

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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

VLO. XXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 20, 1901.

No. 28.

Now.

RISE, for the day is passing  
While you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor  
And forth to fight are gone;  
A place in the ranks awaits you—  
Each man has some part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise, for the day is passing:  
The sound that you scarce hear  
Is the enemy marching to battle,—  
Arise, for the foe is near;  
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
And from dreams of a coming battle  
You will wake to find it past.

W. C. O'BRIEN.

A Delayed Explanation.



ISABEL DAWSON was very beautiful as she stood in the dimly-lighted room with the fitful flashes of the open fire casting lights and shadows upon her face and figure. But there was an expression of scorn and well hid sorrow in her face and eyes that would have been apparent to a close observer, as she said:

"No, Mr. Duncan, you need not attempt to explain. Your conduct last evening hardly admits of explanation."

Duncan, tall, well-built and quite good to look upon, stood silent with grief in his dark eyes. Finally, with outstretched hand, saying, "I am sorry, Miss Dawson," he left the room, moving like one in a dream.

Hailing a hansom, Roswell Duncan was driven to his club, and, not heeding the calls of friends, went at once to his rooms. Dropping into a chair he resigned himself to a moody review of the past and to speculation about

the future. He went over again the scene at Mrs. Traintor's dinner when Isabel had found him cosily situated in one corner of the library talking to a woman introduced as Mrs. Winsome, who, perhaps, did not belie her name. He thought again of his surprise at hearing of Isabel's sudden departure on the plea of illness, and of her reception of him a short time ago.

As he was wondering how the days would pass for him, denied the society of Isabel whom he had loved since he was a boy in knee breeches and who, three short months ago, had promised to become his wife, he caught sight of his mail on the table where his man had laid it. Anxious to put away the most unpleasant thoughts of all his experience, he took up his mail and ran through it, hardly knowing what he read. At last he opened a letter the writing of which had a curiously familiar look, and finding the signature, realized it was from an old friend, now "Colonel" Wallace. It was in short an offer of a captaincy in a newly organized regiment destined for service in Cuba. Coming at a time when bullets seemed to have as much charm as roses he mentally accepted, and wiring his friend that he would start at once for Washington, called his man and ordered him to do some packing. His dreams that night were not conducive to rest, and he arose in the morning looking a bit haggard, but impatient to get away.

Duncan, as he had often done before, ordered a bunch of white violets to be sent to Isabel; then bidding his few friends at the club farewell, and leaving some orders about his rooms, left to take a train for Washington. At the end of a rapid and uninteresting journey he reached the capital and was met by his friend.

Going directly to the camp Duncan met his brother officers to whom his fine physique and well-bred, open face made him welcome

But that night he sat apart in silence, not joining in the talk and banter, and finally went to his tent. So for the two weeks of camp life; always civil, he seemed to wish to be alone; and at last his company was no longer sought. During the long trip to Tampa and the soul-tiring journey across to Cuba he seemed more silent than ever; yet he was always looking to the comfort of his men, who, in their frequent discussions of their officers, swore by Captain Duncan.

Since leaving New York he had heard no word of Isabel, his few friends not knowing the real reason of his hasty departure. In his leisure hours his thoughts went back to other days when joy seemed to predominate in his life, and he learned the truth of the line, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The days between the landing and the battle were spent in drill or march, and the poor food and climate had bad effects on both men and beasts. During this trying time Duncan seemed at his best. The sorrows and the trials of his men seemed to act as an antidote to his own grief, and he won the admiration of all.

The night before the battle his regiment received orders and moved to the front. As he passed along the line of his company Duncan was greeted with a murmur of admiration; in turn he gave his men a cheery word, and all slept on their arms. 'Tis said men sleep soundest before a battle, but Duncan, after a restless night, was up early, and anxious for the fray. The steady firing told him the work of the day would be no child's play, but a man in his state of mind cared little for danger or peril. Under a withering fire men dropped around him, but he paid little heed; and when the order was given to charge he led his little band up the slope. His colors were shot down; he caught them up, and still leading climbed through the storm of lead. Once he staggered, but still went onward until on the brow of San Juan he fell. Wounded in body and limb he did not expect to see another sun, and the grief in his heart seemed almost well.

When they found him, his hand still clasped the colors, but he was unconscious. The surgeon shook his head dubiously that night when one of Duncan's men slipped up to ask for the captain. Mayhap a prayer went up for him that night, for soldiers sometimes pray, and he was a little better in the morning. For days, however, he lay sometimes quiet, sometimes delirious, talking of other times.

At last Duncan was carried aboard a steamer bound for New York. Thin and pale, with hair cut close, he looked little like the Duncan of two months before. He was quiet and seldom smiled. In his eyes was a look of sadness, but no complaint came from his lips. The sea air agreed with him, for as they journeyed northward he grew stronger. He was still very weak, however, when they carried him ashore; and the noise and bustle of the dock caused a relapse, and he again became delirious.

Next day a girl, attended by a maid, came to the hospital with a carriage load of fruit and flowers. She had been a frequent visitor during the last few weeks. Her gentle smile and kindly words had cheered many a lonely hour, and the inmates watched for her coming with greedy eyes. A tall, fair girl, there had lurked in her blue eyes a trace of sadness since one morning many weeks ago, when she had found the explanation that had been offered her and that she had so indignantly refused to hear. Remorse for her action and the grief that was hers on reading: "Captain Roswell Duncan fatally wounded," in the report of San Juan, had left lines upon a face too young, one thought, for sorrow. No further news of Duncan had led her to believe him dead, and her days were filled with self-reproach.

Going through the hospital with her flowers she came at last within hearing of a strangely familiar voice. A glad light leapt to her eyes, yet a vague fear tugged at her heart as she moved toward the speaker. With trembling hands Isabel grasped the rail at the foot of the cot, and through eyes half hid in tears saw Duncan. His thin face, now flushed with fever, told her of his suffering, and as she went to his side his delirious voice once more broke on her ear: "Oh, Isabel, let me explain, Mrs. Winsome is—" The tears dropping from her eyes on his cheek seemed to rouse him for a moment, and he saw again the face of his dreams. He tried to raise his arms but failed; and as Isabel bowed her head on his shoulder, she whispered: "Yes, Ross, she is your cousin and she shall be mine."

EARL E. WHALEY.

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#### The Best Time.

The green in the grass and the green in the trees;  
The song of the birds and the hum of the bees,  
And a good many other such things as these  
Are telling us spring is here. C. M.

## Two Letters and a Story.



SHORT time ago by a peculiar chain of circumstances, the following letters came into my hands together with the whole story. I wonder whether John Morley did right or committed a wrong in saving his child's life by the method referred to below.

"FAIR HAVEN, Jan. 23, 1892.

"MY DEAR JOHN:—Sence you have been away Jim has got worse and Dr. Jameson sed yesterday that if we only could raise the money about \$100 and send Jim to a private sanitarium thet he might be helped some yet and the tumer removed and his awful sufferin' releved it tears my heart terrible, John to see the boy take on so and God knows where are we to get the money from. I can hear Jim raving now in the little bed-room and he's talkin' about mammy and dad and onct in awhile yellin' (O God! those yells and the pinched white face) that somebody is crushin' his head and he cries for you to come and take away the awful weight on his head. He's been goin' this way now for five days and Dr. Jameson sed he wouldn't last longerin a week more 'less Jim had relief. For God's sake dear John see if ye can get the money to save Jim's life. I know now it can't be done but try everything. O if ye was here to-night to hear the boy's cries. My hair is turnin' gray  
"MARY."

