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To a Friend.

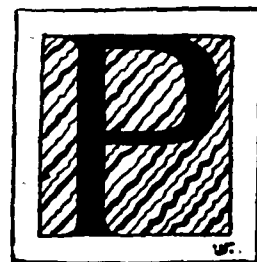
F. A. L.

EARLE E. WHALEY, '03.

FROM zenith down to yonder barren steep
Is stretched wide the vasty shade of night,
And o'er the waste there greets my anxious sight
No ray to pale or pierce the darkness deep.
I look again, a star doth slowly creep
From out the gloom, and one long shaft of light
Runs far ahead: a path so true and bright
That straying feet can scarce its bounds o'erleap.
And so before I met or knew of thee,
The way was dark and lone, no friend had I
To share my hopes and fears; but now the white,
Clear-burning flame of friendship lets me see
That joys will come and sorrows pass me by;
Thou art indeed the star that lights my night.

About the Spoken and the Written Word.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.



PERIODICALLY the distinction between the truly literary and the truly dramatic must come up for discussion. And that it does is very well; for the distinction is of more than a passing account. "Cook Guides" and tomes on "How to Write Well" can not steer the young writer safely past this difficulty. The old bugbear must come to the writing-line about so often, at least whenever the respective merits of the spoken and the written word contend. And here this most mooted question entirely relies on the judgment of the writer or speaker; the which quandary is conventionally put in a somewhat like way: "Where shall the Literary yield to the Dramatic?" or, "What punishment

should the successful though ungrammatical Working Oration get?"

An exertion though strenuous is above criticism in one way when it is successful. The very ordinary language of the political spell-binder has a real political as well as a commercial directness. The style of address slavishly is lowered to the level of the most ignorant in the audience, and the oration is an example of the successful working oration. The professional lecturer, where the greater his popularity corresponds inversely to the purity of his language, has a mission and that has to do with correcter methods and more elevated aims. A man talks to an audience in order to persuade it to look at things in the same light he does, and if he puts by the niceties of speech that lose him the support of the æsthetic few, his effort may still be gloriously successful. That a speech must read well is a doubtful surety that it is one of those eminently practical and perfect working orations.

Molière's genius finds its highest expression in his characterization and conversation. The French critic Schérer accused Molière of writing bad French because some of the great humorist's plays did not read with grammatical smoothness. Molière appreciated correctly how much the gesture and the tone of voice add to a passage. And when a certain speech was praised to Fox, the Englishman, he asked: "Does it read well?—because, be sure, if it does, it is a very bad speech."

This contention respecting the merits of the spoken and the written word was clearly appreciated and defined by the Greeks and Romans. In fact, their system of oratorical morals and manners are the foundation of to-day's oratory. Quintilian would insist that a man feign nervousness at the commencement of his oration, though he were fortunate enough to feel no nervousness. After some of his delightful periods have withstood a

vigorous translation at the hands of the struggling young Latinist this young man is very likely to remark on their substantial resemblance to the many pages on "Purity and Simplicity of Diction" found in that not-to-be-despised Freshman Rhetoric. The author of "The Institutions" pertinently asks if Demosthenes would have spoken badly had he spoken exactly as he wrote; or whether Cicero would not have spoken the worse where he wrote the better. Quite evidently Quintilian was disposed to think that they spoke better than they wrote because they did not say their orations so perfectly as they eventually wrote them.

Cicero takes the proper concern of the orator to be a language of power and eloquence accommodated to the feelings and understandings of mankind [De Oratore, B. I. chap. xiii.]. Yet those wonderful Latin periods that make up Cicero's great orations could not have been conceived and delivered in the excitement and hurry of trial, but were rather rewritten and polished at a later day. M. Goumy held that the circumstances of the political situation in Rome made it physically impossible that Cicero could have delivered the orations against Catiline as they are preserved to-day.

In a like connection, Mr. Matthews cites Mr. Morley's remarks concerning Burke's speech on the Conciliation with America,—“The wisest in its temper, the most closely logical in its reasoning, the amplest in appropriate topics, the most generous and conciliatory in the substance of its appeals. Yet Erskine, who was in the house when this was delivered, said that it drove everybody away, including persons, who, when they came to read it, read it over and over again, and could hardly think of anything else.” Thus it may be seen how orations endowed with remarkable literary merit have slight effectiveness when spoken.

The orator and the audience are brothers for the time being, and, if they are born on the same day, they die on the same day. The orations of Patrick Henry, Webster, and Lincoln do read like inspired words even at this after-time, yet it is not because those men wrought for immortality. What they said was spoken from the heart for that one hour, and the sincerity of heart and expression has made their speeches lasting. Webster appreciated that clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction, and that true eloquence does not consist in artificially

arranged phrases, but must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

If an oration is composed alone that it may read well, why not print it and leave its success or failure to the world of readers? Why should a man inflict a literary masterpiece on the market-place assembly? Such material will not hold the attention of an audience, it will not persuade them; and if it fail in those two requisites, what excuse can there be for its imposition on any audience?

An example of a real blaze of genius, and, at the same time, one of the greatest exertions in all Parliamentary history, was the last effort of the Elder Pitt. His indignation at the conduct of the British soldiers in America quite overcame him; and his oration, if read, might affect some to be but a bombastic string of exclamations, while it deservedly ranks high as an example of real eloquence.

In like manner, all such selections, the bare skeletons of the speeches of oratorical giants, give an inadequate notion of what these must have been at the occasion of their original delivery. They have been filed and softened to read well,—the rough, inevitable harshness of the conflict is artfully hidden, and highly respectable rhetoric survives where burning eloquence once held forth.

Thus it is that the old discussion is ever coming up for consideration. The province of the spoken and the province of the written word are widely separate. Where the two are artistically combined, there are real dramatic results; where the real distinction is understood, there may be spoken eloquence and rhetorical eloquence; and when you have a working combination of the two, the argumentative essay and the written oration result.

The Old Girl.

WE'RE parted now, that girl and I,
Through circumstances I'll not try
To tell. 'Twas she that made me feel
The flame of love, and nimbly steal
To grounds forbidden, rules defy.

She'd greet me then with dancing eye,
And to my side in rapture fly.
Can I still think all this was real?
We're parted now.

One grand ideal ne'er will die,
As I through busy life shall hie;
This heart to her will e'er be leal
And to none other half reveal
The love that there for her doth lie,
Though parted now. P. P. McE.

Who Wouldn't Own a Dog?

GEORGE BURKITT, 1902.

The old Henderson plantation was fifteen miles from Arlington, my land agent had said. Four large white pillars distinguished the house from the other mansions along the road, and I should have no difficulty in finding it. Since early morning I had been riding, and I began to realize that the length of a mile varies as the activity of the people in the surrounding country.

My dog that had been running ahead suddenly turned into a narrow road that led seemingly into the forest. Presently I could hear dogs barking, and the voice of an old negro calling:

"Hyah! ain' yo' got no mo' sense dan t' bahk dat way at a strangah? Down dyah, Majah, down, I tell yo'!—Mo'nin', mostah," he continued, as he came out to welcome me.

At the same time, the cheery face of an old negro woman appeared in the cabin door, and with a "shoo!" at the chickens that gathered round, she hurried back to "fix some'n' t' eat fuh de strangah."

"How long have you lived here, uncle?" I asked my host, as he drew from his pocket a can of snuff and emptied some of its contents on the inside of his lower lip.

"Law! boss, I's libbed right hyah in dis bery same house ebbah sence de wah."

"Do you know where James Henderson's old place is?"

His eyes sparkled.

"Does I know wha' Mostah Hendahson's place is? W'y don' yo' ax me ef I knows mah name? We's on a paht o' his lan' dis minute, an' dat big w'ite house jes' at de tu'nin' o' de road yondah is wha' ole mostah use' t' lib'. Down de road dis way wuz ole Cun'l Chahlton's place. One o' dem dyah gate-pos'es is on whut use' t' be de Cun'l's lan', an' t'uddah one is on ole mostah's. So yo' see dis shanty is jes' on de bound'ry. An' dat bound'ry wuz whut caused all de trouble. Lucy won' hab' de dinnah ready fuh a li'l' w'ile; an' ef yo' don' min' lis'nin', I'll tell yo' how come de bound'ry caused so much trouble.

