

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTURVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·

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## How Peace Comes.

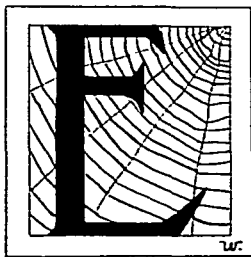
ON looking toward the sea this early morn  
I see the thicker darkness giving way;  
But earth's huge leaden dome seems set to stay—  
To laugh e'en sunlight's faint approach to scorn.  
I muse, then raise mine eyes, and notice, torn  
'Twixt wave and threatening clouds, a slit where play  
Light yellow streaks above the ruffled bay—  
They are true rays from coming brightness borne.

And thus when doleful shades obscure the mind,  
Or bygone days seem all to've been misspent,  
Or present trials seem only to increase,  
Let us with patience wait, and soon we'll find,  
At the horizons of our souls, a rent  
Through which emerge the glimmerings of peace.

B. BERNARD.

## The Climax in Shaksperian Plays.

ROBERT L. FOX, 1901.



VERY Shaksperian play, in fact, every play worthy of note, has a point toward which the action gradually rises and after which it descends to the catastrophe. This place or turning-point is called the climax.

Before proceeding further it would be expedient first to mention the two different kinds of action which exist in the plays of Shakspeare—the Macbeth and the Lear action. In the former the hero moves victoriously to the climax where impulses awaken, powerful emotions in him and he is wrought up to do some deed; then the counter-players work against him until he is conquered in the catastrophe. A good example of this method is the tragedy of Macbeth itself from which the action derives its name. Another instance is the play "Julius Cæsar." Brutus, as the

hero, moves in a successful phase until he is carried away by his own ambitious nature and desire for glory which impels him to kill Cæsar. This is the climax, and following directly after it comes the speech of Mark Antony in behalf of Cæsar. He turns the populace and the counter-players against Brutus and Cassius by his eloquence, and forces them to leave Rome and seek protection. Brutus is finally conquered by putting an end to his life.

The Lear action is almost directly opposite in method and structure. The hero is passive in the sense that he suffers up to the climax after which there is a reaction against the counter-players as in "Othello." The hero remains passive to the action of others until the climax deed is reached, when he is ruined by his own excited emotion of jealousy. In the Macbeth action the hero is at the height of his activity in its successful phase, whilst in the Lear action he is in the depth of his suffering just before beginning the immediate ascent to destruction.

At times it is difficult to determine what the climax really is in a Shaksperian play. It may be some deed or incident which is not impressive in itself, as the coronation scene in "King John;" or it may be something striking, as the killing of Julius Cæsar in the play of that name. The climax is not necessarily the turning-point in the action, but it is that which immediately precedes it. The turning-point is the tragic incident which follows directly after the climax. For instance, in the tragedy of "King Lear," the climax occurs in a farm house adjoining the castle. Here King Lear, Kent, the fool, and Edgar are assembled. Lear is at the depth of his passiveness. The ingratitude of his daughters affects him to such an extent that his mind is demented. He takes stools and places them on trial, thinking they are his daughters. The scene immediately following this is the put-

ting out of Gloster's eyes, which is the tragic incident.

The climax is a deed usually performed by the hero; at least he is present, or is the direct cause of the action. In "Hamlet" the climax occurs when Hamlet determines to kill the king while he is praying, but refrains from doing so for fear of sending Claudius to heaven which he thinks the king has not merited; in "Macbeth" it is the banquet scene where the ghost of Banquo appears to Macbeth; in the play of "Romeo and Juliet," both hero and heroine are involved in the climax; it is the marriage in Friar Lawrence's cell. Thus we see that the hero is generally concerned in one way or another in the climax deed.

The tragedy of "Othello" may be analyzed in two ways. In one case the killing of Desdemona might be taken as the tragic incident, and the climax, the scene where Othello is worked up to such an emotion by the proof of his wife's unfaithfulness that he falls in a faint. In the other analysis we may consider the death of Desdemona the climax and do away entirely with the tragic incident. This would be the better way, for in the former case the tragic incident would be too far removed from the climax. Moreover, there has been a tendency in modern play writers to place the climax as near to the end as possible. Shakspeare himself, in some of his later plays, deviated from the rule of having it in the middle of the play.

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#### Around a Donegal Hearth.

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HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

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It was dark outside; the moon was in the last quarter and would not be up till late. Now and then a drop struck the window, indicating that the weather was going to change. Peter Cummins, the man of the house, was in his old place in the corner preparing his pipe for the usual community smoke. Paddy Ryan, who had just come in and had taken his seat, of necessity, a little way down the floor, was saying that he believed it would turn to snow. Mrs. Cummins and her two daughters with a few of the other girls of the neighborhood sat over at the window working their embroidery. There was a good blaze from the hearth, and everybody was comfortable.

"Is there anything new about the war to-night?" asked the old man Peter of Barney

Hegarty, who had been at the village that afternoon.

"No, the paper doesn't come till to-morrow," was the answer.

"Sure it's not much of a war anyhow," put in Andy Boyle, Mrs. Cummins' brother, who had come to visit her that morning. "What are they doin' but playin' spy home? Sure if they 'ud come together and be done with it, wouldn't it be somethin'?"

"You'll see they'll get in on them unknownst yet," said old Mike McGonnigle. "The Spaniards were always good for their thricks, and the Yankees, you know, hardly iver saw the sea."

"Never mind that," was the voice from behind the old man. "The fox goes a long way, but he's caught at last; and indeed, even if this war isn't fair, I know that Ameriky will show herself as strong now on sea as she did on land the time she conquered England."

It was John McGarrigle, the jockey, who before he went to America never ate more than half a meal at a time, for he had not it, but now he was one of the wealthiest in the place, thanks to America for it,—he had put up a sheebeen and grocery at the crossroads, had two waggons on the road from Bruckles to Buggah, and he himself spent most of his time from fair to fair, buying horses here and selling them there—and, in fact, he touched everything there was a penny in,—and why should he let America be put down as not able to beat the Spaniards?

There was silence for a while, and the old man Cummins passed over the pipe to Paddy Ryan who proceeded to light it with a blazing coal.

"Poor Mary Campbell, the Lord be merciful to her!" put in Mrs. Cummins, "she didn't last long after all."

"Well, is she dead?" asked Paddy Ryan. "Sure then it's herself was the good-natured creature. Many a time she called me in for a dhrink of buttermilk when I was comin' from the shore. An' don't ye know, I think she always used to have the beads in her fist."

"Well, indeed, Paddy, ye're right, she was a pious woman," came from the old woman.

"It was in her," said Barney Hegarty. "It was her grandfather that was two hours dead and came back again; and then when he was asked for tokens of the other world, sure norra word would he say, but if he would get all the land from one end of Towney to the other and as much more he wouldn't stay in

this worl'. He was allowed to stay, he said, till the cock would crow, and it was hardly they kept him that long, for they had to get him a cock and squeeze him to make him crow sooner nor the right time. But they say he was a pious man."

"Sure, many a one in Ameriky lies dead a week and more and comes through again," put in John McGarrigle. And they dig up graves and often find them turned over in the coffin, and the hair pulled out o' their heads, with grief that they're buried alive."

There was a pause of surprise for a while, and Paddy Ryan passed the pipe to his next neighbor, Barney Hegarty.

"I think," said Paddy, "that family was all good people. Wasn't Mary's aunt's three sons drowned, and she went ivery day for nine days to the bank of the sea below the house, and asked God to give her one more sight o' them, and on the last day, they say, they put up their heads, and she niver wint there again."

"That was the time o' the big drownin'," said Peter. "Three years after that I was born. Many a time my father told us about it, an' how when they were comin' around at Tralore cave, how the voice from the bank called to them to come in there, and they were the only boat was saved out of twenty-six crews."