John Morley with his hands shoved into his frayed trousers and with his coat buttoned neatly round him in a semblance of gentility, stood outside the private office of the president of the Empire Trust and Loan Co. Morley had that morning read in a paper he picked up on the street about the president giving \$1,000,000 to increase the endowment of a famous female seminary, and the thought had gone through his famished brain that a man who gives fortunes for female higher education, might lend a paltry sum to save a life. Poor fool! . . .

The president wheeled in his chair and, seeing his visitor, demanded:

"Well, what is your business?"

Morley, twirling his old derby between his fingers, began his story. He told about Bill,

the "kid," and showed the letter. His features brightened, his shoulders squared, and he firmly clinched the old hat as he talked on, reminding the figure in the chair, who was toying with an electric button, of the million dollar gift; telling again of Bill dying—Bill his only "kid,"—when just a hundred dollars would save him; and promising anything, everything, if the money could be got. Morley pleaded his case as no advocate could plead it, for no advocate could experience his awful pain, the indescribable anxiety and suspense through which he was passing—fighting in a last chance for the life of his only child, of Bill the kid.

At the conclusion of the distracted father's appeal the president touched a button and a man in uniform appeared. Pointing to Morley, the president said:

"Show this man out; if he refuses to go, throw him out! He has already taken ten minutes of my time. See to it well that no more beggars get beyond that door." And then to himself. "Umph, get so after a while every man in the city who's got a little trouble will dodge into my office expecting me to help him out." With this he picked up the "Commercial Advertiser" and buried himself in the stock quotations.

Morley turned and walked out quietly, silently, and closed the door behind him. He acted like one bereft of sense by a sudden blow. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, and with head bent, he passed into the street. . . .

That evening after seven o'clock, Morley was aimlessly walking down Pearl Street. A casual observer would have noticed nothing to distinguish him from the thousand and one other hurrying persons; but one who looked closely would have seen a desperate face, a face with a half-human look, caused not by lack of food but by something else. His eyes were bloodshot, and he walked on as though he had nothing else to do but walk. By luck or chance or fate or—Providence, Morley turned a corner,—he had passed twenty without paying any heed,—and ran into a hurrying, portly, important person whom as he gave a passing glance, he recognized with sudden anger as the president of the Trust Company. Morley turned to watch the pompous figure, and was about to move on, when he saw a man steal up in the crowd at the corner, slip his hand into the president's sack-coat, and in a flash pass a small package back to a confederate. Morley

turned, undecided; he saw clearly, under an arc light, the portly, pompous, well-dressed millionaire; he thought of the million dollar gift for female higher education; and then he thought of Mary and of Bill and the awful weight on the little kid's head. Suddenly something passed across his brain, the blood-shot disappeared from his eyes, and he saw straight and clear once more. Without hesitation he followed the pickpocket's confederate who was making his way quickly in an opposite direction.

The unconscious thief and his pursuer hurried on block after block until after a twenty minutes' walk they came to an alley down which the man with the package darted. Morley was close behind him, and touching him on the shoulder said hoarsely: "Come, none of yer fooling; give me half or I'll call the police. I saw the whole thing, and hurry! I want the money! Don't try to fool me, or by G— I'll kill you!"

The thief started to run, but Morley jumped on him from behind and both fell to the ground. The two men fought and kicked and gouged and tried for each other's throats; but Morley got the first hold and choked his man insensible. He tore the package open in awful haste, and there before his distorted vision was a row of neatly pressed bank-notes! Carefully counting just one hundred dollars, he tied it in his handkerchief, replaced the rest, and tucked the package safely in the inner pocket of his coat.

Morley ran out of the alley as if it were the entrance of hell itself, and walked swiftly down the street. He dodged policemen, sometimes crossing the street, sometimes going around a whole block. He looked narrowly at everyone, often involuntarily clutching at the package, and muttering, "Bill, poor Bill! The poor kid!" And then the arc lights would blink and look hazy, for Morley hadn't eaten nor slept since he received the letter, and his meals for days before that had not been of the best—gleanings of free-lunch counters and stale bakestuffs,—and roaming a big city looking for work makes a man hungry.

Often he said in a tone which frightened even himself: "So Bill wants Dad to come home and take the weight off his head; poor Bill! But Dad will take the weight off his head;" and on he rambled whispering, chuckling, and tightly clinching the money rolled up in the red handkerchief....

About midnight the private watchman at

the residence of the president of the Empire Trust and Loan Company saw a figure steal up the long lawn, dodging from tree to tree until at last, raising an arm, it flung a package up on the front porch, which rattled against the door. The night watchman gave the alarm but the intruder escaped. On investigation the package was found to be the identical one stolen from the president's pocket—minus \$100.

"FAIR HAVEN, Feb. 26, 1892.

"MY DEAR JOHN:—I brought Bill back from the sanitarium yestiddy. The doctors sed the oppuration was successful, anyway the tumer is gone and Bill is happy. The doctors sed he will be as bright as anybody's child in time. You didn't say where you got the money, but no doubt it was alright. God is good and I knew he would help Bill. So you have got steady work at last. Come home soon and see me and Bill. Bill laughs the whole day long and often prays for Dad.

"Your loving wife,—MARY."

BYRON KANALEY.

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#### Bradley's Vision.

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"Speaking of ghosts," said Bradley, to a crowd of travelling salesmen who had gathered in the hotel office to "swap" stories, "reminds me of an incident that happened last winter in a little town down in Jersey.

"I was at that time on the road for the Bingham Soap Company, and had been making this town twice a year for a good while. There was only one hotel in the place, and it so happened that every time I came there they had hash for supper. This night was no exception, and not being a lover of the mixture I left the table a little out of temper. I took my grip after supper, and started out to do some work, but that hash weighed on me. I called on every dealer in the village, told the merits of my goods and the advantage of dealing with my firm, but it was no go; I couldn't tell a story, and I couldn't make a sale.

"Late in the evening I went back to the hotel completely out of sorts. I asked to go to bed, and the clerk showed me up to a little room in the garret, which, I judged from the temperature, was used, when not occupied by some transient guest, as a refrigerator. I did not examine the room in detail, but tumbled

into bed, where I lay for an hour or more trying to keep warm under one of those 'reduction sale' quilts that are just long enough to reach from your neck to your ankles and not thick enough to make a decent fly net. I was at the same time considering what I thought would be a more fetching description of my soap and my firm. At last I fell into a deep sleep from which I was awakened a little later by a noise in my room. I sat up in bed and looked in the direction from which the noise seemed to come. There at my dresser stood a tall, white-robed figure whose every feature was visible in the cold moonlight that filled the room. The face was devoid of expression and resembled nothing I have ever seen either before or since. As I sat gazing at it, the figure came a little towards me; a chair which stood in its path did not hinder it nor turn it aside. I noticed this and my hair began to bristle. I could feel the bed shake with the tremor of my body; I tried to scream, but could not. When within a few feet of the bed, my visitor swaying from side to side in a kind of spirit dance began to chant in a wild unearthly voice the single phrase, 'It floats; it floats.' At last by a mighty effort, I mustered courage to speak, and in a faltering voice put the question, 'What floats?' The figure stood still, fixed its glassy eyes upon me, raised its right hand high above its head as if to indicate the direction of its flight, and answering in a hollow voice, 'Ivory soap' suddenly disappeared.

"A fresh gust of wind from a broken window brought me to my senses, and I found myself sitting bolt upright in the centre of the bed, the little quilt drawn close up to my chin, and my frost-bitten feet a fair target for the January gale which shot in at the window. A heavy lump in the pit of my stomach reminded me of the hash and explained my vision."

