

The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·
F.X.A.

VOL. XX·XV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 19, 1902.

No. 28.

Dawn.

(After Aubrey de Vere.)

I STOOD upon a mountain-brow at break
Of day, and saw the Sun-god aim his first
Barbed shaft; keen-pointed through the clouds it
burst;
A trembling line of light grew in its wake
As other bolts shot o'er the snows that make
The mountains part of heaven; and there where erst
Had stood black space beamed light so strong I
durst
Not look, nor could the sky new lustre take.

The mountain-slope in bloom below me lay,
Flowers burdened with a wealth of glistening dew,
And farther down a pine-wood's mail of gray
Unshattered still, though high above I knew
The Sun-god, speeding fleet, from quiver bright
Dart after dart launched at retreating night.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

A Deceiver Deceived.

IN the minds of the men of the graduating class there was no doubt as to who would get the English medal. All the members were trying for it, but they had a common understanding, freely expressed, that Thurston had it "dead easy." One man only did not hold the general opinion. Ever since Barret had been defeated by Thurston early in their Freshman days he had hated Thurston and had fostered a desire to get even. There was no open enmity between the two promising young writers; but the classmen knew that such a feeling existed, and were looking for something to happen before June. Long before that time, indeed, Barret had worked out a scheme of getting even, and was merely waiting for a favorable opportunity.

Each contestant for the English medal was required to hand in to the President of the

University three type-written copies of his essay together with an envelope containing his name and the subject he had chosen. Accordingly one day in late April, Thurston laid a thick roll of manuscript on the President's desk. Barret saw this, and confidently assured himself that the long-looked-for moment had come. So when Thurston went out Barret stole into the office, took up the roll of manuscript with its accompanying envelope, and substituted another roll and envelope.

About three weeks before Commencement the decisions of the judges came in. In the first two reports the essay "Burns," received first place, "The American Novel," second. In the third, however, "The American Novel" received first, and the essay on Burns received no place at all. The judge in explanation of his decision said that the essay on Burns was plagiarized from a back number of "The Dartleigh Magazine," and that, although it was by far the best paper submitted to him, he could not award it a place.

The President was astonished; that one of the graduating class had plagiarized was incredible. Could the University confer a degree on such an unprincipled scoundrel! Would not the fellow ultimately bring some great discredit upon the institution for which he now had so little regard? These and similar reflections helped to decide the honest old gentleman upon a course of action, and the look on his face boded ill for the author of the essay on Burns. Picture his amazement when on opening the envelopes he found that the essay "Burns," was subscribed "Oliver J. Thurston,"—Thurston, the son of his old classmate, the most popular and, presumably, the most honorable man in the University! Convinced that there must be some mistake, he determined to call Thurston in the next day and question him about the matter.

Meanwhile Barret, in his day-dreams was

hearing his name announced as the winner of the long-coveted medal. He fancied the expressions on the faces of his companions, their surprise and wonderment, and he laughed at the crestfallen look Thurston would have. He imagined the applause, and, above all, he pictured the smiles of admiration on the face of his co-ed friend.

The evening of the day on which the reports were opened Thurston received a brief note requesting him to call at the President's office at nine the following morning. Precisely at the time appointed he knocked at the familiar door and entered in response to the short "Come in!"

"Good morning, Doctor!" he said pleasantly.

"Thank you, Mr. Thurston," coldly replied the President.

"Mr. Thurston,"—that was strange; he had always before been "Oliver" to his father's friend.

"Is this your essay?" asked that worthy gentleman as he handed over the paper on Burns.

Thurston gave a start of surprise as he looked at the pages of the manuscript.

"Why, yes," he answered slowly as he raised his eyes. Then he added: "But I do not understand how it has come into your possession. I wrote this essay over a year ago, and, under an assumed name, sold it to 'The Dartleigh Magazine,'—I have the editor's letter over in my room. Though this is not the essay I handed in, I am willing to let it stand for the medal as it is."

Restored confidence beamed in the President's kindly face and anticipated congratulation was in his hearty hand-shake.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

An Anticipation.

The coronation services had long since begun. The interior of Westminster Abbey and the gorgeous costumes of the nobility were radiant with the full sunlight which poured in through an open window directly opposite the throne. The last hymn had been sung, and the bishops and minor clergymen were busily engaged about the king preparing for the anointment. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had just finished his address, advanced and anointed the head and breast of the king who was kneeling at his feet. When he had done this he took the crown

from an attendant and placed it upon the head of Edward repeating the usual formula. Then four attendants pushed back the silken trail of the royal robe, and the king moved toward the throne. He had hardly reached the chair when a look of surprise spread over the face of every official present; even the king started back a few paces. There on the throne, which he had so recently vacated, sat a dirty, smiling street arab. The guards at once rushed to seize the intruder; but when they reached the throne he had disappeared. A rigid search was made, but the urchin was nowhere to be found. Surely he could not have stolen away! Everyone was troubled and anxious, for the incident was regarded as an ill omen. A consultation followed and it was decided to proceed with the ceremony. The king advanced, sat upon the throne, and was proclaimed King of England.

During all this time Thomas Marconius Addison, a noted American inventor, was trying with wonderful success his new device for phototelegraphy. He had long been working to perfect the apparatus which had so startled the world, some years ago, by transmitting an outline picture across the continent.

In the centre of his office, which was on the fifth story of a large structure opposite Westminster Abbey, sat perched upon a stool a little street arab into whose face glared a number of highly polished concave and convex mirrors. These the inventor could move at will; and no matter in which direction they were turned an exact image of the boy would be projected.

After turning the mirrors toward the different walls of his room and seeing with great satisfaction an image that could not be distinguished from the boy himself, he directed them toward the open window. There, clearly outlined upon the side of the Abbey was the unmistakable picture. With a joyous bound he gave the mirrors a hasty turn, and rushed into his outer office to get the covers with which he always protected his apparatus. He had been gone but a moment, just long enough for the mischief to be done. Unconsciously he had turned the mirror on the open window of the Abbey, and the image struck squarely upon the throne of the king.

Addison covered his instrument, gave the urchin a half crown, and with a sigh of satisfaction settled back in his old arm-chair to enjoy a well-earned Havana. J. MCGINN.

A Frozen Waterfall.

NO music lingers round thy silken base,
 Yet Fancy hears the silent strains that lie
 Congealed in silver o'er thy crest. The eye
 New-powered by the witching scene can trace
 Fair heaven in thy rigid interlace.
 What moulding breath inspired of the sky
 Hath chilled thy frenzied leap and hushed the sigh
 Of waters virid-robed in nymphic grace!

Methinks thy shackled spirit long hath pined—
 Though tomb'd in architecture pure as light—
 For summer freedom cradled in the wind
 That quits the scented south and floods the night.
 Have courage still! One day shall Heaven's sun
 O'er marble ruins bid thy waters run.

WASHINGTON J. MCCORMICK.

Abe's Revenge.

Miss Sarah White was going to have a party, and all the dusky belles and beaux were busily preparing for the occasion. The invitations had been sent out a week before, and as Mrs. Jones said, "'Peared like everyone had an 'invite' 'cept Abe Brown," and that was queer too as he had been "Sarry's" particular friend.

The Whites had recently received a few hundred dollars as a legacy from an uncle, and Sarah held her head a trifle above Abe since then. When questioned about the affair Abe would scratch his woolly pate, and "declare to goodness he didn't care nohow. 'Spected to have a little fun of his own that night;" then he would laugh with a knowing wink.