"It was an oul witch in the Point that was the cause of that 'ruction, because the fishermen refused her herring," said Andy. "Then she didn't do a thing, they say, but go down to the well with a dish, spoke magic over it, when the dish turned upside down and the storm came up."

"That's all nonsense," put in John McGarrigle. He had been in America and of course had become a little skeptical on many of the old notions.

"Nonsense or no nonsense," said Andy, "it's so; and be the tokens I hear iv late there's plenty as bad as her now. Just the other day I heerd that Nannie Doogan has no butther on her milk any more, and what do ye think is doin' that?"

"Last week Paddy came on the lassie unknownst, and she a hare sucking the cows. It's the oul preacher's wife, they say. She can make a hare of herself as fast as you would say the word, and you know her mother before her could do the same. But it's oul John McCunningham that caught the witch at last. He made a ball of a three penny bit and put it in his gun,—lead, ye know, will never touch the

rascals; it must be silver,—and one morning early he watched for an opportunity till the hare 'ud come, and it did and John fired, and the next thing was heard was that the oul lassie got her leg broken, and everyone knows that she went lame to her grave."

"That's right, Andy," said Barney, "and I'll tell you what I heerd jist as strange as that. It was one day that Father Garvey and another gentleman were hunting that they could not rise anything,—it was oul Jimmy Quigley, the priest's cousin, that told me this himself,—and they happened to meet a boy that lived with his grandmother in that oul ruin that you pass now goin' to Straboy.

"Well," said Father Garvey to the boy, says he, 'I'll give ye half o' crown if you come with us and rise a hare for us.' The boy looked very glad, but he said he had to tell his grandmother first. He went into the house, got leave to go and whatever else besides, and they went on with their hunt. The boy went ahead and the first bunch of rushes he came to he struck it but ruz nothing. 'He must be round here somewhere,' he said: 'for it's only this mornin' when I was dhrivin' up my cow I seen him.' He went to the next bush, but there was nothing there, but as he was just within a yard and a half of the third bunch out jumped me big hare so fat that he looked hardly fit to run ten yards. But you'll hear. The chase began—and that's what ye might call a chase. The plain, ye know, is level all around for two miles square, and there was plenty of room for the priest to see the best chase in his life. But up an' down, up an' down, ran the hare and the hounds, and be all tokens there would be no end to it. One of the three hounds was a black one, and all the while she kept the closest to the hare, and, in fact, soon the field was left to themselves. At last the hare got near the house of the oul witch, and just as the black hound was goin' to have the last leap on him in he went to an oul drain, that ran under the house from one end to the other, and what d'ye think, when the hare had time to be at the other end, who jumped out from it but the oul witch herself, an' it was with a great 'nough ado that the hunters kept the hound from atin' her up alive."

The girls began to giggle and the old man Cummins turned around in wonder.

"I believe these young people are goin' to lose their faith some day," he said, as he took his face to the old position. "I don't believe

in this ejucaation they're getting now at school. They laugh at us when we talk about goin' through the Ridymidazy;\* but what they learn—their grammar and swintax and Huclid and other what not—is not doin' them much good; but we'll have our faith anyhow."

"As for stalng another woman's butther," again put in Paddy Ryan, "they say there's a rime for it too. It's just the other day that oul Mickey McNelis was tellin' me 'bout an oul woman they called the Madame that lived in Towney long ago. One day one of the neighbors was needin' a flail, and he went to the oul lady to get the loan of one. When he was comin' near the house he heerd a strange talkin' inside, like you or any of us would make into a tin can. He came near enough to face the dure, and what did he see and hear but the oul lady herself, and her head down in the churn goin' through a long rime. He stood an' listened, an' the oul witch niver saw him, an' the end of it was that himself had the rime on the top of his tongue. Oul Mickey told me himself knew the rime too, but that it was crossed on him never to say it. The end iv it anyhow was like this:

'In ocean or forest wherever ye be  
King Corkwood gather butther for me.'

"But to make the long story short, the neighbor got the flail, and when he was comin' down the near cut through the fiel' he thought of himself to see if he didn't forget the rime. He began to say it out loud, an' lo an' behold ye! before the last words, 'King Corkwood gather butther for me,' were out iv his mouth, down comes behind him a flood iv butther-milk with the butther itself swimmin' on top. He took it all away from the Madame."

Here again came another titter from the girls, and the old man made a threatening grasp at the tongs.

"Yez'll believe Biddy Shane and her naegers all right," said he, "and yez won't believe what's thrue. What d'ye think she was tellin' us here the other night," he continued, composing himself. "I'v coorse she niver tells anything but about herself an' her great wonders in Americky. One night when she went up to her room and was just on her knees to say a couple pater an' aves before the big looking-glass, what d'ye think she saw over under the bed but a big naeger as black as the crook.

"Oh my!" she said to herself as loud as

\* Reading made easy.

iver she could, an' loud 'nough for the buck to hear it, 'oh my!' says she, 'I forgot me bades,' an' up she got and turned on her head down stairs pretindin' iv coorse that was her call down. And what did she do thin but ring the tellyphone, an' soon there were two policemen on the spot. But when they went upstairs the naeger nor no track of him was to be seen."

"It was a sign she ought not to pray before a looking-glass any more," put in Paddy Ryan.

"Sure ivery oul maid in Ameriky tells the same story," said John McGarrigle.

"That's for ye now, girls," said the old man Peter. "I wouldn't believe a word that comes across."

"Ay," said John again, "and they'll tell you there that we over here are superstitious, that we believe in fairies and ghosts and banshees and leprachaunes, when there are no such things; and I tell you here I niver met as many foolish people in all my born days as I did there.

"I heerd of a house once that was haunted, as they said; there was a ghost there, in a strange place too, in between the ceilin' and the flure. And what did the man that had the courage to stay up to see what it was, with his pair of pistols,—to shoot the ghost if he could—find next morning but a big rat lying beside a potatoe. Of coorse," continued John, "a great dale of wonderful things happen there, too. I heerd of a priest that was travelling on his mission, as they call them, and he stopped in a house for dinner one day. This was when the country wasn't much settled. There was a monkey in the house, a strange baste, as wise as a person,—too wise to be anything good. The priest got his eye on him as soon as he crossed the durestep, and well the monkey knew that.

"Go out," says the man o' the house, 'go out,' says he to the monkey, 'an' fetch me in some wood.'

"All right! the monkey did go out and brought in the wood, an' when he laid it down on the hearth he went out again, and not a foot would he enter any more.

"That's a strange monkey you have," says the priest, says he to the man o' the house at the dinner table. 'Where did yo' find him?' says he.

"Oh!" says the other man, 'he came aroun' here one day two years ago from I didn't know where, an' he didn't leave us since. He

does anything I bid him just as ye saw him takin' in the wood.'

"'Call him in till we see him better,' says the priest.

"The monkey was called, and it was very slow he was comin.' He would come to the dure an' turn back again, but at last, I suppose he knew he couldn't get out of it, he did come in.

"'Who are you and what brought you here?' says the priest, says he.

"'I am this man's grandfather,' says the monkey, pointing over to the man o' the house—the ould man had died, I think it was fifteen years before,—'an' I came,' says he, 'to bring him to hell where I am myself,' says he.

"The priest did not do a thing but put on his stole right away, and in a jiffey the monkey went in splanks through the window."

"God save us!" said old Mrs. Cummins, who had at this time drawn up her seat to the fire to warm herself as well as to listen to the strange story. "God save us!" said she, "I'm afraid our cat wasn't good—thank goodness she's away—no matter how I'd fix the bowls she would toss them anyhow, and many's a good one she broke on me; an' too I niver liked to see her jumping out atween Peter's arms over his hands—I am afeard she was too wise to be anything good."