C. C. MITCHELL.

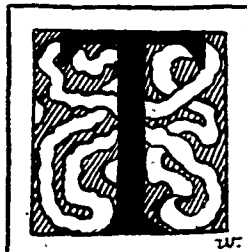
#### The Campus.

In the dim of the dusty twilight,  
Mid the hum of voices low,  
There's a charm about the campus  
That the hearts of students know.

When afar in distant climates  
For our evening smoke we'll sit,  
The scene of the dear old campus  
Before our eyes will flit.

E. F. QUIGLEY.

#### The Squire.



HE Squire came from the dinner table to the front yard with his fur cap tilted back and his large, red bandana handkerchief hanging from his yellow overcoat pocket.

It was a warm day; but that mattered not, for the overcoat and fur cap were worn month in and month out. The Squire was "feelin' 'bout as well as usual" after his dinner of corned beef and cabbage. The boarders stood chatting and smoking round "the Squire's stump" in the front yard. His honor had, fifteen years before, established this stump as an ornament to his "place" by sawing off its old rotten trunk and then actually getting down on his knees and covering its rough bark with a coat of white paint. The stump had since done him good service as a seat, as Sarah, his wife, who was always patching and mending, could testify. The Squire sat and crossed his legs as usual upon the throne in the midst of the boarders. This half hour after dinner was the precious part of the day to the Paper Mill men, for they always liked to do homage to the stump king before the whistle blew. His stories and talk refreshed them almost as much as did his wife's substantial dinners.

From one of his trouser pockets the Squire pulled out his Barlow knife and from another his new plug of "navy." Soon after, a loud "spat" on the hard bare ground beneath the hammock awoke Joe Cline from his clay pipe dreams. He saw the Squire, and his twinkling eyes danced with merry expectancy as he asked him why it was some people always called him "Pickle." The Squire grinned and dropped his head, and began to rub and pick his rough hands.

"'Ain't th' boys told ye about thet yit? Well, thet wuz one on me. I—I kind o' git mad at times whin th' boys tease me on thet point, but I guess it don't do much to'rds keepin' 'em quiet. I—I—I ain't a darn bit stuck on th' name o' 'Pickle,' but it looks like it's agoin' tu hang on tu me anyhow. There ain't a day passes but some feller'll jerk me by th' coat, down town, en holler: 'How air ye, Pickle?' But then I don't mind hevin' a little fun 'casionally so's tu keep on friendly terms with th' boys—I always had a stand in with th' boys."

"Well, ye want me to tell ye about thet

name o' 'Pickle,' eh? Well, I don't mind, bein' as yur a new feller in these parts, Joe, an' ye'll find it out sooner er later enyhow, I reckon. Tu begin with. Some years ago, long 'bout harvest time, I wuz a sittin' out here in th' front yard all alone a redin' the noozpaper all tu maself, when all of a sudden I heard a noise a comin' up th' hill. I looked up, an' th' next minute ole Tom Davy's thrashin' engine en outfit come a thumpin' up th' road. Well, it made me feel kind o' lonesome tu see th' machine a puffin' away en all th' boys sittin' on th' wagons hoopin' en hollerin' en kicken' th' straw around, en I couldn't sit there a watchin' 'em. I didn't have nothin' tu do enyhow 'cept loaf, en I wanted tu help th' boys along; so I hollered tu Sarah an' jumped on th' machine en went along with th' rest o' th' gang.

"Well, 'long about th' middle o' th' month, we pulled into ole Bill Flatt's barnyard, one evenin' about dusk. It took us three days tu clean him up, fur ole Bill hed one o' th' biggest crops that year I'd seen in a good while.

"Now, Bill had a wife who wuz always a cookin' an' a fixin' up stuff tu eat in th' sort o' way thet ye can't git on tu what yer eatin' till it's all gone. She'd been a cuttin' receipts out o' th' noozpapers, I reckon, fer her strong dish was a lot o' chopped up stuff thet ye couldn't git head nor tail to. It looked like it ud been put through a sausage grinder, an' then been colored up with diamond dye. Some o' th' boys called it 'salad,' en she hed it all trigged up with green lettice leaves stuck around th' edge o' th' plate tu give it a good send off. But what got me ez bein' out in th' ordinary wuz, in the middle o' th' fan-dangled stuff she'd stuck a big pickle—the only one she hed, I reckon, er she'd a put more en one, fur lots o' fellers like pickles. Th' salad looked kind a like it ud do tu eat, an' one er two o' th' boys helped themselves; but some how er other none o' 'em seemed tu care much fur th' pickle.

"Now, I got tu thinkin' about th' matter, and it looked kind a mysterious fur ole Bill's wife to put thet pickle there if she didn't want some of us tu take it. Well, sir, thet plate of salad went th' rounds fur two days an' hanged if th' blamed pickle wasn't still a standin' there ez big ez life after the salad ed all gone under. Now, I never had much likin' fur pickles, but I says tu Jim Pauley next mornin' out on th' straw stack, 'Jim,' says I, 'ye know thet salad en' pickle bizness thets

been a goin' on around here fur th' past couple o' days? Well, I'm a gittin' tired o' bein' humbugged on thet woman's racket; an' if she comes a luggin' in another load o' that salad tuday with only one pickle stuck in th' middle, I'm a goin' to take a hand in th' shootin' match. I don't know what kind of a game she's a workin', but I want to tell ye I'm a gittin' sick o' bein' roped in on thet kind of a deal,—'tain't my style.' Jim laughed en said I wuz right in passin' my judgment ez I did, en tole me he'd been a wondrin' en a guessin' about th' pickle himself.

"Well, sir, ez sure ez shot, jest ez I thought, she come a totin' in another supply o' salad at noon; en blame my eyes, if that very same aforesaid pickle—fur I knew it by the twisted stem—wasn't stuck right in th' middle in the same place again. I could see some o' th' boys grinnin' en winkin' about it. Well, things moved along kind o' smooth fur a while; en after a bit, she jogged th' boys up about th' salad, tole 'em how good it wuz, en started th' dish tu goin' around. I kept kind o' cool, but I wuz a musterin' up courage all th' while. Some o' th' boys helped themselves tu th' salad, jest tu be sociable like, en said it wuz splendid, en so forth; but I could see 'em all a lookin' sheepish at th' pickle. I wuz sittin' down at th' foot o' th' table that meal on purpose, en Jim Pauley wuz next tu me.

"Jim, he wuz a eatin' away fur life when th' dish came down tu him en he fergot tu pass it on. Then Bill's wife saw I hadn't had eny o' th' stuff yet, en she come a trippin' around tu where th' dish wuz. I reckon she wuz anxious tu git rid o' thet salad thet evenin' afore we left; fur she picked up th' plate with a lot o' red tape, en smilin' at me said kind o' coaxin'ly, 'Mr. Slocum, won't you try some o' my new potato salad?' So sayin' she jabbed her spoon away down into th' stuff en started tu dump a lot uv it out onto my plate afore I could object. But I wuz onto her racket. I pushed back her arm an' held up my hand, en then I spoke up, en said:

"'Thank ye, ma'am, ye're too liberal. I never wuz a very great hand fur salad, but I don't mind eatin' a pickle once in a while.' So sayin', I reached out, jest as purty as ye please, an' pulled out thet pickle with a good tight squeeze. Then I went on eatin' jest as big ez ever, ez though nothin' had occurred. Well, Jim's wife straightened up en got red in th' face, en I guess she thought a good deal, too; fur she never had much likin' fur me since. I




thought Dick Burch ed choke himself tryin' tu smother down his pie, though some o' th' boys managed tu keep purty cool till after th' meal wuz over. Well, sir th' gang had a peck o' fun over thet all th' afternoon. Ole Bill ed been out feedin' while we wuz eatin'; en when he heard about how I faced up on his wife he wuz tickled tu death, en he come up tu me a laughin' en poked out his hand, en said: 'Put her thar, ole boy!' Some how er other everybody heard about thet adventure, en th' boys began tu call me 'Pickle' from thet day on."