"Yo' see, I use' t' b'long t' Marse Will whut wuz ole Mostah Hendahson's son. I don' 'zac'ly 'membah w'en Marse Will wuz bahn; 'kase den I wuz jes' a li'l' crittah mahse'f. But I does rec'lec' w'en ole mostah sed he

wuz gwine t' gib' one ob us chil'ens t' de li'l' mostah. Dat mo'nin', mah mammy cotch me an' she scrubbed an' scrubbed me 'til yo'd 'a' t'ought she wuz gwine tek' all de brack off me an' mek' me w'ite jes' like de li'l' mostah.

"Law, w'en ole mostah come 'roun', I sho' wuz feelin' uncomfortably in mah Sunday clo'es, an' wid mah han's an' face all a sma'tin' from de scrubbin'. Us piccanninies hed t' all stan' in a line, an' ole mostah jes' run 'is eye 'long from one en' t' de uddah; an' I could feel de san' a-crawlin' up obah mah feet. Mah knees wuz a hittin' t'geddah, an' I felt jes' like I wuz a sinkin' right in de earf, 'til ole mostah look right at me an' sed:

"'Whut's yo' name?"

"'Tom Johnson,' I sez, so skeered dat I fuhgot t' tip mah cap,—an' whut a whoppin' mammy did gi' me fuh it!

"'Does yo' wan' t' b'long t' de li'l' mostah?"

"'Yas, suh,' sez I; an' mah teef wuz a hittin' t'geddah loudah'n a bunch o' fiah-crackahs 'splodin' undah a tin pan.

"So from dat day I wuz Marse Will's niggah. But I didn' hab' nuffin' t' do hahdly, 'cep'n' t' stay wid Marse Will w'en he wanted me. Huh! he sho' did treat me good! Yo'd 'a' nebbah knowed I wuz a slabe, ef I hadn' be'n brack an' him w'ite. He nebbah went anywhuz 'thout me an' ole Majah, whut wuz de dawg dat Miss Mollie gib' t' him. Yo' see, Miss Mollie wuz de Cun'l's daughtah, an' she an' Marse Will hed be'n jes' like bruddah an' sistah sence dey wuzn' hahdly ez tall ez a good-sized t'baccah plant. Sometimes dey'd hab' a big fuss; an' Miss Mollie she'd say she nebbah wanted t' sot eyes on 'im ag'in, an' Marse Will he'd say she didn' need t' worry, 'kase he'd nebbah come t' her house no mo'. But dat wouldn' las' mo'n a day. Law! w'en dey wuz still li'l' chil'ens, Marse Will 'ud tell 'er how dey's gwine t' marry an' build a new house right 'tween de plantations, an' how ole mostah an' ole missis an' Miss Mollie's ma an' pa wuz gwine t' come obah an' spen' Sunday wid 'em, an' all de niggahs 'ud be dyah, an' dey'd hab' music an' dancin', an' how Lucy—whut wuz mah gal den—wuz gwine t' hab' chahge o' de house, an' I wuz gwine t' boss de plantation. Law! all de plans he did figgah!

"Boss, I wish yo' could 'a' seen dem chil'ens. All de folks fuh miles 'roun' sed dey wuz de purties' couple dey ebbah sot eyes on—Marse Will wid 'is brack haih an' brack eyes, a gre't big boy fuh his age; an' Miss Mollie, jes' a

li'l bit smallah, wid yallah haih an' eyes jes' like dem bluebells whut yo' see on t'uddah side o' de road. Dey sho'ly wuz a purty sight, 'kase mah pa use' t' say it 'uz bettah'n eatin' watahmillions t' see dem two chil'ens,—an' he sho' wuz fond o' watahmillions.

"Huh! wuz ole mostah an' de Cun'l proud ob 'em? W'y, dey use' t' sit an' watch dem chil'ens by de hour! Eb'rybody on de plantations—de ole folks, niggahs an' all—knowed dem chil'ens wuz in lub'. W'en dey growed up it wuz jes' de same; only Marse Will didn' talk no mo' 'bout marryin', 'kase dat 'uz jes' ez suttin ez po' weddah is w'en de groun' hawg sees 'is shaddah an' runs back in 'is hole. But it wuz diff'rent wid de ole folks. De biggah de chil'en got, de mo' ole mostah an' de Cun'l talked 'bout de marriage an' how dey's gwine t' gib' 'em half de niggahs on de two plantations an' a big piece o' lan' w'ich 'ud run from dis hyah road clean back t' de ribbah. But de fuss sp'iled it all.

"Yo' see, de plantations jined one 'nuddah; an' one day de Cun'l sont wu'd t' ole mostah dat his paht o' de fence wuz down. But ole mostah sed it wuz de Cun'l's, an' de Cun'l he sed it wuz old mostah's. So dyah dey wuz, bofe on 'em immotionable, jes' like ole Majah is w'en he p'int's a quail.

"I don' care nuffin' 'bout de 'spenses o' fixin' de fence,' sed ole mostah, 'but yo're wrong.'

"But de Cun'l he sed ole mostah wuz wrong; an' ef it hedn' be'n fuh me an' Marse Will, dey'd 'a' fit one day w'en dey wuz disputin'. Nex' day dey come a note from Miss Mollie t' Marse Will. I seed 'im tu'n right red, an' 'den jes' ez w'ite ez de cotton w'en it's ready fuh pickin'.

"It's from Mollie,' he said. 'She don' lub' me no mo', an' nebbah wan's t' sot eyes on me ag'in.'

"De wu'ds come out one aftah 'nuddah; jes' ez slow like w'en yo' draps a rock off a bridge into de watah an' waits t' heah it hit 'fo' yo' draps anuddah. He didn' 'peah t' git mad, but he jes' changed de names in de note, an' sont it right back t' Miss Mollie.

"Arftah dat he nebbah wuz de same. I 'clahè t' goodness, ef I didn' use' t' feel powahful sorry fuh 'im. He didn' 'peah t' tek' no int'rest in nuffin'.

"Ole mostah t'ought it wuz de Cun'l's fault dat Miss Mollie writ' de lettah, an' he med' Marse Will promise nebbah t' sot 'is foot on de Cun'l's lan' ag'in.

"Yo' don' hab' t' go on yo' knees t' no gal, he sed.

"At fust, he wuzn' eben gwine t' let 'is niggahs go obah t' de Cun'l's any mo', an' ez fuh me,—I wuz Marse Will's niggah, an' I couldn' go obah dyah no mo'n he could. I sho' did wan' t' see Lucy, 'kase dat 'uz 'bout de time dat I wuz gwine t' ax 'er ef she wouldn' marry me.

"Purty soon, one o' de Cun'l's niggahs come a dribin' obah in a wagon wid a gre't big sack full o' all de presents Marse Will ebbah gib' Miss Mollie. Marse Will looked at de sack jes' like he did at de note, an' sed t' me right sorfly:

"Pitch it in de ribbah."

"But I didn't; 'kase I t'ought dey's gwine t' be frien's ag'in, jes' like arftah de fusses dey use' t' hab' w'en dey wuz chil'ens.

"Den Marse Will sont back all o' Miss Mollie's presents, 'cep'n' ole Majah; an' I see 'im kindah pettin' 'im, an' a sayin':

"Yo' wuz jes' a li'l' puppy w'en Mollie gib' yo' t' me, an' I can't gib' yo' up, ole fellah.'

"Dat dawg wuz alwuz wid 'im, jes' like I wuz, an' Marse Will sho' did t'ink a heab ob him. Ole Majah liked Miss Mollie 'bout ez well ez he did Marse Will, 'kase she wuz alwuz a pettin' 'im an' a feedin' 'im.

"Mah goodness, how Marse Will did lub' dat gal! he nebbah went t' a dance uh a pahty arftah he got de note; an' 'fo' dat, 'im an' Miss Mollie use' t' go t' all ob 'em, jes' like w'en dey wuz li'l' chil'en. Law, boss, I nebbah will fuhgit dem days! We'd dribe obah t' de Cun'l's, an' ole Missis Chahltan 'ud come out an' put Miss Mollie in de ker'idge wid Marse Will. Den she'd kiss 'em bofe an' tell 'em t' come back at sich an' sich a time, an' we'd dribe out de big gate an' down de road,—me an' de ker'idge-dribah in front, an' de two chil'ens on de back seat. I don' t'ink Marse Will cared pa'tic'la'ly fuh pahties, an' he nebbah went t' none arftah Miss Mollie writ' 'im de note. In fac', he didn' 'peah t' care fuh nuffin' 'cep'n' huntin'; an' he alwuz took ole Majah 'long wid us, 'kase he wuz a powahful fine huntin' dawg, an' I kindah 'spec' it wuz 'kase he wuz de firs' present Miss Mollie ebbah sont 'im. Sometimes w'en we'd stop t' res', Marse Will 'ud cotch ole Majah's head 'tween 'is two han's—so, an' jes' look in 'is eyes an' talk t' 'im 'bout Miss Mollie jes' like 'e wuz a pusson.

