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Baeltane Eve.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

O HEARD you not the music
To-night on Knock-na-rae!
The fairy pipes are calling,
"This is the eve of May,"
And elfin bands are gathering
From near and far away.

The foam the moonbeams pilot
From Rosses o'er the tide,
Is manned by haughty horsemen
In plumed and jeweled pride,—
A thousand fairy gallants,
And each one has a bride.

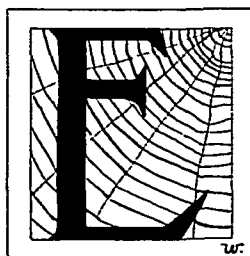
A merry time they're spending
Among the heather brown;
They're greeting fays from Munster
And some from far-off Down;
And playing pranks on mortals
That pass from Sligo town.

The fairy music lingers
Beside the haunted thorn,
The fairy feet are dancing
Until the day is born;
To part before the sunlight
The "gentry" sure would scorn.

The feast at last is ended,—
No hurried revellers they;
The summer rain is falling,
A rainbow spans the bay,
And up the fairies clamber,—
They've kept the eve of May.

Mark Twain.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE, 1901.



ENVIRONMENT, we are told, has considerable to do with the character of a people. The air we breathe, the sky we see, the scenery about us, all affect our natures to some degree. It may be the clear, crisp atmosphere of our famous land that has something to do with the great sense of humour so characteristic of the American people. True it is that other nations are also endowed with this trait, but nowhere in the world do we find it as predominant and genuine, if you will, as in America. The Irish humour is more closely allied to our own than that of any other

nation. We need not mention much about the dull, dry stuff to which the English apply the term humour, for in their work, the Americans fail to see the point. Scotch humour, on the other hand, is unkind and usually infused with sarcasm and bitterness.

America has long been famous for its humorous writers, and if we take a retrospective view we shall find the names of such men as Lowell, Holmes, Irving, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings and scores of others. Each one of these was remarkable for his particular style of humorous writing. To-day, we have hundreds of these writers; every daily paper, every magazine, has its funny page; besides,

there are *Puck, Judge* and *Life*, papers devoted entirely to amusing tales and incidents and grotesque pictures. And we very often find some very clever work in this department.

But before we go into an examination of American works expressing the humourous, it would be well for us to note the distinction, if we may, between the two terms, wit and humour, which are so frequently misused. We know by observation that wit is an Eastern temperament, and humour belongs more to the Western races. The Celts, however, form an exception to this rule: they are both humourous and witty.

According to Hazlitt, humour is the describing of the ludicrous as it exists in itself; it is limited to the object described and does not go outside this boundary: whereas wit displays this quality by comparing it or bringing it in contact with something else. Humour is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind; it is exercised by means of perception, and is the power of noticing incongruities of the concrete. Its real essence is analysis. Wit produces its effect by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one object to another, which places the thing that we laugh at in a clearer light. Wit like misery yokes strange bed-fellows. Humour occupies a larger sphere than wit, and is superior to it. It is natural and inevitable, and has a more efficient means for its display; it may be given by way of situation, whereas wit is confined to language. Wit has been applied to Shelley's definition of virtue: "A refinement of civilized life." It requires a bright intellect for its source, but humour is a property of all classes and conditions of men. Wit has been called the salt of conversation, not the food. Its chief characteristics are brilliant phrases and apt comparisons; it presents but few pictures to the mind's eye, and it pleases us in the same manner as a complicated machine would: we admire it and feel interested in it, but never go into ecstasies over it. The most apt epitome that I have heard is the one which says that wit is mirth turned into philosophy, and humour is philosophy at play.

Most persons are wrong in believing that wit necessarily implies laughter; it may, and frequently does, provoke laughter; but this is not essential in order that a thing may be called witty. In humour the opposite is true, for its chief aim is to cause mirth. Both wit and humour are born to exist until eternity.

Humour will last as long as man remains, for all it needs for its fountainhead is the intercourse of man with his fellowman.

In speaking of humour we must observe the two phases of it: humour as a positive term and the sense of humour, which is negative. That a man should become a great humourist, it seems to me he ought to be possessed of both of these faculties, although they are distinct from each other. A person with humour may make a joke or write a humourous story, and his friends, who are endowed with the sense of humour, may see it and enjoy it. We can explain this better by going into the field of letters to notice some of the writers. Carlyle was deemed a good humourist, and some of his works were clever, but he did not have the slightest trace of the sense of humour in him. It is stated that he seemed entirely unconscious of the funny position he placed himself in by writing dull, dry trash, or as some have put it, preaching the virtue of silence in no less than forty volumes. Dickens, however, showed the sense of humour to a certain degree; but if we notice Lowell's works we see that he was not only possessed of humour, but also of the appreciation of humour in others. But in speaking of American humour, there comes to our mind the name of one man who should be as intimately connected with that term as the stars are with the sky; this man is Samuel Clemens, better known to the public as Mark Twain.

Mark Twain is a remarkable character, and it is wonderful what this man has achieved when we consider the education he received. He was born at Florida, Missouri, Nov. 30, 1835, and in the village school of his birthplace he received his education. This did not last long, for when only thirteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a printer. After working at this trade for several years he sought employment on one of the Mississippi steamers and later was made pilot.

Perhaps if fate had not directed him to this employment, we should have never been charmed with his interesting book entitled "Life on the Mississippi," which was published in after years. Nothing more than mere accident led him to write this book. He was sitting before his fireside one evening in company with several friends, and began to relate to them stories of his old pilot days; so worked up in the theme did he become, that he lived again in the scenes he described, and all the while his listeners sat spellbound,

so clearly did Twain paint the pictures and describe the scenes of action.

They persuaded him to write this in the form of a story and publish it, and the result was the appearance of his "Life on the Mississippi." This book is marked by its strange simplicity of style, and yet it is remarkable for its excellent description of the Great Mississippi, its explorers and discoverers. There are many passages in it which display a deal of splendor and feeling.

In 1861, when about twenty-five years of age, Twain went to Nevada to act as private secretary for his brother, who had been appointed secretary of the territory. It was while here that Clemens adopted the pen-name of Mark Twain, which occurred to him in a strange way. While working on the Mississippi he had often heard the leadsman call out "by the mark twain," which is a term used in sounding whenever a depth of two fathoms is reached. This name has ever since been used by him, and most persons know him by no other.

Twain soon resigned his position as secretary, and began mining; and his experience in this undertaking gave him the material he used in writing "Roughing It." This story gives a very vivid description of life in the mining districts at that time, with its hardships, its disappointments, its luck and its quaintness.

The author next spent several months in the Hawaiian Islands, and on his return he made a tour of Nevada and California; and amused the people with his humourous lectures on the people of Hawaii, their strange customs and manners.

However, he soon gave up this plan in order to accompany a party of friends on a journey to the Mediterranean, Egypt and Palestine. On his return to America he wrote the book "Innocents Abroad," which made him famous. You may judge of the popularity of this book when I tell you that more than 125,000 copies were sold in three years; and it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

This book shows the artist's skill—for may we not call him artist as a story teller? It is written in a forcible narrative style with a grasp of human nature in it, and a most keen faculty for depicting character at a passionate crisis. Humour of course reigns throughout, still there are also traces of the beautiful in it, and a person can not lay the book aside without deriving some benefit from its perusal, for

there is much solid information in it. Twain does not apply his humour to a story with a large brush, he uses the pallet and dainty brush of the great artist; his humour is clear, but not thick. Space will not permit me to go into details in regard to this book, but a few passages will suffice to show the tenor of the work. Perhaps, the most amusing part is his story about the guide at Genoa.