The whistle blew, and the men cut across the field to their work chuckling over the Squire's pickle story.

E. F. QUIGLEY.

#### The Greatest Friendship.

HE Club House was brilliantly lighted up, and as David Bedford ascended the steps he remarked to his friend, Fred Watson, a noted young lawyer, that he had at last found a place where he might forget for a while the stirring events of the stock exchange. He had been annoyed by the story of Watson's quarrel that day with James Manning, but now, in the cheerful atmosphere of the club, he felt relieved.

The evening was gradually passing. Bedford had left Watson in the billiard room and was watching a game of chess when a tap on the shoulder drew his attention. He turned round and saw Manning. The two stepped to one side of the room and were soon talking earnestly. Unfortunately no one was attracted by their voices which grew gradually louder and louder. Suddenly Bedford cried out: "It's a lie! Watson is no coward." Before the words had been fully uttered the sound of a blow was heard, and the cry of "Bedford! Bedford!" brought several to where Manning stood.

Bedford quickly and quietly withdrew. Snatching his overcoat from the hook near the door he rushed out into the night. The air was cold and bathed his flushed face. He would not go home, he was too nervous; and not knowing whither he went, walked hurriedly through the streets.

The striking of a clock caused him to halt. Glancing around he saw he was far from home, and looking down the street he noticed

a man approaching. Suddenly Bedford felt his heart jump and the blood rush to his face,—the man was Manning.

The sight of Manning caused him to commit himself as he did before. He forgot his shame and the talk of the men. As they met the pent-up passion broke loose, and Manning fell under a blow driven by pride and revenge. The sight of the body lying at his feet caused Bedford to fear some one had seen him, and he hastily turned toward home. He walked rapidly and reached his room soon after midnight. He threw himself on the bed, but did not sleep.

The morning broke clear and bright, but brought no cheer to Bedford. He made his toilet carelessly and went down to breakfast. He could not eat. Dreamily he looked out upon the broad avenue and gazed at the passing people. His attention was attracted by a newsboy who neared the house, and going to the door he purchased a paper. He seated himself and nervously glanced at the headlines. "James Manning Murdered," met his eyes. He staggered to the window. There was time to escape yet. No one had seen him strike the blow, or the detectives would already have been after him.

With anxious eyes David Bedford watched the approach of land as the boat neared the great wharfs at Liverpool. He felt that once in a foreign country he would be safe and at rest. One year passed by and Bedford was changed. The change, however, was not due to surroundings but to inward feelings. Worried by living in a foreign country, tortured by the ever-ringing word "murderer," he had grown thin. His face was haggard, almost ghastly; his hair gray; his shoulders stooped. So sure was he that even his friends would not know him that he resolved to return home.

As he stood for the first time on deck since he boarded the boat for New York, the lights of the city flickered dimly through the fog that hung over the bay. It was the old familiar scene; and we shall not attempt to describe Bedford's feelings on beholding it, but shall merely recite that immediately after landing he was driven to a hotel.

Near the gangway of the boat Bedford left stood a man. He did not seem much concerned, yet he appeared not to have come for pleasure. He was gazing at the men working when he observed a small piece of paper that fell from a trunk which tumbled into the shed

from the gang-plank. Picking up the paper he saw only an unknown name. But the piece seemed to be two thicknesses. He tore it apart and saw another name. A confident and triumphant expression passed over his face.

It was evening. The noisy city which all day long had kept up a loud uproar now was quiet. Two days have passed since Bedford's arrival, and during this time he has not left his room. A knock at the door arouses him. Should he answer? Why not? No one knew of his arrival; the person, perhaps a stranger, had made a mistake. Turning the key he opened the door. A man slipped in. No question was asked, not a word spoken. The visitor held out a small piece of paper. Bedford taking it stepped back under an incandescent light. A few moments passed, during which only the ticking of a clock on the mantel broke the stillness. Raising his head Bedford groaned, "At last."—"At last," replied the detective.

For days no friend came to greet him in his gloomy cell. But one morning the rattling of the cell door, as if some one was about to enter, aroused David. A man, tall and thin, came towards him. David rose, but did not offer his hand. No recognition was visible on his part. The visitor observing this spoke: "Do you not know me,—you remember Fred Watson?" A gleam of light came from Bedford's eyes and tears found their way down his pallid cheeks,—he felt a joy at beholding one whom he might address, after so many months, as friend. "Tell me where you have been, and how you have at last been brought here," requested Watson.

Laconically David related his story, and when he had finished said: "Watson, what has caused the great change in you." "Oh! a little worry, perhaps, due to my steady attention to law," replied the lawyer; "but never mind that, since we have found each other. Let me mention my principal object in coming. Have you engaged an attorney? If not allow me to plead the case." Bedford readily gave consent.

The day of the trial arrived. Bedford was led into the crowded court-room with Watson at his side. One after another witnesses, many of whom were present at the club the evening of the crime, testified to the prisoner's guilt. The trial was near an end and Watson appeared to be dazed. Much strong evidence had been brought against his client, none of which could be refuted.

"Have you anything to say," the judge asked Bedford. Bedford did not move; for Wat-

son had risen, saying he would take the stand.

A hush fell over the court-room. Bedford grew deathly pale. In a hoarse tone the lawyer began: "I will not be long. The day before the murder, coming from my office, I met Manning who asked me to lunch with him. I accepted the invitation and we walked a few blocks to a hotel. We had finished our meal, but still lingered talking. Interrupting our topic of conversation, he asked why I associated with such a low class, and mentioned at the same time the name of the prisoner. This roused my pride and anger? Harsh words were exchanged and we parted enemies.

"I told this story to the accused as we walked towards the club that evening. He did not speak; but as we passed under an electric light, I saw on his face more than words could say.

"Bedford had left me almost immediately after entering the club. I played a game of billiards and then went to rejoin him. As I came into the room where he was, I saw Manning draw Bedford to one side. Wishing not to be seen I stepped behind some tapestries. I could hear distinctly every word that was said: 'Watson told me he would not associate with you,' came from Manning. I heard Bedford reply and saw him strike the blow. For several minutes I was dazed.

"Leaving the club I started after Bedford, but several hours' searching failed to find him. The time was about twelve o'clock. The streets were silent, the buildings dark. Turning homeward just past Trinity Church I stumbled over something on the walk. A groan came forth; stooping, I saw Manning. Perhaps I was a coward, but when I committed the crime that David Bedford has so unjustly been accused of."

No words were spoken when this startling confession was ended. Hardly had the lawyer finished when he staggered and fell to the floor. The jurymen rushed toward him, but there was no need of them, either to give succor or to render a verdict.

EDWARD J. FINNEGAN.

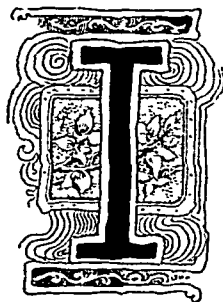
#### Wild Oats.

Swiftly though the hours flow  
Carelessly we plant our seeds;  
Only in old age to know—  
Alas, too late,—we've only weeds.

F. GRIFFIN.



## How Jakey was Duped.



**I**N the dingiest street in dingy Chicago stood the queer little shop of "Honest" Jakey, the money lender. Over the door Jakey had recently hung up three gilded balls, emblematic of his business; but, of course, his trade was not very thriving, as he was established so short a time.