Finally the long-looked for evening came, and as Sarah swept into the little parlor she was well satisfied with herself. She was gorgeous in a red plush dress trimmed profusely in white lace. Her hair was done up high on the top of her head, and surmounting this pyramid was a large red rose that nodded as she walked. The new carpet on the floor was a dream in her eyes. It was bright red with bunches of impossible green flowers sprinkled over it. The chairs were arranged in a circle around the room, in one corner of which was Sarah's organ. This had been purchased with some of the uncle's money, and Sarah had learned to finger its keys quite readily with one hand. She expected to have her other

hand educated in the near future. Above the organ was a large picture of Abraham Lincoln draped with an American flag. Over the door was the word "Welcome" made of gilt paper with a background of evergreen. Although the letters were of various sizes it looked artistic to Sarah, and she let each one of the White children come in and admire it.

Sarah was going to have an old-fashioned cake walk. The prize was a mammoth concern of icing and sugar plums, and it was placed on a special stand by the front window. The longer you keep fruit cakes the better they are, and this one ought to have been excellent, for it had been admired by all Darktown for weeks as they passed the White residence.

But where was Abe in the meantime? Sitting at home and brooding over life in general? Oh, no! He was on a neighbor's front fence with half a dozen small boys eagerly listening to what he was saying. He seemed to be devising some plan for their amusement; for every now and then they would slap each other on the back and laugh in a manner common to boys of their age. After Abe had finished they all started down the road and vanished in the darkness.

The guests had arrived and the musicians were tuning their instruments for the cake walk. Miss Sarah and one of her city guests were to lead, and as they marched down the room they failed to see two gleaming eyes and a bunch of ragged whiskers staring at them through the window.

Suddenly there was a crash of glass, and before the company had time to turn around, an animal looking very much like a goat, was having things its own way. He had just finished Sarah's large feather fan and was beginning on the city gentleman's coat. In an instant the room was cleared of its occupants, and screaming, pushing and shoving, the guests ran into the kitchen where the door was locked against the intruder. When he had finished the cover of the organ stool the goat seemed appeased.

"Oh! fo' de land sake will I ebber fergit de look on dat city man's face when he saw ole Bill chewin' up his new hat. De las' time I see him he was runnin' fo' dear life wid de goat after him. My, but dis cake am fine," and Abe and his band partook of lemonade, ice-cream and sandwiches galore, while the goat peacefully chewed away at his morsel of organ stool.

PAUL R. MARTIN.

Tartarus.

(Translated from Ovid's "Metamorphoses.")

A path steep and mournful, shaded by yew-trees winds through silent fields to the infernal regions. At its end the sluggish Styx exhales dense mists, and on either bank wander the souls of the recent dead and of those who have no tombs. Gloom and a damp coldness possess the lifeless place; new souls, who do not know the way to the Stygian city in which the melancholy Pluto is supreme, are continually coming up.

The city itself has a thousand approaches; its gates open on all sides. In much the same manner as the ocean receives the waters of the whole earth, does this city swallow up all souls. No people is exempted, no multitude is too large.

The bodiless spirits are busy here and there; some frequenting the forum, others the palace of their tyrant king, still others pursuing different arts in imitation of their former life.

Once mighty Juno herself descended there, inflamed with anger and a desire for revenge. As soon as she set foot upon the entrance, the ancient threshold unaccustomed to pressure, creaked beneath the weight of her sacred body; then Cerberus put out his triple head and gave a triple bark. This attracted the attention of the Three Sisters, daughters of Night,—stern and unrelenting goddesses,—who, when Juno came up, were sitting before the closed adamantine gates of the prison plaiting the long black snakes which served them instead of hair.

When they recognized her among the spirits, they arose. They were guarding what is called the "Place of Criminals." There it is that the vitals of Tityus are nightly nourished for the vultures on the morrow. There also Tantalus, destined never again to drink water, is always grasping at and always failing to reach a heavy-laden fruit tree. In one corner Sisyphus is hard at work rolling up his stone, which, when it reaches a certain height, will inevitably fall back again. In another place Ixion, revolving on a wheel, is, as it were, following himself around and never catching up. Nearest the opposite wall the Belides, punished for the murder of their cousins, attempt to carry away water in coarse sieves.

C. J. HAGERTY.

An Old Priest.

The parish priest, when I knew him, was a gray-haired man of almost four-score years. He was about six feet in height and solidly built. His head was large and his face, round and pale, always wore a jolly look.

There are few young persons that would care to go through the rigorous routine of this old man's daily life. He arose at four, said fifteen decades of the Rosary, and took a three-mile walk before the seven o'clock Mass. I often had the pleasure of serving this Mass, and though I sometimes came to the church at half-past six Father B— would be there before me, already vested. Every day the following conversation would take place:

"Come here, boy. What's your name?"

"Molineaux, Father."

"We used to call that Molinex in Ireland. We had a Molinex at home, and one day when he was crossing a stream he met an Englishman. They had a dispute, and finally Molinex threw the old fellow into the river,—and, mind you, he not only pitched him in, but he jumped in after him to make sure the ducking was a good one."

Then the old priest would doze a few minutes. When he awoke he would look at the big alarm clock, and say: "Are they all in yet?" There were only ten thousand people in the parish, so this was an easy question to answer. First, I would look at the clock, which might show five minutes to seven, and go to the sacristy door to look out into the church. I would invariably give a negative answer. In a few minutes the question would be repeated, and if it was seven o'clock I would say, "They're all in, Father." Then Mass would begin.

During the morning Father B— remained in his study or made friendly visits to his brother priests. At two o'clock in the afternoon he would walk three more miles armed with a blackthorn. To every child he met he would give a touch of the stick and shout: "Out of the way, ye scoundrel!" Then he would laugh heartily and go on his way. Each boy and girl in the parish knew him and kept clear of Father Tom's blackthorn. For him, truly, we may paraphrase the words of Goldsmith: "He was a man to all the parish dear." ARTHUR J. DEVEREUX.

Vergiss Mein Nicht.

(Hoffmann.)

There blooms a pretty flower
Upon our meadows green;
Its eye is like the heavens,—
So blue and so serene.

It knows not much to speak,—
It always says the same;
And day by day, "Forget-me-not,"
You'll hear its voice proclaim.

ARTHUR DEVEREUX.

A Likely Happening.

Slogan's love affairs, for such they had grown¹ to be, were well known to his two classmates, and they had a good deal of fun at his expense. However, he was not deterred by their sport, and remained devoted to Miss Baker. John Dougherty, Will Slogan and Henry Milner, were graduated with the class of '92; and shortly after, Slogan went over to Sheldon, a prosperous town, where he soon built up a profitable law business. It was not long before he arranged to settle down in life with Emma.

John Dougherty and Henry Milner were among the first to know of the approaching wedding, and of course they determined to attend. John was to come to Atkinson and go with Henry to Sheldon. May 20 was set for the ceremony. On the evening of the third day before the wedding Dougherty sat at Milner's, chatting over college happenings and glancing at the evening papers. Suddenly Dougherty started up. He had seen a notice in the *Evening Post*, running thus:

"Sheldon, 17.

"A street car was wrecked on Oakland Hill this afternoon about 4.30. Mrs. Menkins and an unknown woman were severely injured. W. Slogan was also slightly hurt."

Both hoped that nothing serious would come from the accident, but they determined to go over to Sheldon the next day to find out the extent of Slogan's injuries. When they were leaving the house in the morning on their way to the train a messenger called and delivered a telegram. It read:

"Sheldon, 18.

"To Henry Milner, Atkinson. Will be buried

to-morrow instead of 20.—EMMA BAKER."

Both were shocked at this unexpected outcome of the accident on the previous day. The paper had stated that he was only slightly injured, and now they were to attend not their chum's wedding, but his funeral.

As the carriage bearing Dougherty and Milner drew up in front of the Baker residence they wondered why there were no signs of mourning about the house. They approached and could hardly control their grief. Tears were in their eyes as Miss Baker greeted them at the door. She appeared pleasant and composed. As they entered, Milner broke the silence:

"It's too bad about poor Will. That such a thing should happen to him just as he was getting started in life. And you, Emma, how can you bear it!"