Twain and his party had long heard about the European guides, so they were not surprised at the guides' actions. Those at Genoa are accustomed to see Americans go into raptures over anything associated with the name of Columbus, so Twain and his friends, among whom was a physician, decided to appear unconcerned. The guide approached the party and began his little speech:

"Come wis me, gentlemen! come—I show you ze letter-writing of Christopher Colombo—write it himself, wis his own hand."

They followed the guide to the palace and after much ceremony on the part of the guide, the ancient writing was brought forth.

"What I tell you, gentlemen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

The party appeared entirely unmoved, and now the fun began. The doctor examined the document very carefully and then addressed the guide:

"Ah, Ferguson, what—what—did you say was the man's name who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo—ze great Christopher Colombo!"

After another look at the letter, the doctor continued:

"Ah!—did he write it himself or—how?"

"Christopher Colombo—his own writing—writ by himself."

The doctor cast aside the document with contempt, and remarked in an angry tone:

"Pshaw! I have seen hundreds of boys in America only fourteen years of age that could write much better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care. It's the worst writing I ever saw. We are not fools; if you have no better specimen of your penmanship, drive on."

Needless to say they drove on much to the consternation and surprise of the guide. Another amusing selection in this same work is Twain's speech at the grave of Adam.

"The tomb of Adam!—how interesting it was here in the land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all who cared for us,

to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant relation, but still a blood relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affections was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. Noble old man, he did not live to see me! Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our gain."

The writer's work is above all things natural; he gives it to us in its crude state, unaffected or marred by display. It is, as some one has said, the crude pure ore of fun. Its chief aim is amusement; he does not use it as a weapon, therefore it is almost entirely devoid of sarcasm and irony. His "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" is humorous, but too irrelevant to be pleasing. He is a man of most diverse thoughts. This we see in his book, the "Prince and the Pauper," which is an entire departure from all his other works. It relates the story of a foolish young prince who changes his royal robes with a beggar boy who resembles him somewhat. The change is not discovered, so you can imagine the complication and strange positions this leads up to. The characterization and description in this story are well done; and the tinge of sadness and the traces of the tragic in it are seen only as if through a veil, for they are dissimulated with the cleverness of his humour.

"Huckleberry Finn" is a work which goes to show that Twain is more than an ordinary fun-maker; and let us glance at the account of Huckleberry's father to find out how well the author portrays his characters. This story was written more for young people, but even the old find much in its mirth to interest them. This is the way he describes Huckleberry's father:

"He was fifty and looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down; and you couldn't see his eyes shining through like he was behind a vine. It was all black, no grey; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face where his face showed; it was white, not like another man's white, but white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-toad white—a fish-belly white. As for his clothes, just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting onto other knee; the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor—an old

black slouch, with the top caved in like a lid."

This book is also noted for its depth of thought. At times Twain drops the comic and delves into the tragic; and so well does he handle it that we think he might even have made a success of tragedy. In the enmity existing between the Shepherdsons and Grangerfords in this book the author treats us to a touch of the tragic.

"Tom Sawyer," "Puddenhead Wilson," and "Tom Sawyer Abroad" are books that will rank with the best fiction in the American world of letters. They are clever in plot and incident, and never fail to interest us. So amused do we become at times that we quite forget our surroundings; we are living and acting with Twain's strange characters. Perhaps, in all the books of fiction we have ever read, none held our attention better, or thrilled us more, than the passage in Tom Sawyer where the hand of Indian Joe, his enemy, comes slowly within sight of poor Tom Sawyer lost in the cave. Again, take the part in "Puddenhead Wilson," where the wretch Chamberlain wilfully sells his own mother "down river;" what novelist has ever depicted pathos more vividly or in a more realistic manner than did Twain in these few lines?

Twain is not only a writer, but also a brilliant lecturer. In this he has likewise made a great name for himself. He is humorous in his everyday life as well as in his books; wherever he may be he is always the same genial character, as his readers would picture him.

A friend tells a very amusing anecdote of the author, which goes to show that even at the most exciting moments he remains calm. One day when living in Buffalo, he chanced to look across the street and see a house afire, so he walked over and informed his neighbours, who were seated on the veranda of the news in this fashion:

"My name's Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before. I beg your pardon for intruding in this informal manner, and at this time of day, but your house is afire."

Twain found the Germans a very interesting people, but like most of us he was unable to understand their language with its strange construction, and worst of all their extremely long names. In one of his books he says of the language:

"I was gradually coming to have a myste-

rious and shuddery reverence for the girl; for nowadays, whenever she pulled out from the station, and got her train fairly started on one of those horizonless trans-continental sentences of hers, it was borne in upon me that I was standing in the awful presence of the mother of the German language."

Twain has spoken about most all classes and conditions of men, and the lawyer has not been forgotten. It is well known that there is no profession in which a joke is appreciated so much as among the pleaders at the bar. The author, in speaking of the old forms of real estate, says a freehold estate of inheritance is either a fee simple or fee tail, and estates are probably called fee because the lawyers generally contrive to pay themselves pretty well out of it. He again states that it was an old rule in law that a fee or freehold might remain in abeyance, that is without an owner, but the modern lawyer can not tolerate the idea of a fee without anyone to take it, and the doctrine is therefore exploded.

It seems to me that people do not give writers of humour the credit they deserve, for do not these men, who contribute to our rational mirth, merit our praise and admiration? Should they not likewise be assigned a place in our literature? Mark Twain's name will be remembered and his works read as long as laughter is a privilege of mankind; and he certainly deserves to be called, what an English critic once styled him, the Shakspeare of American humour.

Around a Donegal Hearth.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

"The ould lad can make himself into a person too," said the old man Peter.

"Ay, an' how often didn't ye hear Father Dooley say he goes aroun' the world like a roarin' lion," said his wife.

"As about makin' himself a man we all know that," said Barney Hegarty. "That's the strangest thing I iver heerd that happened ould John Rafferty the night o' the christenin' in Maurice Cannon's; yez all heerd about it?"

"Ay, that was the night that the thought struck him about his sister Mary bein' in trouble?"

"What was it?" put in one of the girls, "we never heard it."

I don't think it's well for ye to hear it,"

said Barney, "but anyhow it was one night that ould John was at a christenin' in Maurice Cannon's. That was the night above all others that this young Mickey was christened. There was a big gatherin' there, all the neighbors and Nannie people from the mountain; for ye know Maurice was well able to afford it. But to make the long story short everything was goin' on well, with singin' an' seanchus an' good poteen, till some time after midnight. Then says ould John Rafferty, says he to his wife:

"Nora," says he, 'come us home.'

"Musha! what in the worl' is strikin' ye to think of home this time o' night," says Nora?

"This indeed was strange in John, for not like many other men, drink instead of makin' him think of home it's what it used to make him forget it, an' often he stayed away a week at a time after the like, an' then come home with his head down cursin' the man that gave him the last glass at his first spree. But now there was somethin' else up. He hadn't dhrunk enough to do him any harm unless he came on the keg unknownst—an' John wasn't the man to do a thing o' that sort—but anyhow, he got it into his mind to go home. Was there anybody in the company that crossed him in any way? But no; an' even if there was John wasn't the man to take an insult in that way, an' no wonder, for he was now too well used to the sharp tongue of his wife. But anyhow, says he, 'I must go home,' says he; there's somethin' the matter with Mary, an' I won't be content till I see her th' night," says he.