Early one morning, about a week after the opening, a young man made his way toward the pawnbroker's. He was fashionably dressed and his bearing was in direct contrast to that of the poor unfortunates who sneaked in and out of the shop. He walked leisurely along until he came to Jakey's, and glancing hastily around went quickly in. He found himself in a small room facing a wizened little Hebrew with a long beard and small black eyes that stared without blinking.

The newcomer, after slowly studying the proprietor, pulled a diamond ring from his finger and placed it on the counter. The thin hands of "honest" Jakey fondled the ring lovingly, and his eyes gloated over it. He knew it was very precious—worth, in fact, many times its weight in gold.

"How much?" asked the young man.

"Twenty-five dollars," answered Jakey.

"I should get more," replied the young man.

Jakey shrugged his shoulders, "It's not worth it."

The newcomer picked up the ring and was about to put it back on his finger when he hesitated and said: "I am greatly in need of money at present, and will accept your offer. Nevertheless, I shall call again to-morrow to redeem."

Having received the money, the young man walked toward the door. There he stopped, and, looking back over his shoulder, called out "Remember, I will call again to-morrow."

"He won't come back; they never do," murmured Jakey, rubbing his hands and smiling. He took one long glance at the ring, placed it in the glass case on the counter, and sat down to wait for another caller.

On the afternoon of the same day, while Jakey was busy about the shop, he was confronted by another young man of the same type as his early morning visitor. Jakey, remembering the remarkable bargain he had recently made, proceeded to wait upon this

new customer in his most winning manner.

The young man, in a confidential way, told Jakey that he was going to be married the following week, and was at present in rather desperate circumstances. He wished therefore to secure a good diamond ring at a fair price. Jakey, thinking more of a sale than he did of the young man's future welfare, smiled and nodded assent to his remarks.

The broker then began to put trays of choicest rings before his customer. The young man examined them very carefully, but could not find one to suit his fancy. He then looked through the cases on the counter, but with the same result. He was about to bid Jakey good-day, when his eye suddenly rested on the ring the previous visitor had left.

"Why, there's a beauty," he remarked. "Let me see it."

Jakey told him that it was not for sale; but the young man insisted on being shown the ring. Jakey reluctantly consented, at the same time keeping an eye on his customer and the door.

The young man looked the ring over carefully, and asked:

"What is the value of this?"

"One hundred dollars," answered the oily Jakey.

The young man expressed surprise to find such a valuable piece of jewelry at this ridiculously low figure, and Jakey felt remorse because he had not induced his first caller to part forever with the precious article. The young man, after urging Jakey to try to secure the ring for him, left the shop, saying he would return on the morrow.

The next day the early visitor of the previous morning called to redeem his property. Jakey was anxious to keep the ring, and offered the young man fifty dollars for it. As this price would not be accepted, Jakey kept raising the figure until it reached seventy-five dollars. Then the young man, evidently in order to get rid of the broker's importunity, parted with the ring; and Jakey chuckled to himself.

Every morning and afternoon, Jakey comes out to the door of his shop and peers up and down the street in the fond hope of seeing his intended purchaser, while from time to time in a swell up-town hotel his two fashionable callers sip their wine together, and become hilarious over the way they duped "honest" Jakey on the "diamond" ring.

PETER J. MCNAMARA.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

[Notre Dame, April 20, 1901.

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.

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} Reporters.

—The SCHOLASTIC has been placed at the disposal of the students of Father Crumley's rhetoric class this week. A glance at its contents will show it has not fallen into bad hands, for the youthful tyros have gotten out a very creditable number for students in Freshman English.

—The Very Rev. Archbishop Corrigan will make the formal presentation of the Lætare Medal to the Hon. Bourke Cockran of New York on next Wednesday, the 24th inst. Our Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, intends to be present at the conferring of the honour on the worthy recipient.

—Any student who wishes to compete for the English medal should hand in three type-written copies of his essay before May 15. Those who intend to enter the oratorical contest are required to have type-written copies of their orations in by May 1st at the latest. It is full time for those who have made up their minds to enter the lists to put their thoughts on paper. The fine days of the blossom-laden trees will be here soon when no man is inclined to work, but prefers to lie in the shade listening to the song of the oriole while enjoying borrowed tobacco.

—Just a week from to-day the most important examinations of the year will begin. The most important, because by the averages obtained in them the class standing of many will be determined. This is worth considering: that if one does good work in these examinations he will be graded as a sophomore or junior, whereas the handing in of an indifferent paper will leave him a year behind some of his running mates. For the graduates these examinations are most important, for they will be the last of the written ones. The others will be oral, wherein even a fair student may become muddled. Clear, concise answers now, while he has time to think, will help to remove a possible plucking at the end of the year. If we are not favored with a snow storm during the week, it might be well for us to imagine it is still winter, so as to stay in and review.

—The sermon on confession and the confessional preached at the students' Mass last Sunday was well worthy of young men's attention, and productive of thought. Anyone who looks around him to-day can see that there is a greater need now of being anchored to principles than ever before. That expediency has a right to influence human acts has never been so openly advocated as it is in our times. Now if a young man is thoroughly convinced of the divine origin of the confessional he thereby acknowledges himself a responsible being, and is anchored to absolute principles of morality.

The preacher in last Sunday's sermon showed logically that the confessional was no human device, but a providential means of assistance to those who err; a channel through which the sympathy of man and the mercy of the Forgiver reaches the sinner. And he dwelt on the confessional as a source of hope and restraint; of hope, for God will be more merciful than man whom he tells to forgive his brother if he injures him "seven times seventy," and of restraint, for the believer will have the kindly advice and pity of his confessor to help him. The preacher got very near his listeners by making use of examples that come within the experience of everyone; taking cases of young men who toppled into the abyss of disgrace and despair for want of a sympathetic word or a helping hand they might have found in the confessional. The talk left the impression that the Catholic youth has always refuge no matter how the world may regard him.

## Henry Austin Adams on Christian Science.

AT NOTRE DAME, APRIL 17.

On last Wednesday the students had the pleasure of again hearing their favorite lecturer, Mr. Henry Austin Adams. He has the happy and rare faculty of being able to amuse while he instructs. Something good was expected of Mr. Adams, for his talks of last year were still fresh in the student memory—which, by the way, is the most complimentary thing we could say of anyone. He was equal to the expectations of all, and now the question most discussed is, "When shall we hear him again?"

Mr. Adams took for his theme "that most remarkable, ludicrous and inexplicable movement, known as Christian Science." He said it is drawing to itself not fools and knaves, but the respectable, earnest and pious. Christian Science had its origin in the brain of a dear old lady of Boston, who is hopelessly ignorant of all philosophy, and also of the English language. Its followers came from an honest, earnest class that revolted from a materialized religion. The growth of the belief is but a natural reaction against the precepts of those who teach there is no heaven or hope at all. Now, the speaker said, "these teachers hold there is no supernatural, no soul, no God; the Christian Scientists answer there is no natural, no body, no man; hence, no pain." And then follows from their absurd premise innumerable ridiculous conclusions,

Mr. Adams then gave some examples of beliefs in the efficacy of Christian Science that came under his personal notice, which aided materially in the picture he was drawing. He did not train his guns on the followers of the new religion with the object of demolishing them, but rather to make breaches in their ramparts where he and other Catholic laymen may enter. He holds that "Christian Science is but a childish, ignorant guess at Catholic truth," and pointed out the possibilities a layman had of helping the poor gropers toward the light. We are sorry to admit that most Catholic laymen are not fighters like Mr. Adams, who feels he is on firm ground. Many are, as he himself says, making apologies for the fact that they are within the Church. And yet the central truth the lecturer wished to bring out is that each one of us may be able to do something toward the conversion of the earnest men who turn to Christian Science.