"Dey's all fuhgit me at de Cun'l's,' he'd say, 'but, Majah, dat don' mek' no difference

t' yo', does it, ole fellah? Mollie she don' wan' t' see me ag'in, but yo' an' me 'ull al'uz be frien's, won't we?"

"Ole Majah 'ud blink 'is eyes right slow, an' I 'clahe t' goodness ef he didn' 'peah t' know whut Marse Will wuz a sayin' t' 'im.

"I don' t'ink Marse Will 'ud 'a' worried so much, ef Miss Mollie hedn' writ' an' say she didn' lub' 'im; 'kase ole mostah hed don' sed he wuz willin' t' be frien's wid de Cun'l. But ez long ez Miss Mollie didn' wan' t' see 'im no mo', dey wuzn' nuffin' hahdly dat 'ud int'rest 'im 'cep'n' huntin'.

"One mo'nin' we wuz gwine out huntin', an' ole Majah stahted up de ribbah whut runned 'long back o' de plantations. On each side o' de ribbah wuz a middlin' high hill, an' de quail in dyah wuz mo' numbahsome dan nig-gahs at a camp-meetin'. All on a sudden ole Majah went a runnin' t' de top o' de hill like a niggah gwine by a ha'nted house. W'en me an' Marse Will got dyah, whut yo' 'spec' we see? Wal, suh! dyah stood Miss Mollie a pettin' ole Majah an' lookin' in 'is eyes, jes' like Marse Will did, w'en he use' t' talk t' 'im an' say how Miss Mollie done fuhgot him, but dat him an' ole Majah 'ud al'uz be frien's. An' Lucy wuz a stan'in' dyah too, holdin' de flowahs whut dey'd be'n a' pickin'. Law, I bet dat Marse Will wuzn' no mo' gladdah t' see Miss Mollie dan I wuz t' see Lucy!

"W'en Miss Mollie seed us, she quit pettin' ole Majah, 'an I seed 'er tu'n right red; an' Marse Will he seed 'er too. I nebbah heahed tell ob anyone gittin' ez excited ez he did; an' he sed kindah like he wuz afeahed t' b'lieve it.

"Mollie, yo' lub's me?"

"She nebbah sed a wu'd, but 'er face got reddah an' reddah, an' she stahted t' pettin' ole Majah ag'in. Marse Will knowed whut dat meant, jes' ez well ez I knows it's rainin' w'en I feels de draps a fallin' on mah hat.

"But whut'll de Cun'l say?" he axed bery anxiouslike.

"He'll be glad, she sed right quick. 'He's be'n willin' t' mek' frien's wid Mostah Hendahson, but wuz too proud t' say so.'

"An, boss, dyah wuz Lucy an' me, an' dyah wuz Miss Mollie an' Marse Will,—all ob us whut hedn' seen one 'nuddah fuh mo'n fo' monfs. In all mah bahn days I ain' nebbah be'n so happy, 'cep'n' w'en Lucy sed she'd tek' me fuh bettah uh fuh wuss."

OUR deeds hurry before us to open or to bar the way.—*Spalding.*

Varsity Verse.

TIME.

WILL pride had root, no ways of rose nor thorn,—
Then God, rebelled against, did hellward straight
Rebellious angels cast, and closed was Heaven's gate;
And then to hold their fate, O Time, wast born.
Within thy tides the air, seas, night and morn,
The planets, beast, man last, did God create;
Man knew Thee not till Eve forbidden ate,
And thus of heavenly innocence was shorn.

While seeds to flowers that scent the air do grow,
And rivulets to streams that musically flow,
Nestlings to birds that fill the earth with song,
And babes to men that form the world's great throng,
Thy wonders work to make our hearts sublime,
Thou ever watching, waiting, Father Time.

R. E. L.

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

Had I but known when first I met
The unassuming, shy coquette,
With sparkling eyes and features fair,
With ruby lips and golden hair,
I should not now have deep regret.

But all on her my heart was set;
I lived in hope her grace to get:
That she for me had little care,
Had I but known.

She caught me in her cruel net,
With what device I'll ne'er forget;
Nor heeded I my friends' "Beware,"
Till when she list not to my prayer;
Too late her art I saw, and yet
Had I but known.

G. F.

TRIOLET.

A castle I reared to-day
Afar in sunny lands;
For thee in fancy's play
A castle I reared to-day.
While hands most idle lay
And quickly ran the sands,
A castle I reared to-day
Afar in sunny lands.

E. E. W.

NAY! NAY!

When you strike to go to town
And the answer echoes, "no!"—
There's the old familiar frown,
When you strike to go to town,
And he gently turns you down.

It's a d— ah, well! you know
When you strike to go to town
And the answer echoes, "no!"

E. Q.

His Fraternity.

HAROLD H. DAVITT, 1903.

Morgan looked at his ticket. Yes, it was seat nine, but nine was taken; that is if he could judge by the wraps and dressing case piled around it. Well, ten is just as good, and placing his grip beside his chair, he sat down. He was soon lost in the depths of a newspaper, when he heard the rustle of a dress and looked up in time to see a girl, in a blue gown, settle into seat nine,—his seat.

For the next half hour Morgan tried to interest himself in his paper, but found that it was impossible, for in spite of his efforts, a vision in blue persisted in getting between him and the words. Laying the paper aside he leaned back and through his half-closed eyes fell to studying the girl.

If she was conscious of the car having another occupant than herself she gave no sign. She was reading, and every now and then was forced to stop and cut the pages of the magazine. Morgan could not help noticing how pretty her hands were, as she deftly separated the pages. He noticed too, that she wore no rings except a little seal ring on her right hand. A feeling of relief came over him as he saw she was not engaged; why, he could not tell—maybe it was just a fancy.

Her hat was removed, and he could not help envying the breeze that played with the unruly curls that hung about her temples. He saw too that her eyelashes were like a heavy fringe, and he wondered what her eyes were like. Wholly unconscious of the interest she had aroused she laid down her book and took off her jacket. How cool and graceful she looked, the white waist making a pretty contrast with the dark skirt. She stood up and tried to hang the jacket on one of the hooks, but it was beyond her reach. Like a flash, Morgan was out of his chair, and after he had hung it up, was rewarded with a most grateful look from a pair of blue eyes, and the sweetest "thank you" he had ever heard.

Morgan bowed and sat down again, and as her back was now toward him, for the next few minutes he studied the landscape as it flew by him. Once when he glanced down he saw the letters on her dressing case, M. L. G., Seneca, N. Y. "Seneca—Seneca"—that name had a familiar sound, but his efforts to recall

the circumstance connected with it were vain. The conductor came in at this point and Morgan heard him say: "No; you do not change. This car goes right on to Washington." Morgan wished that she was going on to Baltimore as he was. The train was not due in Washington till nine o'clock. He looked at his watch, it was nearly six now. Three hours. "I wish it were longer," he said half aloud.

Once he looked up at her jacket as it swung back and forth with the motion of the car, and as he did so, his eye caught sight of a pin. He half arose from his chair, "sure enough" it was a Sigma Upsilon pin: his fraternity. The feeling that came over him as he saw it was one of mixed joy and regret. He felt that it gave him what he wanted: an opportunity of meeting her, and yet—"I wonder what fellow's pin it is." He turned to the girl:

"Pardon me, but I see that you wear a Si.-U. pin, and as I am a Si.-U. I claim a right to meet you."

The girl gave a little start and looked up at him with wondering eyes.

"Why, I—I don't know. Is it proper for me to meet you this way?"

"Of course," came the reply full of assurance. "We always claim as sisters, girls who wear our pins. So you see it is perfectly proper. My name is Morgan—Harry Morgan—and yours is?"

"Miss Grout."

The name Seneca flashed to his mind. Seneca—why that's where Ned Grout lived. Aloud:

"I saw on your case that you are from Seneca. You must be related to Ned Grout."

