

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XXXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 12, 1902.

No. 27.

Spring's Messenger.

MESSENGER of welcome springtime,
Sing for me thy gladsome song
Of the warm and pleasing sunshine,
Of the glad days bright and long.

Little know you, gentle robin,
Of the thoughts you bring to me.
How my heart is glad and purer,
For the thoughts inspired by thee.

J. F. SHEA.

S. Sudden

PERCY WEST had expected to spend a very pleasant afternoon with Emma Mae. He had known her scarcely three weeks, and yet had already pronounced her the sweetest girl in Chellroy. True, it was only the fourth time he had called on her; yet in his estimation, their acquaintance had long since ripened into true friendship.

When Percy had first met Emma she had introduced her mother to him; but he at once took a dislike to her, thought she was too much like an iceberg to be friendly, and avoided her piercing glances as much as possible. So it was no wonder that his heart sank when Mrs. Mae entered the parlour that afternoon and calmly seated herself near the window as if it was her last intention in the world to get up and go out again.

Percy had a special mission to perform that afternoon, and it was indeed trying for him to have to converse about everything and everybody to the two. He waited and waited, and at last when Mrs. Mae solemnly arose and walked into another room, he could not help heaving a sigh of relief; giving vent to his feelings in the words "gone, but not forgotten," and immediately proposed to Emma that they take a stroll in the garden, lest the "stick tight" mother would again intrude with her frown and piercing glance.

It was a clear beautiful evening by this time and Percy no sooner realized that he had tarried so long than he apologised to Emma for his informality, but said he had something he wished to tell her. The sun was sinking in the west and the approach of twilight made the scene so much more romantic. A light breeze was blowing through the trees, and, save the murmuring of the wind, all was still.

"Come on, Emma, let's take a walk through the garden before I go; it is lovely this evening." Percy had become so disgusted at what he thought was the mother's awful presence that at first he resolved to pick up his hat and walk boldly out without even saying good-bye. But his good humour soon regained possession of himself, and he proposed to Emma that they take a stroll in the garden as he wished to escape the danger of the old lady's reappearance on the scene.

"Emma," suddenly exclaimed Percy, "this is my opportunity. I meant to ask you this afternoon, but—well, your mother was there. I thought it would be more romantic you know, out here where no one would be likely to overhear us. You and I have been friends nearly three weeks, yet I have long since arrived at the conclusion that you were about as sweet a girl—I may be a little hasty, but youth is so impulsive. Emma, I would not ask you this if I did not mean it. I have thought it over, think it proper, and should you refuse me, I will be the most unhappy man in all the world."

Emma blushing, cast her eyes bashfully on the ground, then looked up at Percy and said: "Our acquaintance has been of such short duration, Mr. West. You have not even met my dear father. I believe I could learn to love you, for I like you even now very much. I know father will object, and mother—it will break her heart. Oh, Percy, give me time. All will be well, I know; but please wait, wait just a little while."

Percy scratched his head and wondered what he had said. Emma took his arm, and he walked a few paces along with her. Then stopping he said in a rather tremulous voice:

"I was going to tell you I had tickets for the matinee to-morrow afternoon, and decided to ask if you would favour me with your company." J. FRANK MURPHY.

Nature's Orchestra

During the summer vacation I spent much of my recreation time in making excursions into the neighboring woods and fields, sometimes on wheel and sometimes on foot. My favorite spot was a small eminence, rising a little above the level of the meadows and surmounted by a clump of white birch trees. Here and there scattered about its sides were rugged boulders covered with lichens, shading from light gray to green with an occasional cluster of the brilliant, red-topped variety. The meadows below were covered with myriads of white daisies and large patches of red clover, among which were scattered numerous ox-eye daisies. To my right was an extensive wood, while on the left the imposing bulk of Mt. Tom towered above all. Here was an ideal spot for the lover of the beautiful in nature. I usually brought a book with me when I visited this spot and indulged in a quiet read, and when I had tired of reading, I would sit under the shade of the nearest birch and listen to the sounds which constantly filled the air. On one day in particular I took especial note of the various sounds arising on all sides, and I was surprised at the variety.

Among the branches of a scraggy chestnut tree a woodpecker was industriously tapping the bark in search of the grubs which afforded him dainty morsels. Under the shade of the rocks many crickets were chirping away in blissful ignorance of the bright sun and time of day. Suddenly with a whiz and a burr a grasshopper would fly past my face putting me in mind of a runaway trolley car. The notes of numerous birds could be heard on all sides; some sweet and musical, others harsh and shrill, but among all of them could be distinguished the sweet notes of the bobolink which came from the direction of the meadows. This enumeration would not be complete without mentioning the hoarse caws of the crows which furnished ample applause to nature's orchestra. JOHN F. SHEA.

His Prisoner.

Captain Greene sat near his desk, enjoying his clear havana and awaiting the time when he should read the current notices to the midnight squad. Around the spacious room sat the officers, some reading, others telling stories, while a few were engaged in a social game of cards. It was nearing midnight. But a few minutes remained before the men were to go on duty, when suddenly the door flew open and a strange, well-appearing visitor, clad in a shaggy coat with a broad collar, slowly walked into the station. His well-shaped head, showing a mass of jet-black hair, was uncovered, and his face presented a haggard appearance. His large brown eyes and intelligent face bore evidence of good breeding.

After shaking from his coat the snow which had fallen heavily outside and brushing his head and face, he walked up to the desk and in a pitiful manner made his wants known to the genial captain. He wanted a lodging for the night. As he stood there, his manner and appearance showed that he was always thus, and the officers looked upon him as though he had met with some recent reverses. None of them knew him, but all were eager to learn who he was. The captain questioned him, but elicited little information, and after taking a record of his visitor, ordered him taken to a cell. The other prisoners in the block, all eager to see who the unfortunate was, anxiously peered through the iron bars. Here he spent the dreary night listening to the cries of the other prisoners and wondering whether the morning would find him reunited to his friends.

The morning dawned and the captain's duties were at an end. Before returning home he paid the poor fellow a visit, for he was ever ready to help those in distress. After giving him a drink of cold water—for that is all they keep in a police station—he left him resting comfortably, and shortly afterwards bade his fellow-officers good-morning. In a short time he reached the main street and was waiting for a car, when suddenly he saw a little girl who was crying bitterly, running toward him. He stopped her and tried to quiet her. Between sobs she asked him if he had seen Rover, a big black dog with a shaggy coat, a broad collar and a nice-looking face? A smile lit up the captain's face: Rover was the midnight visitor. D. J. MOLUMPY.

In the Mail.

YOU see him running down the stairs,
And wonder what's the matter,
That he should be in such a haste
And raise that noisy clatter.

You ask to find out what's the cause
Of his undoubted madness,
And learn you are entirely wrong:
'Tis only his great gladness.

He heard his name read in the mail,—
What could he wish for better?
This is the day she writes to him;
It is his sweetheart's letter.

J. R. VOIGT.

A River Scene.

We are all prone to dwell on memories,
to snatch, at times, a glimpse of some scene
made dear by some kind associations; so
while I write, let me take my stand of an autumn
afternoon on the bridge of Dunmacreena, in
the west of Ireland, and face the setting sun.