## The College Man in the Newspaper World.

Mr. George Ade has an interesting article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 13, on the college man's chances of success in newspaper work. According to Mr. Ade the life of a newspaper man is not like the course of a meteor, nor yet hopelessly bad. For some it has charms, but rarely for the college graduate. It appears that much-discussed individual enters on the voyage most enthusiastically, but changes his mind when he sights a favourable harbour—if he ever does.

Mr. Ade says that a graduate with a mind well trained may fail wholly at reporting if he has to go out and scramble for news. His instincts are too fine. A promoted newsboy apparently may do much better. Not that he is better, but he will dare to go in where the college man's sense of propriety forbids him to step. Again, the graduate may not have the news instinct; he may not be able to tell what would interest the public even if it were under his very eyes. In this case he has a critical self-consciousness that is detrimental to his success. He may fail because he attributes his state of mind to the general public and thinks that they will be interested in matters that attract him. This kind of college man suddenly leaves the newspaper world, having been hurled into exterior darkness by the editor.

There is a kind of graduate, however, who succeeds, so far as success goes. He has "a nose for news," and soon develops a method of getting and preparing it. Besides he is very valuable to the editor because of his bowing acquaintances with the languages and sciences. Newspapers touch superficially on a thousand things inside of a week, and to have a man at one's elbow who has general information and is useful besides is very advantageous to an editor. This kind of college man is promoted rapidly, but he soon reaches the highest place a reporter can.

The number of berths for managing editors, book reviewers and editorial writers are limited, and those worthies, like crowned heads, seldom die young. The successful reporter remains a reporter or seeks other employment.

Mr. Ade thinks newspaper work makes a splendid post-graduate course to finish off a college man. One is forced to think the treatment too heroic, however. It seems like trying to get hardy by going barefoot in the winter time.

## Books and Magazines.

—The April number of the *Cosmopolitan* upholds the usual high standard of that magazine. Mr. Edgar Saltus explains that the legendary Bluebeard had a foundation in fact. It seems that there was a certain Gilles de Retz back in the fifteenth century in Brittany who let blood with as great an abandon as his mythical counterpart. Grant Allen gives the British aristocracy a terrific tongue-lashing. We Americans may think we have an overplus of snobbery in our own land, but it would seem to be insignificant in comparison with the lord-worship and flunkysm of the British. Miss Lavinia Hart fills five pages with rapturous platitudes on the "Ideal Wife and Helpmeet." We always knew that if one really tried hard one could find arguments to uphold any position one wished to; but, we must say, that it took a remarkable person, nay, a remarkable woman, to declare, without seeing the ghastly humour of it, that "the increase of divorce in America represents not an increase of unhappy homes, but their decrease."

—The *Catholic University Bulletin* for April comes with its usual fund of good reading matter. In an article on the study of philosophy, Dr. Pace pleads for an expansion of the course in philosophy in our Catholic seminaries. Its time now is crowded from the one side by college studies and from the other by work in theology. Even an "ancilla" has a right to object under such conditions. The object which should be striven for is the training of writers who will be able to popularize Catholic philosophy through our papers and magazines. The *Bulletin's* book reviews are of a really valuable character. The reviews are made by men who are specialists in their respective lines, and their criticisms of the better class of contemporary literature can be depended upon.

—The *Gael* is a monthly magazine devoted to the popularization of the art, history and language of Ireland. It aims to keep up an interest in the language among the Irish race in America. Along with entertaining material in English, it prints several columns of Gaelic prose and verse. It will exercise great influence toward renewed interest in the Gaelic language. Upon reading it, we determined to learn Gaelic before we studied any more Latin, Greek, or anything else of that nature.

## Exchanges.

The best narration that we have seen for some time is "The Midnight Hymn" in the *Holy Cross Purple*. Although the length of the introduction does not very materially affect the body of the narration, still it might be better to omit some of the details of the meeting and acquaintance of Sarenhoff and Hastings, and begin the story sooner. The details of the tomb and flight are carefully arranged. One of the best parts of the narration is the description of the death song. "Memories" is an exceedingly clever bit of verse. We indorse the opinion of the *Purple* in regard to the true college paper. Many of our exchanges would do well to put his suggestion into practice.

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*The University of Arizona Monthly* for February is especially noticeable for a character sketch of Joan of Arc. The subject is somewhat trite, yet the writer has succeeded in giving it a freshness and colour that is meritorious. The half-tones add life and interest to the paper. A few lines of verse would be very acceptable.

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The editors of *The Purdue Exponent* seem to have an erroneous idea as to what a college paper should be. They seldom publish an essay or a story, but deal principally with athletic notes and college happenings. This material is very well in a daily, but surely we expect more from a weekly. The editorials do not confine themselves within these narrow limits, but branch off into broader fields and contain sound sense and judgment. As a chronicle of local events, *The Exponent* has few rivals.

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The March number of *The University Unit* shows some improvement over the preceding numbers in that it contains more readable matter; however, English seems to be somewhat neglected at Ft. Worth University. An essay, "The Anglo-Saxon in the Orient,"—although the word "Anglo-Saxon" is meaningless—is a creditable production. *The Unit* "considers a strong editorial column the bottom and basis of a first-class paper of any kind." This is true; but the editorials should deal with pertinent questions, not with baseball news, pleas for subscription payments, and attacks against brother-editors. To call a small school a "jerk-water institution" is unpardonable. G. W. B.

The Gymnasium Building Fund.

Another name has been added to the long list of those who have substantially aided to rebuild the gymnasium. This week we had a letter from Mr. Hugh J. Gorman of Scranton, Pa., in which was enclosed a check for \$20.00. The SCHOLASTIC sincerely thanks Mr. Gorman for his help.

Reserves Defeat High School Boys.

In a very one-sided contest the Notre Dame Reserves defeated the South Division High School team of Chicago in a track meet held here last Saturday. The Chicago boys carried off a goodly share of first places, but were lacking in second or third place men. Aside from the fact that at no time during the meet was the High School team within hailing distance of the Reserves, the meet, as a whole, was interesting, and in a few instances very exciting. In fact, the relay race proved to be one of the most hotly contested events ever seen at Notre Dame. Had Kirby not fallen after he had made so grand a race, closing up a gap of nearly twenty yards, the finish of this race would have been something to remember.

The South Division boys are an evenly balanced and capable team. In every event they had one good entry and in some of the events they had two and more. Dickey, the pole vaulter, high jumper and sprinter, and Friend, hurdler and sprinter, were best men among the visitors. Dickey, after contesting for more than an hour with Richon in the pole vault and high jump, in which events he took first and second places respectively, ran an excellent race in the two hundred and twenty yard dash and one of the pluckiest performances in the relay race that we see commonly.

For the Reserves, Kirby and Richon deserve the most praise. Kirby as usual won the hurdles and the quarter mile run. His good work in the relay race has been mentioned. Richon walked off with the two jumps and pushed Dickey to the last peg in the pole vault. Kirby made remarkably good time in the quarter mile run, going the distance, according to the watches in the hands of two experienced timers, in fifty-five and two-fifth seconds. Cline and Riley ran well in the two hundred and twenty yard dash, the latter

unfortunately being disqualified for stepping out of his lane. Jennings looked like a winner in the half-mile run, but the pace set in the beginning told on him.