"This was his sister that lived next dure to him in Carrick married to Thommie More, an' if there was any trouble atween them whatever it was nobody but John knew it. But his wife wouldn't go out with him at that small hour o' the night, and he had to go alone. There was a broken sky overhead, an' the moon was jist within an hour of goin' to bed.

"Well," says John to himself when he was passin' by the schoolhouse, says he, 'isn't that man late afoot?' meanin' the man that was just comin' the other way.

"Good-night," says John to him when they met.

"Good-night," says the other, 'an' aren't ye late afoot?'

"An' ye the same? Pardon me," says John.

"I know where ye're goin' says the stranger, 'there's no need for ye there either. Ye ought to have stayed where ye were at the christenin'," says he, 'an' not bother yerself so much

about yere sister Mary. But now,' says he, 'if ye turn back,' says he, 'I'll give ye the full o' ye're hat of solid goold,' says he. 'I suppose ye know me,' says he, 'but now I want to tell ye that I was sittin' snug and comfortable on the hob the night that Charley Braddan was married, an' 'twas I that tempted Connel Ruadh to put the tobacco in the poteen, and ye know what a 'ruction it made,' says he; 'an' 'twas no wonder that couple didn't have luck after all the curses was taken on that weddin,' says he. 'An' I was in Condy Jack's, too,' says he, 'the night that his daughter Biddy got married to John O'Rourke, an' it was well for them there was one pious person in the house, or I would do harm,—an' that was Mary More,' says he; for as long as she had the bades in her han' I couldn't do it.'

"Let me alone,' says John; for he now saw who was the buck he was spakin' too. But anyhow the divil promised him to go down to the bottom of the sea an' there dig a ship's loadning iv goold if he'd turn back to the christenin'. But John wouldn't do it, for he was wiser nor that, an' off he went as fast as he could with the oul lad close behin' him tryin' to stop him longer. An' I tell you there didn't much grass grow under his feet till he was outside of Thommie More's dure. There was a light upstairs; he did not know why at so late an hour. But anyhow somethin' toul him it wasn't anything good, an' with all the strength an' might he could he went back about twenty yards from the dure, ran in through its hinges an' all, as fast as he could, ran upstairs, an' what did he find but Thommie with a razor in his hand just ready to cut his throat. An' from that day to this there wasn't a sign of jealousy between Thommie and his wife."

"It's strange after all that he can make bades of his own to tempt the people with," said Andy Boyle, "John Bawn McGin just a month before he died toul me a thing that happened to his uncle Paddy the time iv the priest-huntin', an' it was as strange as that. Ye know from Paddy's house to Malin More is just twenty miles, an' at that time the poor priests were a huntid down like dogs, an' there wasn't one to be found in that distance an' after as far again. Anyhow, one Saturday it was rumoured about that Father Carr was to have Mass in Malin the next day, an' Paddy made it up with one o' the neighbors to go to it. They were to get up soon after midnight so as to be there in time. Paddy went to bed,

an' was just after the first doze, he thought, when a rap came to the dure.

"It's time, Paddy," says the man outside.

"All right," says Paddy, "I'll be just as soon as ye," says he.

He got up an' got ready, which didn't take him long, for there was no word iv atin' an' drinkin' in those days before a short journey of twenty miles like that. The neighbor was already a bit up the road when Paddy got out, an' do all he could Paddy couldn't get any nearer to him than ten yards.

"Be all's above," says Paddy, when they were travellin' about half o' mile, says he, "I forgot my bades."

"Oh, niver mind," says the other, "I have two pair here," stoppin' and handin' Paddy the extra pair. But for all that he got ahead three or four steps again an' niver let Paddy come nearer to him till they got to Malin.

The priest was just beginnin' Mass, 'an' Paddy and the neighbor went on their knees, one on each side of the crowd that was there before them. From thanks that he got the grace to be there in time an' everything else, Paddy prayed like a saint all along till the Elevation. He got distracted then, an' no wonder; for when he looked over to where his companion was what did he see but him goin' around the hill behind the altar. Then and there something struck Paddy. He went to the priest after Mass and toul him about it.

"Show me the bades," says the priest.

Paddy did; the priest put them on the palm of his hand, blew on them a little, an' when he looked there wasn't left but a wee grain of clay."

Just then young John Cummins came in from Mary Campbell's wake.

"My! aren't ye home early?" said his mother.

"What was I doin' yonder?" said the boy. "Sure there was no fun in it,—only three pipes broken the whole night, an' Jemmie Andy an' Mickey Boyle tellin' stories."

"Aren't the wakes dyin' out compared to long ago," put in Barney Hegarty, "when they used to be waitin' a whole week ahead for the body to die till they 'ud have their fun."

"I think it's all for the better too," said Andy Boyle; "for it wasn't right the kind o' fun they used to make often. How many a one got his eye hurt or his head or his nose smashed."

"Worse nor that," added Barney again. "It would be all well enough, if they'd leave the

corpse alone; but they didn't. They tell me that old John Ban's grandfather put on him a goat's skin, 'horns an' all once, when Shameen Maxwell was dead,—Shameen was a Protestant, ye know, and had him half out the door pretendin' to be takin' him to hell, if it was true. D'ye think that was right?"

"Iv coorse it wasn't, an' it was proved that it wasn't, down in the parish of Boylagh once," answered Paddy Ryan. "I suppose ye niver heard it, but it was one night at a wake that a young fellow, the strongest man, they say, for twenty miles square around the place, got in somehow unknownst behind the corpse in the bed where it was underboord, and put it standin' up with its head over the curtain an' lookin' out at the people sittin' round. The house was full, iv coorse, and that made the panic so much the worse. It was the strongest got out first, but luckily there wasn't much harm done. When they got a little bit over their excitement outside the question was who was goin' to the house again?"

"Surely Mickey Dhu has courage' said some one—this was the fellow that did the trick—but Mickey Dhu could not be found. Anyhow, to make the long story short, they all went up together, an' where d' ye think they found Mickey Dhu? Cold dead in the arms of the corpse in the middle of the floor."

There was silence for awhile, but it was soon broken by John McGarrigle who said he supposed it was bedtime. And so it was, for the old man Peter had begun to make the last fire and Mrs. Cummins herself was telling one of the girls there would scarcely be enough milk for supper.

(CONCLUSION.)

There is no merit in equality, unless it be equality with the best.

Nothing but ceaseless effort is difficult, and nothing else achieves aught of permanent value.

If thou livest not by the work of thy hands, be a helper to those by the work of whose hands thou livest.

If the teacher shows his pupils how far he excels them in mental power and culture he discourages them; for the more susceptible of education they are the greater is their modesty and self-diffidence.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Varsity Verse.

CHRIST'S CHURCH.

AGAINST the Rock the sea hurls up its waves,
 With awful, tearing force, but all in vain:
 It draws them back to cast them up again;
 The Rock unconquered, still the fierce storm braves.
 And so forever, till the end of days,
 The fight goes on 'twixt Rock and fuming main.
 Always without effect the sea will strain
 Against the mass, that undefeated stays.
 From Nero's time, with his unjust decree,
 The cruel and evil powers of hell were hurled
 Against Christ's Church: to choke, the fount of life
 That flows from her blest bosom to the world.
 And after all the struggles and the strife,
 The Church still stands, unconquered, bright and free.