Before me is a peaceful scene. The Dalgan
River winds gracefully through a stretch of
brown "bottoms" bordered on the right by a
few white-washed houses, and sheltered on the
left by an elevated ridge of good pasture land.
Flocks of sheep are browsing on either side
and cattle roam across the lea. Just behind
me is the dismantled castle of Dunmacreena,
keeping watch, as it were, over a corn-mill that
has for years been regarded as the peasant's
friend. The swallows twitter in the tall chim-
neys above my head, and up the river comes
the clear, piercing whistle of the curlew.

The sun is now turning beyond the dome
of Mount Nephin, and Croagh Patrick in its
conical beauty seems to rest against a crimson
sky. The songs of the harvesters are gradually
diminishing, but in a meadow behind a patch
of purple bog-land, a crowd of children is
singing round a cock of new-made hay, and
their happy voices are blending with the
cawing of the homeward crows. Up on the
pasture, under a solitary whitethorn, there is
a girl milking a cow. Lying near her is a pink
sun-bonnet. She is humming an air that adds
a charm to the tranquillity of the scene. Her
work finished, she places the pail of milk on
her head, carries the sun-bonnet in her right
hand, and as she disappears below the sky-
line, I take my leave of Dunmacreena bridge
with her song, loud and plaintive, ringing in
my ears.

JOHN HARTE.

"Trusts."

There is a tremendous alarm excited
throughout our country by the popular outcry
against monopolies and corporations, or, as
the people prefer to call them, "trusts."

But have these opponents ever allayed
the fury of their madness and prejudice and
coolly considered the situation? Do they fail
to recognize "trusts" as organized industry
brought on by the progress of civilization
and human development?

In primitive times, men sought their support
by the unaided use of their hands, feet and
teeth. This age was followed by the intro-
duction of simple tools, such as hammers,
knives, bows, arrows, etc. The third age wit-
nessed the invention of simple machines
driven by human labor power, such as hand
mills, spinning wheels, forges, etc. In our
present age, automatic machines are employed,
driven by wind, water, steam and electric
power. No sharp lines can be drawn between
these different stages of progress, but one
age shades off into another.

In pace with the advancement of production
a social organism developed, consolidating
the individualistic anarchy of savages to fam-
ilies, tribes and nations perfected with their
systems of government and of commercial
communication. Not many years ago the
working class considered inventions as their
most destructive enemy and openly revolted;
but, nevertheless, inventions came in answer
to nature's requisites. A similar tidal wave
of prosperity is to-day confronted by the
prejudicial anarchism of our country; how-
ever, the breakers can not repulse it, and
"trusts" will come as a demand of the time.

These "trusts," then, are an intelligent
and economical consolidation of businesses
created by the necessity of industrial advance-
ment; and now that they are here, what shall
we do?

As a remedy for some of its present evils
I recommend: perfect the system, complete
the organization, and stop the foolish waste
of competition by substituting orderly muni-
cipal co-operation. This will enormously
increase the productive power of the com-
munity, and by equitably distributing its
products it will plentifully supply the wants
of all its members. Men will no longer beg
in vain for work, and involuntary poverty
will disappear.

HENRY M. KEMPER.

A Practical Joke.

When Archie Winthrop, a travelling man from Boston, made his appearance in a small Montana town he was at once spotted as a tenderfoot. Finds of his kind were rare, and the young men of the village decided to take advantage of his ignorance. They talked to him considerably, and one day proposed a sniping trip. Archie eagerly assented, and the necessary preparations were made. They then entered into a discussion as to who should hold the bag, and all seemed anxious to do so. Winthrop listened quietly for some time, and then demanded in a vexed tone, what they wanted of a sack to hunt snipe with. They seemed much surprised at his ignorance and proceeded to relate the manner in which the birds were hunted.

A sack was laid flat on the ground and held open by some one who whistled constantly. The others then scattered in a large circle and drove the birds towards the centre. They, attracted by the whistling, ran towards the sack and invariably entered it. When this had been filled a new bag was substituted. Archie easily fell into the trap, and asked that he be permitted to occupy the coveted post; the others consented with well-feigned reluctance.

That night they drove several miles from the village to a small river near which Archie took his stand. Before they separated they all cautioned the tenderfoot not to desert his post. They said that while they might be gone a long time, perhaps several hours, he would be amply rewarded for his long wait; but if he became disgusted and left, then all their labour would be lost, after which they climbed into the buggy, telling Winthrop that one man would drive them to their places before taking his stand. Needless to say that they drove at once to the village.

Archie whistled and waited. It was ten when they departed, and at twelve no one had appeared. But he remembered what they had said, and consoled himself with the thought that the snipe would commence to come at any time. At one the state of affairs was unchanged, and he decided to walk to town. A railroad track was not far distant, and Archie determined to follow it to the village. When he had nearly reached his destination he was surprised by the sudden appearance of two masked men who commanded him to hold up his hands. When

they departed he was poorer by thirty dollars and a gold watch, but he considered it a part of the joke and was confident that all would be right the next day.

When Archie made his appearance the following morning he was greeted by a smiling group of his friends who asked him how he liked snipe hunting. He replied that he liked snipe hunting all right, but he thought they carried it too far when they held him up. They were astonished, and demanded of Winthrop what he meant, whereupon Archie related his adventure. They assured him that they knew nothing of the matter, but Archie would not listen to them, and said that they had worked him once but they couldn't do it again.

The affair soon became known to the inhabitants who seemed to consider the hold up a part of the joke and all united in saying that if it were not they should make reparation to the man from Boston. This they did, and a few days later Archie left town. He was still convinced that his friends could explain matters if they desired; and they were wondering whether the joke was on them or on the travelling man. C. E. BROWN.

 Uses of Oratory.

Oratory has been defined as the summit and crown of rhetorical art. It has many and various uses; it is used to persuade men, to convince them, and to move them to action. The decisive battles of the world have not all been fought with the sword. Many a nation's fate has been decided by a single speech by some great orator.

Demosthenes saved his country from Philip by his powerful orations. Mark Antony by his skill in oratory influenced the people to revenge Cæsar's murder; and Daniel Webster by his wonderful ability as an orator roused the people of the North to stand by the Union and to give up their lives for its preservation.

True oratory will admit of no deception. The orator must feel in his heart the truth of what he is saying. We have examples of this in the oratory of the saints when they went forth to preach Christianity among the nations. They never could have persuaded the people to listen to them, or convinced them of the truth of Christianity and get them to accept its doctrines unless they had a firm conviction in their own hearts of the truth of what they preached. J. M. GAFFNEY.

"My Picture."

ON my wall there hangs a picture
Draped in colours gold and blue.
Picture of a bonny lassie,
Golden hair and eyes so true.

Oft those eyes, on others glancing,
Fill'd my heart with rage and pain,
Till again on me she turned them,
And once more I loved Elaine.

R. R. CLARKE.

A Determined Lover.

They were two country lads, and each sought the hand of pretty Susan Brown because she was always blithe and merry, had rosy red cheeks, black curly hair and sparkling black eyes, and because she could play the organ, sing coon songs and was the best dancer in the district.

Sam Black and Silas Green are the two infatuated lovers who have succumbed to the wiles of Cupid. They both loved her to adoration, but neither could muster courage sufficient to tell her the existing truth, for she was neutral to both, and showed no preference whatever for either young man. Each had his turn, calling alternately every other Sunday evening; they likewise took turns as her escort to socials and country hoedowns.

