. Kahler, W. Rowley, A. C. Stephan, F. Torres, F. Rincon. *French*—E. Campbell, A. Krug, F. Petritz, N. Mill. *German*—W. Stevens, A. Krembs, Laurence M. Antoine, Harry M. Wolfe, Robert A. Krost, Henry E. Brown, Orrin A. White. *Spanish*—F. O'Brien. *Spanish English*—G. Rodriguez, M. Uribe, E. C. Anedo, U. Lopez, R. Revilla, J. Madero, J. Ramirez, R. Lopez. *Music*—A. Krug, M. Scott, C. Rush, L. Wagner, N. Manier, L. Hoffmann, R. Dominguez, J. Davis, J. Wathen, E. Warder, T. Knell, F. Maurin. *Parliamentary Law*—P. Dwan, E. Gilbert, W. Guilfoyle, G. Kuppler, M. Long, R. Lynch, F. Meyers, P. McDonough, J. McWeeney, C. McFadden, W. Monahan, F. McKeon, J. McGinnis, F. O'Shaughnessy, E. Pick, S. Palmer, M. Szaleswski, J. Sullivan, A. Sammon, W. Tierney, L. Cleary, J. Drachbar, J. Engeldrum, E. Gallagher, A. Krug, J. McGowan, J. O'Hara, W. O'Brien, F. Schwab, W. Shea, J. Taylor, C. Vurpillat, W. Wimberg, M. Walsh, A. Brogan, J. Byrne, E. Campbell, F. Cornell, A. Duperier, F. Dukette. *Elocution*—A. Brogan, John Hayes, L. Heiser, S. Highstone, V. Jones, P. Lennon, G. Marr, P. Ragan, J. Shiels, J. Sullivan, F. Schwab, G. Farabaugh, W. Cameron, G. Hanhauser, J. Kinney, W. McInerny, P. McDonough, D. O'Shea, J. Rumley, F. Schoonover. *Typewriting*—M. Comez, J. Vilaro, J. Frechette, Mattinez. *Phonography*—Daniel J. Hartnett, J. E. Hayes.