Emma was surprised and a trifle hurt. But the speech had been made with such earnestness—she had noticed tears in the eyes of the speaker,—that she could not doubt it was seriously intended. Could it be that these chums, heart to heart companions, of her intended husband knew something of his life or character that might later on cause her misery and disgrace. She did not understand. Abstractedly she ushered them into another room. Before either John or Henry could utter a word Will had them by the hand, and the hand clasp was as warm and hearty as when they would first meet at college after a long vacation.

"I didn't think you would get here so soon. I have been called to New York on some very important business and must leave immediately, so we have arranged to have this little affair come off a day sooner than advertised," explained Will, as Emma followed them into the room.

"But why on earth Emma did you wire us that Will was to be buried to-day," asked Milner.

"I wired you nothing of the kind," laughed Emma, "my message read that Will would be married, not buried. It's another mistake of the operators."

"But we noticed in the *Evening Post* that W. Slogan was injured in a street car-accident," exclaimed Dougherty.

"Yes," replied Emma, "I noticed that, too, but that was Winifred Slogan, an old maid living over on the west side."

The wedding was a very pleasant affair.

OMER J. GREEN.

A Question of Gender.

I started from the deck in sudden fright:
 There swaying to and fro amid the waves
 Was plain to see a maiden all in white;
 Then thought I, "What a hero he who saves
 A maid in spring of life;" and filled with joy
 I plunged in—what luck, it was a buoy!

E. BURKE.

The Kalkaska.

On the evening of June 17, 1857, the steamer *Kalkaska* lay moored to her dock in a desolate part of the San Francisco harbor. From her funnels slowly rose thin clouds of smoke telling of the final preparations now under way for the next morning's departure.

The *Kalkaska's* captain and crew were absent from the boat making the customary spirited calls of farewell to the various sailor dives. On board the ship was a solitary watchman guarding a valuable cargo, and in the boiler-room a stoker feeding the newly started fires.

The crew of the *Kalkaska* returning next morning singly or in groups from their nocturnal revelries were astonished to find their boat absent from her regular moorings. The befuddled brains of the sailors were incapable of offering even the simplest explanation of the perplexing situation. The captain's state of mind when the loss of his boat became clear to him was not far from distraction. The mystery surrounding the disappearance of the ship could not be solved by her owners. All measures of local search were exhausted without the discovery of a single clew. Neighboring sea towns were notified of the remarkable occurrence; indeed, the loss was cabled the world over, but the *Kalkaska's* whereabouts seemed a secret beyond human power to solve. Her fate at the end of a year was as unknown as on the day of her disappearance. Almost every mile of navigated sea had been scoured by interested parties without result.

A few weeks ago the private yacht *Princess Gwendolyne* while cruising in the South Pacific Ocean far away from the frequented paths of merchant vessels, came upon a beautiful coral island. A long narrow bay widening with every foot of its length was the most pronounced feature of this island. At the extreme upper part of the bay an uncom-

mon spectacle confronted the passengers of the *Gwendolyne*. High and dry upon the beach lay a steamer of a now antique type. Her wooden hull, grey and weather-beaten, was fairly well preserved; and it was found that her machinery, though covered with a half century coat of rust, was still intact. The pilot-house was in ship-shape order; and here in a heavy mahogany desk were found the clearance papers "issued at San Francisco, June 17, 1857, to the steamer *Kalkaska*." The log book too was discovered, its leaves aged-burned, but the writing clearly discernible. The first few pages were beautifully penned. A new hand, sprawling and scarcely legible, takes up the writing on June 17.

Here is the first entry in the poor hand: "Have safely cleared San Francisco harbor. Night extremely dark. Men found on board consent to join us." For the next few weeks the record is of little interest, no mention being made of any names or incidents. The boat met with good weather continuously.

On July 16, however, the unknown sailors report a distant island. Next day they make the harbor safely. On July 17 the log reads: "Steamer surrounded by hordes of savages. Attempt made to board us. Crew successful in repelling attack,—at least a score of braves killed. Suffered loss of William Seymour and Hezekiah Butler, two able-bodied seamen. To-night we expect the savages to attack us in force. We have cleared the deck for action. Muskets and ammunition have been distributed among the men; the twelve pounders are ready for service."

On July 20 the log reads: "Our gravest fears realized. A blow has fallen from whose terrible effects we shall never recover. The blood-thirsty savages have again attacked us. Half of our number are lost, some slain, some captured. Machinery still disabled; all attempts to move have proved futile. To-day but twelve of the entire crew remain. Our fate is sealed, but our lives will be bought dearly—"

Here the writing of the log book ends. Who composed the illicit crew no human being will ever know. They ended their cruise as they began it—in mystery.

J. GERINGER.

A farmer down near Louisville
 (It may be paper talk)
 Purloined some trolley wire to get
 The fodder from the shock.

E. H. SCHWAB.

The Derby

Mike was only sixteen and was almost a full-fledged jockey, but he had never had a good mount in a big race. As he put it, "they always put me on a 'sellin' plater' when the stakes count or when Rawson's bettin' against the 'Old Man's' entries."

For two years Mike had expected to have the "Old Man's" entry in the Derby, but he was disappointed each time and had to watch the race from the paddock with the rest of the envious and admiring jockeys. Mr. Driscoll was the "Old Man," and Rawson was the trainer for his stables.

This year the "Old Man" was particularly anxious to win the Derby, and was particularly confident that his five-year old "Pat D" would secure the stakes. About a week before the day of the race the "Old Man" came to the stables and told Rawson to put the best jockey he could find on "Pat D." Rawson bowed and scraped and said he would do everything he could to see that "Pat D" had his best chance. When Mr. Driscoll was gone, Rawson said to himself: "'Pat D' ain't sure even if he is well ridden, and 'Philidore' is sure if I put a bungler on 'Pat'; I'm out for the stuff more than I am to please the 'Old Man' for a hundred a month, so I guess I'll put Mike 'next' and let 'Philidore' win."

The following morning Rawson called Mike and told him what he wanted. Mike demurred, and said he would rather ride to win; at this Rawson cursed him roundly, and said that if he didn't promise, Stickney would have the Driscoll colors in the Derby. Mike let his anxiety to ride in the Derby conquer his scruples, and promised. Then for the sake of appearance, Rawson had the boy out working "Pat D" every day. The "Old Man" saw Mike on his favorite, and promised him fifty dollars if he won. "And I'll give you a hundred if you lose," said Rawson when Mr. Driscoll had gone. The second offer decided Mike.

The scene at the race-track was one of wild enthusiasm: most of the favorites had won. The last race of the day had been called, and this was the Derby. Mike was sitting "Pat D" and was not feeling anxious, because he knew where he was going to finish. He rode near the betting room, and stopped at an open window in the hope of seeing Rawson. Just

beyond the window he heard two men talking earnestly. The older of the two was advising the younger not to bet. The latter said: "You know how I stand. I've got to make square with the firm, and my only chance is to win three to one on this."

"Well," said the other, "there are two three to one shots, 'Pat D' and 'Philidore,' and I advise you to put your 'rocks' on 'Pat,' he has a good chance." Mike recognized the voice of the younger man as that of Pete Berkey, a bookkeeper, who had fished him out of the East River when he was a little kid.

Just before they took their places at the post Mike saw Berkey and said, "Say, put your coin on 'Pat'; he'll win." Berkey looked up and saw Mike, but did not remember him, and so only nodded and said "Thanks."

When they were off Mike rode as he had never ridden before and kept well up in the bunch. When they turned into the home stretch the jockey on "Philidore" was using the whip savagely; the mare responded, but the spurt was too long, and "Pat D" raced home a winner by a length.

And even if virtue was not its own reward Mike would have lost nothing on the deal; for young Berkey sent him around an even hundred.

F. FOLEY.

The Village Lecturer.