Sam was a large muscular fellow, not at all handsome, for he had great brawny hands, red hair and a sandy complexion. His temperament was modest, reticent and eccentric, subject to sudden unconscious outbursts of wit and humour. His awkward, cumbersome movements were the object of much ridicule, to which he was painfully sensitive. Gentle and loving of nature, he was possessed of indomitable courage, and was a favourite with all who knew him.

Silas Green was rather good looking; he wore his hair long, parted it exactly in the centre, and pasted it down on the sides. But his temperament was boisterous, boastful and sarcastic to an unpardonable degree. He attended a boarding school for eight weeks, and wanted everybody to know it and do him the honour he imagined consistent with such distinction. He now wore nose glasses, tailor made clothing and patent leather shoes, which he was sure would make Sam feel inferior to him, and he laboured so much under that

false impression, that his rival learned to hate him as much as he fervently loved Susie. All the young boys know Silas Green is a coward, and all are anxious to see the fact brought to light, for he is very unpopular among all.

It was Silas' Sunday eve, and while he was strutting about the house of Farmer Brown, Sam was reclining against his father's old barn, meditating gloomily over his apparently unfortunate lot, for he wanted Susie Brown all for himself or not at all.

A bold resolve now enters his subtle brain; he hastens to his room, puts something white under his coat, and returns to the barn. He then saddles the old bay mare, and is soon speeding on his way toward the home of the black-eyed Susie. He reaches a wood, and leading his steed he enters, and securing the animal to a sappling, he proceeds on foot along the unfrequented highway that leads past Susie's home. Within a half mile of the place, he drops into a dark fence corner and awaits developments. He is positive that Susie will take a stroll with Silas, as she always did with him, and wondered how long he would be compelled to wait ere they would come.

After an hour's vigilant watch, filled with uncertain expectancies, his perseverance is rewarded, for he sees them slowly approaching. He grits his teeth when he observes that Silas has his arm about her waist. Pulling out a large white sheet, he envelops himself therein, and awaits with bated breath their closer approach.

Silas is passionately telling the little country lass how devotedly he loves her, how no other could love as he did, that he would die for her, and only hoped that some day divine Providence would allow him to prove his—

Susie shrieks and falls in a dead faint. Silas bawls out, "Oh, my God! my God!" and flees down the road at a terrific rate, followed by the fleet-footed ghost impersonator, who mysteriously disappears in the wood, and hastening to his steed, he discards his sheet, and slowly, unconcernedly jogs up the road to where the abandoned and neglected Susie lay,

When he arrives she has already recovered, and is staring wildly about in search of her faithless lover. Sam evinces much surprise at seeing her all alone at such an hour, and mutters something about a brute that would thus desert a lady, while within him his heart is beating fast for joy, because he knows he has won.

EUGENE MILLER.

Crooked River.

A little winding, writhing stream, it is yet remembered by all who journey through it as a picturesque spot, a place thoroughly unique. After probably a half-hour's ride in one of those delightful little naphtha launches we had crossed Burt Lake and were making straight for a low swampy bank densely covered with undergrowth, impenetrable in its thickness and withal ugly looking, still lending a peculiar charm to the scene.

Our first view of Crooked River was of a tapering V of water extending but a few rods from the lake, there to be swallowed up in that dense mass of foliage. Once entered upon this river, if indeed river is not too dignified a name for it, for it is but a thread almost snarled in its windings in and out, a tiny little stream which seems to always end just ahead of us, but ever creeps along as we progress, and never seems to be farther ahead than the next curve. But withal it is deep and clearly marked in its course, and here and there gives promise of abandoning its reckless wandering as a turn around one of its sharp bends brings us into view of a longer stretch than usual.

These occasional straight places had a peculiar charm to me. There ahead was a long, narrow silvery path swallowed up at the other end in the rich and luxuriant green of its wooded banks. A little stream dropping out of existence under an arch of overhanging boughs, but which as we came beneath the arch had only turned sharply to right or left as if to lose itself and be free from the disturbing influences of the many pleasure parties that pursue its length.

R. GAGE.

At Set of Sun.

We stood in the silence of the mountains and watched the sun wheeling his course westward. A herd of cattle grazed in the valley below. Slowly the dusk crept upon them. Along the edge of the western horizon were gathered great masses of clouds, lance-shaped and pointed like castles, some standing like sentinels. Here was a display of colors of unequalled beauty—gray, purple, blue, gold—an artist could only fancy them; he could not paint them. A darkness came onward from the east; a lost bird swept into the western twilight. The colors faded. The castles disappeared.

R. FISHER.

A Rain Storm on the Farm.

The day had from its beginning shown signs of rain; the sun rose behind a mist, and although the sky was without clouds, it presented a dull, hazy aspect, an almost unfailing forerunner of a storm. About midday the air became particularly hot, sultry and motionless, producing in every moving creature that peculiarly drowsy effect so noticeable immediately before a summer rain. Later in the day fragments of clouds appeared on the horizon; the wind began to blow its hot breath from the southwest, and the farmers noted carefully the signs that they might calculate to get home before the rain would overtake them. Soon dark, forbidding clouds rose in the western sky, the velocity of the wind increased as it fitfully varied its course, and gleams of lightning flickered among the clouds, although no thunder could be heard.

My attention to the approaching storm was distracted for a moment, but it was brought back with startling suddenness by a blinding flash of lightning followed immediately by a peal of thunder, and looking up I was surprised to find the sky overcast with clouds flying before the wind. Dust, straw, chips, and other light materials, were hurled aloft; the trees bent and swayed under the weighty hand of an unseen power, and soon great drops of rain, having a remarkable velocity, began to spot the boards, walks and dry, parched earth. The birds and farmyard fowl hurried to shelter, the smaller animals sought cover, while the cows down in the meadow and the old mare with her colt in the orchard ceased eating, turned their backs to the wind, and patiently awaited the passing of the storm.

A feminine voice called shrilly from the yard, and shortly afterward a motherly-looking woman of middle age, her dress flying wildly in the wind, struggled around the corner of the house and succeeded in landing a large basket of clothes upon the front porch. Her oldest daughter, an agile, graceful creature of sixteen years, carrying a bag of clothespins and two stranded chicks picked up on the run, followed her breathlessly, and from the veranda smilingly watched her father and brothers as they hurriedly unhitched the horses and followed them to the barn, entering just before the rain began to fall in torrents.

How it did come down! Within a short

time after it really began to rain, distant objects were shut entirely from view, while even those near at hand appeared shadowy and indistinct through the mist of falling rain. A steady rumbling, approaching a roar, was produced by the beating of the rain upon the roof and ground, while a sharper though more musical sound was made by its striking upon the tin roof of the summer kitchen. A cool refreshing odor, most pleasant after the heavy, suffocating atmosphere which preceded the rain, was decidedly noticeable. The barrel set under the gutter at the corner of the house was filled to overflowing; the surplus water mingled with that in the yard, and flowing in a small stream across the walk to the barn, it wended its way under the fence and ran off toward the cob pile beside the crib.