While the meet was in progress the belt slipped the fly-wheel in the engine and set up an uproarious noise until Mr. Murphy pushed his way through a dense cloud of steam and flying parts of the wheel and turned off the steam. Only the men of strong heart among the officials remained to view the accident until the steam was turned off. Then the fugitives came back and returned to their posts,

The summary of the meet was as follows:

Mile—Jennings, N. D., first; Butler, N. D., second; Clay, S. D., third. Time, 5:11 3-5.

Forty yard dash—Friend, S. D., first; Kirby, N. D., second; Richon, N. D., third. Time, :04 4-5.

High Jump—Richon, N. D., 5 feet 6 inches, first; Dickey, S. D., 5 feet 5 inches, second; Davitt, S. D., 5 feet 4 inches, third.

Shot putting—Kirby, N. D., 43 feet, first; Sammon, N. D., 42 feet 10 inches, second; Farragher, N. D., 41 feet 8 inches, third.

Broad jump—Richon, N. D., 20 feet 4 inches, first; Friend, S. D., 19 feet 11 inches, second; Kirby, N. D., 19 feet 11 inches, third.

Forty yard hurdles—Kirby, N. D., first; Friend, S. D., second; Quinlan, N. D., third. Time, :05 1-5.

Four hundred and forty yard run—Kirby, N. D., first; Humphrey, S. D., second; Henderson, S. D., third. Time, :55 1-5.

Eight hundred and eighty yard run—Humphrey, S. D., first; Jennings, N. D., second; Butler, N. D., third. Time, 2:11.

Pole vault—Dickey, S. D., 9 feet 6 inches, first; Richon, N. D., 9 feet 4 inches, second; Buckwalder, S. D., 9 feet, third.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Henderson, S. D., first; Clyne, N. D., second; Friend, S. D., third. Time, :24 2-5.

Relay won by South Division. Score: Notre Dame Reserves, 57; South Division, 42.

Personals.

—Mr. H. F. McKeever of Ireton, Iowa, is spending a few days at the University as the guest of his son of Sorin Hall.

—We learn that Mr. Edward Falvey, a graduate of the University in the class of '95, has taken up the work of journalism in Oklahoma City. The students and SCHOLASTIC wish him a bright future in his new field.

—Mr. Thomas F. Ryan of St. Joe, Mo., accompanied by his wife, paid us a visit a few days ago. "Tom" was a student here in '97. He will represent the A. T. Davis Mfg. Co. of St. Joe at the Buffalo Exposition during the coming summer.

—A Missouri paper furnished the information that Mr. Joseph Corby has entered into a law firm with the Hon. W. F. Haynes of St. Joe, Mo. "Joe" was a graduate in the Law Class of '98, and his many friends here wish him every success.

## Notre Dame Opens Season with Victory.

After a rather gloomy beginning in which our fellows looked to be second best a brace in our play came that reversed the order of things, and Purdue took second position in the first game of the season on Cartier Field yesterday afternoon. The day was far more suitable for football than for baseball, but we managed to make the best of the circumstances, and, as far as the spectators were concerned, and they were really the only ones that minded it, the weather was nearly forgotten in the excitement. Purdue began well, getting two runs in the second and again in the third innings and adding another to their total before we showed our colours. Our rooters had grown somewhat silent until a drive into Purdue's right field, where the ball was muffed, started the cheering. It also started our men running round the bases. We succeeded in getting two tallies in the last part of the fifth, and in the sixth we scored often enough to hold Purdue safe until the ninth when Captain Donahoe's drive to left gave us one more run than we could use. The game on the whole was not well played, but the weather and the condition of the field had something to do with this.

Of the men who played well the SCHOLASTIC has but words of praise; of those men that did not cover themselves with glory it does not censure, because we did not expect all of the men to play phenomenal baseball yesterday. To whom we should give credit for the victory we do not know. Should it be to Captain Donahoe for his slashing three-base hit, scoring Morgan, and his very timely drive in the ninth when we needed it so much? We might include the steady work of pitcher Fleete who ingratiated himself into the good wishes of the rooters in his initial appearance. So Lynch and Morgan and O'Neill gave excellent support to our pitcher, and Walsh gave a good account of himself. John Farley had little to do, and Duggan acquitted himself creditably. Bergen was slightly off in his work yesterday, but we expect better things of him in the future. His hit came at a very opportune time, and besides he got a good deal to do at third base.

For Purdue Robertson stopped an inshoot with his elbow, and took first. David got a line on Bergen's fumble, and Laidlaw brought both men home on a single to left after Bronson

had advanced each man a base on this out from Bergen to Morgan. In the third Cornell connected with an out-curve, and straightened out for a single to left. Cornell scored immediately afterwards with Ruby who was safe on a drive to centre when Robertson pounded the ball to Duggan. Purdue scored again in the fifth on an out, a base on balls, a fielder's chance and a hit. In the seventh McKee brought David home from third where outs by Bronson and Laidlaw had left him.

For Notre Dame, Donahoe's infield hit, a base on balls, an error and a passed ball gave us two runs in the fifth. In the seventh, hits by Lynch and Walsh and Bergen, Donahoe's long hit for three bags and an error gave us four more. In the ninth, with the score a tie after Lynch and Morgan had hit safely, Capt. Donahoe covered himself all over with glory by saving the day with a pretty hit to left field.

THE SCORE		R	H	P	A	E			
NOTRE DAME									
Lynch, s s		1	2	3	5	0			
Farley, r f		1	0	0	0	0			
Morgan, i b		1	2	9	0	0			
Donahoe, c f		2	3	2	0	1			
Bergen, 3 b		1	1	5	3	3			
Walsh, 2 b		1	2	1	4	1			
O'Neill, c		0	1	5	3	0			
Duggan,		0	0	2	0	0			
Fleete,		0	1	0	0	0			
Total		7	12	27	15	5			
PURDUE									
Greenick, l f		0	1	3	2	1			
Cornell, 3 b		1	1	1	0	1			
Ruby, c		1	3	4	4	0			
Robertson, 2 b		2	1	4	1	1			
David, i b		2	0	10	0	0			
Bronson, p		0	1	0	3	0			
Laidlaw, c f		0	1	2	0	0			
McKee, s s		0	2	0	3	0			
Ide, r f		0	0	1	0	1			
Total		6	10	25	13	3			
SCORE BY INNINGS—									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PURDUE	0	2	2	0	1	0	1	0	0=6
NOTRE DAME	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	1=7

## SUMMARY.

3 base hits—Donahoe; stolen bases—Lynch, 2; Morgan, Walsh. Stolen bases—Laidlaw. Strike outs—Bronson, 4; Fleete, 5. Bases on balls—Bronson, 1; Fleete, 5. Wild pitch—Fleete, 1. Passed balls—Ruby, 2. Struck out by fast ball—Farley, Robertson. Umpire, Tyndall. Time of game, 2 hours and 25 minutes. One man out when Notre Dame scored winning run.

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His friends of the Notre Dame Faculty were glad to see Professor Golden of Purdue among the visitors at the ball game yesterday.



## Bishop Glennon Visiting Notre Dame.

The Rt. Rev. John Joseph Glennon, Bishop of Kansas City, is paying a visit to the University at present. Very likely we shall have the pleasure of hearing him preach at the students' Mass to-morrow. We are sure this will be very agreeable news to those who had the privilege of listening to the very able and instructive commencement address delivered by him last June. Bishop Glennon is always most welcome to Notre Dame.

## Local Items.

—Matteson and Wholly exchange nightly smiles. Whether or not they are practising so soon I can't tell.

—FOUND:—A small scrap pin-case. The owner may have it by applying to F. J. M., desk 145, Carroll Hall.

—To whom it may concern: Hogan and "Spike" have left their board without cause—or with an edible one rather.