One day at the village blacksmith's while I was waiting for my horse, Donn, to be shod, I was much amused at our village lecturer, "The Honorable" Dominick Todder. I was watching him from a hidden recess of the shop. He was leaning back in a large chair, his feet resting on a keg of nails, idly puffing at a long clay pipe. Every now and again he would assert, in prodigious words, his position on a topic about which some of the village idlers were engaged in arguing.

His head was egg-shaped and his forehead illimitable, except for a fringe of "back-hair," which, like the seed upon the rock not having root was fast withering away. A long, hooked nose, which would give "Cyrano" no little trouble in claiming a decision in a foot-race, if the finish was close, stuck out prominently from his bearded face. Set well up on his nose was a pair of heavy gold-rimmed glasses looking down the long incline. His body was short and stocky, and he wore a coat which was once black, but now shone with the verdure of fifteen springs. Todder was lame in one

leg, and the cause of this lameness gave rise to many disputes and stories. Todder himself said that it was due to a wound received in the war, but the general opinion is different.

Village gossip has it that Todder on one occasion, after he had addressed the citizens of the town and moved them to take measures for building a public hall, visited a gin shop. Here some strong and strange spirits entered his mouth and took complete possession of his mind. On his way home he had to cross a deep ditch, but the havoc-workers within him had prepared evil. By some power of theirs they produced an optical illusion whereby Dominick saw *two* ditches. In trying to cross one of them, by some mishap, he fell into the other and broke his leg. The doctor failed to set the bone correctly, and as a result Todder became lame.

Todder is well known by all the villagers and highly respected on account of his position as lecturer. He is a great disputant and never fails to convince his opponent—at least temporarily. He will hold a helpless victim in a corner, and cutting wide circles in the air with his hands, lay down laws and quote proverbs and maxims which, if they had not been threadbare when he acquired them, would have been worn thin by the friction of his tongue.

Dominick saw me as I was leaving the shop that day, and called out a pleasant "good morning," words that were all the more pleasant to me on account of their terseness.

EUGENE P. BURKE.

A True Story.

One May day in the early '40's, a troop of Comanche Indians swooped down upon the little frontier settlement of Stillwater, Texas. Shouting their piercing war-cries and brandishing their tomahawks, they rode up and down the streets dealing death as they went. The attack was so sudden that the few male inhabitants scarcely had time to snatch their rifles before the murderous scalping knife laid bare their throbbing brains. The women and children with one exception met the same fate. It happened that a stalwart buck took a fancy to a little baby boy, crying pitifully over the bloody bodies of its parents; and that night after the carnage was over he carried the little fellow away. The village, needless to say, was left a heap of ashes and roasted flesh.

Twenty years later the frontier settlements along Red River were in a state of feverish excitement over the repeated inroads of Indians. Every night, the tell-tale reflection of flames against the sky, marked the burning of some man's cabin; and usually the family was within. In those days every exposed district had a rude fort called a block-house, to which the people flocked in war time. As a rule these structures withstood every assault, for the Indians were too few or too unskilled to carry the place. The Redmen were trained to fight in the woods behind trees and bogs, not to scale walls and carry forts.

There was one band, however, led by a chief called "Hater of Palefaces," which overcame all such obstacles, assaulted and captured many block-houses, invariably massacring the defenders. This chief became a terror to frontiersmen. His cruelty was beyond the ordinary; his hatred for whites knew no bounds, and he never spared a prisoner, whether man, woman or child. Persons who saw this dreaded Indian leader told their children of his fine features; his high forehead and handsome face. He dressed, they tell us, even more fiercely than his wild followers; with either bow or gun he was a much better marksman than they, and he excelled them in courage. For twelve years he continued to terrorize the whites, to kill their families, to burn their houses and to drive off their stock. Nevertheless, his downfall came at last, brought about by an ingenious Irishman—which is another story.

While awaiting his trial in the Reno jail, the Indian chief changed from the savage animal that he was into a gentle kitten. He was sentenced to be hanged by the jury, but a lucky occurrence saved his life. The chief, immediately after he was sentenced, was removed to the Stillwater jail for safe-keeping, as it was rumored his band intended to make a raid.

There lived in the now large town of Stillwater, a very wealthy family, the Rosses. At the time of the murderer's removal, Thomas Ross was county judge, and in pursuit of his duty was around the jail frequently. Once he saw the condemned chief, whose face, now unpainted, attracted the judge's attention on account of its resemblance to his brother. Upon investigation it was found that the man was really the Ross who had been kidnapped years before.

Chief Hater of Palefaces, of course, escaped death, for the Ross family had great influence with the President of the Texas Republic.

Restored to civilized life, Charley Ross learned the English language and in time became a good citizen.

After living ten years among his proper caste, one spring morning the ex-chief was found missing. It turned out that he was unable to remain any longer away from his early haunts, and had joined his first friends. To-day the tribe of Comanche Indians have a white man for their head chief, one Ross by name. He refuses to give this life up, despite the earnest entreaties of his relatives. He says he wants to die as the chief of his present companions and it seems that he will.

JAMES RECORD.

The Crow and the Fox.

(Translated from Lessing's "Fables.")

A crow had stolen a piece of poisoned meat which an angry gardener had thrown in the way of his neighbor's cats. The crow was on the point of devouring the delicacy when a fox came up stealthily and said:

"Hail to thee, O bird of Jupiter!"

"Why, who do you think I am?" asked the crow.

"Who do I think you are?" replied the fox, "are you not that huge eagle who flies daily from the right hand of Jupiter, and waits on this oak to furnish me with food? Why do you disguise yourself? Do I not see within your claws the coveted food which your god sends me through you?"

The crow was astonished, but felt a secret joy in being taken for an eagle.

"I must not deceive the fox," thought he, and in ignorant self-esteem he let fall his booty. Thereupon he proudly flew away.

The fox laughingly caught up the meat, and devoured it with base satisfaction. Suddenly, however, his joy was turned to acute pain. The poison had begun to work; and in a short time the fox died.

May your reward also, unprincipled flatterer's, be nothing else but rankest poison.

FRANK ZERHUSEN.

A Misunderstanding.

"Remember," said the old gray head,
 "That youth's the time to sow the seeds;"
 "If that is true," said little Fred,
 "Why do you keep me pulling weeds?"

W. A. BOLGER.

A Bunch of Benziger Books.

"Bob o' Link," by Mary T. Waggaman, is quite an interesting story for young folk. It has a well-connected plot; the incidents are bright and hold the attention, and the characterization is better than usual in such stories. A story similar to the preceding is "Recruit Tommy Collins," by Mary G. Bone-steel. Although the different incidents are well worked out, the story lacks the power of holding the reader which comes from a well connected plot. On the whole, however, it is good, and, as it deals with soldier-life, will please the boys.

"Spiritual Pepper and Salt," by Wm. Stang, D. D., presents in a concise manner the fundamental truths of the Catholic Religion. The most fashionable objections against Catholicism are answered in language so plain that no room is left for quibbles. Catholics as well as non-Catholics will find suitable material for reflection. In matter and form the book is up to date, and its price (30 cents) should insure a large sale.

"The Berkley's," by Emma Howard Wight, is a well-written story of a girl's devotedness. The book is full of life, passion and incident. There are some fine touches in characterization which will make our young readers enjoy the story.

For children that love stories about the times of Queen Mary in England, Katharine Tynan Hinkson's "The Golden Lily" will be an excellent present. The story is cleverly told. The interest from the beginning to the end never flags.

"As True as Gold," by Mary E. Mannix, has a peculiar Indian air about it. The story is cleverly written. It is an example of what our Catholic authors should write for our young people in place of the blood-and-thunder stories now flooding the market.

Clara Mulholland's "Brent and Bill" is a book that every boy and girl will enjoy. The kindness of Brent and Bill to a poor wandering dancer is well narrated. The story is interesting. The characterization of the children is natural and the entire story moves with life.