After a time the wind fell, permitting the rain to come almost straight down; but it too seemed to have spent its fury, for it began gradually to cease falling. In a few moments more the neighboring houses some half mile distant became visible, and a loaded freight train could be seen slowly climbing the grade on the other side of the farm. Great patches of blue sky appeared in the east and north, the clouds broke on all sides, and with a volley of drops which seemed a parting shot, the storm was over.

The animals in the fields resumed their feeding, the chickens came from beneath the bushes by the road and shook the water from their feathers, while the birds so lately silent filled the air with their noisy pipings of joy. The sun peeped out from behind a retreating cloud, and all the earth seemed to smile and was glad. The farmer himself, a generous, philosophical old man, rejoiced with his family because now an abundant harvest was assured, and even I continued my journey pleased that the storm had incidentally afforded me an opportunity of gaining a clearer conception and of forming a broader, less prejudiced opinion of the character of the people who inhabit our rural districts.

D. L. MURPHY.

STUDY for thy own benefit, that learning to understand and utter what is deepest in thee thy own being may be improved. In pursuing this end thou mayst help others, for to a few at least the genuine expression of what an honest soul has loved and lived by will be of interest.—*Spalding*.

A Question yet Unanswered.

MEN long have held fair Cupid blind;
But were it so, how with his darts
Could this small god unerring find
And pierce each pair of loving hearts?

D. L. M.

An Illinois Village in Winter.

As our train approached the village, it appeared to us to be only a small group of buildings, which served to break the monotony of the snow-covered prairie-land we were travelling over. The railway station was on the border of the settlement, and from the window of the coach we could perceive the wandering streets laid out without any attempt at regularity, and the houses and stores being at varying distances from each other, some also being built close to the road, others set far back gave, to a greater degree, the impression of lack of order. In a few instances two-story buildings rose up lonely and awkward in their unusual height.

Huge banks of snow extended along the walks at each side of the streets, and a few trees standing along the roadways at irregular intervals extended their naked branches to the winds. The dwelling-houses, with few exceptions, were alike in appearance, the colors with which they were painted alone served to make a distinction between them. Fences of pickets or rails enclosed the plot of ground large or small which lay in front of every house.

As we gazed at the little settlement lying before us, an impression of dependence, lack of ability and unity seemed to come from it. A city great in population seems to give an idea of inherent strength and defiance of the elements, but this small village, surrounded on all sides by the wide stretching prairie, seemed to have no resources on which to depend, and at that time was just recovering from a big storm which occurred four days previous. There was no central point for the village, as in the business district of a large city.

We had observed these things in our brief stop, and as the train started to leave the village behind, the sun was slowly sinking in the west, its rays falling cold and cheerless on the low-lying roofs of the small town.

C. E. MORAN.

When It's Spring.

WHEN the sap begins to rise,
 When the wild duck northward flies,
 When the buzzard's in the skies,
 When we hear the robin's cries,
 When the "skiver" tells his lies,
 Then we know 'tis spring.

When the geese begin to nest,
 When the frogs wake from their rest,
 When the hens all do their best,
 When the school-boy sheds his vest
 And a cold takes in his chest,
 Then we know 'tis spring.

When the horse begins to shed,
 When the brood-sow makes her bed,
 When the gobbler's neck turns red,
 When the lazy boy feels dead
 And to the study-hall is led,
 Then we know 'tis spring.

ELI HEXTER.

Voices in the Chasm.

It is sunset in the Grand Canyon. The last gilded rays of parting day bathe the pinnacles of the mighty chasm in splendor. The surrounding rocks blaze with color, but in the vast abyss at our feet the light is mellow, softened, hushed by the hand of darkness. How glorious this last picture of the dying sun! Two mighty forces appear to be battling for possession of this wondrous place. For many hours light has reigned supreme, but this is evidently her death-struggle. Slowly but surely the dark robe of night is being wrapped around this most wondrous spot of earth. Even the voices of nature seem to be proclaiming the approaching triumph. The eagle soars swiftly to and fro, its weird cries waking the echoes, and presently, without warning, flutters quietly to its nest among the darkening crags. Listen! the voice of the cataract and the murmur of the river far below are whispering to us. They tell in muffled tones of a victory won, of a life short but radiant, of a struggle and inevitable end. Wondrous voices of nature! Their whisperings linger in our ears as the last glorious ray of sunlight fades into darkness, and we realize that at last death has come.

JOHN A. WILLARD.

The Critical Period.

The critical period in our national history extends from the close of the Revolutionary War to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. The war being over, one would naturally think the people would be happy and contented, but on the contrary they were just the opposite, more and more jealous of one another. Each state had its own laws, and these were in conflict with the laws of the neighbouring state, so that there was a constant rivalry between one state and another. The money of one was not of much account in another. A dollar would perhaps bring fifty cents out of its own state. A farmer selling his corn must pay on sending it into another state and this would greatly lessen his profit.

There were higher laws called "Laws of Confederation," but the administration had no control over the people. If they wished to obey, they would; if not, they would not. All these tended to draw the people farther from one another. But the northeast territory was a factor in keeping them together. They wanted this vast territory to be made into states, and when at last it was opened for settlement, the people flocked to it.

The people began to see their folly. They also saw that if they kept quarrelling among themselves they would lose what they had won in their last struggle. Through the efforts of Washington, Jefferson and Adams, a constitution was drawn up which was finally adopted by nine states in 1789.

The people were at last happy. They found a ready market for their products. They lived under the same Constitution we are guided by and under which we are wealthy, strong and happy.

J. A. DUBBS.

A Strange Occupation.

While eating dinner the other day in a Chicago restaurant, I happened to hear the conversation of two young men that sat a few tables from me. They must have met by chance, for neither knew where the other was working.

"What are you doing for a living, Bill?" asked the smaller of the two.

"Oh, I'm doing odd jobs now and then,—just enough to make a living."

"But what are you working at?" asked the

man addressed as Bill; "you seem to have a full purse lately."

"I've struck a new scheme," answered his companion, "it's a dandy; you know I'm an artist by profession. When I was down at Ocean Grove this summer, I noticed how bald-headed men were bothered by flies. Many a night I lay awake trying to invent something to kill the flies when they lit on a man's bald pate. When I awoke I went to an old man that was staying in the hotel, and asked him to allow me paint a small spider on his bald head. At first he wouldn't hear of it, and was angry enough to kick me from his room."

"I don't blame him for that," said Bill; "that was a pretty hard thing to ask a man."

"I know, but I finally convinced him of the practicability of the scheme. I painted an ugly fourteen legged spider right in the centre of his bald pate. The thing was hardly finished before I noticed that the flies steered clear of the old man's head. From that day he has never been bothered. All summer business has been good. I've painted spiders on the heads of nearly all the old men that stay at Ocean Grove."

"Strange," said Bill, "how some people will get on."

Having finished my meal I left, thinking that painting spiders on bald pates was a strange occupation.

W. LAVIN.

A Failure.

I TRIED to write some verses to
My lady love, but oh!
The charming words I thought to use
In rhyme would never go.

I started thus: "When night reveals
The unbound starry vault—"
And, musing, 'long the margin wrote
"Default, revolt" and "halt."

I tried again: "When night reveals
The starry vault unbound,—
I think of you" (two measures short).
"The while the world goes round!"

I tried and tried unnumbered times
That vacant place to close,
Then tore the paper into bits
And wrote to her in prose.