L. J. H.

THE YOUTHFUL SPRING.

I see upon the night's blue sky
 The slender moon;
 While far beyond its orbits lie,
 Like gems bestrewn
 O'er depths unfathomed, starry specks
 That wink between each cloud that flecks
 With vapory wing
 Our shaded earth; while o'er the lea
 With odors sweet, there comes to me
 The breath of Spring.

I hear the woodland streamlet hum
 Its endless tune,
 As though 'twere whispering to the dumb
 Bright stars and moon;
 While climbing up the polar sky
 The winter seems to say "good-bye,"
 As zephyrs wing
 From sunny homes their happy flight
 To softly fan this tranquil night
 Of infant Spring

M. McG.

TO A CAGED BIRD.

Ah! little songster, thus confined
 Within thy wiry cell,
 How canst thou have the peace of mind
 To sing all day so well?

How can thy heart with gladness beat
 Within that little cage,
 Or dost thou pour these strains so sweet
 Thy sadness to assuage?

No fluttering songster of the sky,
 Though soaring wild and free,
 In rich, melodious notes can vie,
 Imprisoned bird, with thee.

Oh! would that I could gaily sing
 My sorrows thus away,
 And seem as thou, poor captive thing,
 'Midst life's dark troubles, gay.

M. McG.

Some build great castles in the air,
 Then stand aside and wait,
 The plan is all that they will dare,
 Until it is too late.

F. I.

Lost and Found.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.

A fire crackled on the open hearth and threw its soft yellow light over a richly furnished drawing-room; an old piano stands open in a corner of the room, and a young girl in the bloom of youth and beauty is sitting before it, her face full of mischievousness and feigned anger. Apparently she is averting her pretty face from a young man who is standing a few paces away looking absently into an oil-painting. The girl's fingers are eager to strike the white keys and she can hardly restrain them; but for once, her desire to carry a point outweighs her caprice. Suddenly the young man with a quick, impetuous motion turns from the picture and comes to the girl's side.

"May," he says, almost whispering the word, "have you been jesting, or do you mean to tell me truly that for the past three years you have just been acting?" The girl did not answer immediately and the man went on:

"Can you forget the days we have spent together and how kind you have been to me? Since I met you at Betston that summer, May, you have been everything to me; and I thought that you too cared somewhat for me." The man was moved and spoke with emotion.

"Oh, this can not be! You can not treat me so cruelly." Still the girl remained silent hardly knowing what to say. The affair had grown far more serious than she had expected.

The young man also paused in his impetuous appeal and stood looking earnestly at the beautiful face averted partly. For a moment there was silence.

"Yes," the girl finally began, her expression of countenance having hardened somewhat. "I recall the days you mention, and maybe I did show some regard for you, but you have taken me by surprise to-night—this is so unexpected."

The young man was deeply agitated. Such commonplace remarks and so unyielding a manner when his own nature was so affected stirred up his dormant passions. He could not believe his eyes. How he had been deceived! A few days before, only yesterday, she had been all sweetness and affection.

In the few minutes he spent looking at the averted face of this woman he loved he lived

years. The happy hours of his past recurred to him. He thought how vague and empty would be the future without her,—without everything that he loved in the world. All the plans that he had formed for the future were unconsciously woven around her and would have to be rearranged. The happy home he had pictured to himself was fleeing from him like stars under a coming cloud.

At last as if he had suddenly decided upon some definite course of action and before the girl sitting there could collect her thoughts he spoke again, this time more reservedly. He possibly had divined the meaning of that mischievous twinkle in the girl's violet eyes.

"Perhaps I have been too hasty, May," he said in almost freezing tones, "we had better wait and you can consider."

"You are very kind," the girl answered, a little scared at his change of manner—but still self-possessed.

"I am not kind," he replied, "but must yield to circumstances."

"I shall consider the offer of marriage you have seen fit to honor me with, but must decline it now," May answered with dignity.

Harry Hinkle was a keen observer and was not slow to note a change in this charming girl. All her former scorn and defiance had died out of her voice and manner giving place to softer tones. In turn the color returned to his thin lips and livid countenance and his eyes lost that wild look.

"I rest my case with you, he said almost with sarcasm, and then walked toward the door. He turned at the threshold and said, "good-night" and was gone.

May would have gone after him and besought him to return, but it was too late. She was greatly excited now that he had gone and she was alone. Her face lost its colour, the fire died out of her beautiful eyes, and she staggered. But Miss Thompson was a resourceful girl, conscious of a power over men, and especially over the man that had just gone from her. As the excitement of the moment left her somewhat calm to think connectedly she was before long again reassured.

"Harry will come back," she said consolingly realizing that she had nearly lost a husband and the man she loved, on account of a foolish agreement with Gertrude Hays not to accept that first proposal. Still there was a lingering fear in the girl's mind as she tripped gayly up the stairs to deceive her

mother, and stole unnoticed, without her accustomed good-night, into her own room. May would have written a few lines to Harry, but the agreement forbade as did her sense of propriety.

The Thompson home was a picturesque old homestead situated three miles out of Charleston on the old Taylorsville road. In the breakfast room Miss May Thompson was seated alone sipping her morning coffee. Her thoughts were occupied with the happenings of the night before and she wondered what Harry would do. "He looked so handsome," she thought, "as he stood pleading before me. I could hardly restrain myself." But Gertrude had carried out her part of the agreement and May could not draw out now.

"Anyhow," she consoled herself, "if he does not come to-night I will write him and explain the circumstances, and I know he will forgive me. He is so sensible, and he always said I was youthful." This was a strange soliloquy for May Thompson, but the case was somewhat serious. Night came and Harry did not appear. May waited patiently, listening for every step, thinking that perchance it was bringing to her the man whom she had now learned that she loved more than she thought. When the night grew on and the later hours came, May began to lose heart. Queer fears stole over her, and she could feel the cold perspiration on her forehead. She sat late in her study that night, but not a word did she write. In fact, she grew so nervous she could hardly compose herself. She wanted to go out and talk to some one. She thought to call her mother once and confide her secrets to her, but she tried to make herself believe that nothing would come of it. She went off to bed worn out with anxiety and with little chance of getting much sleep.

Next morning May was in her accustomed place, the breakfast room, but as sprightly as usual, however; the maid servant came in presently with the morning *Breeze*, the town paper. May glanced over the personal column and read the few bits of society news. When she had finished her breakfast and was leaving the room, her eyes fell upon the paper and she saw a headline, "Committed Suicide," which attracted her attention and then read further that "Harry K. Hinkle, a well-known young man, takes his life."

The poor girl gasped, a choking sensation came into her breast and her face became

ghastly pale. She swayed and would have fallen but for a chair. As she stood grasping the chair with nervous, twitching fingers, a vacant stare came into her eyes; her muscles relaxed, and she fell in a faint on the floor. How long she lay there she did not know, for when she regained consciousness she was in her own bed-room.

The story that had so alarmed and sickened poor May Thompson went on to state that Harry Hinkle a young farm owner and stockbroker had been found in a room in the hotel with a bullet wound in his head and clutching a revolver in his right hand. No reason could be given for the awful tragedy save that the young man had looked despondent when he came into the hotel the night before."