"Do you know Ned? He is my brother," came the surprised voice.

"Indeed I do. He and I were the best of friends at college. I have heard of you before," Morgan continued. "Not one of us but knew of Ned Grout's pretty sister, but he always spoke as though you were quite a child."

The dimples deepened on her face.

"Perhaps I am, and, anyway, that was a long time ago."

"True," he answered, and for a moment his mind turned back to a picture of a crowd of fellows all telling of the happenings at home, and how interested he was in the merry pranks of Ned's little sister. Could he be as old as that?

The call for supper came and Morgan arose.

"You must come to supper with me and we'll discuss the little sister," he said.

"And why not the big brother?" demurely.

The train was nearing Washington and both of them were quiet and thoughtful.

"Will you be in Washington long?" asked Morgan.

"No," was the reply. "We leave to-morrow for Old Point Comfort."

The shadow of a loss seemed to come over him. He had leaned his head on his hand and she could not help seeing how manly he looked. The suit of dark grey was cut in the newest fashion and there was a sense of good taste in his whole appearance. Streaks of grey were beginning to appear in his dark hair, but this only added to his appearance. His eyes glancing from under the black eyebrows were grey and strong. The train had entered Washington.

"I will always look with pleasure on my pin now," said Morgan, "because it will remind me of a pleasant ride."

"And I, too," was the answer, "but Ned says I must give it back, and then I won't have any."

Morgan's heart gave a bound.

"Would you accept mine? It has never been worn by anyone but myself, and now—I wish you would."

She did not answer. He unclasped the pin and held it out to her.

The car was running into the station and the breaks began to grind on the wheels. It stopped. A hand closed over the pin and he heard a low voice from an averted head:

"I—I will wear it always."

The next instant a man strode into the car, and she sprang up with a cry of joy—"Ned."

"Well, Sis, I have—" He stopped as his eye caught sight of the tall fellow standing behind his sister.

"Harry Morgan! by all that's good," he shouted, and the next instant they were grasping each other by the hand.

"Ned, I am glad to see you," was the reply.

By this time the porter had taken out the wraps and dressing case. Morgan went out on the platform with them.

When the train started again, Morgan was alone; but a week was not long, and—and they would expect him at Old Point Comfort.

The Revenge of Mrs. Binger

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

"Well, now Clar', Lent's come, an' I do hope you won't be wantin' to go to any more of them parties 'fore summer comes!" Mrs. Binger said as she set a basket of carpet strings beside the hearth, and settled down to do her hundredth day's work on the material that was to grace the front room in the form of a hit and miss carpet after "house cleanin'" in the spring.

Clara Binger did not answer her mother's remark, but came over to the basket and began tacking the narrow strips with interest.

"Sakes, Clar'!" the woman exclaimed, "you're gettin' more anxious 'bout this carpet than your ma! and goodness knows you ought to, it's all for you anyway!"

"Yes, ma, I know it 'tis," said Clara.

"I work an' fret around tryin' to keep things nice," Mrs. Binger went on, "an' it's nothin' to me, I could do on mighty little." But Clara was not in a talkative mood and she sewed on in silence. At length the mother spoke again.

"Ef you go to many more of them parties you'll be dead,—goodness knows! they never thought of such doin's when I was young!"

"Well, ma, I guess we won't have any more till after Easter," the girl said.

"Goodness knows! I hope not," the mother exclaimed, "but you young folks would be at it all the time; ef it weren't for the old uns, you'd be dancin' in Lent, too!"

"Now, ma, I never wanted to dance in Lent," the girl said with a tone of injured feeling in her voice. The mother noticed it and was silent for a moment, then she asked: "Who was at the dance?" referring to the party that Clara had ridden two miles the afternoon before in order to attend with her cousin.

"Ma," the girl said, disregarding the question as she laid a lapful of the tacked strings over at her mother's feet, "Jim Davie—" and then she stopped. She caught up the string and then began to fasten it onto the ball that lay in the edge of the basket, but her hand trembled and the needle pricked her finger tip.

"There you're gettin' excited now! What's the matter? What about Jim Davie? He was there of course; he's always runnin' around! Well, what about him?" Mrs. Binger blurted out, more excited than her daughter.

"Oh! it's no use tellin', ma, I know it's no

THE statesman renders service to his country, the man of genius, to the race.—*Spalding.*

use," Clara answered, still trying to place the reluctant needle.

"Well, if you wouldn't tell your own mother I'd like to know who you would tell!"

"Tain't that, ma," the girl broke in, "but I know you won't, that's all, you won't hear to it."

"Clar' Binger, Jim Davie ain't gone and proposed to you?" the mother exclaimed, and the girl's face flushed and her lips trembled, but her mother did not wait for her to say yes. "Clar' Binger," she went on, "as sure as I'm your mother, if Jim Davie ever comes on this place, or ef you ever have anything to do with him, you needn't call this yer home!—now mark my word! The idea of old Dick Davie's son proposin' to a Binger's child! what would my father say o' such as that! Why, Clar', I thought you had more family pride!"

"Tain't my fault an' 'tain't his neither that grandpa and Jim's pa's father didn't get along!" the girl broke out, irritated at the thought of an old family feud that jealousy had started generations ago, through an effort by her grandsire to defeat the Davies in growing pumpkins for the county fair!

"Tain't your fault? Now ef that ain't impedince! Well, I do decla' I don't know what the world's comin' to! 'Tain't your fault? Clar' Binger, do you want to humiliate the family?"

"No, ma," the girl said, and great tears crept into her eyes as she stared into the open fireplace.

"Then don't talk about Jim Davie no more—marry anybody you've a mind to, ef you must leave your mother, but don't disgrace the family with a Davie!" And the woman feeling that silence would be more impressive than anything she could add, sewed on desperately at the strings, and sighed occasionally at the thought of a family humiliation.

The young girl caught her apron up to her burning face for a moment, and then went off into the cold kitchen to start up the fire for the noon meal.

Jim had asked her to marry him, and she had promised to answer at the first party after Lent. She had known her mother's feeling toward the Davies, yet she did not feel justified in marrying without her mother's consent, and as she busied herself scraping out the wood ashes and placing the kindling in the kitchen stove, she was perfectly certain that she could never marry Jim Davie so long as her mother lived—the slur that had been thrown on the old farm by a defeat in the

growth of Fair products was too great and could not be forgotten unrevenged; but Clara was sure of more: she would never marry any one else!

The long Lenten days that usually drag so slowly by, passed rapidly for Clara, and the first party after Easter, when she was to refuse Jim, came only too soon. To make the matter worse, the party was just across the fields at their nearest neighbor's, and Mrs. Binger had come along with Clara, "just to see the doin's of the young uns," she explained, as she was ushered into the sitting-room. If it had been some place else, Clara would have thought it her duty to explain to Jim and to leave him free to do as he thought best, but when she was under her mother's eye she did not dare to speak with him. So the evening passed on, and one or two unsuccessful efforts had discouraged the young man, when by chance he met Clara in the doorway, and, with but the utterance of her name, she turned to him and they passed out onto the long porch and walked down to its farther end. The moon had climbed down along the western steep, and a friendly cloud, trimmed with a soft silver light, sent a shadow around them as they stood alone.

"Clar'," Jim began, "what does it mean?"

The girl's breath came heavy, but the time was precious.

"It means," she said, "I can't, that's all, Jim."

"Why, Clar'?" he asked.

"Well, I can't, Jim,—I can't, Jim! that's all."

"Then that is all I am to know?"

"Only it is not my fault," she said.

"Is there another, another!" he said, half pleading and half demanding.

"O no, Jim, no!" she faltered.

"Then why? Clar', why?—tell me!"

"I can not tell."

"But you must, Clar', you must!"

"Then,—mother objects," she said, and the young man stood silent for a moment.

"Can't you change her?" he said simply.

"She's not easy changed," the girl said; "you know why she objects."

"But all that's not our fault," Jim broke out; "we couldn't help that. Besides ef I was a harum skarum of a feller, she might have some reason in it, but I ain't—she knows I ain't. You know your pa always liked me, an' she knows it too. I ain't so very good, but ef you like me—and she knows I'll always take care of you—I don't see why she should object."

Clara agreed with it all, but there was noth-

ing to be said. Finding her silent he went on:

"Just let me go along home with you to-night an' I'll talk to her about everything an' maybe she'll get to like me. Maybe she'll get over her feelin' against me."