J. F. LONERGAN.

Pieces of Wreckage.

All night long the wind howled around a little cottage on the coast of Rhode Island. The water roared over the rocks and came far up the beach flinging spray high in the air. The great white caps came roaring and thundering up to the very door of the cottage, but those within heeded not the wind and storm. They were watching and praying for those out in that terrible night. Perhaps a brother or father or son was out on the angry ocean. In a little window overlooking the water burned a lamp, probably to guide those astray. Suddenly from far out to sea the boom of a cannon was wafted on the wind, then another and another. Some ship in distress perhaps. Still the storm raged. At regular intervals the boom was repeated, but at last nothing was heard but the howling of the wind and the water breaking on the rocks. Finally the wind abated and the day dawned fine and clear. Only the high sea told of the terrible storm of the night before. A young woman hastily left the cottage and looked out to sea, then she went down to the beach, over which were scattered barrels and bales intermingled with broken spars and masts of some dismantled ship. Carefully she turned over each piece of wreckage, but no name could she find on any of these. Only the spars and masts remained to tell of the tragedy of the night before and another ship gone to the bottom of the ocean leaving no traces but the pieces of wreckage.

T. HUNT.

The Reward of Duty.

Train No. 10 was ready to start from the station. Near the platform of the first car stood the conductor, waiting to give the signal. All was ready. The time was up, the signal was given, and the train moved away,—and yet the conductor knew that if he had held the train a few seconds later the General Superintendent would have boarded it, for he saw him coming just as he was to give the signal.

"Do you know me?" roared the Superintendent.

"I do, sir," said the conductor. "The time was up. I did my duty. The train must start on time."—The Superintendent walked away, thought the matter over, and in a few days appointed the conductor division superintendent.

J. HANNON.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 12, 1902.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

The Board of Editors.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901

FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902	JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902
H. EWING BROWN, 1902	GEORGE BURKITT, 1902
JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902	FRANCIS SCHWAB, 1902
P. J. MACDONOUGH, 1903	ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902
LEO J. HEISER, 1902	JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1902
VITUS G. JONES, 1902	WILLIAM A. SHEA, 1902
JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902	JOHN P. CURRY, 1901
JOSEPH KELLEHER, 1902	FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903

REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
P. P. MCELLIGOTT	JOHN HARTE
J. DOHAN.	

—The SCHOLASTIC is in the hands of the Rhetoric classes this week and next week.

—Father Morrissey, accompanied by Bro. Paul left last week for Austin, Texas. It is our pleasure to announce that Father Morrissey's health is daily improving, and that after a short sojourn in the South we expect to have him take charge of the affairs of the University. Since Father Morrissey's illness expressions of grief have come from all over the country, and the students at the University were the first and prime sharers in this.

—Twice have the men struggling for places on the Collegiate Debating Team met in trial; and now but six competitors are left. Thirty men entered the contest some two months ago. The process of weeding out and selecting has been a difficult task indeed. But some must fail. And thus a few of our best speakers went down—men capable of delivering an oration or entering a debate at any place, at any time. To the six men left, Messrs. Corley, Kanaley, O'Hara, Green, Farabaugh, and Kelleher, for the final contest in Washington Hall, all the more credit is due. They

have proven their ability as debaters. And we feel confident that they will be able to sustain the reputation we have achieved in the past four years—that of turning out no team at all, if not a victorious one.

—Not long ago we mentioned the fact that some of our weary youths were under colour of suspicion by the athletic board of faculty control, and advised them to consult their teachers, do extra work, and have the conditions in their classes removed. But it seems that the same youths have found it impossible to carry four classes a day and perform on the track and baseball teams. The faculty board of control has passed on four of them; dropped their names from the list of eligible athletes with no power to represent the University in athletics until they can show improvement in class work. A man is in a poor way, indeed, that his brain goes back on him when he begins to educate his heels. There is yet time, however, for the men dropped to come back into grace. A little work, an understanding with their teachers, and all can be fixed. If they do not do this and are unable to represent the University at the end of the year the fault will lie with themselves.

—Much discussion has been going on in the magazines lately concerning the popularity of poetry. As it is impossible to pass a final criticism on this oft-mooted question it is well to look to poetry as a commodity on the market. Does it pay? The majority of bards are agreed that it does not; and their patched trousers bear witness to the truth of their words. The same men advise any favoured son that feels the first faint whisperings of the muse in his ear to get a job until he at least strikes number twelve. Then if anybody beside his aunts and sisters call for a book of his quibblings, to let go his job, hang out his sign and let the world know that he is a poet. Philosophy and poetry have been put down as two callings which in themselves are not a mint. But yet if a man is struggling for immortality and is absolutely desirous to see his name carved on a marble slab in the hall of fame, it is well for him to take up his residence in the proverbial poetic garret, and write on, always hoping that he will set vibrating that chord that will go on till eternity. But as a money coiner this is another question.

—"Fair play" is a phrase that appeals to us; we like to see it exercised when we ourselves are not concerned. The same is true of nations as of individuals. England especially has always contended for this flimsy thing that moves our sentiment; yet England's history is a long chronicle of misdeeds and injustice. Of late a bill has been introduced into Parliament calling for the establishment of a few Catholic chaplains in the British navy. It points out this indisputable fact, that there are 12,000 Roman Catholics in the British navy. The bill thus far has not been acted upon. The *London Tablet*, calling attention to this injustice, says:

"The cruelty as well as the rank absurdity of the thing becomes apparent when we consider what are the respective functions of an Anglican and a Catholic chaplain. To the dying Catholic, the presence of the priest means just this tremendous difference: the difference between going into eternity with his sins forgiven or unforgiven. To the dying Protestant his chaplain may talk consolingly, and that is all."

And yet Englishmen boast of their chivalrous fair play.

—No sooner had the heart of Cecil Rhodes throbbed its last than his critics dipped their pens to add to his glory or still further to tarnish his memory. His work remains, and by it we must judge the man. His dreams of vast empire have fallen, but his will is left as a monument to perpetuate his name, for Cecil Rhodes was as other men in this respect, but human. He plunged two nations into a barbarous war; packed nearly \$100,000,000 on his back, made his code of morality his insatiable ambition until the soil of a God-loving people is soaked in the blood of free men, yet he left a great will, and by this men have called him a philanthropist, a lover of men.

In this last document he provides for two scholarships of three years each at Oxford for every English-speaking colony and also for every state and territory in the United States. In providing for these he stipulates that the election of a student should depend on first, his literary and scholastic attainments; second, his fondness for or success in manly outdoor sports; third, his qualities of manhood, such as truth, courage, etc; fourth, his exhibition during school days of moral force of character,

etc. He thought the first qualification should be determined by the examinations; the second and third by the ballots of fellow-students; and the fourth by the head master of the school.

This is the will of Cecil Rhodes. That it will do good no one can question, but yet with its philanthropy, can it atone, even in a small degree, for the evil days that have fallen through his unscrupulous ambition on a race of free men?

—The natural longing of the soul is immortality. When we are young and beginning to take our first poetic flight we are not aware of this stupendous fact, but we are moved by it, and desire to see our scrawl in print. Our mind turns to verse, and we attempt the impossible: the solution of the problem of life and love. Our first effusion charms us, but we soon awake. Next we lay our scheme for a short story—our plan is somewhat indefinite, but we believe that the story will be great. But here our brain refuses to work, for we have not sufficient experience; and we leave the story with its tail in the air, resign the pen for the sword or shovel,—or begin anew.