"Whatever she was," said Peter, "she didn't do us any harm anyhow."

"That's little of what the ould fellow can do," said Mike McGonnigle, evidently anxious to impart what he knew.

"Hand me down a coal there," said Barney Hegarty, who was just after renewing the pipe with his own tobacco.

"Was ould Condý Shemus More ever tellin' ye what happened to him?" continued Mike again.

"No,—what?"

"Well it was before we were born, but it was one time that the young pigs were so plentiful an' chape that I heerd me father say you 'ud get the pick o' the fair for any sort of a song. Well, it was one fair day in Kilcasey—Condý himself lived in the town then—that the Glen people sooner nor carry their suckers home again and have to feed them maybe for two months more for nothin', and sooner nor they would do that they let them loose on the streets. Condý and Paddy McNulty,—the Lord be merciful to both o' them!—were young boys then, an' by all tokens good friends too.

They were fond of takin' a wee dhrop together once an' a while, as good comrades do, an' they weren't dhry this day. They heerd about the scramble for the pigs, but there was something else a bother to them, an' they did not heed them. Of coorse when night came on—things were then just as they are now—the two went out a bit the road to convay some o' their best friends a bit home. Everything went well till they were comin' back, an' betther then even, for what d'ye think they came on but one o' the pigs.

"'Be the law!" said Condý, 'there's one o' the Glen people's pigs, and it's a pity to let it die with hunger on the roadside here. Let us catch it.'

"The race began, and a race in earnest. The moon was in her last quarter just as she is th' night, and it was dark enough to hide a ghost. Iv coorse they couldn't see the pig, but they followed the grunts, and the pig was dear enough at last, for Condý's new suit o' broadcloth that took his mother three years back an' forth to spin, an' then Charley Bradden, to make it all the betther, charged an extra penny a yard for weaving it, an' what was more John Campbell the tailor spent two half-penny candles over it an' broke two needles, the cloth was so strong,—but it was spoiled. An' more than that, he lost his hat an' Paddy fell into a bush of briars an' nearly broke his nose. All the same they caught the pig and carried her home in their arms, each in his turn. She was a black pig an' awful heavy for her size, for they had to change more than a dozen o' times before they were home. It was no wonder, they thought, that the Glen people didn't want to carry them home for nothing.

"There was a nice room stuck to the back side of Condý's house, where he used to keep the big Spanish donkey you heerd about so often, an' there he put the pig with a wee bit to ate. There was no dure on the outside nor no other way for her to get out, for all the other dures in the house were locked; but anyhow, she was away in the mornin'. An' from that day till the day he died Condý didn't taste a dhrop."

"It was lucky he put the pig in the place where the donkey used to be," said Andy Boyle, "or else the divil might stay with him for years to come as that monkey with the man in Ameriky. The donkey is a blessed baste, ye know."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

## Varsity Verse.

SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS.

Horace (Car. I, 4).

FAVONIUS breathes along the frozen lakes,  
The dusty boats are launched into the sea,  
His hearth the swain, his stall the ox forsakes,  
And rattling hail no longer pales the lea.

Cytherea's month has dawned! The courts divine  
With music sweet and joyous anthems ring;  
And Nymphs with comely Graces in wreathed line  
Beneath the crescent moon now dance and sing.

Anoint thy limbs, around thy head entwine  
The myrtle green, or flowers from freshened sod,  
And immolate before the bloom-hid shrine  
A lamb or goat to Faun, our woodland god.

Short is this life, take what the present brings,  
And musings vain drive from thy mind away:  
The pauper's hut, the massive towers of kings—  
Impartial Death holds all beneath his sway.

A few years hence and youthful bliss shall cease,  
No more at feasts shall dice bespeak thy reign;  
No longer shall sweet Lycid's beauty please  
Thus sunk within grim Pluto's straight domain.

AN SAOI TADHG.

MY REASON.

I.

Spring! spring! spring!  
Hear the thrush's mellow notes.  
In each vale and shady grove  
Are a dozen warbling throats,  
Singing, perched, or on the wing,  
Ever singing, spring! spring!

II.

On the hillsides frisk the lambs,  
Basking in the warm sun,  
Now they bleat their dams beside,  
Now they jump and gayly run.  
In their bleating is the ring  
Of the warm-hearted spring.

III.

Every little flowing stream  
Sings a song of vernal joy,  
Gliding o'er the pebbly bed  
Where the sunbeams love to toy;  
Crystal streams, what joy you bring  
Ever whispering, spring! spring!

IV.

And to fill this happy choir  
Witless I my lyre have strung.  
'Mong such songsters vainly vying;  
If discordant I have sung,  
Pray, forgive, for I may sing  
When all nature peals forth spring.

F. B.

THE LIGHTNING BUG.

The lightning-bug is brilliant  
But hasn't any mind;  
He blunders through the darkness  
With his headlight on behind.

J. McN.

## "The Little Corporal."

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

One of those raw, windy and rainy seasons, that are so prevalent in the early springtime, was making night miserable for any wayfarer who should be obliged to travel among the hills of Northern Italy; and just at the time of our story a solitary horseman, wrapped in a heavy blue cloak, was urging his steed through one of the dark and narrow ravines of those foothills. His head was bent low over the horse's neck, and he seemed oblivious to all about him till the horse's keen eye detected a little glimmer of light down the valley to the left, and his quickened pace made the rider look up suddenly to see the cause, and then he too saw the light.

If we hasten forward before the rider we may see that this light is streaming from the grated window of a small log-hut, and within the hut an old man is warming his feeble hands before a blazing fireplace while his pretty daughter reads his favorite war-stories to him. The old man has seen many a battle-field, and his little grandson is now a drummer-boy in the army of "The Little Corporal." Marie has not seen much of war's reality yet, but she has a deep interest in the present war because her heart is in the keeping of one of Napoleon's young officers. Thus we can see how interesting these stories of war were to both father and daughter.

The stranger comes up and knocks. Slowly the old man drags himself to the door and unbars it. "Who's there?" is his military greeting, but in the darkness he can not see any one. The stranger had passed around the house to tie his horse in a shelter, and returned while the old man was still craning his neck in his attempt to pierce the surrounding gloom.

"Will you give me shelter here till I can rest my horse and get warm?" he asked.

"Shelter?" said the old man. "No, not shelter, but my entire house is at your disposal and all within it, in the name of Him who gave it to me."

"Thank you," was all the stranger said, and he entered and sat near the fire.

"Marie, get a luncheon for the stranger and I shall feed his horse."

The horse was fed and the young girl busied herself in preparing a frugal repast for the



stranger who sat with his head bowed on his hand and gazed intently at the fire. Seeing his preoccupation the old man sat down in a corner to smoke, and refrained from intruding conversation on his guest.

Another rap and the door was thrown open by a handsome young officer of the French army who supported a pale young boy on his arm.

"My God! Jean, what has happened? O my poor little Paul!"

Marie blushed, hurried to the young officer, embraced him and then led the half-fainting Paul to a low settee.

"Tell me, Jean, what is the matter?" repeated the old man, beside himself with grief at the plight of his little grandson.

"Paul was wounded this afternoon while he was leading the corps through the Marite pass. The corps faltered, but he led them on with his drum and so we forced the enemy back. But the hurt is not bad; he is weak, but will be all right if Marie takes care of him, I guess. It's only a flesh-wound, and I picked the bullet out for him. The soldiers say he is a little hero."

"Well, I am glad it is not serious. A bullet wound is bad, but I've carried a lot of them for France, and why should not my little Paul?"

"Jean, I am glad you came," said Marie, who had left Paul resting happily in his old and familiar couch. "Can you stay long?"

"I wish I might," he answered, "but I must leave this minute, for the soldiers are after me now."

"Soldiers!" broke in both at once while the stranger who had been silent and absorbed was now very attentive.