"But she won't," the girl said.

"I never told you," he continued, "but pa's mighty opposed to my having anything to do with you; he just goes on about it, an' he threats to sell the farm ef I don't quit goin' with you; he says he'll never let us come on the place, but I don't care, he may object ef he wishes."

Just then Clara saw a form move at the sitting room window, and turning she recognized her mother who had been there when they came out. For a moment her hand lay in his, and then she was gone. Jim watched her lithe form pass down the porch, and saw her mother rise to meet her as she entered.

The girl stood trembling facing her mother, and a strange tone of triumph came into old Mrs. Binger's voice as she said:

"Clar', I ain't feelin' just well, so Uncle Dick will take me home, an' you can come along with Jim when the party's finished;" and then she muttered to herself, "Guess old Davie don't have to keep 'em—my farm al'ay's was better than that poor clay of his!"

Next day Mrs. Binger and Clara sewed carpet strings with a single purpose.

"Mibs" or Her Father?

FRED J. KASPER, 1903.

Onward toward Columbus sped the Limited, every minute adding a mile to the number that separated Miss Mabel Jones from her home in Logansport, Indiana. Presently Mabel called the porter of the Pullman car and told him to bring her a sheet of writing paper.

"By the time her parents received her letter of confession she would be in Columbus, the happy wife of Charles Laughton. The old folk would relent by and by."

Having signed the letter, "Your loving daughter, 'Mibs,'" a sigh of relief escaped Mabel since the laborious task was finished. "Goodness! I'm cunning," she thought. Here I am half way to Columbus, to my Charlie, and my papa and mamma are as yet unaware of my absence."

Mabel was mistaken when she thought her absence undiscovered and her mission

unknown. It so happened that her father passed the railway station a few minutes after the Limited had disappeared in the distance. At the time, the talkative ticket agent was sweeping the platform, and seeing the Honorable George Jones, he naturally had to inquire whether Miss Mabel went to Columbus for her health or to visit relatives. The truth flashed across Judge Jones' mind in a moment, but he assured the agent that his daughter went to spend a day or two with her grandmother.

Many a father would have telephoned to some station ahead of the train and would have had his daughter taken and placed under arrest until he arrived upon the scene. But not so with Judge Jones. First he went to the telegraph office and sent off the following dispatch:

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Plans upset; meet me at Ft. Wayne next Thursday evening.—MIBS.

Then the Judge went to his office and telephoned to his brother in Columbus. He explained the affairs of Mabel to his brother, and asked him to make out the following telegram which he directed should be handed to Mabel by a messenger as she alighted from the train at Columbus. The message was to read as follows:

MISS MABEL JONES,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Shall be on wedding trip when you arrive. Forgive me.—CHARLES LAUGHTON.

After hanging up the receiver the judge lighted a clear havana and looked over the morning mail.

"How happy I am," thought Mabel a week later as the train sped on toward Logansport, "and how unhappy I might have been, had I been married to that heartless trifle. His goodness in leaving me that telegram at least prevented my kind papa the unpleasantness of receiving the startling letter of confession I should otherwise have mailed. "Kind!" she said in a monotone to herself, "many a father would be very angry if his daughter left home to visit relatives, as I did, without telling anyone she was leaving. And papa did not seem to be very angry at all when I spoke to him over the telephone and told him that I was in Columbus visiting Uncle Frank."

"Logansport!" shouted the brakeman, and a few minutes later Mabel was seated beside her father in his automobile.

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—The eve of May, a month specially dedicated by Catholics throughout the world to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was fittingly observed at Notre Dame. The services, which consisted of appropriate hymns, a sermon by the Rev. James French, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, were attended by the whole student body. Father French dwelt on the universality of May devotions among Catholics, and showed the reasons on which the custom is founded. "Catholics," he said, pointing to a statue of the Mother of God which stood in a maze of light and flowers, "do not, as is commonly asserted by the ignorant and prejudiced outside the Church, pray to an idol or adore Mary. They honour her images and statues because of the important part she had in man's redemption, and they ask her to intercede for them with her divine Son, believing that she for whom Christ wrought miracles on earth will prove a powerful advocate in heaven. We honour the great and illustrious in our country's history by giving their pictures a most prominent place in our homes, and we see nothing strange in organizing processions for some popular leader or

warrior. Then why should fault be found with honouring Mary who was immeasurably greater than all these and whose purity and holiness God Himself so much honoured in making her the Mother of the Redeemer?"

Continuing Father French said that the students of Notre Dame had particular reason to honour Mary. She was their patroness, as might be inferred from the name of their College. Moreover, it was here at Notre Dame that the *Ave Maria* was published, a magazine the only one of its kind devoted to the honour of the Mother of God. He concluded by exhorting his listeners always to cherish a tender love and reverence for Mary, to pray to her in temptation and affliction, assuring them that devotion to her never went unrewarded.

We are sure that the advice of the Rev. Vice-President has not fallen on listless ears. We should try to live in harmony with our surroundings, if these surroundings are of the right sort, and unquestionably here at Notre Dame there are opportunities for spiritual advancement which many of us shall never have elsewhere. During the present month we ought to avail ourselves of them.

—Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, in a recent article, laments the decay of style in the verse and prose falling from the pen of our younger generation of writers. That evil days have fallen upon the penmen of to-day he has no doubt. "Some twelve years ago," he says, "Robert Louis Stevenson influenced many of our younger writers like Mr. Quiller Couch, and we heard much about style, and could trace a deliberate effort at careful work in many places. Nowadays, if I am not mistaken, the great majority are content simply to clothe their ideas in plain words, easily understood sentences."

If this lamentable decay he bemoans has set in we should like to know the cause of it. Is it not true that the "great majority" at all times "are content to clothe their ideas in plain words, easily understood sentences?" And the reason for it is the spirit of the age. Only those that are possessed with an insatiate desire for immortality (not success) will polish their thoughts diamond like. Stevenson tells us that his style began to be only after he had worked long, hard, assiduously. His ink pot and pen were used almost as often in the obliterating process as in the creating.

Notre Dame Competes at Philadelphia.

We lost in the University of Pennsylvania games at Philadelphia last Saturday, but there is no bitterness in this defeat. The relay team acquitted itself in a manner remarkable indeed; each man ran a faster quarter than he had ever run before, forcing the rival teams to break a world's record— $1\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. The mile relay was covered in $3.21\frac{2}{3}$.

The day was an ideal one. Eleven thousand spectators, representing one hundred and twenty-five universities, colleges, and high schools, were in the grand stand. Six hundred competitors filled the track, field and training quarters. The best men in this country, and therefore in the world, were vying with each other for athletic honours. A long programme of fiercely contested races had been run off. Pennsylvania had broken a world's record in capturing the two-mile relay in the fast time of $8.04\frac{1}{3}$; Duffy had won the 100-yard dash in $9\frac{1}{3}$ seconds; South Division High School had brought West the High School Championship of America by breaking the Eastern record, 6 seconds, and winning that event in 3.35 when the one mile relay championship was called. It was admitted by all the critics that this would be the hardest fought battle of the day; this it proved. The favourites had been Notre Dame and Harvard, with Yale, Georgetown and Pennsylvania fighting hard for third place. Unfortunately here the critics erred; Harvard and Yale were destined to run a man-killing race, and though our men sped over the quarter-mile stretch at a rate of speed greater than they had ever done on the home grounds we had to be content with fourth place. We should have been the third winner, but an error of judgment placed us after Georgetown.

The first relay brought out Moulton, Yale; Shick, Harvard; Edmonton, Georgetown; Kirby, Notre Dame, and Taylor, Pennsylvania. Moulton held the pole and set the pace. Around the track he tore with Shick and Kirby not a yard behind him. On the home stretch Moulton pulled out, winning in $49\frac{1}{2}$ seconds and scarcely five yards to the good of Kirby, Shick and Edmonton who were bunched together. In the second relay, Clapp ran for Yale, Lightner for Harvard, Holmes for Georgetown, Pulaski for Pennsylvania and Herbert for Notre Dame.