"Mary Tracy's Fortune," by Anna T. Sadlier, is a well-written story of child life among the poor. It relates the devotedness of a poor waif to those that gave her a home. The story is simple and interesting and lacks any exaggeration or sentimental descriptions.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 19, 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.

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—The SCHOLASTIC is in the hands of Father Crumley's Rhetoric class this week.

—It is our pleasure to announce that Mr. Henry Austin Adams will lecture in Washington Hall on Monday next. We that have heard Mr. Adams are certainly carried away by the charm, wit and versatility of the man; and we look to this lecture as a treat indeed.

—The spirit of championship is rife with us. For three years we have had victorious teams in all sports; and this year proves no exception. The abolishment of the old régime in athletics and the establishment of the new has acted as an impetus in developing our best prize winners. It has made champions out of men who, under the old conditions, would be unheard of. Yet as university athletics seem to centralize, hall teams appear to have fallen into disfavour.

There was a time when hall spirit was very strong; when factional quibbling marked every election, and halls gathered on either side of the field to cheer on its team. We do not call for the reincarnation of this order of things again, but we do desire to see each

hall an athletic unit in baseball and track sports. Only in this way can we hope to build up our teams.

Many of the men who are winning our points will not be here next year, and very few the year after. We must depend upon those in the "Prep" department now to take the place of these men. Acting on this it is well to keep an eye on our younger athletes. Something tangible should be held out to them—a cup or banner to the baseball team winning the most inter-hall games; a spring meet and a set of medals to the "Prep" men winning a first or second place. In this way we shall be able to send to the Olympian games in 1904 a team capable of adding more laurels to those that have long been ours.

—The faculty board of athletic control have given their consent to the sending of a team of five or six men to Philadelphia toward the end of April. This action was practically decided on when we won so handily at Georgetown last February. In this meet we will compete with the best men in the country. Harvard, Yale, and the strongest schools in the East will be represented. We know the ability of the men wearing the colours of those colleges; we likewise know what our own team is capable of doing. We do not fear much for the outcome of the mile relay, but the matter of funds is something that is bothering the management. Baseball, track athletics and rowing are no financial success. This is not true of one school but of all schools. And therefore, we look to the friends of and the believers in athletic sports, to show in a practical fashion their desire to see our team competing at the Philadelphia meet.

—Mr. Charles Battell Loomis contributes an interesting paper on the "Sorrows of a Humorous Lecturer" in the current number of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Loomis enters very keenly into the situations that confront a man when he appears upon the stage after he has given to the world a book of his thoughts. The author's feelings are the same as those of the small boy who wears a high collar and a white shirt for the first time. He thinks that the eyes of the world are upon him, on what he thinks, on what he says. But 'tis needless to say that the world has few thoughts on him.

The Visit of the Teachers.

The sun rose in true June fashion one morning early in April, and breakfast over but one thing more remained to do—that was, to spend the next twenty minutes in as comfortable and remunerative a manner as possible. The students strolled slowly out to the campus, drank in the copious sunshine, and smoked up. That was the comfort of it. The sun supplied the light, and everyone's stammering neighbor supplied the tobacco,—that fulfilled the economic requirement.

Suddenly, a rumor furrowed its way through the ever-increasing clouds of pale blue smoke, and the rumor grew apace till it developed into an undisputed fact. The avenue leading to the University was crowded with conveyances filled with school teachers. There was a lightning resurrection of dormant wardrobes and a rapid drowning of ancient griefs, in anticipation of the pleasant duties of usher and information vender, which every student hoped to make himself. The carriages slowly drew up in front of the Main Building where the occupants alighted.

There were many types among the teachers; types that carried some of us back to school days of an earlier period. There was the tall, reserved lady of fiction, and beside her the short, energetic lady of stern facts and realities. Some indeed bordered on the creations of Gibson; yet here and there a modern Xanthippe, with the right arm of a Hercules and the thunderous front of Jove himself, met the gaze of the distant though critical onlookers, to whom were suggested many painful recollections of youthful delinquencies. One thing the teachers possessed in common: a settled air of intelligence and the unmistakable look which suggests long-drawn-out conflicts with the fellow who can not or will not understand.

Notre Dame was verily a scene of exposition during the three days that followed. Our halls were thrown open to the visitors with a chivalry truly mediæval. How they admired our relics and our trophies; how they filled the corridors and scaled the dizzy towers of the church, and the manner in which they marvelled at the wealth of art and architecture displayed, will remain imbedded in our memories for years to come. They were awed by the splendor of our sanctuaries, and charmed by the music of the chimes. They scanned

the golden dome with unflinching eyes, and wondered why there were so many windows in the Main Building. They inspected the apparatus of the gymnasium with a knowing criticism that should beget fear in the Hoosier school boy of future generations. They stopped near the running-track and observed the work of our best athletes. They filed through our halls of eloquence and music, and traversed the campus from end to end; piloted at times by some undergraduate acquaintance, yet oftener following the infallible guidon of some Senior's tassel.

Finally when all was said and done, the teachers departed as they had come, down the long avenue leading to the city. Occasionally the students gave them a yell, filling the air with those self-same noises that had heralded many a victory on diamond, track and gridiron. That the teachers enjoyed their visit to Notre Dame was evident to all; that they were welcome, is attested by the freedom granted them while here. W. McCORMICK, '05.

White Sox Series.

THE VARSITY AND COMISKEY'S WHITE SOX PLAY TWELVE INNINGS.

The first game of the series between the Chicago team and the Varsity resulted in a twelve inning draw. The game was a very interesting one, as both teams played well, although a little too cold for any fast work.

The Varsity men came up to the expectations of Capt. Lynch, and played good ball. One or two inexcusable errors made in the infield was the result of the shifting around in positions. Gage was out of the game with a sore foot; Hemp covered second, and Shaughnessy third. The batting was good. Fisher cracked out a beautiful drive to left for four bases, and Ruehlbach, Lynch, and O'Neill each connected with the sphere a couple of times.

The White Sox put up a good fielding game, but were careful with their arms in throwing on account of the chilling atmosphere. Wiley Piatt twirled seven innings, and Griffith finished the game. Dohan pitched the twelve innings and proved very effective, holding the leaguers down to nine hits, but allowed ten passes to first. Dohan's pitching, "Peaches" O'Neill's throwing to bases, and

the fielding of Lynch and Ruehlbach were the features.

Both teams were blanked in the first. In the second Shaughnessy got to first on a wild throw, and later around to third. Then came some clever work. As the ball was delivered, Shag started for the plate and Stephan bunted and scored him. Chicago scored three this inning on a single by Isbell, double by H. McFarland and errors by Stephan and O'Neill. Neither team scored again until the sixth when the White Sox on double, a base on balls, errors by Shaughnessy, let in two men. The seventh also saw two more runs added to Chicago's total on single and errors by Hemp and Farley. The Varsity also scored in this inning. Dohan singled, stole second, and got third on a wild throw, and Lynch hit over third, scoring Dohan.