Harry Hinkle was the son of a wealthy old landowner and was related to nearly everyone in the vicinity. When this story concerning him became known, many persons of Charleston went to the hotel to convince themselves that the story was true, and to learn more about the young man's sad fate. At the hotel Mr. Sharp, the proprietor, was being kept busy with inquiries and informing his interrogators, that the man that had taken his life was not Harry Hinkle the stockbroker, but another man of the same name who was a stranger in the town.

In the course of the rounds that the new story went it came to the Thompsons. May had not told her mother of the cause of her collapse, but Mrs. Thompson suspected it and when the new story was told her she informed May of it immediately and sent off a servant with a note to Harry asking him to come down and explaining what had occurred. Harry had reached home in the early morning of the day before and was busily engaged selling a horse, when Mrs. Thompson's servant appeared.

Harry read the note and was only too glad to comply with Mrs. Thompson's request, and the unfortunate mistake in identity did not worry him.

"You were awfully cruel, Harry, to treat me as you did when you knew I was nervous," May was saying as she and Hinkle were sitting on the veranda after explanation and reconciliation.

"Nervous," Harry put in, "who would have thought that you were nervous, apparently ruining a man's life here without moving a muscle."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

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ROBERT E. LYNCH, 1903

FRANK J. BARRY, 1903

} Reporters.

—Amid the pealing of bells and blaze of altar lights May devotions were begun at Notre Dame on Tuesday evening. Our Very Rev. President gave the students an opening talk, exhorting them to enter into the services with a whole heart. As he said, there are some among us who will never again have the advantage of attending the services held in honour of Our Lady at Notre Dame; and some there are who may never hear the sound of another May bell. Bearing those things in mind we ought to earnestly participate in observing the May services of an institution that seeks in particular the patronage of Mary. The evenings thus spent will be, at least, happy memories when life has grown more serious. Father Morrissey cited an example of this kind, when he asked the students to comply with the request of an alumnus who died a few days ago. He was a man of the world, a successful lawyer. On his death bed he requested the prayers of the young men here when they were assembled in the church at May devotions as was the custom during his college days. The May devotions give us an unusual opportunity, and it is hoped that all the student body will enter into them with open heart, and thereby gain the best results.

—The six young orators who met in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening to try for places on the University debating team, most assuredly deserve praise for their splendid showing. As we expected, the contest was a close one, and it must have been hard work for the judges to choose the winners. The question debated was: That the permanent retention of the Philippines by the United States is not desirable. The affirmative side was supported by Messrs. Cleary, Barry and Kenney; the negative by Messrs. Corley, Kuppler and Kanaley. The argumentation and delivery of each speaker were good. Any one of the debaters would creditably represent his University, and for this reason it might be unjust to laud any particular one.

We feel, however, that not even one of the contestants themselves will object if we single out Harry P. Barry as deserving of the highest commendation. He had made an enviable reputation for himself at Notre Dame as a public speaker, but his work of Wednesday evening was even above his usual high standard. But we must not forget the other men. Leo Cleary, who opened for the affirmative, with his well-grouped arguments and good English, left the impression on the minds of his hearers that it would be hard for the other speakers to come up to the standard he set. But the very next speaker, John Corley added to the difficulty of picking the winners by making a speech that seemed to assure him a place. After him came H. P. Barry and George Kuppler. Both had good arguments and forcible delivery, and both made places.

J. W. Kenney and Byron Kanaley were respectively the last debaters for the affirmative and negative. Mr. Kenney (for a young man) is certainly a speaker of ability. A listener would think him also among the lucky ones, but Mr. Kanaley got the points that gave him second place. The order of places is as follows: 1st, H. P. Barry; 2d, Byron Kanaley; 3d, George Kuppler; J. W. Kenney, alternate.

Our debating team meets the University of Indianapolis at the state capitol on May 22d. We feel the honour of the University is safe in their hands and exhortations needless. The judges of Wednesday's debate were Mr. Stoll, editor of the *South Bend Times*, Judge Hubbard of South Bend and Father John Cavanaugh. The question to be debated with Indianapolis is the same as the one discussed here on Wednesday evening. We have the negative side.

The Last of the Pioneers.

At Friday noon in the little cemetery near St. Mary's Academy took place the burial of one of the oldest Sisters of the Community, Mother M. Ascension. On Wednesday evening, about 6 o'clock, she passed quietly away, fortified by the Sacraments, and surrounded by those who had long learned to know and love her. Ordinarily the Sisters who die within the Convent of Notre Dame are buried from their own chapel. An exception was made in this case, owing to the fact that Mother M. Ascension might be regarded as a helper and co-laborer with Father Sorin in the pioneer work of up-building Notre Dame. Only those who had a part in the history of the early days can realize how essential to the success of Notre Dame was the assistance rendered by the Sisters, and how important particularly was the assistance rendered by the deceased. It was for these reasons that the Faculty and Students of the University attended the funeral in a body. The Rev. President Morrissey was celebrant, assisted by the Rev. S. Fitte as deacon and the Rev. J. Maguire as subdeacon. The Rev. D. E. Hudson preached. After the celebration of Solemn High Mass of Requiem, the body was blessed by the Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau. The pall-bearers for the occasion were: Professors W. Hoynes, J. Edwards, J. Ewing, M. McCue, F. Ackermann, and Mr. L. Tong. The University band contributed its share to the solemnity of the occasion. Prominent among the visiting clergy were the Reverend pastors of the churches in South Bend, and the Reverend Dean O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

After the blessing of the body the students, professors, clergy and Sisters formed into a funeral procession while the remains were carried from the church. Prominent among the representatives of the students who accompanied the body to the cemetery were the Minims of St. Edward's Hall, for in these Mother M. Ascension in the days of her activity was especially interested. Among the many things beautifully said in the course of his sermon, Father Hudson paid the following tribute to the Sisters of the Holy Cross:

You are present this morning not only to show a mark of respect to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, especially to one who trained so many of them to the religious life, but to pay a tribute of gratitude to the truest benefactors of Notre Dame. It is enough to

say in explanation that the work of Father Sorin would have been impossible of accomplishment without the co-operation of the little band of religious women whom he had summoned to his aid. The students of Notre Dame do not need to be reminded of the privileges and benefits and blessings that are theirs through the presence and the prayers of those whose ministrations are as manifold as they are unceasing and unselfish.

We append the following sketch from the *South Bend Tribune*:

Mother Ascension, whose worldly name was Mathurine Sallou, was 75 years old, her birth occurring Feb. 5, 1826, at Mayenne, France. She received her early education in that country, being reared in the Catholic faith. In 1845, at the age of 19, she received the holy habit and three years later was professed. In 1846 she came to the United States and joined Father Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame, at Bertrand, Mich. After a short service there she was sent to Philadelphia, Pa., to take charge of an institution, and remained in that city until 1863, when she was recalled to become mistress of novices at Saint Mary's. She held that office for two terms. From 1872 to 1894 she had charge of the convent and community of the Sisters at Notre Dame, but for the last six years she had been an invalid and not able to take an active part in the affairs of her Order. For the last thirty years she had been known as the Mother of the missions at Bengal on account of her great works of charity. Almost unaided she has trained Sisters for hospital work, and when not doing this she taught at St. Mary's.

She was always bright and cheerful and even up to the day of her death she found pleasure in discussing the works of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, an Order which has received the final approval of Rome, an honor not extended except in rare instances. She was also fond of nature and its beauties. The golden jubilee of her religious profession was celebrated December 8, 1898, at Notre Dame, with much pomp and splendor.