The positions maintained were practically the

same, though Herbert passed the Pennsylvania man. The time of the half mile was $1.40\frac{1}{2}$. The quarter was a close one. Willis of Harvard came in ahead of Hunter of Yale in $49\frac{1}{2}$. "Tom" Gearin ran a great race, passing Riley of Georgetown and finishing five yards ahead of him. The pace set was a killing one. The time of the three quarters being $2.30\frac{2}{3}$. In the last relay the desperate struggle for first place went on. Staples started out to overtake Rush of Harvard and Long of Yale. For the first three hundred yards he appeared to be gaining on them, but the exertion was too great, and he had run himself out by the time he reached the home stretch, Holland of Georgetown beating him out not many yards from the tape. The Philadelphia Record says that "a blanket could have covered the first three men, Rush of Harvard, Long of Yale and Holland of Georgetown." Staples was but a few yards behind Holland; therefore we could not have been more than eight or ten yards behind the leaders. That our men ran a great race is easily seen by the way they finished.

The only other event we competed in was the pole vault. But the Easterners were too flighty for Sullivan. Gray of Pennsylvania captured first place with a vault of 11 feet 8 inches, Magee of Chicago came second with 11 feet 5 inches. Gray is certainly the greatest vaulter in America since the day of Clapp, and should be able to better that famous athlete's mark of 11 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The relay team met many old Notre Dame alumni and students, and they wish to thank these gentlemen for the courteous treatment received from them. Mr. Jos. Murphy, of the United States mint at Philadelphia, showed them through that building, and McNulty, our old guard, Fitzpatrick, B. S., '98, and pitcher of the Varsity, Joe Rohan, and old students, explained antique Philadelphia to the team.

After the races a box party at Garricks was tendered the team by the alumni, of which Mr. Simon Martin was chairman. The gentlemen present were Dr. Jas. Coll, Mr. E. P. Gallagher, Mr. E. P. Minge, Mr. Frank W. O'Malley, Mr. Jas. Fogarty, Mr. Jas. Murphy, Mr. Burke, Mr. Brennan, father of Frank and Joe Brennan of St. Edward's Hall, and Mr. P. Neeson, whose son is in the junior year of the Civil Engineering Course. Next came a spread at Boothby's, where the tales that tend to endear Notre Dame to us were again repeated. The relay team left Philadelphia with the kindest feelings toward those gentlemen of the alumni.

Notre Dame, 19; Wabash, 4.

The Varsity won an easy game from Wabash last Friday on Cartier Field. "Bill" Higgins pitched, and although wild was very effective. The game was too one-sided to be interesting, and after the first few innings, our fellows played 'horse.'

Wabash scored her runs in the third and eighth. In the third, Gooding and Hasbrouck walked, stole second and third, and Gooding scored on O'Neill's wild throw. Lackersteen got a life on Gage's error, and Hasbrouck scored O'Rear's single, bringing in Lackersteen. Three runs. Their last run was made in the eighth on an error, Burke's single and a wild throw. Our runs were started in the first on a couple of errors, two free passes, and Fisher's hit. Total, three. Three more were made in the third on hits by Fisher and Shaughnessy and two errors. The fifth yielded two on hits by Gage, Hemp, and Stephan. Six hits resulted in five runs in the sixth. Three hits, and a base on balls gave three more in the seventh, and Farley's three bagger and Higgins' hit were productive of three more.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Wabash	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	4	1	3	2	1	Gooding, 3b, p	1	0	2	1	1
Farley, cf	2	3	1	0	0	Hasbrouck, 2b	1	0	2	1	1
O'Neill, c	2	2	6	1	1	Poston, 1b	0	0	9	0	0
Fisher, lf	3	3	1	0	0	Lackersteen, p, 3	1	2	0	6	1
Gage, 2b	4	2	4	4	1	O'Rear, rf	0	1	2	1	0
Hemp, 3b	1	1	2	1	0	Berry, c	1	2	3	2	0
Sh'gh'ssy, rf	2	2	2	0	0	Burke, cf	0	2	3	0	1
Stephan, 1b	0	1	7	0	0	Thornell, lf	0	0	3	0	0
Higgins, p	1	1	1	1	0	Kane, ss	0	2	0	1	2
Torals	19	16	27	9	3	Totals	4	9	24	12	6

Stolen bases, Stephan, two; O'Neill, Shaughnessy, Hemp, Poston, Gooding. Sacrifice hits, Hemp, 2; Gage, Fisher. Base on Balls, off Higgins, 6; off Lackersteen, 3; off Gooding, 3. Three base hits, Farley, 2; Lynch. Hit by pitched ball, by Higgins, 2; by Lackersteen, 3. Passed balls, Berry. Wild pitch Higgins, Double plays, Lynch-Gage-Stephan, 2. Time of Game, 1:50. Umpire, Dwyer.

Good Start for the Championship.

DOHAN DOWNS INDIANA.

On a muddy field before a crowd of howling rooters, and with Indiana confident of victory, Notre Dame put up a great exhibition of baseball, and trounced the state representatives. The field was in miserable condition and made fast playing impossible. The Var-

sity outclassed Indiana at all stages of the game. Boyle, Indiana's crack twirler, dished up the benders in good style for five innings, but in the sixth our lads jumped on him, and forced him to retire in favour of Chandler, who fared but little better. "Joe" Dohan was invincible, and had Indiana University at his mercy. During the last three innings he cut loose and struck out six men. O'Neill's whip was the terror of Indiana's ball runners, but one man pilfered a bag. Lynch put up a star-fielding game, and Shaughnessy and Farley batted like fiends.

Indiana started in with a jump, and scored one in the first. Clevenger drew a base; Millet singled, and Dohan hit Kelly, filling the bases. Thornton hit a fast one to Stephan, Clevenger scoring. P. Boyle struck out, and Neusbaum went out to Stephan. In the second, Boyle fumbled Gage's bunt, and Gage stole second and went to third on Hemp's out to first. Shaughnessy bunted safe, scoring Gage, and Dohan hammered to left for two bags. Total, two. Both teams went out in one, two, three order to the sixth. In this inning the Varsity exploded Boyle, touching him up for seven hits and six runs. Chandler replaced him in the seventh, but his delivery was no more of a puzzle than his predecessor's, and when the smoke cleared away, five more runs had been added to our credit. Two more came in the eighth on hits by Lynch and O'Neill, and Dohan's walk. Indiana University scored her last run in the seventh on a base on balls and an error. Score: Notre Dame, 15; Indiana University, 2.

That Indiana has a good team we do not deny, and it is up to us to repeat the same trick when we meet them again on the home grounds.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Indiana U.	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	2	2	1	2	0	Clev'ger, ss	2	1	0	0	1
Farley, cf	2	2	0	0	0	Millet, 2b	0	1	2	1	0
O'Neill, c	0	1	9	2	1	Kelly, 1b	0	0	8	0	0
Fisher, lf	2	2	1	0	0	Thornton, cf	0	0	3	0	1
Gage, 2b	1	1	2	1	1	P. Boyle, 3b	0	0	2	4	1
Hemp, 3b	0	0	0	1	0	Neusbaum, rf	0	1	2	0	0
Sh'ghnessy, rf	3	2	1	0	1	Webb, c	0	1	4	2	0
Stephan, 1b	2	2	13	0	0	Shaw, lf	0	1	4	0	0
Dohan, p	3	3	0	5	0	J. Boyle, p	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	15	14	27	11	3	McIntosh, c	0	0	2	1	0
						Chandler, p	0	0	0	0	0
						Totals	2	5	27	8	4

Stolen bases, Lynch, Farley, Fisher, Gage, Stephan, Clevenger. Bases on balls, off Dohan, 5; off J. Boyle, 2; H. P. Ball, by Dohan, 3; H. P. Ball, 5. Two base hits, Lynch, Fisher, Gage and Dohan. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Pike. J. P. O'R.

Exchanges.

Local happenings fill a large part of the space constituting the March *University of Ottawa Review*. There is the manuscript of a rather exhaustive sermon on "St. Thomas Aquinas," and a compilation on books. The substance of some "St. Patrick's Day" remarks and a short dissertation on "A Manly Boy" make up the remaining portion of this rather uninteresting number.

The April *William and Mary* contains some reading matter. The discussion in newspaper style of many of the current topics of national import gives some interest to the opening prose article if no great literary quality. "In the Vale of Sleep" is the best verse in the current number, yet this reads very like all other mere restful rimes. There was some effort exerted on "Forsaken," though its tone is most lugubrious, with the poor pine tree all the time *moaning* and *sobbing*. Poor tree! A descriptive sketch "Thalschädel" reads very realistic to one who was never there; the above name is for a small mountain in Europe known as the Valley of Skulls. Probably "beastial" was a typographical error? If not its meaning should be explained in a footnote. The adaptation from the French of Saint-Arnaud runs well.