Early failures are but natural, and later successes but few. And yet the turning out of a short story or a clever bit of verse is a craft, a matter work. The truth of this is evidently seen in the productions of men that are workers.

We may have natural ability, but unless we brood, observe, wear our pen to a stub, we will develop no elegant style. Our thoughts may be fairly clear, but they will not be brilliant. Stevenson and Newman, those two charming stylists, were indefatigable workers. This is not alone true of them but of all men that have held their head above water in the literary sea.

The literary essayist gets charm from the amount of midnight oil he generally burns; in these days of electric bulbs and gas, from the reckoning on his metre. We do not contend that the writer must not have talent, either natural or acquired. The one is developed by work, the other brought into being in this manner. In the short story the ability of the author to hustle especially brings about its perfection. For only by persistently scrawling and scratching, developing and revising, can the short-story man turn out those clever plots that have so much charm to them.

Notre Dame, 25; South Bend, 4.

Exchanges.

The game last Sunday afternoon with the South Bend picked team was a great improvement over the High School game of the Thursday before. The candidates got into their work with more vim, and as a result the general all-around work was far better. The fielding, with the exception of the first few innings when a couple of wild throws were made, was clean-cut and faultless. The batting was also of a high order and several long drives were made. Capt. Lynch led in the batting with a total of five hits out of seven times at bat. Bob Fisher also made a good impression on the rooters by smashing out some nice hits, one for three bases. The base running was not up to the standard. The majority of the candidates are weak in this respect, and run around the bases like a lot of dray horses.

Dohan and Antoine formed the battery the first five innings, and Higgins and O'Neill the last four. Both pitchers twirled good ball, allowing but a few scattered hits. The visitors scored their four runs in the first innings on a few wild throws and a base on ball. Antoine caught a good game, his throwing to second was the best he has done this season.

The infield, Stephan, Gage, Lynch, Hemp and Groogan, fielded in perfect style, but their throwing was faulty, and during the early part of the game they seemed to become slightly confused when there were men on the bases. After the first couple of innings, however, they settled down and played fast ball. The outfield work on the whole was good, but Farley, Ruehlbach, and Fisher give promise of being as strong a trio of outfielders as the Varsity ever had.

The game demonstrated one thing, and that is that the men are capable of playing faster ball than they are given credit for. It is rather early to venture any predictions, but we feel safe in saying that though this year's Varsity is not composed of stars, still we expect to see them close the season with as clean a record as in former years. For we know that the gentlemen selected to represent us on the diamond this season, are men who will work together for the success of the team and not for individual glory.

NOTRE DAME—0 0 6 1 2 2 3 5 6—25 18 6
SOUTH BEND—4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4 5 10
Batteries: N. D.: Dohan, Higgins, Antoine, O'Neill.
S. B.: Schaefer, Crick and Hilding. J. P. O'R.

The *Fordham Monthly* devotes most of its March issue to the "toasts" said at the alumni dinner given at Delmonico's. The toasts, as a whole, were first rate and are of interest no doubt to the alumni and undergraduates. It is all right to make much of such occasions, and the college paper is the proper place to chronicle these affairs; but, unfortunately for us, that is all there is in the March *Fordham*.

The *Dial* contains at least one very creditable essay, "Evolution and Assumption." This is dry stuff some are disposed to think, but this really deserves a word of commendation, for the subject is handled interestingly and quite thoroughly. The grounds of difference between the evolutionists and their antagonists are clearly drawn, and the sophisms in Darwin and Spencer and Haeckel's arguments are shown. The writer truly says of the evolutionists' argument: "Starting out to prove their theory, they end by proving their proof by the theory." Of course, that is a beautiful example of the *vicious circle*. This article deserves more than passing comment, for it unites solid material with clear expression.

The article "The Modern Newspaper" in the March *Stylus*, is an historical review of the strides in newspaper-making. It starts with the "Acta Diurna" of Rome and gets up to the present time by particular mention of the *Venetian Gazette* of 1500 and the *London Times* instituted in 1790. The review is carefully done. An effort on "American Poetry during the Nineteenth Century" begins thus:—"Standing on the threshold of the twentieth century, in the full bloom of national manhood, and with the prospect of new glories and continued prosperity, it is with pleasure and with a conscious pride that we cast our eyes once more over the annals of the years. It has been an era," etc. How delightful! Why put it *threshold* of the century? Or does that merely mean the beginning of another hundred years? As for *era*, that and *wend*, and innumerable other overworked words, have earned a lasting rest. The tone of this essay is much too patronizing and exaggerated. We have had some American poets, but not many; and their work has been characteristic, but little of it will prove to be immortal. The historical

mention, however, is accurate. "Newman as an Emotional Writer" is a rather brief discussion of a subject of great possibility. The quotations used are pertinent, but there are few of Cardinal Newman's writings but what furnish an almost inexhaustible store for apt quotation.

The Easter *Xavier* contains good reading. The essay on "Ideals" is something more than a compilation, though the Greek quotation would give it the face of dry erudition. The thought is all right, but there is a floridity of expression that should have been pruned back in the days of the composition class. The story "Why Harrington Lost the Championship" has a plot, and shows the author's thorough acquaintance with the terminology of golf. Nevertheless, the story loses somewhat in the telling. There are possibilities for a clever story in the plot, although a strange sort of a father would he be that "says he won't allow it (the marriage) until Mr. Mivart has won the amateur golf championship." "A Dramatic Dream" is as clever a bit as will be found in any of the current exchanges. It is a sane criticism, caustically put, hitting the nature of the successful theatrical successes of the day. Of the problem play, "To a female audience the problem is whether the great actress' gowns are cut on or off the bias; to a male audience, whether the author is sane or not."

We find some very commendable work in the *S. V. C. Index*. "The Black Counter" has a new plot, and could be made into a very good short story. "How We Know" is a well-written contribution to the epistemological question. In discussions of this kind, however, which are intended for the popular eye, it would be better to translate the scholastic phraseology into the vernacular. The criticism we would offer is that the author does not make sure of his ground as he proceeds. For instance, the statement that it is inimical to every dictate of commonsense is scarcely a conclusive argument against subjectivism in a rigidly philosophical discussion.

We notice that the Ex-man takes exception to the opinion many times expressed in this column, that the ordinary college essay is rather a lame affair. We notice in this critic also a penchant for deductive reasoning, and perhaps on *a priori* ground the college essay

ought to be a very good thing. However, after an acquaintance with college magazines extensive enough to make a fairly complete induction, we have concluded that it is an extremely violent form of mental dissipation to read the essays of college journalists. Once in a great while a faint gleam of humour or a neat turn of expression will light up a dreary concoction of encyclopedic erudition, but ordinarily, the only value of the college essay is as an alleviator of insomnia. The Ex-man also demolishes with a single pen-stroke the reputations of Herder, Lessing, Goethe, Sainte-Beuve and Arnold as men of critical ability. It is a matter of regret to us that we may no longer turn with confidence to those, who, it was our firm conviction, had withdrawn criticism from the chilling atmosphere of formalism and made it a living thing. The oracle, however, has spoken, and we may only bow in acquiescence.