The eighth inning was where the Varsity men struck a fast clip. Ruehlbach got hit; Fisher smashed out to left for four bags scoring both. Hemp singled; Stephan base on balls; Shaughnessy flied out to right. O'Neill scored Hemp with a two bagger, and Lynch scored Stephan and O'Neill with a double, tying the score. In the tenth Stephan opened up with an infield hit, O'Neill sacrificed, and Dohan singled, scoring Stephan. The White Sox also scored in their half on Davis' single and stolen base and Isbell's single. This closed the scoring. Two more innings were played without result, and the game was called with the score 8 to 8.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	2	9	4	0	Strang, 3b	2	1	2	5	1
Farley, cf	0	0	1	1	1	Jones, cf	0	1	3	0	0
Ruehlbach, lf	1	3	4	1	0	Green, lf	0	0	2	1	0
Fischer, rf	1	2	1	1	1	Davis, ss	1	2	6	2	1
Hemp, 2b	1	1	3	4	1	Daly, 2b	0	1	5	1	0
Sh'ghn'ssy, 3b	1	1	3	2	2	Isbell, 1b	1	3	14	0	0
Stephan, 1b	2	1	10	0	1	H.M.F'l'd, rf	1	1	0	0	0
O'Neill, c	1	2	5	3	1	E.M.F'l'd, c	1	0	4	1	0
Dohan, p	1	2	5	4	1	Piatt, p	0	1	0	5	0
						Griffith, p	2	1	0	1	0
Totals	8	14	36	19	8	Total	8	11	36	16	2

Notre Dame—0 1 0 0 0 0 1 5 0 1 0 0=8

Chicago—0 3 0 0 0 2 2 0 0 1 0 0=8

Double Play—Stephan to Lynch to Stephan. Home run, Fischer. Three-base hit, Davis; two-base hit, O'Neill, Daly, Jones, Strang. Sacrifice hits, O'Neill, 2; Stephan, 2. Stolen bases, Lynch, 3; Dohan, Strang. Bases on balls, off Dohan, 10; off Piatt, 3. Hit by pitcher, by Dohan, 1; by Piatt, 1; by Griffith, 2. Struck out, by Dohan, 3; by Piatt, 3; by Griffith, 1. Wild pitch, Piatt. game, 2:30. Umpire, Dwyer.

WHITE SOX, 16; VARSITY, 14.

The second game of the series went to the White Sox. The day was warm enough to permit the leaguers to use their precious arms, and they had a great deal more ginger than in yesterday's game. Katoll and Patterson dished up the benders for the 'Champs,' with Sullivan at the receiving end. Our youngsters took a liking to their benders, and connected for several long drives, including a home run by Fisher.

The Varsity fielded in better style, but the same old trouble of getting confused when there are men on the bases was noticeable. The batting was all that could be desired. Capt. Lynch and Fisher led in this respect with a total of four hits apiece out of five times at bat. Hemp also hit well, securing three bingles out of four times up. Harry Hogan pitched the first four innings, but was very wild, passing seven men to first. He was relieved in the fifth by "Bill" Higgins. 'Bill' held the leaguers down in good shape. O'Neill's throwing, Lynch's batting and fielding, and Fisher's batting were the features of the game.

The White Sox opened up the scoring in first innings on passes to Strang and Jones, a few mishaps, and two runs. Notre Dame scored three in her half of the second on singles by Fisher and Gage, a double by Hemp, and Stephan's single. This inning also added three more to the Champs' favor. Strang doubled, scoring Katoll, and a second later scored himself on Jones' line-drive over second. Green singled, and Jones came home. Three runs. The third inning a hoodoo hit Cartier Field, and five White Stockings crossed the plate. Isbell opened up with a Texan over third, and then stole second and third on a wild throw, and came in on Sullivan's hit. Katoll hit a high fly up into right field which Stephan and Fisher both tried for, but the ball fell between them. Strang beat out a bunt, filling the bases. Free passes to Green and Davis forced Sullivan and Katoll across the plate, and Daly's single brought in two more. Total, five. Two more runs were made in the fourth on two bases on balls, a double and a single.

In the fifth inning the Varsity men scored four runs. Lynch doubled, Farley walked, and Ruehlbach sacrificed. Fisher cracked out another scorching single, scoring Lynch and Farley. Hemp walked, and O'Neill hit for two base, bringing in Fisher and Hemp. The

Varsity tied the score in the sixth on hits by Higgins; Farley and a home run drive by Fisher. Gage got to first on a wild throw; Hemp singled, and Isbell's wild throw to the plate let in both men. Total, five runs. The White Sox scored in their half on a base on balls, Hemp's wild throw to second, and a fly to the outfield. In the seventh Stephan walked, Higgins sacrificed and Lynch hit over second, scoring Stephan. The leaguers secured a lead of three runs in the eighth inning by bunching hits. The Varsity made a grand rally to overcome this lead in the ninth, but one run was all they could score. Lynch cracked out a two bagger, scoring on Farley's single. This ended the cannonade.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	2	4	5	2	0	Strang, 3 b	4	2	1	1	0
Farley, cf	2	2	4	0	1	Jones, cf	2	2	0	0	0
Ruehlbach, lf	0	0	1	0	0	Green, lf	1	2	1	0	0
Fischer, rf	3	4	1	0	0	Davis, ss	0	1	3	2	1
Gage, 2b	2	2	2	1	1	Daly, 2b	0	1	4	1	0
Hemp, 3b	3	3	3	2	1	Isbell, 1b	1	1	9	1	1
O'Neill, c	0	1	2	2	0	H. McFarl'd, rf	2	1	0	0	1
Stephan, 1b	1	1	5	0	0	Sullivan, c	2	2	9	5	0
Hogan, p	0	0	0	0	0	Katoll, p	3	1	0	3	0
Higgins, p	1	1	0	1	0	Patterson, p	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	14	18	23	8	3	Totals	16	14	27	13	3

* Sullivan out, hit by batted ball.

Two base hits, Lynch, 2; Hemp, O'Neill, Strang, Jones, Davis. Home run, Fisher. Double plays, Sullivan to Isbell. Hit by pitched ball, by Higgins, 1. Base on balls, off Hogan, 7; Higgins, 2; Katoll, 2; Patterson, 4. Struck out, by Hogan, 1; Higgins, 1; by Patterson, 3. Passed ball, O'Neill. Time of game, 2. Umpire, Dwyer.

WHITE SOX, 11; VARSITY, 3.

Wednesday's game was lost to the White Sox when seven runners crossed the plate. Harry Hogan was again in the box, and, barring the first inning, pitched a great game. Only five measly hits were secured off his delivery during the rest of the game. Wiley Piatt performed for the Champions and was touched up for a total of ten hits.

The fielding was far better than in the two previous games, the infield pulling together. The base running was stupid. Several times our men were caught off the bases. Whether this is the fault of the men coaching on the side lines or the base runners themselves, we know not; at any rate, there should be more ginger in the men in this respect.

"Tip" O'Neill's work behind the bat deserves special mention. He caught several hard foul flies, and his whip was the terror

of the base runners. Very few of the White Sox cared to try him. Capt. Lynch put up another phenomenal game at short. He cut off several line drives that looked like hits, and in the 6th inning won a big round of applause by completing a fast double play. Farley has recovered his old-time batting eye and is fielding in good style. Ruehlbach put up a fast fielding game. Strang made a sensational catch of O'Neill's line drive in the eighth inning which won him many rounds of applause.

The first inning was a hoodoo for the Varsity, the White Sox scoring seven runs on two bases on balls, an error, five singles, and a pair of doubles. Another run was added in the second on a base on balls, Davis' single and Stephan's error. The White Sox scored again in the fourth on a bunt and a wild throw, and in the sixth on Jones' two bagger, Green's sacrifice, and Davis' fly to left field. This ended their scoring. Total, 11.

Notre Dame was blanked up to the sixth. In this inning Farley opened up with a slashing double to right. Ruehlbach struck out. Fisher singled, scoring Farley, and later got to second on McFarland's passed ball. Gage hit to right, scoring Fisher. Hemp went out from short to first, and O'Neill flied out to Jones. Tallies, two. In the seventh Stephan singled, got third on Isbell's wild throw, and scored on McFarland's fumble of Ruehlbach's fly. Total, three. This ended the Varsity's run-getting.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	0	6	4	1	Strang, 3b	1	2	2	4	0
Farley, cf	1	2	1	0	0	Jones, cf	2	3	1	0	0
Ruehlbach, lf	0	1	4	1	0	Green, lf	2	1	2	0	0
Fisher, rf	1	1	0	0	0	Davis, ss	1	1	3	3	0
Gage, 2b	0	2	0	2	0	Daly, 2b	2	1	2	2	0
Hemp, 3b	0	0	0	1	0	Isbell, 1b	1	2	11	0	1
O'Neill, c	0	0	6	1	1	H. McFarl'd, rf	0	0	1	0	1
Stephan, p	1	2	6	1	1	E. McFarl'd, c	1	1	5	1	1
Hogan, p	0	2	1	1	0	Piatt, p	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	3	10	24	11	3	Totals	11	12	27	11	3

Stolen bases, Green, Davis. Double plays, Lynch to Stephan. Two base hits, Farley, Jones, Isbell, E. McFarland. Sacrifice hit, Green. Base on balls, off Hogan, 5; off Piatt, 3. Struck out, by Piatt, 3. Wild pitch, Piatt, Hogan, 2. Passed ball, McFarland, O'Neill. Time 1:45. Umpire, Dwyer.