"Why are they after you, Jean? You have done nothing wrong?"

"I deserted," was the reply.

"Deserted! God forbid my dear Jean!"

"Yes, I asked leave to bring Paul home, but was told to let him go to the hospital; but he begged so to be brought home, and we were so near—"

"Halt!" came the ringing command from without—a clatter of sword and spurs, and the door was thrown open by a colonel of the French cavalry. "Young man," he said to Jean, "we want you."

"Oh! sir, what will you do with Jean?" cried Marie.

"Shoot him," was the laconic reply.

"Shoot him? No; he has only done a work of kindness; do not shoot him, sir. Shoot Jean

whose life has already been given to France! Would France refuse his offering thus and cut him down? No, let him live till to-morrow, and let him tell Bonaparte why he came, and "The Little Corporal" will pardon him; oh! sir, let him live," said the old man, and then he sank back in a chair as if this petition had taken away all his strength.

"Our orders are to shoot him. We obey. Come, sir!"

Jean turned to kiss Paul and embrace his distracted sweetheart while the old man bent his head and wept. Then before Jean or Marie could notice, the stranger turned and waved his hand to the colonel who started in blank amazement, then turned rapidly around and cried: "To horse and away!"

Marie looked round as the colonel darted off, and Jean, not daring to trust his eyes, went to the door and listened and the sound of the galloping troop told him plainly that they were gone. Reassured but not contented he turned and looked at Marie who was tremblingly expecting them to return as quickly as they had departed. They waited a few minutes in agonizing silence, while the old man half stupefied, looked up and wondered what had occurred. He could not contain himself, and broke out:

"Are they gone? Will they come back? Oh! Jean, why did you run this risk for us?"

"I would run the same risk again to see Marie, and who knows but they may return yet. Well, as it is, here I shall remain for to-night, and if you will give me a candle I'll go up to my room and change these wet clothes."

He took a candle and went upstairs, while Marie and her father turned at the same time to see the stranger who was now standing and folding up a map which he had been studying almost since his first entrance.

"Sir, I wish to thank you for your hospitality and had I the time to spare would partake of the supper the young lady has prepared, but I must be away at once."

He walked toward the sleeping Paul and pinned a tiny bronze object inside of his blouse, and then turning said:

"I could not help hearing what transpired here during the last few minutes, and can be of some service to Jean. Give him this note. Farewell."

A moment later he could be heard galloping after the troop that had just left before him.

Jean came down, read the note and then

threw up his hand in an ecstasy of joy and again embraced Marie. The note was short:

"You have acted nobly—I give you a month for your wedding, then rejoin the army at Verona.

"Signed:

"NAPOLÉON."

Paul woke up at the happy shout of Jean, and then felt the tiny object on his breast. It was the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

#### A Morning Tragedy.

The long hand was rapidly climbing the upward incline on the face of the old clock. The short hand approached the figure two. It was eight hours since the sun had bidden us good-night and sunk to rest; all the city was slumbering peacefully except one man. This man was about thirty-five years of age; he was tall, had thin lips, a furtive glance and a low forehead. He paced the floor muttering incoherently to himself. Near the open window stood a table with a shining object of silver and ivory lying upon it—a loaded revolver. Several times he had picked it up and examined it, but each time he replaced it again upon the table.

Once he went to the window and looked out. The moon was skimming along the sky, now and then passing behind the clouds. At intervals the surrounding grounds would be illuminated by the moon, at which times he could see his neighbour's deer-hound standing by her kennel with her nose pointed toward the sky. The man yelled at the animal to lie down, and his command was obeyed. He then turned from the window muttering: "I don't like to do it." He walked over to a wall cupboard and took out a bottle of laudanum, from which he drank a few drops and threw himself upon a lounge. But rest was not to be obtained so easily. In a few moments a heart-rending wail was heard as of a woman in distress. Running his hands through his hair he arose, walked rapidly to the table, took up the revolver and exclaimed, "It must be done!" He faced the window and fired twice; he then turned from the window, saying, "you will never sing again to the moon," and throwing himself on the bed he slept until morning. Shortly after sunrise the neighbour found his valuable dog dead with two bullet holes in his body. But only one man knows the cause of the deed.

DANIEL E. O'SHEA.

#### Xochicalco.

E. DOUGLAS STAPLES, '04.

I was sent by my tribe as a messenger to the people of Xochicalco to let them know that the Aztecs were coming from the direction the cold winds blow from. I arrived at the fortress of Xochicalco just as the sun was setting. Weary I was and footsore. A warrior met me at the foot of the mountain upon which Xochicalco stands, and led me up the road which zigzags across the face of the cliff.

When we reached the top I was led into the presence of the chief. When I stated my errand he only laughed, and replied: "What fear have we of the Aztecs? Is not this mountain over half a mile high; perpendicular on three sides and well guarded on the fourth? Has not the year been prosperous and all the grain cellars under the Great Temple been filled, so we can withstand a siege?"

I went forth into the twilight and looked about me. The whole top of the mountain was covered with massive, flat-topped, stone houses. The Great Temple stood right on the edge of a precipice half a mile high, while below ran a little stream that looked like a silver thread as it turned and twisted until it was lost to view down the valley. Truly might the people feel safe with such a fortress for a home. While I was standing looking at the scene before me the chief came out and I went home with him. Being tired, I went to bed and was soon asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by the sound of shouting and the boom of the great war drum on the Temple. Some one ran past shouting: "To the Temple; defend the Temple; the Aztecs are upon us!"

Hastily catching up my knife I ran to the Temple, but hardly had I put my foot on the first step of the Grand Stairway when I was seized from behind and drawn struggling and shouting to the edge of the precipice. My assailant paused before throwing me over, and that pause was his destruction, for as he hurled me over the precipice I made one desperate clutch and caught him fairly around the waist. He lost his balance and fell. Down we went, down, down, down. The air rushed by with a shriek like that of an engine's whistle. Every deed, both evil and good, of my past life came before me, and it seemed as if the evil overbalanced the good. I wanted



to pray, but somehow I could not. My assailant struggled in my grasp, but I held him fast. I even felt a keen pleasure that I had brought him with me and that I was not going down to my death alone.

I began to wonder if we would ever reach the bottom. All this time we were turning over and over. My assailant was on the bottom. Suddenly we struck something. I felt my assailant's bones crush beneath me and—

Would you believe it, the venerable story? I awoke, as story-tellers sometimes do, from a dream, only a dream.

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### Tim's Fortune.

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DANIEL L. CULKIN, '04.

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Both his father and mother had apparently been dead a long time, for he did not have fond recollections of either. He had not even remembered seeing them, nor could he recall a time when parental affection was shown him. He did have a hazy remembrance that a change of life came over him when he must have been not more than four years old; but of this he was not certain. Perhaps he had dreamt it some time or other, and it seemed so good to imagine he really did have at one time a kind father and a loving mother that he could not help thinking it was so.

Tim, for that was his full name, had been selling papers and shining boots for an "awful long time," in his own estimation. He had regular customers who had bought papers from none other for at least five years. Combined with the business tact peculiar to a shrewd newsboy, this street arab possessed a courtesy seldom seen among his fellows. Thus gifted he had made a success of his hard life. He saved most of his earnings, and with only himself to support had accumulated a small sum of money. But Tim was too wise to allow success to give him the "swell-head," as he called it. Every day after he had visited his customers he was to be seen at the corner of one of the busiest streets in the city waiting for something to turn up. As he stood on this corner Tim did not make a handsome picture. He was afraid business would not be so good if he tried to make himself look genteel. Hence, though clean, he was ragged and not beautiful. On his left cheek was a birth mark which probably helped to make the boy's fortune. It was an ugly mark which the happy countenance of

its owner made appear still uglier in contrast.