Mother Ascension was taken ill at 10 o'clock Monday night and she realized that death was approaching. At midnight, the Superior summoned the Rev. Father L'Etourneau and Dr. Cassidy to her bedside. At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning she received the last sacraments and appeared to be calm and resigned. From then on she gradually weakened, dying peacefully. She is survived by one brother in France. Mother Ursula, for several years prefect of discipline at St. Mary's Academy, was her sister.—*South Bend Tribune*.

Victory for the Gold and Blue.

The Indiana University team proved to be an easy proposition for our fellows at Bloomington Wednesday. For seven innings, after a rally in the first inning, Notre Dame was compelled, chiefly through the efforts of Pitcher Boyle, to be content with three runs and three little hits. The seventh, as of old, was our lucky inning, and Notre Dame jumped onto Mr. Boyle with a vengeance. After the smoke cleared away, four runs were added to our total of runs scored. Again in the ninth, Boyle was touched up very lively and our fusilade of hits, and the misplays of the Indiana boys, gave us seven more tallies. Hogan and Campbell composed the battery, and, apart from a little wildness in the beginning by Hogan and Campbell's wide throw of second, they acquitted themselves very well. Our hit column shows only nine hits, but these singles were thrown together so skilfully and opportunely that they counted for more than nine hits.

The Indiana boys played loosely in the later innings, giving Boyle miserable support. During the first part of the game the result looked doubtful, and not until our fellows fell onto Boyle in the seventh did Indiana show her weakness.

THE SCORE

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	1	0	1	4	2
Morgan, 1 b	2	3	11	2	0
Farley, r f	3	1	0	0	0
Donahoe, c f	2	0	2	1	0
Bergen, 3 b	3	2	0	2	0
Walsh, 2 b	0	2	4	0	0
Campbell, c	1	1	6	1	1
Duggan, 1 f	0	0	3	0	0
Hogan, p	2	0	0	4	0
Total	14	9	27	14	3
INDIANA	R	H	P	A	E
Clerenger, s s	0	0	1	5	0
Millett, 2 b	2	1	0	0	1
Miller, 1 b	0	1	10	0	1
Thornton, c f	1	1	2	0	2
Simon, c	0	0	10	2	2
Morgan, 3 b	0	0	2	2	3
Shaw, r f	0	0	0	0	2
Sutphin, 1 f	0	0	1	0	0
Boyle, p	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	3	3	27	11	11

NOTRE DAME—3 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 7=14.
INDIANA—1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0=3.

Stolen bases—Morgan, Farley (3). Donahoe, Bergen, Walsh, Clerenger, Thornton. Struck out by Hogan, 3; by Boyle, 7. Three-base hit, Bergen. Bases on balls by Hogan, 7; by Boyle, 3. Hit by pitcher, Hogan, Boyle. Sacrifice hit, Lynch. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, Dr. Harris.

Exchanges.

The trouble with many of our exchanges is that the articles savour too much of the class and lecture rooms. We exchange editors sometimes enjoy a treatise on electricity, machinery, etc., but as a rule, in taking up a college magazine we do not care to read essays based on subjects that are fully treated in text books; this is the only fault we have to find with the *Crimson*. The essays and treatises are chiefly scientific. This in some ways is very well, but we advocate something more: a short story, a cleverly developed incident, or a few lines of verse, is surely not amiss in any college paper.

* * *

The editors and the students of *The Acropolis* of Newark have the interest of their school at heart. We are glad to see so much enthusiasm manifested in a High School paper, and the students of many of our universities would do well to contribute as much to their respective magazines.

* * *

The Polytechnic, of Brooklyn, contains a humorous article entitled "Personal Recollections of Noah." The diary consists, chiefly of conversation and is very skilfully arranged. The writer must be an admirer of J. Kendrick Bangs, for Noah's diary is at times witty, and somewhat reminds one of the material in "The House Boat on the Styx." The technique in "Mathilda Graves, Witch" is good, and the action in the ride to the Indian camp is rapid, but were it possible to have a less conventional ending the article would be far more interesting. We notice an improvement in the exchange column of the April number; the editor has adopted the method of criticism which is far more beneficial and encouraging than clippings.

* * *

On the editorial staff of *The Normal Advance* each class has a special representative. We approve of this, because many of our exchanges are edited by the senior class exclusively and thus the paper bespeaks a class monopoly.

* * *

The Polytechnic, of Troy, is devoted to the "Mid-Winter Reunion of the Alumni Association." The toasts show that keen interest and fidelity to the institution that every alumnus should have.

G. W. B.

A Card of Sympathy.

Since it hath pleased the Almighty to take to Himself the sister of our friend and former school-fellow, J. Fred Powers, we, the undersigned, in behalf of the various halls, tender him the heartfelt sympathy of the student body of Notre Dame.

P. J. CORCORAN,	} <i>Committee.</i>
J. P. RIELLY,	
J. L. CORLEY,	
F. M. WINTER,	
CHARLES RUSH,	

Personals.

—Mr. G. H. Rempe of Chicago visited his three sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Dr. Warren of Chicago, Ill., paid a brief visit to his son of St. Edward's Hall lately.

—Mrs. Von Phul of East St. Louis came here Thursday to see her son who is in the Minims.

—Mrs. M. Dukette of Mendon, Mich., was the guest of her son Frank for the past few days.

—Mr. F. W. Baude of Chicago, Ill., called on his son of St. Edward's Hall on last Sunday week.

—Mr. Eugene Grambling has been appointed one of the trustees of the cathedral parish in Indianapolis, Ind.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. Hanlon of Chicago, Ill., made a brief stay at the University on a visit to their son of St. Edward's Hall.

—A recent letter from Detroit Michigan, contains the information that Mr. Frank Nestor has gone to Duluth to engage in the lumber business.

—Mr. R. C. Wangler of Waterloo, Ia., made a brief stay at the University on a visit to his son, Louis E. of Sorin Hall. M. Wangler was accompanied by his daughter.

—James Crotty of St. Joseph's Hall received word Tuesday of the death of his little sister. He left immediately for his home in Chicago where the funeral took place. The SCHOLASTIC extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

—Mr. John F. Daly of Madison, S. D., is spending a few days among his many friends. John, while a student here during the years '96-'98', made an enviable reputation in the many studies he took. Besides he was a prime favorite among his class-fellows. We were pleased to find him as genial as ever.

—During a recent stay at the West Baden springs, Professor Edwards met several of the old students of the University. Among them was Mr. Frederick J. Riley. ('90-'93) of Mil-

waukee, Wis., who is now engaged in the lumber business in California and Arizona; and Mr. Joseph C. Yeager of Cincinnati, a graduate in the class of '92, Mr. Oscar Schmidt, now connected with the Graselli Chemical Co. of Cleveland, Ohio.

—Mr. Fred C. Prichard, president of the Falls Colliery Co., of Ferris, W. Va., made a brief stay here as the guest of the Faculty. He was a student of the University during the years '87-'91. We learn that his two brothers, who were also students here, are doing well in their respective fields of work. "H. L.," '89-'90, is cashier in the National Bank of Charleston, W. Va., and "A. M.," '88-'95, is having marked success in the legal profession.

—On Thursday the Very Reverend President received a letter from Union, Mo., which told of the death of Richard G. Halligan, Law '95. His sister, who wrote, said he died with the name of our Lord on his lips, and shortly before the end asked the students of Notre Dame to pray for him when they were assembled at May devotions. Richard Halligan was a brilliant student during his college days, and in the world a successful lawyer. The SCHOLASTIC tenders the stricken family the sympathy of both Faculty and students for the great loss sustained.