—Father Morrissey was in Dubuque this week attending the impressive ceremonies of investing Monsignore J. J. Keane with the pallium of archbishop.

—Mr. Clarence Diebold of Sorin Hall left for his home on last Tuesday. He had met with an unfortunate accident in having his eyes slightly injured in the laboratory.

—Miles O'Macaulay has arrived here from the Infirmary and intends to stay a few days at the University. Miles' friends always enjoy these flying visits which shortness renders so sweet.

—Mass was offered up this morning by the Rev. Vice-President, Father French, for the repose of the soul of Father Regan's sister who died at Milwaukee on Thursday the 18th inst. The students attended in a body.

—A certain senior, well known in Brownson Hall social circles entertained a few of his friends by reading selections from the blue and white paper she sent him. It must have been delightful for all the town was rejoicing.

—The managers of the "Early Paper and Late Collar Trust," who have been holding the student public up all session, have now turned on each other. Corc scared five pounds of fat off the bones of the Junior portion the other night, by pointing a pipe at his head from behind a tree.

—Chief Kinney should have had his fire companies out on Thursday, but he was engaged entertaining his neighbors on the fife. If the chief doesn't cease producing notes that might soothe the savage breast there will

be a vacancy on the fire department of N. D. The angels need him, for how can they be happy in heaven while on earth there is such melody?

—The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC received words of commendation this week from a high source: namely, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa. In a note to Father L'Etourneau, the Archbishop, among other things, comments on the excellence of the Easter Number of our paper. We publish this to encourage the local Editors and to spur on others to compete for the places on the staff that will soon be vacant.

—Mike Powers, Litt. B., '98, and coach in '99, has joined the Philadelphia American League Team. Mike was an excellent fellow, a good student and a "star" player. We all wish him much success in his new team. Mike captained and caught for Notre Dame in '97 and '98. It is rumored that Gibbie, the other end of the star battery, and Notre Dame's star twirler and bugbear to the college teams, is to join the same team.

—A strange accusation has been perpetrated against our friend Bobby Stopshort. Some ignorant persons have stated that he had an idea. How they ever came to that opinion we do not know, and we are greatly surprised at their audacity in putting forth such an assertion, when we have such proofs of the contrary. We wish to inform these misguided persons that our friend has never had an idea and that he can safely predict he never will have one.

—NOTICE:—For the last few weeks some one has been in the habit of cutting pictures out of the illustrated magazines in the library. We keep the magazines with the intention of having them bound later on. We would sooner give the magazine away and buy another rather than have one or two pictures cut out. If the person still insists in his thoughtlessness or philistinism, if he will call on us perhaps we can come to some equitable agreement—at least an agreement that will be preferred by us.

—The following is the personal of Corby Hall baseball team:

Captain, Thomas E. Noonan.

Manager, Alex McDonald.

Scorer, F. J. Sturla.

Pitcher, W. P. Higgins and M. B. Herbert.

Catcher, J. C. Walsh.

First base, R. L. Glynn.

Second base, Thomas E. Noonan.

Third base, Art T. Hayes.

Short stop, W. M. Winter.

Left field, Alex McDonald.

Centre field, August J. Browne.

Right field, Listro Keefe.

The first game of this season will be played Sunday afternoon, April 28, 1901, with Brownson Hall Baseball team. A fine game is looked for.

—We rejoice to notice that a renaissance movement has been started in Brownson Hall to revive the whisker club. We all know that the great drawback of the former organization was that its president was unable to comply with its first law, namely to wear whiskers. Now, however, a man is at its head whose knightly growth is long and silken, and whose appearance consequently more than the oily eloquence of his predecessor will infuse enthusiasm. All hail to the silken beards under President Lynch.

--How strange that some of the best musicians at Sorin Hall were not invited to the banquet! But so has honest worth always been slighted. There is John Mullen overlooked, whose dulcet sounds on the violin have oftentimes charmed the finny tribe of St. Joe's Lake near to the foamy margin of the beach, while E. Isaac Walton Hay lured them to destruction with a phony pollywog. And there is J. J. Sullivan of pole-vaulting and poetic fame, whose soft and sweet-linked sounds of song bring his fellow-flatters tiptoeing to his door, also overlooked. The robins on hearing him have been known to leave the pine tree 'fore his window out of very envy and shame. Alas! that the simple and unobtrusive merit of J. J. and J. M. will not be recognized.

—A certain member of the rhetoric class was asked to write verse. He did so, but his effort was criticised as lacking feeling and reality

"What shall I do?" he asked, Mr. M'Chell.

"Write about love."

"What do I know about love?"

"Why, fall in love then, man," was Mr. M'Chell's brief advice. The unfortunate verse maker did fall in love, and the result is deplorable. While in the study-hall he draws pictures of women's heads—probably tries to make a picture of the object of his thoughts. When the moon shines you find him on the bleachers looking upwards on the benignant countenance of the fair Diana, shedding tears of profound pity for the too material world about him, and singing verses of stars, crystal streams, foaming waves, June primroses and the fragrant honey-suckle. Once he fell off his chair in the study-hall; once he swallowed his spoon at the dinner table, and worse still he absent mindedly killed Jim the bar tender's plug. Lynch and Meyer have taken the case into consideration, and intend to show the wonderful psychological significance of these phenomena.

—THE MUSICIANS' BANQUET:—Thursday night the musicians dined down at the Oliver. A motley assemblage of good-looking geniuses the long banquet table accommodated. Sweaters and scowls had all been discarded, and the musical societies of Notre Dame made more than a passable showing. Professor Roche

presided over these thirty-five good-looking fellows, and it might be added that the collective deportment was only exceeded by the collective appetite. The University choir, band and orchestra were present at this function, and after the banquet they went *en masse* to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The frostiness of the night put no apparent damper on the ardor of the dream. The players as well as the audience soon knew that some strange musicians were at hand; but that only by a highly credible insistence. We have been advised from several short-hand records of the courses and their constitution that they were fast filling and eight in number. Before the ninth was served an imaginary bell was sounded and, true to good training, the table, to a man, arose. There could as well have been a few more courses, but the larger number of the company do not regret that the same were left over until another time.

PARIS, FRANCE, Recently.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is a hot burg. It's about the warmest patch in Europe and I am "it" in the American colony. As soon as they discovered that I was representing the SCHOLASTIC they made me the hero of the hour. I am very dignified at present, and pretend that I have been accustomed to such use all my life. Mr. and Mrs. Foudre gave a 49 cent dinner in honor of my arrival, and the rest of the bunch to get even have been doing nothing else since then. Mrs Parvenu gave a swell ice crush, and invited two-thirds of the nobility to meet me. I met them, but they did not seem to appreciate me.

I went up to see Present Loubet the other day and found him feeling rather gloomy. He says he feels cheap because the anarchists overlooked him during their recent raid on crowned heads. He wishes some one would come along and throw a few arsenals at him so that he could trot in the same class with Nick, Bill and Eddie. He seemed to take to me like a duck to water. Before leaving I obtained his watch and chain, four francs and a photo of himself as a man. I also sold him a few shares in the Red Mill and Swan Creek.

King Swabadall of the 23d Principality of India and Grand High Harawaja of the Indian Swoshbacks has created great excitement here by announcing his intention of selling his titles at auction and going to Chicago to run for alderman. He says there is less honor and more money in it than in playing king. What would you advise? I'm going to visit the Sorbonne next week, if it lasts till then.

Yours in debt,

Wm. Softouch.

P. S.—You can get the best of wine here for a few cents a glass. But keep it to yourself. I wouldn't want that bunch of Sorinites to get on, for price is regulated by demand. W. S.