One day, late in the afternoon when he had sold almost all his papers, Tim was surprised by a gruff-looking man who accosted him in the rogue's dialect: "Say, cully, how long ha' yez bin stoppin' hyer." In his honest way the lad told him, and the fellow, who continued to ask questions, soon had the history of Tim as far as that person was able to give it.

The man's sottish eyes kindled with a sort of kindness as he looked at the boy who was about to turn away. "Wait a bit thar, cully," said he, "don't be in any hurry. I want ter speak to yez a minit." With a dubious mind the boy waited and listened to what the man had to tell him. "Yez see, Cully, I've been in the pen for six years; and a day or so ago they turned me loose."

The boy began to feel some evil was about to befall him.

"Well," the man went on, "since then I've been lookin' for yez, ye scallywag, and now that I've struck yez, I'll tell yez what I want yez to do—and yez better do it." Hereupon the man took a stained card from his pocket and wrote on it the address of a wealthy family in New York. "Take this and go as fast as the train'll get yez to them. They'll know yez by the scar. I kidnapped yez seven years ago."

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### The Sleigh Ride.

---

The old sleigh moves along through the radiant mist like a phantom. He sits on the high seat humming a tune which seems to be enchanted by the tinkling of a harness bell. Large fields on either side of the road are wrapped in snow which glistens in the moonlight. The low whine of a dog in the distant farm-house disturbs the deathlike silence of the night. Afar off the wood looked like an approaching storm-cloud about to destroy the beauty of the scene.

The man is nearing a village whose well-lighted cottages are grouped like a small herd. A sleighing party is approaching. The talking and laughter cease as the sleighs meet. He stops his song to return the greetings of the party. One laugh starts the group into life again. Soon the merry voices sound like bells in the distance. The village lights become like stars in the heavens.

He continues his song as the old sleigh moves away through the radiant mist like a phantom.

JOHN J. O'CONNELL.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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*Reporters.*

—The Very Rev. President spent Tuesday and Wednesday examining the classes in St. Edward's Hall. He visited all the classes, and questioned each of the little fellows separately. When leaving he had but words of praise for the small men, for they had made excellent progress since his last call.

—Last Sunday the students had the privilege of hearing an excellent sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Glennon, of Kansas City, in the Church of the Sacred Heart. He took his text from the story of the Good Shepherd, and drew a picture of the good pastor: the one who lays down his life for his flock. In substance the Bishop said that the mission and life of a priest are not understood by the world to-day, for the world does not understand unselfishness. Men should not regard the priest as a professional man, since a professional man chooses his calling, whereas the pastor instead of choosing is chosen himself. He adds it is well this is so, otherwise we would not have the spectacle of priests going in to the dying where infectious or contagious diseases may strike them. The spectacle is so common that men no longer marvel at it.

The Bishop, a pastor of pastors himself, developed the side of the priest's character that is most liable to be overlooked. His delivery was very distinct and impressive. The students by their spontaneous and enthusiastic reception of him at dinner showed how near he had gotten to their hearts. We hope to see the Rt. Rev. Bishop Glennon at Notre Dame soon again.

—Mr Howells regrets that the literary element is disappearing out of the American drama. We are falling behind the United Kingdom which, during the past few years, has produced four or five artistic plays; and what is better still, the public of the islands patronize them. Some one has said that democracy means mediocrity. But not of necessity; it could mean the raising of all to a higher place. So far as art is concerned, however, democracy is not a success. Cultivation of the artistic instinct is not, of course, the main aim of a nation, yet it is to be wished that we were more earnest in this direction. While the so-called educated classes among us are content to see Hamlet played with the climax cut out, the Londoners are building an art gallery for the White Chapel district.

—The college man with characteristic recklessness quickly adopts new things, and among them he takes to spring styles. He usually leads the fashion, for a young man who has no scruples about getting out and giving his college yell anywhere and everywhere, has no sense of awkwardness in a costume that is artistic or grotesque. This spring, however, the least conservative should fear lest he be too rash. For the past thirty years or more he could, with impunity wear anything provided he imitated prince Albert Edward who served as fashion plate. But now that the dear prince is a king, and has taken to wearing those habiliments that distinguish a king from a jack, the college man, as well as others, must be careful that he does not decorate himself with garments that are suited only to monarchs and not to common mud. Truly when we ponder on spring fashions, we must admit that a question of great moment yet remains undecided. Would it not be easier to get a man who would ornament the prow of a ship of state than one who could fearlessly set the style?

A Notable Speech.

The discourse of Archbishop Ireland at the conferring of the pallium on the Most Reverend John J. Keane, April 17, was unquestionably great. We wish our readers could see a report of it in full. As they are not likely to have this privilege, they will no doubt be interested in the extracts given below.

In answer to recent accusations derogatory to the Catholic Church in America the Archbishop said:

Is there anywhere zeal more generous in the pursuit of souls than in our sanctuaries? Glance down through the naves and aisles of our temples; notice the thronging multitudes, multitudes of men as well as of women, that press around the altar rail, not merely on high festivals, but on ordinary Sundays, and tell me in what land of Christendom to-day is seen sights more enchanting. And follow these multitudes from altar rail into their homes, into their shops and marts; study them as they mingle with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens; is there upon their cheek a blush of human respect? Is there upon their lips a word of disloyalty to the Church? I challenge the most Catholic lands to show me Catholics more courageous in the profession of their faith, more consistent in bringing its principles into their daily manner of life; and if, from its exterior manifestations you pass to an examination of their faith itself, do you not find it as intact and undefiled as it is bold and firm? It is, to the smallest iota, the faith of Peter, the supreme shepherd of the whole flock, to whom they are united in love and obedience as never were more so Catholics of any country of Christendom.

Pursuing the thought he showed that the Church has flourished in this land of democracy; has manifested power of expansion from within and power to effect conversions from non-Catholic bodies; has, in fact, gained very much more than she has lost. Nor is this all:

The further truth indeed is, if matters are deeply probed, in the age of unbelief and materialistic drift through which we are passing, the places are few in the world where the Church has suffered so few actual losses as she has in America, or where accessions to our ranks have gone so far to make up for losses which she may have suffered. It is full time that an end be put forever to huge calumnies upon the zeal and firm faith of Catholics who bore the heat of summer and the cold of winter in planting the Church through vast regions of our fair America. Such calumnies insult both our Church and our country; and we must reduce them to silence.

We should glory in what the Catholic Church in America has done, but should remember that she has still her duties to society and to country. Then follows this fine appeal for the personal co-operation of all in spreading the influence of Christ's Gospel:

Then, God's grace working in us and with us, let us labor with all our might whenever and wherever opportunity offers. Away from the American Church that fatal unchristian fancy that God will without our co-operation do the work of the Church! What ruin this fatal fancy has in certain times and certain countries brought to religion! Where bishops and priests become mere administrators, mere dispensers of the sacraments, where they cling to presbytery and sanctuary without rushing into the world in search of the erring, without thrusting God's truth and graces into the heart of living humanity; where the laity satisfied with the dream of their personal salvation, with the hearing of Mass and the receiving of the sacraments, fold their arms in lazy quietude and refrain from active participation in works of religion for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the Church will never prosper: dry rot will consume her timbers, decay will seize upon her whole framework. How limitless the works that await the zeal of American Catholics!

What a golden era it will be for the Church in America when Archbishop Ireland's views on the work of higher education are generally accepted and acted out. He says:

Our youths are too generally content with a common school education; too few of them are pupils of colleges or universities. Indeed the number that do seek a higher education is lamentably small. Parents do not understand the importance of such education for their children; priests do not understand the importance of it for their people and for the Church. Intelligence is power; intelligence means influence; it means victory. If Catholics are to rise to positions of distinction, if they are to be in the country something more than herds of voters, if they are to elevate themselves and to honor their Church, they must be educated. Heretofore the cry has been—and a blessed one it is to which, as time goes by, our ears must not be closed—Catholic scholars! but henceforth more than in the past must go the other cry—and be it even the louder—Catholic schools and a Catholic university! And since the people will rise only as their leaders rise, be there still the other cry—and be it even the louder—seminaries for our levites, the best and highest that thought and money can bestow!