WHITE SOX, 8; NOTRE DAME, 5.

The two teams played eight innings Thursday morning, resulting in favour of the White Sox. Stupid base running was largely responsible for the Varsity's defeat. The exhibition

of some of the men on the bases was miserable, and is sure to result disastrously in the college games unless marked improvement is shown. "Joe" Dohan was again put in the box and pitched a clever game allowing only eight hits. "Bobby" Lynch covered himself with glory at short, and Ruehlbach also won new honors by his clever fielding. "Big Jack" Katoll twirled for the Champions, and was touched up for seven hits, including home runs by Lynch and Farley.

Notre Dame scored one in the opening inning on errors by Robinson. Two more in the fourth on hits by Fisher, Gage and O'Neill. In the eighth two more were added by Lynch and Farley on home-run hits. The White Sox scored one in the first on two bases on balls and a single; four in the second on a couple of passes, two hits and two errors. One more was added in the third on hits by Sullivan and Katoll and Stephan's error. The Champs were blanked from here up to the seventh, when hits by Isbell and McFarland and a wild throw brought in two more.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	2	1	1	3	0	Strang, 3b	2	0	3	5	0
Farley, cf	1	1	1	0	0	Jones, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Ruehlbach, lf	0	0	2	0	0	Green, lf	0	1	1	0	1
Fisher, rf	1	1	1	0	0	Robinson, ss	0	0	0	2	2
Gage, 2b	1	2	2	1	0	Daly, 2b	1	1	2	1	0
Hemp, 3b	0	0	2	1	1	Isbell, 1b	2	3	1	4	0
O'Neill, c	0	1	4	3	0	H. McFarl'd, rf	2	1	0	0	0
Stephan, p	0	0	8	0	3	Sullivan, c	1	1	3	2	3
Dohan, p	0	1	0	1	0	Katoll, p	0	1	0	5	0
Totals	5	7	21	9	4	Totals	8	8	24	15	0

Sacrifice hits, Farley, Hemp. Stolen bases, Lynch, Strang, Green, Isbell, Farley, Sullivan. Two base hits, Daly, Isbell. Home run, Farley, Lynch. Base on balls, off Dohan, 4; off Katoll, 2. Hit by pitched ball, by Dohan, 2. Time of game, 2; Umpire, Wiley Piatt.

WHITE SOX, 7; NOTRE DAME, 6.

Thursday afternoon the Varsity played the best game of the series against the White Sox. "Bill" Higgins pitched and kept his hits so well scattered that Comiskey's men were unable to bunch runs in any one inning. The game was very close and exciting, and in the tenth it looked as if Notre Dame was going to win out. In this inning with three men on bases, Farley hit a line drive towards right field that appeared good for three bags, but the speedy McFarland disposed of it in a sensational manner. This put an end to Notre Dame's hopes.

The game was replete with sensational plays. Ruehlbach and Farley each made hard

catches, and Green's stop of Fisher's line drive in the seventh was phenomenal. Antoine caught a great game. His throwing was quick and accurate, but few men getting a base. He also used his batting eye to perfection, smashing out a three bagger and two singles. The general all-round work of the men was a great improvement—even the base running. The fielding of Farley and Ruehlbach, Fisher's throwing and "Bobby" Lynch's clever work at short, were the features.

The first inning resulted in one run for the Varsity. Lynch got a base on balls, Farley sacrificed, Ruehlbach went out from Daly to Isbell, and Fisher hit to left, scoring Lynch. In the second, Antoine singled and stole second, and then scored on Robinson's fumble of Lynch's fly. Farley opened up the fifth with a clean hit over second, and Gage scored him with a two bagger. Another run was added in the seventh on Lynch's single and Robinson's wild throw. In the ninth Strang dropped Lynch's fly, and Farley hit for three bags, scoring "Bobby." Our last run was made in the eleventh on hits by Fisher and Hemp.

The Champions scored their first run in the second on Isbell's double and an error. Tally number two came in the fourth on Isbell's three bagger and McFarland's out from short to first. The fifth inning resulted in two more on hits by Strang, Jones, Green and Antoine's passed ball. One more White Sox crossed the plate in the sixth on two hits. The Champs won out in the eleventh. Griffith pounded the sphere to left for three bags, and scored on Strang's hit over first. Jones scored Strang with a triple, ending the contest.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	3	1	5	5	0	Strang, 3b	2	4	1	2	1
Farley, cf	1	2	5	1	1	Jones, cf	0	3	1	0	0
Ruehlbach, lf	0	1	3	0	0	Green, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Fisher, rf	1	3	0	1	0	Robinson, ss	0	0	0	5	3
Gage, 2b	0	1	2	3	1	Daly, 2b	0	1	5	3	1
Hemp, 3b	0	1	1	3	0	Isbell, 1b	2	4	1	3	0
Stephan, 1b	0	0	1	1	0	H. McFarl'd, rf	0	0	3	0	0
Antoine, c	1	3	3	4	1	E. McFarl'd, c	0	1	9	1	0
Higgins, p	0	0	1	2	0	Griffith, p	2	2	0	2	0
Totals	6	12	31	19	3	Totals	7	15	32	13	5

* One out when winning run was made.

† Ruehlbach out. Failed to touch second.

Two base hits, Fisher, Ruehlbach, Gage, Isbell, Griffith, Strang, and E. McFarland. Three base, Farley, Antoine, Jones, Isbell, Griffith. Struck out, by Higgins, 1; by Griffith, 9. Base on balls, by Higgins, 4; by Griffith, 3. Hit by pitched ball, by Higgins, 1. Sacrifice hits, Farley, 2. Stolen bases, Antoine, 2; Fisher, Lynch, Hemp, Farley. Double play, Hemp to Antoine to Stephan. Passed ball, Antoine. Time, 2; 15. Umpire, J. P. O'R.

Local Items.

—FOUND—A watch bob. Can be had by applying at the office.

—LOST—A fountain pen. Finder, please return it to B. Ill, Brownson Hall.

—FOUND—A fountain pen. Apply to F. P. Kasper, Carroll Hall, Desk No. 20.

—You are informed in the add's column of this paper where to get first-class bicycles at the very lowest prices. For ease and comfort we recommend Pierce bicycles above all others. Call and see the ones which Bro. Lawrence has.

—Examinations will be held next Friday and Saturday. It is well for our promising athletes to keep this fact in mind. All those that are on the "3 C" borderland had better do a little plugging, for surely we need them—and therefore we want them.

—The following will represent St. Joseph's Hall on the diamond this year: W. Halloran, Captain and s. s.; P. W. Casey, 1st b.; W. Feeley, 2d b.; L. Zaehle, 3d b.; Jno. Murphy, left field and pitcher; J. P. O'Shea, r. f.; A. Dubbs, c. f.; Foestor and Johnson, catchers; J. J. Sherry, pitcher; D. O'Connor will coach the team.

—the South Bend High School team exultant over its showing against the Varsity and its easy defeat of the Elkhart nine, lined up on Brownson campus Saturday afternoon against the Brownson Hall team, and retired at the end of six innings with a score of 22 to 2 marked against them. Brownson put up a great fielding game, and batted like fiends. Groogan's work at short, Opfergelt's twirling, and McDermott's batting were the features.

INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
BROWNSON—	7	1	3	4	1	6	22	15	1
S. B. H. S.—	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	6	5

Batteries, Brownson, Opfergelt and Medley. S. B., Krick and Hilding. Umpire, Doar.

—Owing to the absence of Colonel Hoynes, who left for Chicago last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Frank Young, a prominent member of the Chicago bar, the murder trial, of State *versus* Harris in the moot-court was postponed until the following Saturday night. Messrs. Mitchell and Burke represented the State, and O'Neill and Higgins were attorneys for Harris. The court room was packed so thoroughly that all seats were taken. And many were forced to stand up along the side walls. After two hours of clever arguing the case was continued until this Thursday and again until to-night.

—The first game of a series of five to be played between the two rival teams of Carroll Hall was won by the Senecas against the Specials by the score of 8 to 7. The game was a pitcher's battle in which Cahill of the

Specials seemed to have the best of it. Each team secured six hits and they came in bunches. At the end of the fourth inning the score was 7 to 4 in favor of the Specials, no scoring was done then till the eighth when the Senecas made their needed four runs. In the ninth the Specials managed to fill the bases, but were unable to score. The fielding of both teams was very good. Eimer's one-handed catch of a liner was the feature of the game. Cahill struck out twelve men and Casparis six.

—The Hubs, one of South Bend's crack teams, defeated the Brownsonites this week in an interesting game. Up to the seventh inning the score was even, but in that inning the city lads touched Capt. Gerraughty up for six dinky hits. Opfergelt relieved him, but before he settled down, two more runs were made. Krick, the High School pitcher, whom the Brownsonites exploded the day before, was in the box and pitched a good game. McDermott's fielding and Cassimere's work on second for the Hubs were the features.

INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
BROWNSON—	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	4	8	6
HUBS—	1	0	1	0	0	0	7	0	0	9	14	3

Batteries—Brownson, Gerraughty, Opfergelt, Medley. Hubs—Krick, Eagan and Hilding. Umpire, Doar.

—A woman in Chicago advertised that she was desirous of becoming housekeeper for a widower, and that she had no objections to children. The paper fell into the hands of two Sorinites, who determined to have a little fun at the expense of their friend, who is familiarly known as "Looking-glass." They accordingly penned a letter to the applicant for work, and signed his name. A day or two after "Looking-glass" received an answer notifying him that the offer had been accepted, that the dear little lady would leave on the three o'clock train that afternoon. When "Looking-glass" read the letter, he felt like a man who had run a long distance to catch a trolley car and missed it. It cost him a quarter to telegraph the lady, who was willing to immolate herself on the altar of Hymen, and persuade her not to come down, and the joke was on him.

—Wednesday night Brownson Hall gave the White Sox a smoker in the Brownson Hall reading-room. Pipe dreams became common and Messrs. E. Merson, Fach, Beekum, and sundry other youths, sat in silent corners watching their elders puffing away at large cigars, and wishing that their ability to smoke had been developed with their power to eat fudges.

George Davis, the veteran short stop, was called upon for a speech: "Gentlemen," he said (applause), "my only regret is that I can not stay here two months longer (applause). My thoughts are somewhat hazy, and I now for the first time understand the meaning of that classic quotation from Shakspeare 'I feel

as a bottle in the smoke' (applause). You have invited me here for which I am thankful; you have passed me out good cigars for which I am grateful. In fact you have saved my life, (applause). My friend Griffith had been furnishing the cigars during the past few days. You know he is manager, and as a player I am bound to eat and drink and even smoke what he orders. The eating and drinking I didn't object to, but with the smoking—that was another story (laughter). The 'ropes' had been slowly strangling me—I felt like a Cuban reconcentrado. It had been predicted of me that I should die at the end of a 'rope.' I felt that the prophecy was about to be fulfilled when your cigars came in to-night and saved my life (laughter).

Griffith was called upon to defend himself. He denied all of Davis' accusations adding that after Davis had smoked up all the cigars with the White Sox, and even his Griffith's cigars—and that no fatted calf (unless Davis) would be killed when Davis repented. Griffith further thanked the Brownsonites for their courtesy, saying that the White Sox were far more than satisfied with the treatment they had received, and that Notre Dame is the place he would pick out to train in next year.

Isbell, Daly when called upon for speeches made some felicitous remarks. The smoker closed after a few pleasant hours, and when all the cigars had disappeared; and Wun Bay Lee was sent around to wake Bee Kum, Fach and E. Merson and the sundry other youths that had gone into pipe dreams.

—"Jeepers, they won't bark." Therein lies a story. "Bobby" came in the other night from a brotherly love meeting. The moon looked down in solitary grandeur at the lone figure, and "Bobby" looked up at a second story window and thought of the coziness of his bed. The watchman had gone to parts unknown. "Bobby" whistled to keep up courage; the echo of the whistle came back but no watchman. Suddenly from around the corner came two large, ugly-looking dogs. It is customary for those same dogs, when a star gazer has no desire to force himself upon the attention of others, to set up a horrible barking and howling. This always brings on the watchman. But this time the dogs merely winked at "Bob," refused to bark—and of course no watchman came. "Bob" had backed up when the dogs first came, but now he took courage and tossed a few bricks at them, but the dogs merely dodged the bricks, grinned, and refused to bark. Then was it that "Bob" uttered that memorable sentence: "Jeepers! they won't bark." After an hour spent in this kind of play, and racing the dogs around Sorin Hall, he started for the Main Building, Corby Hall, and St. Edward's Hall, the two dogs following at a safe distance and still grinning. After another hour thus spent he

came back only to find that the watchman had been keeping tab on him all the time from the Law room window.

The question now is did the dogs take "Bobby" for the watchman or did "Bobby" hypnotize the dogs?

—For the past two or three years critics throughout the country have been sounding the alarm that the interest of the public in our great national game is rapidly dying out. Had some of these same gentlemen been on the Brownson campus last Wednesday afternoon and watched the "Ping Pongs" and the Corbyites perform, they would at once change their opinion. For almost an hour thirty-six howling enthusiasts and the umpire yelled themselves hoarse. The game was for blood and several other reasons, and began at 3.10 p. m. Umpire "Timhurst" Dunn opened the affair in a bloodless manner by flipping up a coin. Captain Miguel L. Fansileer bawled out "tails," while Captain Jay Loser Doar screeched out "heads," and lost. Then mighty Capt. Miguel smote his brawny chest a few smotes, and directed his colts to take their stand upon the field of battle. With a chew on one side of his face, a smile on the other, and the ball in his hand, Capt. Miguel planted his right foot in the box, and the game was on. The first three men up to the plate punched big holes in the atmosphere, and then the "Ping Pongers" took their try, and did likewise. Thus the game went on, until the third inning when both teams scored on errors, and the game was called to allow the spectators time to recuperate. And now a few words about the payers.

For the "Ping Pongs," Nace Gillen, veteran of the league of '01, and one of the most natural base runners in America, was behind the bat, and did some wonderful things. He stopped several wild throws from going over the Gym, and in the famous third inning knocked a batter down in trying to throw to second. Capt. Miguel as a twirler was the nonpareil. His cunning foot work and general appearance was the cutest we have seen on the campus in years. His delivery was puzzling. He first shot his arm up in a horizontal position, then swooped it around the back of his neck a few times, next brought it down to an angle of 60° from the corner of the post-office and B. Leopold's, and finally, after a few passes at the sun, he threw it up towards the plate. The poor batter by this time was generally on Queer Street and struck out. For the Corbyites, Capt. Doar did the honors behind the bat in a manner that surprised himself. In the box an elongated youth with all the earmarks of an experienced player, held full sway. Capt. Doar refused to divulge his name, and he went under the title of "Comer." Needless to say he looked his part.