The redeeming feature in the current *Palladium* is the negro-dialect sketch "Flotsam." It is very well done. The remaining pages are devoted to athletics, locals and alumni notes. These are what make the college paper interesting to those more intimately connected with the university, but, of course, must take from its value abroad.

The *Manitou Messenger* gives its opening space to an oration "License vs. Liberty." This is oratorical in form and somewhat persuasive, yet it seems that everything is too abstract, and the speaker does not take a vital hold on the subject. However, it is a carefully written rhetorical effort. Such papers as "The Reading Habit" and "Cheerfulness" do not give wide realm to originality either in matter or form. The editors are frank and modest, and no doubt make the very best of the material handed in. For a real long time we have known that it is well to cultivate cheerfulness.

F. F. D.

Personals.

—Mr. Kasper of Chicago visited his sons at the University last Sunday.

—Dr. Sawyer of Chicago visited his son, Master Harold Sawyer, during the week.

—Master John Sullivan of St. Edward's Hall enjoyed a visit from his aunt, Mrs. D. H. Howe of Chicago.

—Mrs. J. C. Spangler of Chicago paid a brief visit to her sons of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Kelly of Duluth were the guests of their son, Master Charles Kelly of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. George W. Stout, accompanied by Miss Wadley, spent several days with her sons, Erwin and Milburn Stout.

—Mr. Leo Kelly and Mr. John Carmody, who were students of Notre Dame last year, stayed here for a few days. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Carmody are now attending the University of Michigan.

—Mr. J. Vick O'Brien (student '96-'97) of Pittsburg has recently composed several pieces that were praised very highly by Mr. Victor Herbert. Mr. O'Brien plays solo cornet in one of Pittsburg's largest bands and also leads an orchestra.

—Word has come to us that Mr. William J. O'Connor (A. B. '01) was graduated from the law course of Louisville University on April 24. Mr. O'Connor gave the address for his class. He was president of the class of 1901 and also delivered the valedictory.

—Mr. William W. Marr of Chicago (B. S. '95, C. E. '96) was married a short time ago to Miss Ethel Elder of Chicago. The ceremony, which took place at the Church of the Holy Angels, was performed by Mr. Marr's uncle, the Reverend Donald Marr of Baltimore.

—Another of Notre Dame's old students recently entered the order of Benedicts. Mr. R. N. Lannert was married last Wednesday to Miss Mayme A. Heyns of Evansville, Indiana. The ceremony took place at the church of the Assumption in that city. May they live to see many years of married life!

—The relay team on its trip to Philadelphia met many old students in this metropolis. Frank W. O'Malley is doing art school work, and is one of the cleverest art students in the city; E. P. Gallagher, LL. B., 1901, and Jas. Fogarty, 1900, have opened law offices in the heart of the city; E. P. Mingey is engaged in law practice. Joe Rohan, student '98, and W. Fitzpatrick, B. S. '98, are doing senior work at the Jefferson Medical School. Other old students the relay team met are Dr. Jas. Coll, '93, Jas. Murphy, student 1900, and M. McNulty, our old football guard.

A. L. K.

Obituary.

We are in possession of the sad news that Frank E. Duffield, an old student of the University, died at his home in Lima, Ohio, last week. Mr. Duffield was a student at Notre Dame in the classical course in the nineties. Later on he studied law and passed the bar examination in Columbus, five years ago. He was a hale and hearty fellow, well met, and esteemed by those with whom he came in contact. A year ago his health began to fail him, and he went to Texas in hope of recovering, but he could not stave off the consumption that affected him, and he returned to his home to die shortly afterward.

The SCHOLASTIC extends its sympathy to his father, sister and brothers left to mourn his untimely end.

Local Items.

—FOUND—An umbrella. Loser may apply at room 73, Sorin Hall.

—The baseball team hasn't been doing small things to the Indiana colleges!

—LOST—A bunch of keys. Finder, please return it to Room 57, Corby Hall.

—The unsigned pastel on Spring in last week's SCHOLASTIC is by T. Lyons, '04.

—On Friday, the first Friday of May, the students went to Communion in a body.

—Mr. O'Pelanco presented a friend with a picture of former days, and requested him to say nothing about the little romance connected with the same, as it would be so troublesome to relate it to everybody.

—The "golfie" circle has appeared before the public! But, gentlemen, withhold your caustic criticism. Those quiet, gentle walks with a chaperon are the proper thing—especially when the subjects discussed are so intellectual.

—Professor (in freshman law class): How about a deposition under that provision in the Constitution "that a person shall be confronted with the witnesses against him."

Mr. Curtis: "Why, that provision would be declared unconstitutional by the courts."

—A note has been handed in calling attention to the ability of some of our "star members" to chew gum. At the last K. of C. gala affair this perfection was much in evidence, so much so that some of the gentler ones were undecided as to whether or not a cud chewer had been turned out of pasture.

—Last week Brownson Hall invaded Goshen, and defeated the High School of that town by a score of 11 to 10. The game was a hotly contested one, and Doar did excellent work in the box for Brownson. In the eleventh inning, with the score a tie and two out, D.

Sullivan singled, stole second, and Doar won his game by driving him home.

—Sorin Hall lifted the scalps of the Corbyites Thursday by a score of 20 to 2. The game proved the metal of the Sorinites, and now they are laying claim to the inter-hall championship. The same day Holy Cross Hall went down to Brownson by a score of 14 to 2. The Brownson batters took pleasure in trying to send a new sphere into the heavenly bodies every time the ball was put over the plate.

—The Buffalos seem destined to go through the season with the 1000 per centum mark. Thus far they have played five games, winning all of them; even Capt. Rothwell's team fell before the Buffolos in two games, scores 14-13 and 13-12. The team consists of the following men: W. Duffy, 1st base and Capt.; F. Berkley, 2d base; W. Keegan, 3d base and pitcher; C. Reitz, catcher; P. Weisse, short stop; A. Burger, left field; C. Mooney, pitcher and 3d base; E. Quertimont, centre field; G. Ziebold, right field; and C. Berkley, sub.

—A "Sewing Society" has been organized in Sorin Hall. For the present the members will meet in the room opposite Studie's. The "Young Girl's Column" of the morning paper has been adopted as by-laws. Each member must appear at the breakfast table as neatly clad as if she were going calling; all letters to young men must begin "My dear Mr. Blank," the date properly affixed at the end, and the envelope must be sealed with a pink initial seal; chewing gum and slang have been strictly tabooed; in short, each member must endeavor to live so as to be recognized as a modest violet. A list of the members is written on the wall in the chamber of horrors.

—The two Senior crews have been selected to occupy the position of honour in the commencement regatta on June 18. The men are in training, and if this counts for anything the races should be exciting ones. The St. Joseph Lake course is not an easy one to make, and the success or the failure of the races in previous years has, to a great extent, depended upon the ability of the coxswains to make the turns. The men holding those positions this year in practice, show equal development along this line, and we look to the final race to prove the worth of either crew. Personnel of "Bob" Krost's crew: No. 1, H. McGlew; No. 2, P. W. O'Grady; No. 3, D. Dillon; No. 4, M. Fensler; No. 5, A. C. Fortin; No. 6, T. Kasper; Coxswain, R. Krost (Capt.). The crew rowing with "Bill" Shea consists of: No. 1 F. J. Lonergan; No. 2, H. H. Hoover, No. 3, W. P. Wood; No. 4, D. K. O'Malley; No. 5, L. Sammon; No. 6, W. A. Shea (Capt.); Coxswain, G. Kelly.

—We understand that as soon as Zeke recovers from his present love attack he will bring an action against 'Pete' for introducing him into society. Zeke, while slowly approach-

ing the age of discretion and perfection in side-'burns,' has until recently remained impervious to Cupid's darts and fair maiden's wiles. Now Don Quixote's chivalrous deeds for his fair lady are insignificant when compared to Zeke's strenuous efforts to prove his undying affection for the only damsel for whom he would remove those lovely side-burns. Notre Dame hat pins, bon-bons, flowers, love notes and numerous affectionate epithets, have caused her dear papa to apply his boot to remove their cause. Perhaps this may explain why Zeke is in the Infirmary and holds 'Pete' responsible for his injuries.