On religious instruction for the Catholic body at large there is this significant paragraph:

How many there are who rarely listen to a sermon. Is the sermon of itself all-sufficient? Are proper means taken to supplement the sermon by the reading of Catholic books? If I were to seek to-day a discouraging sign I would find it in the absence from Catholic homes of Catholic periodicals and Catholic books. In their patronage of Catholic literature, the Catholics of to-day have gone backward. There were more Catholic books in one log shanty of an Iowa pioneer of forty or fifty years ago than in a half dozen pretentious mansions of Catholics of the present time. The chief Catholic literature sent out to-day by Catholic publication houses in America are prayer-books and catechisms; there is but scanty sale for publications of a more serious kind.

We can give in conclusion only a few passages from the most eloquent exhortation of the whole sermon:

Then, let us not forget that our Catholic people are

a part of the American nation, dividing with their fellow-citizens the responsibilities of the public weal, and that they are at the bar of public opinion, judged more by their citizenship and outward life than by what happens in their homes or in their churches. Without the good will and the esteem of their fellow-citizens, Catholics may not hope that many will come to the knowledge of the true faith, or that the Church will be in the enjoyment of the public respect and outward dignity to which for Christ's sake she should aspire. . . .

Be you, in the truest and best meaning of the word, Americans, loving America, loving its institutions, devoted to its interests, chary in blaming it, ardent in defending it. The Church of America did in the past, from the necessity of circumstance, wear a foreign aspect; and it were futile to say that no harm came to her from this. To do away with possible misunderstanding or suspicion, we owe it to Church and to country to emphasize our Americanism. . . .

There is among some of us, I am not afraid to say, a disposition to criticise at every moment, to rejoice in criticising, to exaggerate faults, to minimize virtues, to pile up grievances, to grumble perpetually. Such a disposition is unpatriotic and does most serious harm to the Catholic faith in the eyes of intelligent and earnest Americans. Let it disappear for good. . . .

Let us be just to America, and know and proclaim that nowhere, all things duly considered, is the Church freer than in America, that nowhere, as in America, is she allowed to live in untrammelled freedom and to prosper as her forces and the zeal of her sons permit her. . . .

The public utterances of Archbishop Ireland are ever fearless, thoughtful and inspiring, and the Dubuque discourse has these qualities in a notable degree.

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#### Notre Dame Defeats Minnesota.

---

After Minnesota had taken a lead of three runs and retained it for five gloomy innings and the game looked good for the visitors, our fellows took a brace and pulled the contest out of the coals. To Campbell for his timely hit for three bags, after Bergen had saved the day in the previous inning, we offer our meed of gratitude. But "Butch" did not win the game; he merely put the finishing touches to a very uphill and clever game of baseball. When Minnesota was piling up runs in the third and our fellows were playing somewhat loosely, the rooters and the spectators in the stand presented the game to our opponents. The players, however, do not yield so easily, and thanks to their good work and good pluck in a bad place the victory perched on our laurels.

Probably the man that deserves the most credit for the success of our team in Wednes-

day's game was Bergen. His two hits, scoring two men each time, were very acceptable and helped us materially to get out of that hole. Fleete pitched another good game, allowing ten hits and hitting three men; but he had good control, and during the unpleasant third was as cool as a quaker. Lynch gave us a good start with his pretty three base hit in the opening inning, and all of the other men gave a good account of themselves. Morgan made a spectacular dive over the bank of the running track, and came up smiling with the ball in his mit. There was a neat double play executed by Ryan, Lynch and Morgan, and Plymatt, of Minnesota, made some clever stops and throws.

The game was intensely interesting and at all times very exciting; but not until the eighth inning did the excitement reach its highest point. When Morgan took his position at the plate in this inning there were two more runs on the score-board for the visitors than for Notre Dame, and the rooters were somewhat meek. But when Farley got safe on Solem's fumble, after Morgan had gone out and Donahoe hit a fast ball to Plymatt which he failed to get, the silence was broken with a roar. Farley had gone to third and the Captain to second on a steal when Bergen did himself proud with a pretty drive past short-stop. For some minutes pandemonium in all its violence reigned among the rooters. Then in the last part of the ninth, when Campbell stepped to the plate and lined out his glorious hit, and a moment later Varco gave us the game on his muff of Fleete's low drive, there was no limit to the pent-up enthusiasm that came forth.

Minnesota made five of its runs in the third inning on hits by Plymatt, Leach and Cameron, a hit by batsman and three errors. The score in the eighth came to them through an out and hits by Metcalf, Solem and Freeman. Our two in the first were the result of Lynch's hit for three bases, singles by Morgan and Farley and an error. We scored twice in the sixth on a hit by Morgan, an error, an out and Bergen's timely drive. The eighth gave us two more runs on an error, a hit by Captain Donahoe and Bergen's second opportune drive. Our last winning run was the work of Campbell and Fleete. It is but just we should praise the good playing of Freeman, captain and pitcher of the Minnesota men. His work was cool and steady throughout the game. The summary is as follows:

THE SCORE

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	1	1	4	2	1
Morgan, 1 b	2	2	8	1	1
Farley, r f	2	1	4	0	0
Donahoe, c f	1	1	4	0	1
Bergen, 3 b	0	2	3	1	0
Ryan, 2 b	0	0	0	2	1
Duggan, 1 f	0	2	3	2	0
Fleete, p	0	1	1	3	0
* Campbell	1	1	0	0	0
Total	7	11	27	11	4
MINNESOTA	R	H	P	A	E
Hurley, r f	1	0	1	0	0
Plymatt, 3 b	1	2	0	4	0
Cameron, s s	1	1	0	1	1
Allen, 1 f	1	0	0	0	0
Leach, c	0	1	3	1	0
Metcalf, 1 b	1	2	14	1	0
Varco, c f	0	1	1	1	1
Solem, 2 b	0	2	4	3	2
Freeman, p	1	1	2	4	0
Total	6	10	25	15	4

\* Batted for Duggan in ninth. † One out when winning run was scored.

SCORE BY INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOTRE DAME—	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	1=7
MINNESOTA—	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	1	0=6

SUMMARY.

Three base hits—Lynch, Campbell. Sacrifice hit—Duggan. Stolen bases—Allen, Morgan, Farley (2), Donahoe. Struck out—By Freeman, 3. Bases on balls—Off Fleete, 1. Hit by pitcher—Allen, Freeman, Cameron. Passed ball—O'Neill. Double plays—Allen to Metcalf, Ryan to Lynch to Morgan. Time of game, 2:05. Umpire, Dwyer.

Personals.

—Mrs. Foley of Chicago, Ill., paid a visit to her son of St. Edward's Hall on last Thursday.

—Mr. James Kivlen of South Bend, Ind.; dined with the Reverend President on last Wednesday.

—Mr. Ferdinand Coon, a student here in '79-'83 and now a prominent lawyer of Nashville, Tenn., paid a visit to the University a few days ago.

—Mr. Wm. Welch of Cripple Creek, Col., visited his two sisters during the past week. Mr. Welch was a student here about twenty-one years ago and has since been engaged in the mining business in the Western country. He relates the discovery of rich mines in Colorado which promise great yields of gold and other valuable ore.

—Mr. Medley of Springfield, Kentucky, is spending a few days here visiting his son of Carroll Hall. He reports that "Tom" is having great success in the legal profession and has already undertaken several important cases. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates our last-year graduate on the splendid showing he is making in his new profession.