It seems that criticism is to be reduced to an exact science, and that the evanescent soul-element is to be plotted for us in syllogistic form. Those of us that can not "cordialize with an *ens rationis*" will feel out of place when criticism is put on an ontological basis, though for the life of us we are unable to tell what it will do when it gets onto-a-logical basis. If criticism is to use "an author as a mere clothes-horse on which to hang the thoughts of the critic," as a text on which the critic can preach his æsthetic speculations, then criticism may be converted into an exact science. If, however, criticism is, as the historical school holds, an explanation of man's conscious relation to art, there is in it too much of that incomprehensible thing called the human soul for it to be reduced to rule. Though we can not always agree with the *Index* man, we must confess that he has put us in possession of a very valuable fact; a fact which, we think, is not very generally known, namely, that Vincenzo Gioberti is the *only* philosopher Europe has produced since the days of St. Thomas.

F. F. D.

Personals.

—Mrs. W. Cotter entered her son as a student of St. Edward's Hall last Tuesday.

—Mr. B. Morrison (student '91-'92) visited his many friends at the University recently.

—Miss Effie Kirby of Columbia City, Ind., was the guest of her brother of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Merson of Brownson Hall had the pleasure of a visit from his aunt during the week.

—Mrs. W. Rudolph of Detroit called at Notre Dame last Monday and left her sons, Masters Willie and Marshall, at St. Edward's Hall.

—The Rev. Father Keller of Mishawaka, accompanied by Miss Allis of Wilkesbarre, Penn., were entertained by Mr. P. Weiss during the week.

—Mrs. Hugh Hogan of Fort Wayne, Ind., accompanied by her daughter, Miss Genevieve Hogan, paid a brief visit to Mr. Harry Hogan of Brownson Hall.

—We are glad to announce that Professor John G. Ewing, who has been very ill for the past few weeks, is rapidly regaining his health. However, it will be some time before he will be able to resume his duties.

—Mr. Ames of Hammond, Indiana, was the guest of Mr. Robert E. Krost of Sorin Hall last Wednesday. Mr. Ames is a student at Wabash College and a member of the glee club. At present the club is making a tour of Indiana.

—Last Sunday morning Mr. Percy Wynne of New Jersey was married by the Reverend Father Regan to Miss Helen Emos of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Wynne was a student of Corby Hall three years ago. It had always been his desire to be married at Notre Dame by Father Regan. The witnesses were Mr. Kinsella and Mr. Brent of Corby Hall. We wish the young couple long life and happiness.

—The Northern Indiana Teachers' Association held their convention in South Bend on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. About three thousand teachers were present. All of them visited the University at some time or other during the three days and showed themselves highly interested in our work.

A. L. K.

Local Items.

—Cap. wishes it to be known to his friends that he is undecided as to whom he will take.

—Games are now pending with South Bend High School, Niles, Elkhart, Shortridge High School of Indianapolis, and several other teams.

—An umbrella was found in the Brownson refectory about four weeks ago. Owner may have same by calling on Brother Anthony, Refectorian.

—We were all deeply touched the other day at seeing our fellow-student, Simon Jennings, taken home under the care of a physician. An incident of this kind always evokes sympathy, but in the present case a deeper feeling is awakened in us. It is that of regret and of a

personal loss in his absence. A manly student, a loyal friend and a right good fellow, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. We trust his illness will be of short duration, and that he will soon be back among us.

—A mass meeting was held at Corby Hall to organize a baseball team. Messrs. Dempsey and Doar were elected captain and manager. Any hall team desiring a game would do well to see Mr. Dempsey at once as but few open dates remain.

—Mngr. Crumley announces that season tickets for baseball are now on sale in his room in the main building. He has also a few pictures of last season's football team still left over, which he will dispose of to those wishing to buy. There are not very many of these pictures left, so those desiring them had better call on Mr. Crumley at once.

—At a meeting held during the week the boat crews were organized. William Shea, Litt. B. '02, and Bob Krost, B. S. '02, were chosen to lead the Senior crews; Frank Petritz and Charley Mulcrone had similar honours cast upon them in regard to the Junior crews. The men will begin work as soon as the fine weather breaks. Then training tables will be established.

—The students of Brownson Hall received an elegant compliment to their generosity and friendship a few nights ago, when Brother Alphonsus read to them a letter written by the sisters of their late comrade, William Peyton. All that heard the beautiful expressions of gratitude felt glad of their participation in the floral offering and Mass of which the letter was a recognition.

—The St. Joseph Buffalos, in one of the most exciting and spectacular games of baseball ever witnessed on St. Joseph's campus, played and defeated Sorin Hall team for the second time Thursday morning. Sherry pitched for the Buffalos, and Kanaley, Jim. Herbert and Stephan pitched for Sorin. D. W. Casey made a home run in the first inning. Score: St Joseph, 17; Sorin, 14.

—Monday we open up our baseball schedule proper beginning our series of games with the Chicago White Stockings. The three games that were to be played in South Bend have been transferred to Cartier Field. The reason for this is owing to the impossibility of getting Springbrook Park on account of a misunderstanding between the South Bend council and the owners of the park.

—Last Sunday afternoon several of the Corby Hall boys, accompanied by the "manager," took their first annual excursion to the country. Messrs. Brown, Coddington and Canedo amused them with musical renditions and serenaded a "Miss" whom they met on the road. While passing down the avenue they

noticed an N. D. pillow in a window supported by two "Daisies." Several of the boys took the address, while one went so far as to faint at the sight. Proceeding a little ways they were finally lost, but in a few moments were surprised to enter the University grounds.

—In order to refute the statement made by the papers in this district that Mr. Frank E. Hering, nominee for Congress, is the most unpopular man at the University, the students in his classes and his friends presented him with a handsome gold watch Wednesday afternoon. The presentation took place in the gymnasium. Several speeches were made calling attention to Mr. Hering's work as a teacher. Joe Dohan represented Corby Hall, Pete McElligott, Brownson Hall, John Harte, St. Joseph's Hall, and Harry Crumley, Sorin Hall. In his acceptance, Mr. Hering made an eloquent speech, calling attention to the patriotic part Notre Dame has taken in the affairs of the country, and eliciting great applause.

—On Wednesday night the Philopatrians resumed their meetings which had been discontinued during the Lenten season. An interesting programme was given. Messrs. D. Morrison and G. Kennedy entertained those present with favoured selections. The Philopatrian Orchestra in its rendition of several difficult pieces brought forth great applause. Master Ecton Rocheford was admitted to membership.

Thursday the same society had a banquet at the Oliver, in which the inner man and his philosophy held sway for a long time. After that a chartered car brought them to Elkhart. The journey was replete with incidents and the atmosphere shattered with gold and blue yells. After an afternoon spent in this kind of amusement the Philopatrians came back to the college with a magnificent appetite and a heart full of compliments for Bro. Cyprian, Director of the society.