—St. Edward's Hall is getting its numerous baseball teams in shape for the medal contests which will begin about May 10. At present the little fellows make up ten teams. After a number of preliminary games these teams will be disbanded, and two first teams, three second teams, and four third teams will be selected. Then the struggle will go on for final honors. Gold medals, numbering thirty in all, will be given to the teams winning the championship in the first, second, and third division. The most enthusiastic athletes among us are those same little fellows. They are the hero worshippers. Likewise do they enter into their games with great enthusiasm. The final contests among them are always interesting, and a pleasant hour can be spent watching them evolving the game of baseball.

—The following acrostic has been handed in to us some time ago. The initials P. O. G. were attached to it, but whether these refer to an eminent contemporary, or are an abbreviation of that charming short story, "Patricius on Guard," we can not say. Nor do we comment on the beauty of the acrostic lines, the fair one to whom they are dedicated, the time, place, and circumstances that led to their being brought into existence. We leave all to the reader.

E'en the last faint streaks of the dying day
Doth make the sky sublime,
I take myself and my wheel away,
There at her house I grin and play,
Hanging clothes on her line.

Gone is the day when first I played,
Or hung around her door;
Regrets I have; I wish I'd stayed
Ever with her for evermore!

—The First Team of Carroll Hall was defeated by the juniors of Holy Cross Hall by a score of 14-8, Sunday afternoon. The Carroll Hallers had evidently left their batting qualities in their study-hall, for they were unable to hit the speedy and deceptive balls of Master Garrity of Holy Cross. There were many fine plays on both sides. The fielding of the Carroll Hallers was excellent, and a number of good catchers was made by the Holy Cross boys. Masters Burke, Hagerty and Maloney, especially, showing wonderful judgment in capturing one or two flies. Mr.

Garrity pitched remarkably well. With three Carroll Hall men on bases and no one out, he struck out three of the Carroll Hallers in succession. Master Casparis' pitching was good, but he was unable to stop the heavy hitting of the Holy Cross boys.

—One of the most famous games of baseball that has ever taken place in the history of Notre Dame was perpetrated on Brownson Hall campus last Thursday morning. The opposing teams were known as Way Lee's Tigers and Lin's Doodles. The former were led by Earl E. Way Lee, the Chinese Poet and Philosopher, the latter by Stuyvestant Lins, Paper Magnate and Sorrowful Lover. The stakes were two pies and a barrel of B. Leopold's *aqua vitae*. Way Lee dealt out the benders for his Tigers; Lins imposed upon his team in a similar manner, and as a consequence lost the game by a score of 10 to 8. John R. and Sweeny picked flies off the church steeple, and John Soloman stopped everything that came along from a wheel-barrow to Billy Goat. The game was replete with brilliant errors, and was noted for the absence of all harmony. Lins kept the batters guessing as to whether they would be neatly killed at the plate or have only a few ribs broken. At all times was the game in doubt, for from the very first inning it was a question as to which side would have the most men living at twelve o'clock. Way Lee assumed his horizontal smiles when Burke faced him, and Burke went out (not struck out, but knocked out). Lins at all times was wild, for he had not quite recovered from the catastrophe that befell his golfies a few days back. The sunshine that morning was marred by nothing but the game. The rain threatened to fall, but concluded that it was bad enough to be "up in the air" without coming in contact with this "bunch." Occasionally a stray robin would pipe its note to inspire the Poet Pitcher, and then roll over dead. Woods and Stephan acted as umpires. The physician reports that they will be able to get on their feet by next Saturday. All in all, the game was a strenuous one.

—Last Saturday we invaded the East with a relay team; next Saturday we meet Wisconsin University in a dual meet at Madison. Ever since we defeated Wisconsin in an indoor dual meet last March, Coach Kilpatrick has been desirous to meet us in the open field. In the contest last March we won by but a few points. The question now is can we repeat the trick. Coach Butler is confident that we can do the same again next Saturday. If we win or lose it can not be by a margin of more than five or six points. A turn of luck one way or the other will give us or lose us the meet. A contest of this kind should be popular at the University. It will give us a right notion of the ability of our men as a team and our chance of a place in the conference meet,

We will be weakened by the absence of Barrett who was doing good work in the broad jump, but Wisconsin must lose Schule, a dangerous man in the hurdles, high jump and broad jump. Our weight men are doing good work with the shot, discus and hammer, so that we should be sure of a majority of points in these events. There is no reason why we should not take this meet, for it not only keeps the men in condition but will give us an opportunity to win another banner.

—Last week the Brownson campus was the scene of two of the best ball games held there for some time. In the first game the Muessels and the crack Sorin Hall team were the contestants. This game was very exciting and interesting, and abounded in brilliant plays. Both teams played snappy ball up to the finish. The Muessels started out like winners, and scored three runs in the third inning, but from that time Doar settled down and held them safe, allowing but two more runs. Sorin evened matters in the sixth, and in the eighth won out. Smally, the one-armed phenom, pitched excellent ball, and received good support, considering the short time the team has been together. Judging from their showing yesterday, they will make a hard fight for the pennant in the newly organized city league. The chief feature of the game was the pitchers' battle between Smally and Doar, honors about even.

Sorin	—	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	—	6	9	4
Muessels	—	c	0	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	—	5	9	4

Batteries—Sorin, Doar and Farabaugh; Muessels, Smally and Curry.

The Hub-Brownson game, which took place after the above game, was equally interesting. The Hubs made their appearance in new uniforms. Brownson scored two in the opening inning. The Hubs evened up in the second and third, scoring six on four singles and two passed balls. After that they went out in one, two, three order, Brownson, in the meantime, crawling up by degrees, until at the last of the sixth the score stood six to five. With one man out, Sullivan cracked a single over first which the Hubs claimed was foul, and upon refusal of the Umpire to change his decision they left the field.

—For many weeks a dredge has been busy on St. Mary's Lake shovelling tons of marl on the banks, and throwing up small islands in different parts of the lake. The marl bank may be used in the construction of a road running around the lake; the islands will be covered with shrubs, grass and flowers and become things of beauty. Those that are given to pipe dreams can fancy rustic bridges connecting the islands with the mainland; small bungalows made of bark and logs on the edge of the islands; and here the dreamer, with sandwich and fish hook, can sit, Izaak Walton style, as the finny tribe come in to nibble

and steal his bait. Then he can philosophize on the intelligence of fish, holding them to be educated since they go in schools. He can permit the smoke to curl up from his pipe and write a doggeral on fisherman's luck before his pipe goes out. But then there is a more material side to the improvements around the lake. They are being made with the intention of minimizing the danger of malaria bearing mosquitoes coming into being in that section of Notre Dame. By the time this work is finished it will have cost no trifling sum. But the benefits derived will more than compensate for the outlay. Here will be the most beautiful and healthful portion of Notre Dame. Both St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Lakes will be enlarged, deepened and contain some beautiful islands. Trees and shrubs will line the banks, and it will be a pleasure to sit on those banks and dream.

—STRENGTH TEST.—During the past few years tests in physical strength have become quite a feature at some of the larger universities and colleges. Various methods are in vogue at the different college gymnasiums because of the disapproval of the present Intercollegiate System. This system was arranged by Dr. Sargent, Director of Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard, about 1887, and later was adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education. Much has been said that this system does *not* indicate a man's true strength power; that the push ups and pull ups are not a fair test of an individual's strength of upper arms, chest and back; that they require a "knack," and show endurance rather than pure strength. Allis, Herbert, Tyng Carver, and a few others, make an enormous number of push ups and pull ups in a mechanical sort of way, thereby increasing their total considerably. Very few men weighing 200 pounds or more and over 6 feet in height can push up or pull up more than six or eight times, but they claim they can exert as much force with the upper arms, chest and back muscles as the man who can push up or pull up fifty or sixty times. Eugene Sandow, when invited by Dr. Sargent to take the strength test, made 870. kilos with the legs, and 595.5 kilos with the back, a back and leg lift which no man has ever equalled, but when asked to do the push ups and pull ups, he refused, saying, "they are a matter of practice." A system of *strength tests* has been arranged by P. J. Weiss, Director of the Gymnasium, in which the dynamometer is used to take the strength of upper arms, chest and back instead of the push ups and pull ups. This is a pure and simple test, and one that does not positively cause any after effects. Tests may be taken any afternoon from 3 to 4.30. All are welcome. Gymnastic students may have a physical examination taken Thursday or Sunday mornings.