Exchanges.

*The Earlhamite* is the best of our Indiana exchanges. The oration on "Robert E. Lee" deserves much commendation. As the author well says: The recent war with Spain has obliterated all traces of sectional division, and has welded us into one nation. Let us, therefore, give more time and consideration to the great men that supported the grey, who were the sincere defenders of a mistaken doctrine. "Who Would Have Thought It?" is a well written story conveying a deep moral lesson that is well worth remembering. The ex-man believes in commendatory rather than censorial criticism. This is a point in his favor. Encouragement is the means to reach the desired end.

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The Easter and the association numbers of the *Northwestern* are creditable issues. In the former, "A Tragedy of Evolution," is a unique and well-written story. In the latter the several papers on "Geneva" are worth reading.

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*The University of Oregon Monthly*, though of rather meagre appearance, is a surprisingly bright and interesting publication. The editorials can not be too highly praised. The writer has exceptional command of the English language. "As It after Is," though somewhat short, is an interesting and well-written story of student life. This kind of material is most suitable to a college paper. The review of Herod does not do Mr. Phillips justice. True, the play can not be compared to those of Shakspeare, yet it is the best play that has been written in many years. With a few more short stories and a good exchange column, *The University of Oregon Monthly* might easily rank among the leading college papers.

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The Easter number of *The Xavier* is an artistic as well as a literary production. "The Novel of To-day" contains some very apt and useful suggestions especially for students. "Although a novel is a story and its main purpose is to amuse, yet one that is only a story and serves no other purpose but that of amusement, is unworthy of a place among works of literature, is worthless and superfluous." The author gives a good general criticism of all the recent novels, and ends by an apt quotation from Bacon: "In literature read by preference the oldest books." J. M. L.

## Upper Iowa Easily Beaten.

A total of nineteen hits, twelve stolen bases and twenty-three runs gave Notre Dame an easy victory over Upper Iowa yesterday afternoon. Every man in the team took advantage of the opportunity to fatten his batting average materially. Pitcher after pitcher went into the box for Iowa until the very large supply was exhausted both as to the number and the physical endurance of the men who essayed to deliver the balls. Unfortunately for the Iowa boys they not only had to run far and often after long drives, but they had not the satisfaction of returning the compliment. They succeeded in running up a total of eight hits off of Ryan, but the hits were so badly scattered that they did little damage.

The notable features of the game were the batting of our team and the numerous mishaps of the visitors. Walsh was back in his position at second after giving place to Ryan in Wednesday's game, and did excellent work with the stick. Ryan appeared in the box for the first time this season, and, although a little wild in the beginning, pitched a very creditable game. Campbell also made his initial appearance. "Butch" was a little too strong in his throwing arm at times, but otherwise performed very cleverly. The Iowa men were kept so busy chasing balls and stopping grounders that we could not judge of their play. The man at second was the only one that evaded the error column.

Iowa scored three runs in the first and second innings in two errors, two bases on balls and one hit; one in the fifth on three hits, and an out and two more in the eighth on a hit, an error, a base on balls and an out. We made five runs in the first on hits by Lynch, Ryan, Bergen, Walsh and Campbell, two stolen bases and two bases on balls; four more in the second on a two bagger by Morgan, and hits by Bergen, Ryan, Walsh and Campbell. We drew one in the fourth and four in the fifth inning on four stolen bases, a base on balls and two base hits off Ryan and Walsh and a single by Bergen.

The sixth gave Notre Dame three more on Farley's long drive for three bags, a base on balls and an out. Six runs was the result of the eighth. A three-base hit by Morgan, an error and singles by Lynch, Farley, Walsh and Campbell was the efficient cause.

## THE SCORE

NOTRE DAME	R	H	S	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	2	2	2	4	5	0
Morgan, i b	3	2	2	7	1	2
Farley, r f	5	2	3	1	1	0
Donahoe, c f	3	0	1	1	0	0
Bergen, 3 b	2	3	1	2	3	0
Ryan, p and c f	4	3	1	0	1	1
Walsh, 2 b	1	4	0	4	4	2
Campbell, c	1	3	1	7	0	2
Duggan, l f	1	0	1	0	0	1
Hogan, c f and p	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	23	19	12	27	15	8
UPPER IOWA	R	H	S	P	A	E
Dorman, s s	2	1	0	1	3	2
Durkee, 2 b	0	0	0	8	1	0
Depew, c	0	1	0	1	2	1
Belknapp, i b, p	0	3	0	4	2	1
Brush, l f, i b, p	1	0	0	4	1	3
Cole, c	0	0	0	2	0	1
Ayer, r f	1	1	0	1	0	1
Young, p	0	0	0	0	1	0
Fox, 3 b, p	1	0	0	0	4	4
Bergen, l f	1	2	0	3	0	0
Total	6	8	0	24	14	13

NOTRE DAME—5 4 0 1 4 3 0 6=23 19 7  
IOWA—I 2 0 0 1 0 0 2=6 8 13

Three base hits—Farley, Morgan. Two base hits—Morgan, Ryan, Walsh. Struck out—By Ryan, 5; by Hogan, 1. Bases on balls—By Ryan, 5; by Young, 2; by Belknapp, 2. Hit by Pitcher—Young. Wild pitches—Belknapp and Hogan. Passed balls—Depew. Stolen Bases—Lynch (2), Morgan (2), Farley (3), Donahoe, Bergen, Campbell, Duggan and Ryan. Double plays—Walsh to Lynch to Morgan; Lynch to Walsh to Morgan to Walsh. Time of game, 1:55. Umpire, Dwyer.

## Local Items.

—4—11—44 is not "it" around Cartier Field. 7—6 is a cracker jack.

—LOST—In the Senior refectory, a hammer. Finder will please return to Science Hall.

—NOTICE:—When Moon comes up with his smoke stack empty, hang on to your tobacco sacks and run.

—The Fire Department was conspicuous for its inactivity last Thursday, although Marshal Gallagher was out.

—The races to-day! Bring your *ponies*; only two month-olds will be allowed to compete. The selling platers have a fair chance.

—Casey came out the other day with his habits on, then Uffendall followed suit with a pair of golfies that are real cute. Now, who says warm weather won't last?

—When mamma says that she will not allow more than one blue envelope to be used in a week, what is a poor fellow going to do? There's the lake left of course, but—Milo says it's hard luck, so that settles it.

—Milo appeared on the campus the other



day in tow of a brilliant red cap which created an awful disturbance. Even Kirby's mustache turned green with envy. The anarchists in New Jersey are slow compared with Milo.

—One of the patronesses of the Catholic Summer School of Detroit writes to Brother Leander:

I thank you for your kind remembrance of us. The Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC is bright, clever and interesting. We enjoyed it very much. It is gotten up in good style and is very creditable to the editors.

—The following men have been chosen to represent Brownson Hall on the diamond this year. Salmon, first base; Leo Kelly, captain and 2d base; Groogan, short-stop; McNamara, third base; Antoine, catcher; Dorr and Kenaley, pitcher; Cox, Featherstone, Hunter and Reihing field. The first game for the Inter-hall championship will be played next Thursday afternoon with Corby Hall.

—On our way to the office a few days ago we noticed Brother John wrestling with a large new scales called the "Abattoir." They are large enough to weigh a quarter of dressed beef, or even Big John, and are intended for use in the butcher shop. Inquiries as to why so large a weighing machine was purchased brought out the following facts:

Here at Notre Dame we consume, at a conservative average, 10 head of beef each week; 30 head of sheep, and about 2100 lbs of veal: that is about 15 calves. When we enjoy a turkey or chicken dinner 1500lbs of fowl are consumed at a meal. These substantial reasons were enough to allay any more curiosity concerning the big machine. So after thanking the affable Brother for his information, we concluded that there was a real need for the large scales.