Splendid Work by our Track Men!

The fine weather of the past week has given the track men an opportunity to do some fast work. "Dad" Moulton is more than pleased with their performances, and says he has the fastest runners in the country—East or West. Uffendall ran the half mile last Sunday in the fast time of 2.01½. Kirby is improving every day. He ran the 220 yard hurdles in 25 3-5, and has done less than 52 in the quarter. Guerin ran a quarter in 51 3-5 seconds last Thursday against a strong wind. Murphy is fast coming around to his old form in the quarter, and at present is doing better than 52. Staples is faster than ever in the 220, and "Corc"—well we all know what he can do. Sullivan, Glynn, Kearney, and Richon are doing good work in the field events, and may be relied upon to hold up their end during the coming meets.

Sullivan and Richon have covered 21 feet 4 inches in the broad jump. A week ago to-day, Sullivan cleared 10 feet 7 inches in the pole vault. "Dad" says he will not be at all surprised if Joe should make 11 feet at that event in a meet. For in competition he has invariably shown himself much better than

in practice. *Quare*, Joe? The inspiring presence of the fair ones, we suppose.

Now a word about "Dad." Surely his system of training must have something to do with the all-round development of our men. It had been commonly held among outside colleges that our track team consisted entirely of Powers and Corcoran. Now, with these two competing for us, victory usually fell to the gold and blue, but no one can longer doubt that we have a team of excellent athletes who can well support "Corc" in his world-beating records. Dad must certainly get credit for making the most of his material. He has developed six men who can run a quarter under 52, and seven who can make it in less than 53. We wish him success with his boys, and assure him that in their future meets, as in the past ones, they will be sure to have the enthusiastic support of the SCHOLASTIC and student body.

Another Victory for Notre Dame.

SCORE—NOTRE DAME, 14; DE PAUW, 2.

Notre Dame easily defeated De Pauw at Greencastle last Thursday. Never at any time during the game was De Pauw near our fellows, and only twice did they succeed in crossing the plate. Fleete let out a few links of his speed, and during the six innings that he dispensed curves, straight shoots, and low benders, the De Pauw aggregation secured one lone hit. Captain Donahoe substituted Hogan for Fleete in the sixth to save Fleete for the Purdue game. The game with De Pauw was a vast improvement in the work of our fellows over the Indiana game. A fast double-play and some snappy infield work by Bergen, Lynch and Walsh served to rouse the spectators to enthusiastic applause.

Phil O'Neill had on his batting clothes throughout the game landing a combination of a single, two-base hit, and a three-bagger; the last named hit coming when the bases were filled. Young Ray Pulse, brother of De Pauw's famous pitcher, started in to deceive our fellows with his shoots, but we fell onto him so severely that he was forced to retire in the sixth in favor of McKinney. McKinney fared little better than his predecessor.

Captain Donahoe remained out of the game on account of an injury to his leg. Campbell who took the Captain's place, gave a good

account of himself in a new position, and makes a good man in an emergency. One of the interesting and encouraging features of our play in the Indiana games is the marked improvement in batting. In every game the fellows appear to do better work with the stick. Harry Hogan is pitching in good form and before the season draws to a close will make an excellent pitcher. The summary is as follows:

Two base hits, Morgan, Campbell, Farley, O'Neill, Fisher. Bases on balls, by Pulse, 2; by McKinney, 3; by Fleete, 1. Three base hit, O'Neill. Strike outs, by Pulse, 1; by Fleete, 4; by Hogan, 1. Hit by pitcher, Lynch and Walsh. Stolen bases, Morgan and Farley (3), Campbell, Bergen, Walsh, and Hogan. Double play, Bergen to Walsh to Morgan.

Local Items.

—What's the matter with an Inter-hall meet for the 30th?

—Lost.—In bath-house Monday a gold ring with Cameo set. The finder will please return it to J. F. McCarthy, Carroll Hall, and receive reward(?)

—The present trip of our baseball team is one of the hardest ever undertaken by any Western college team. Five successive games for a college team is not easy sailing, but then our fellows are of the right stuff.

—"Notre Dame played snappy ball, every play was well coached, every player had the game down to a science. The best plays were made by Lynch, Duggan and Campbell." From the *Student* (official organ of Indiana University, Thursday, 2d).

—The Brownson Hallers sent the following telegram to Capt. Donahoe yesterday just before the Purdue game: "Capt. Matt Donahoe, Stuart Field, Lafayette, Ind. The Goat left early this morning. Fasting ever since breakfast and wants Purdue's scalp for supper. We are with you. Brownson Hallers."

—The University of Notre Dame Golf Club was organized yesterday, and the following officers elected: President, A. O'Malley; Vice-President, P. O'Dea; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Lilly; Captain of the club, V. Corbett; Assistant Captain, F. O'Brien. An excellent course has been obtained along the north shore of St. Mary's lake which in a week's time will be ready for play. The club is open to all students who may wish to join, and information may be obtained from any of the officers.

—"Gentlemen," said Cameron, "in conclusion I will say that Michigan always was, that Michigan exists to-day, and that Michigan always will be."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Cameron," said a voice in the rear part of the hall, "your last

assertion is untrue. In the South Bend *Times* for to-day I find the following paragraph: 'In an article written for the Chicago Sunday *Tribune* we read that the currents from Lake Michigan are continually wearing away the eastern coast of Michigan, and it is only a question of time before whole counties are fretted off.'

—Willie Robinson and Pattie Durkin were playing "chemists" over at the laboratory the other day, and the game went on very nicely until Willie got angry at a bottle of sulphuric acid. When Willie gets angry it is better to walk away and leave him alone. Unfortunately, the bottle was ignorant of this most vital fact. It stood there with its mouth wide open in amazement until Willie could stand it no longer. His eyes sparkled, his lips quivered, and his complexion grew scarlet with anger. He swung on the poor bottle which broke its neck and spattered its sulphuric blood all over Pattie's face. Pattie has been making goo-goo eyes ever since and holds now stronger than ever to that grand old maxim: "Beware the Bottle."

—Corby and Holy Cross Halls had a game of baseball on Thursday, 2d, that resulted in a score of 13 to 10 in favor of Corby. This game counts for the inter-hall championship, and puts Corby in the lead for that honour. The game of Thursday was not too peaceful. Corby's men wished to change the order of their batters, and the Holy Cross men did not think they were justified. Besides the game was not finished as the inner man had to be attended to, and the men from over the lake left the field. Although the victory for Corby is not a stainless one, there is no use now in disputing the points made or the unfinished inning. But for the sake of good sportsmanship we should like to see the Holy Cross team have another trial with Corby. Are the Corbyites equal to this occasion?

—Mr. James Farragher left for his home in Youngstown, Ohio, last week. Before leaving the P. H. C. and the Golden Triumvir Societies gave a reception in his honor. The reception took place on top of the observatory which was painted black for the occasion. Col. Fensler climbed the flag pole, and in a neat little speech presented "Jim" with a baggage check as a testimonial of the society's esteem. Mesdames Magliew and Smith then sang their famous little ditty—"He's Going to Leave us Now." This was followed by a recitation by Master Billie McAdams, entitled "When Jim was Six." Dancing was the next thing on the programme, after which the Misses Tessie Cox, Burdie Stubbs, and M. R. Son, served refreshments consisting of tooth-picks, pleasant smiles, orange peelings, pie crusts, and many other dainties too numerous to mention. After the repast the Hon. Edward Joyce climbed the flag pole, and in a speech full of pathos and other big words, lauded

"Jim" on his great success as a man. "Jim" responded to the Hon. gentleman's speech in a voice chuck full of emotion and discord. His parting words were, "I go, but I remain." These words caused Joyce to weep two buckets full of tears, while Miles so far forgot himself as to fill his new red cap. Everybody is lonesome now—especially the ladies.