—Captain Lynch has selected his team. This difficult task took place immediately after our game with the South Bend Greens. O'Neill, who has been our star catcher for the three past years, will act in that capacity again. O'Neill is undoubtedly the cleverest college catcher in the West. Shaughnessy and Antoine will be substitute catchers and first base men. Stephan will be on 1st base, Gage 2d, Hemp 3d and Captain Lynch short stop. Farley has been selected for centre field; Fisher for right and Ruehlbach will be placed in left. Joe Dohan, Harry Hogan and Bill Higgins will take care of the pitching department. On paper the personnel of the infield and outfield does not appear to be as strong as last year, but the staff of pitchers is much better. Besides we shall have unity and harmony in the working of the Varsity—something we were totally lacking in last year. Even if we

do not win all the games we play we will know that the team is playing the best ball it is capable of.

—This little story may seem somewhat late, and although it deals with times when the garb of winter covered the campus, it is interesting to read, now that the robins are building their nests and Oscar has already caught the first black bass of the season in St. Mary's Lake. The "Chronic Joker" was passing the telephone office, when he heard a golden-haired youth informing a friend over the wire that a carriage would call at her residence at half-past one to bring her to the play and that he would meet the rig at Washington Hall. The joker stood behind an alcove until the hero had left the phone. He then called up the young lady and informed her that the carriage would not call at her residence until half-past two. He afterwards phoned the liveryman accordingly. It was very amusing to see the "golden-haired youth" on sentinel duty at one of the parlour windows for an hour or so after the play had begun. When the carriage finally arrived, the meeting was somewhat colder than the weather.

—The Brownson Hall baseball team opened up the season last Saturday afternoon on Cartier Field with the Goshen High School team. The Goshen lads are recognized as being one of the fastest High School teams in the State, and their playing during the game certainly gave ground for that belief. The game was stopped at the end of the fifth inning on account of rain, and the contest declared off. Up to that time the contest had been a very pretty one, although the High School lads were two runs ahead, made on a few wild throws. The indications were that had the game continued it would have been very close and exciting. Opfergelt twirled masterly ball for Brownson and held the visitors down to one measley hit. The Goshen pitcher was touched up for three safe ones. The two teams meet again at Goshen in about a month, and a warm contest may be expected.

INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
BROWNSON—	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4
GOSHEN—	0	0	0	2	0	2	1	1

Batteries: Brownson, Opfergelt and Antoine; Goshen: Boulton and Witt. Umpires, Fisher and Randell.

—Diary of Wun Bay Lee, by Gosh.—

"SUNDAY:—This is Bad wether fur ducks, luks a hull lot Like rane. had sum fun in The mornin' playin' jump With our john. John jumps pretty gude but knot Far Enuff. He Lacks praktise and spead. in the pm me and john sat next To a feller in church what Thawte he cud sing. Gee but my hed aked And John gott a Bad earake frum it. He felt pritty blew over it. rote a Letter tonite Fur moore muney and beet King Dodo a game uf chekers. He only beet me fore times. i like

The game caws it haint soo Ruff. Gosh there gose the bell.

MONDAY:—nise day awl day. knot much fun thow caws John wuz still sick with earake. played three games uf old made with socks and tag with beekum. Beekum fell on me And nerely broke my watch wich wuz give me By my grate Grand muther thre yeres ago. felt blew awl nite caws john sed I wuz cuttin up too much.

TUESDAY:—Gee but I wuz funny twoday. I laffed and laffed soo much Wun feller thawte I wuz laffin at him and slapped me three ahfull cracks on the arm. Tride to crack a joak on the pruffessor and He gave me lines. Spent five sens in the candy shop fur sum nice gunum dropps which I et awl by my self. John won't not let me Spend muneey in shop.

WEDNESDAY:—sloppi, dreery, disagreeable day outside sted in the reeding rume and me and john and Beekum and Markher played Cards. Beekum and me wuz pardnurs and we beat John and Markher which maid john mad. John wanted two fite Beekum which he didn't caws I held our john. Our john's feerful when he is mad. So I told Beekum and he appologised. Tonite we sat next to that same feller in church. He kummenced to sing and I did to. A hull lot uf the buoys got sick. taint my fawlt as he kummenced it. Still ranein.

—The Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC has wrought havoc in the ranks of our sister workers. A letter from them and signed the "Co-ed Girls" we thought must needs be published.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—For an entire week we have thought over the editors' picture in the Easter SCHOLASTIC until we could keep silent no longer. It has caused dissension in our ranks. At one time we met in our club, received the SCHOLASTIC week after week; in fact, we were happy until the ill-fated editors' number came in. Now we are on the point of disunion; for no sooner had we opened the first page than several exclaimed simultaneously: "Isn't he a dear," and we looked to see them pointing at the soul-souled, dove-eyed MacDonough. We all admire Mr. MacDonough because he writes on red paper with white ink of the "velvet sward kissing his wan cheek;" and because he sits on the front doorstep with his muse, simply because her father will not allow him the use of the parlour.

Many of us think that Mr. Corley is the nicest-looking fellow and the only one on the staff that looks like a real author. Besides he is a poet who doesn't eat his ambrosia at Louey's.

Some of the club wished to know if Mr. Shea's disposition for love-making was very strong; others if he were a married man. Mr. Shea isn't married, is he? If he would only confide in us I am sure that we could

set his heart aright again. We think that there is something deeper than mere fiction in his "Altered Relation."

We could not all agree on Mr. Barry (or is the name Barré?) A few thought that he was a young wild Fenian that had run amuck in the Gael class. But when I pointed out his soul-stirring acrostic, "Aurora," to a dimpled maid we all admitted that Mr. Barré was a poet. But we understand that he is raising a moustache like Tommy Donnelly's—or does he only intend to do so?

We marvel that Mr. Krug has so peaceful and lamblike a look—one showing peace and happiness. Is there any truth in that rumor that he is engaged?

We looked for a contrast to Mr. Krug, and found Mr. Toohey scowling out of a corner of the SCHOLASTIC. Is Mr. Toohey, Tuo Hee, the Chinese philosopher, the funny man in the Local column writes about; the man that called up somebody else's friend and promised to send the hack an hour sooner? I think I remember him, for one day while at the Oliver last spring, I saw a young gentleman who looked very much like his picture, accompanied by Willie Ogray Dee, run at foot race along Main Street—time 20 minutes to 6 o'clock.

We did not think that Mr. Curry would be the nice man his picture leads us to believe him, especially after reading all those humorous locals he is accused of writing, as the poem to "L-i-z-z-i-e," the letter to the wise man, the dancing exit of one "Brass Band," and the story on the "Thick set young Gentleman."

We have gazed long and earnestly at the quartet in the middle, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Burkitt, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, and the reason we mention their names last is because they are the first and the last ones in our minds. Mr. H. Ewing Brown looks very young and cute in his picture. And we understand that he has a natural longing for one of us—and on this account we like him.

Mr. Jones looks like a real orator. We feel as though he were going to say "Cæsar had its Brutus and Sorin Hall its Mr. Dinky Dicer"—but here we shall stop.

The majority of us do not like Mr. O'Hara. We think him too sensible, and believe that he would not hold hands like Mr. MacDonough might, or call for more fudges after the fashion of Mr. Barré.

But we all are deeply interested in Mr. Burkitt. Now hasn't he got a real bright future? We have heard a great deal about his charming room and likewise of the number of nice boys he associates with, as Mr. O'Grady, Mr. White, Mr. Fahy and Mr. Dubbs. We shall never forget Mr. Burkitt's pastels, for they are as beautiful as they are artistic.

Admiringly,

CO-ED GIRLS.