—The boy Mc.—Well, you all know him. That black-haired youth, with piercing black eyes, hands attached to his trouser pockets, never very evident, a first-class "piker," a good judge of what the training tables are, and what they contain, a stride like that of an O'Kelly or a Berry: in general the appearance of an individual who fails to take the hint.

Well, all in all, Mc is not to be blamed. He associates with another individual from the same city, and also with the unsophisticated youth from the Hawkeye State. At any rate, Mc, kindly keep away from your favorite haunt about the hour of twelve M. You are a good fellow, but a little advice from this sincere friend of yours is the best remedy for your sad predicament.

—Hayes, Curry and Barry have heavenly voices. The three of them got together the other day in a certain room on the third flat and commenced to sing "Jerusalem" with so much fervor that it created a panic. Lavelle threw his trunk out the window, and then slid down the banisters. Kinney ran over to the Fire House and turned the hose on himself to keep cool. Baldwin dove under his wardrobe;

Sullivan fainted; the twins joined hands and promised to "Meet on that Beautiful Shore." Eggeman grabbed up his looking-glass and commenced to pray. Mr. O'Brien got excited, filled the furnace with wheelbarrows, old bathtubs, corn-cob pipes, and then turned on the "hot wather." O'Connor put an end to the catastrophe by breaking into the room and putting the three mocking birds under the weather. A vigilance committee has been organized and the birds notified to offend no more.

—A hungry reporter thirsting after news was whirling around the track the other day, pulling out his hair by the roots and biting his tongue when he suddenly collided with Mr. Mullibin. After begging the gentleman's pardon for dislocating his features our reporter remarked that it was a very disagreeable day, and added that he thought it would have some effect on the price of mushrooms in China. Mullibin, hitching up his suspender and carefully scratching his dome of thought, said: "Go thence, thou art indeed a pessimismesmerist. You can't always sometimes tell by the quivering of an eyebrow which way the wind blows from the north. But enough; come, take up thy weapon and follow me. I have an idea." The reporter ever on the alert for ideas chased Mr. Mullibin's footprints to the wash-room where our hero brought forth his idea and handed it to the scribe. Before publishing it we called in Milo who assured us that there was no danger of the idea being protested by Shakspeare, Longfellow, J. J., or any of that crowd. With this assurance we decided to spring it in this issue. It was first thought of by Mullibin on a stormy night in the dormitory, and has been kept on ice ever since. Here it is fresh as last year's pumpkin pie.

D—means *DID*, not dat.

W—*WRITE*, not rat.

A—means *A*, not ate.

N—is *NICE*, not nate.

L—means *LETTER* went.

E—epistle sent.

O—is what she said.

And then she cut him dead.

—Since Mr. Hogan left the basement of Sorin Hall the rats are accused of many things they are not guilty of. They are charged with trying to play Messrs. Yockeys and Collins' piano. About a week ago, during the quiet and still hours of study—and sleep—some one heard heavy and irregular musical notes coming from the reading-room. Thinking it was a rat, the listener took a club and softly tiptoed to the door. He stepped into the room, and was about to hurl his missile, when lo! what did he see but Dominick O'Malley practising "A Hot Time." It was secret practice, of course, Mr. O'Malley's innate modesty hindering him yet from playing in public. But when he makes

his *début* Teddy himself may look to his laurels. Dad Moulton, who sleeps over the reading-room, still insists that rats walk over the piano; but, then, although Dad has an eye for runners, he has no ear for music.

—The Lady Fingers' Baseball Club is now an assured thing. Farragher and Fensler have offered to provide the funds, and from now on the players will practise behind closed doors. The team is composed of a bunch of the most prominent young men in Brownson Hall who are as follows: Feeney, catcher, has had great experience catching odd winks and smiles while passing through Chicago. He is an open-faced player and has big feet. Susannah, the Missouri whirlwind, will pitch. Notwithstanding his enormous bulk the lad is a great pitcher. He was first utilized in this position some years ago by the cook who often sent him to the well for water. First base will be taken care of by Church. This young man is a phenomenon, and has an arm that is the envy of his playmates. He is a very scientific player, a charming young man, and can bat like a deer and run like an elephant. He is also the pet of the team and parts his hair in the middle. Mulbin will cover second base and the adjoining territory, weather conditions being favorable. Short will be filled by Bee Kum and third by Moloney. The outfield, however, will be the strongest part of the team. Gueld will take care of left garden. He has had experience catching flies since he was knee high to a potatoe bug, and can run bases like a fourteen-year old colt. He is built on the Trust plan, and can tell a tall building from a cable car at three feet. Demosthenes in centre is another heady player with a future before him. In right we will find Pancratz. Farragher is coaching the team, and expects to have them in first-class condition for the opening game against the Dandelions. This game is to be played under the auspices of the "Old Woman's League," between now and some time in the future. The rooters are under command of Col. Mike Fensler.

—The Senior Collegiates and the Senior Lawyers met on Brownson field, Sunday, in one of the most interesting games of the season; interesting from several points of view: from the players', spectators', scorers', umpires', and from a philosophical point of view. The Lawyers, as usual, used their strongest weapon: that one mightier than the sword. They thought because they had the law on their side, together with their *modus dicendi*, they could effect an easy victory. Mr. Sullivan, a young long-haired student of literature, a follower of Blackstone and very well versed in Aristotelian and Plutonian work, and a baseball player of the German picnic order, officiated in the box for the Collegiates. He was ably assisted by Mr. O'Connor who fre-

quently turned his face toward the West on a fast run. Mr. Hayes had a base position. It was said by many that John looked like a ball-player; and by others that appearances are deceptive. The red stockings he wore were used by a Spanish ancestor, a celebrated bull-fighter. Mullen on third made a fine catch, disturbed the atmosphere in the vicinity of home plate too frequently, and tried to figure too much on a victory. His football propensities still cling to him, for he is fond of falling on the ball and on the opposing players.

Fox at short and Cornell behind the bat, with Corc hitting, reminded us of the days when baseball was in its infancy and the players suffered in silence. Jack Lilly was placed in the right garden. He looked frightened, at times, but played the game of his life, stopping O'Neill's hard liner in the fifth inning. But Mr. Sullivan! Ah!—well, he scored one run for the Collegiates, and pitched great ball. He was best in serving up "high balls." It is difficult to say who did the best talking for the Lawyers. President Gallagher showed that he had his speaking apparatus under control. Most of the time he was engaged in making star catches or dragging his men from base to base. Mr. O'Neill pitched not gilt edged ball, since the one used Sunday was a sphere. The Lawyers could not influence Judge Lynch who administered justice much to their disgust. His giant stature and fierce appearance struck terror to their hearts. He saw through things too easily to suit them. The Lawyers played fast ball, but owing to the severe raw weather after the Collegiates had scored one in the fourth the game was called.

The rooters on both sides were most enthusiastic. The Collegiate band, led by Messrs. Hay and Welker, delighted the audience with choice music. They won great applause when they triumphantly led Jack Mullen to third after his famous double put out of Harry Barry, the legal luminary and base runner.

Mr. Kachur, whose early life was spent in watching the conic section flight of pigeons never learned to play ball, but he could be noticed on the side-lines wildly waving his arms and loudly cheering for his class. Unfortunately a strong wind from the east caught up his luxuriant beard, and blew him home before the end of the game; otherwise this criticism of the players would be more perfect. Squire Baldwin, Judge Cooney and Big Glasheen did all that one man could do to cheer their men on to victory. It is to be deplored that Mr. Dominick O'Malley, who was score keeper, suddenly remembered his piano lesson in the fourth inning and left. On this account the score is now much disputed, though all agree the Lawyers won the game. The score is held by some to be 14 to 1 and by others 5 to 1.