—The Senior and Junior collegiates met on the diamond Thursday morning, and as expected the Seniors were victorious. It was rather hard work to get the players out, and much harder work to stop them from putting landmarks on each other, and on the rash and reckless lawyer who umpired the game. It was feared that the game would have to be postponed for lack of men on the part of the Seniors, but Judge J. Cooney, a man of law, and Louis Carey, an artist and freshman, were pressed into service. Then the game went gaily on, and for four innings the rooters were delighted with a beautiful series of errors. Judge Cooney was one of the stars. He and Jack Mullen, who was absent, may be given the credit of not winning the game for the Seniors. In the third inning the '01 men scored 16 runs. The Juniors got in 2. In the fourth they braced up and made 7, but were helped very much by some of the seniors. This left the score 16 to 9 in favor of the '01's, and gave them the game, for Capt. Burkitt had agreed with Capt. Zalewski to call the game at 11 o'clock, and give the side that was ahead a ball that had been purchased for the occasion. But the juniors objected.

Three giants among them, Warder, Brown and Wilson, tried to frighten the gentle and dovelike '01 men off the field. Ralphie went so far, in fact, as to call J. J. Sullivan Irish. Then the blood of the O'Sullivan Beare rose to Joe's head, and, needless to say, the Seniors had the coveted ball in no time. J. Persuader Hayes carried it home, clinging to it through many struggles, although we must say that it was out near 2d base often during the game, yet he did not seem to care much about it. E. P. Gallagher umpire had a tribute paid him that, if our space permitted, we should dwell upon at length. After the game both batteries came up and thanked him for his very just and most impartial decisions. Even his lode star, Justice Marshall, would have been highly flattered at so lofty a compliment.

For the Seniors, Captain Zalewski, John O'Connell and Louis Carey did the best work. It is hard to say who shone among the '012 men. Harry Brown did some good running, however, when he chanced to miss flies in left field. Al. Kachur was an interested spectator from the back porch of Science Hall. Isaac Walton Hay was snaring frogs at the lake. John Mullen and Vinny Welker were absent also, and this aided '01 materially in winning the game.

—Beware of Fenzler, the scout of the mystic sign! The Lady fingers are faded. Last week they bloomed in all splendour. Whaley was so impressed with them that he wrote an ode of great worth. The Carroll mosquitoes nipped their budding hopes and poisoned the roots of their ambition. So rapidly have they fallen that their leader has disappeared in despair, and has left his sturdy followers to the care of *honest* Mike Fenzler. Mike has changed the object society, and it now exists as a literary club for the preservation and propagation of dime novel reading. Mr. Fenzler will be pleased to lend his books to anybody who can give the mystic sign. The initiation fee consists of one plug of horse-shoe tobacco, one keg of rootless beer, two corn-cob pipes, and a smile. Meyer tried to be admitted on his double breasted smile alone and failed. Whenever the society meets, as it does occasionally, throwing bricks is the favorite pastime of its members.

—Scene taken from the fourth act of Bumbelgosh's famous play, "Sousing the Souters," or, "Who Did It?" Translated from the Outlandish by our Chinese correspondent in five minutes, Waterbury time.

Dramatis Personæ:

Lord Wishbone Church.

Col. Moike Mulligan.

Ghost of the Game.

Scene 1.—The Bicycle Room.

Time and Place:—The Dome and Midnight.

Enter Lord Wishbone and Col. Mulligan of the 73 1st Goo Goo Featherweights. (Lord Wishbone is dressed in the style of the renaissance—plush ear-laps, coon-skin mitts, ankle braces and a six inch, home-made smile. The Col. is wrapped up in his thoughts and a regulation army horse blanket, trimmed with buckles.) Both plant themselves on barrels. The Col. is the first to smash the silence. With uplifted fists and clenched face he addresses Lord Church thusly:—

Say, Churchy dear, and did yiz hear
That Iowa got bate?
It was an awful drubbin', dear,
An' dun up swift an' nate.
Shure you said they could play baseball,
And Bee Kum shwore so too,
Faith, they can't play at all, at all,
Aginsh't the Gold and Blue.

Lord Wishbone:—

Go to, go to! enough harm done
Has't needs beware my ire,
I'll bear no more thy scathing tongue,
Would I could "roast" like Meyer,
I'd "call you" till you'd faint away with fear.

Col. Moike with big chunks of perspiration sticking out on his think repository answered:

Faith, me good frind, you've lost your head;
You're sphakin' loike a pin.
That I was right in what I said
I'll bate you five or tin.

Lord Wishbone, as cool and unruffled as a hot-house plant:

"I'll bet you ten you've not got ten, and

ten more that you're wrong, and ten times ten that you—"

Enter the Ghost of the Game wearing a cruel look and a 44-caliber argument.

"Avaunt, ye "turks," disturb no more my rest with threats so vile!"

Col. Moike:—"Aye, so say I, come let's away."

Lord Wishbone:—"Where to, I pray, I pray?"

The Ghost:—"To bed, your looks, you're full of wind, your noisy talk, must cease, now mind!"

The Col:—"All right, your Highness."

The Lord:—"Just as you say."

The Ghost:—"Hi High Ki high, away, away!"

Exeunt omnes.

—QUESTION BOX.—May be found on the left-hand entrance just as you come up the main pike and turn three feet to your right. Open day and night. For further information apply to the Board of Health.

MR. EDITOR:—Who called me a stopshort and said I wore silvery nairs? What time is it?—JEPERS.

Look in a looking-glass. It depends altogether on what you mean.—ED.

DEAR EDITOR:—If *you* were *me* and McKinley evacuated the presidential chair, and a committee of Kansas Temperance Workers sent it to *me* and requested *me* to fill it, would *you*?—YOK HEE.

Not if we were sober.—ED.

EDITOR:—When is a man really and truly in love? Did you ever see a duck when it wasn't a drake?—M. R. SON.

When his eyesight is poor. No, not since the downfall of Dublin.—ED.

MR. EDITOR;—Why is the goat with a 16lb shot tied to its tail like a cucumber in an onion patch?—E. R. PARK.

Because—Why? Do you intend to raise onions?—ED.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have sixteen ingrown blisters on the sole of my foot, a package of "Duke's Mixture," and my nose is very itchy. Does this signify anything?—FEE NEE.

Yes, you are afflicted with a malady known to scientists as "Locomotive Axycatactoreal Bipulix." Change your diet. Eat sawdust, sleep well, and look wise. In three days you will find yourself a different man.—ED.

MR. EDITOR:—If two Chinamen get tangled up in a fracas and an Irish policeman comes along, separates them and declares all bets off, who wins?

The Irish policeman.—ED.

DEAR EDITOR:—Why is Chauncey with his golfies on like a Hebrew on a Fire Department?—GALLY GUR.

They are both misfits.—ED.

EDITOR:—If new ideas spring up in Beanville every three minutes, what is Lottie?—J. J. He's the latest idea.—ED.