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VERY REV. EDWARD J. McLAUGHLIN, A. B., '75, A. M., '95,
Clinton, Iowa, who will deliver Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 15.

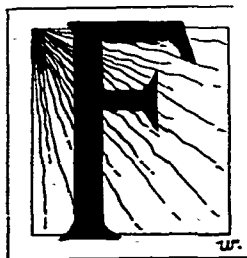
Even Time.

EARLE E. WHALEY (LAW), '03.

LIKE magic do the sunset gates unbar
 Adown the path that leads the day to rest;
 The rolling clouds, massed in the golden west,
 All streaked with amethyst and crimson are,
 And cast their glow into the east afar
 Till shadows droop about yon mountain crest;
 Then deeps the gray upon night's quiet breast
 Where flames the jewel of a single star,
 Then down upon the meadows strangely white,
 Where like ghostly veil the mists hang low,
 The myriad stars of heaven softly shine,
 And their long rays pencil the clouds with light;
 What though the night be long and passing slow,
 Their beauty grows to be a thing divine.

The Light of the New Civilization.*

JOHN L. CORLEY (LAW), 1902.



FROM the time the bronze plowshare, drawn by a snow-white heifer, traced the furrow through the virgin soil about the Palatine, there began the foundation of that mighty structure that was to rule the world. Like the eternal pyramids standing against the horizon on the desert, Rome appeared out of the misty dawn of history, a tower of strength among nations. She had been reared under the eye of Providence, and when the new era had come, her pagan Ovid wrote that "Jupiter looking out from his temple saw naught that Rome had not made Roman."

The world lay at the feet of Rome. From her Forum stretched out roads to the ends of the earth, encircling vast regions and directing countless populations back to the mighty centre. Her legions had encompassed the world, making the civilization of all time her civilization, and welding the strength of all nations into her power.

The greatness of every age was blended in Roman life. The art of ancient Egypt and Assyria had moulded minds to deck her porticoes. The saga songs of Homer were on the lips of her youth, but the muses had abandoned the haunts of Parnassus for the

banks of the yellow Tiber, and her own poets struck notes as sweet. The best philosophy of the earth was woven in her laws, and for herself she had formed a system of ethics. Such was the prosperity, such was the promise of progress and permanence in which Rome stood when the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek and the Macedonian conquests had ended. This was the civilization of Rome! It was not the work of a day; it was the "slow birth of time." And when it had come, what power, what mighty force could shake it? To remove it from its place was to cast a mountain into the sea. She had battled with all nations and had born home the victor's crown. The civilized world bowed submission to her. Rome had become eternal Rome.

But back against the northern horizon appeared a slowly gathering cloud that was to mount higher and blacker, before whose awful storm mighty Rome was to fall. There lay the force that, by blow after blow and revolution after revolution, was to heave up and to hurl down, to crush into fragments this noblest of earthly powers. The great passage from east to west that had begun in the remotest ages with the movement from Asia had brought that restless mass of innumerable barbarians to the gates of Rome. No earthly power had ever conquered them. The people of Iran had turned these fearless hordes only by that gigantic wall that has stood the wonder of all ages, and surging back through the "Gate of Nations," they flooded the northern forests; wandered and prospered for centuries, and at last turned their footsteps southward toward the land of sunshine and of wealth.

First came the Goth, then the Hun, then the Lombard. Over the northern hills they rushed upon Rome in numberless multitudes, with inhuman cries and grim visage, laying waste her fields, plundering her cities and murdering her people. Spurred on by love of warfare and booty, these savage bands swept down in such quick succession, dealing blow after blow with such fierce and unrelenting vengeance they could not be resisted. Hardly had one storm passed when a new host of barbarous warriors filled up the ranks, till at last with her legions broken, her fertile slopes laid waste, her splendid cities sacked, her Forum plundered, her statesmen banished, her valiant sons slain, Rome, with one last effort, trembled and fell, stabbed and restabbed, "as fell her mighty Cæsar."

*Winner of Oratorical Contest, in Washington Hall, May 28.

When the tributaries of the old sovereignty—the ruler of the world—were cut off on all sides, and the earth to the west and north sweeping back from Britannia to the Urals moved with a mass of barbarians; when off across the Mediterranean the desert horsemen grew restless and the Saracens began to scour the earth; when the far East swarmed with its countless myriads of men sunk in pagan worship; when all that was left of the old civilization was centred in Rome, and against her blow after blow had come so thick and fast that she had fallen in the fray and the proud title of a Roman had become a stigma of disgrace; when Rome was trampled under foot, her government was gone, her language was abandoned, the art of her Forum, her Colliseum and her temples lay as ghosts of a refinement that was; when the transition seemed complete, and all that was earthly of the old civilization had passed away, and the world was about to plunge into that desolate period of the Dark Ages, we are tempted to ask: if Rome, the last and greatest power the earth had ever seen, could not withstand the awful onslaught of those fierce invaders, if her laws were ignored, her emperors banished, her people slain, and her silent streets re-echoed to the trampling of savages,—was there anything to survive; was there anything that could save the world from utter destruction; was there anything to rise out of the chaos and ruin, to pour forth a new civilization?

We can not look to Athens nor to Carthage, for they are gone. We can not look to Alexandria, for she is trembling. We search the vast content of the civilization that was, but everywhere the horizon is dark. And should we think to look to that little band of followers of those hated Nazarenes, who had been seen here and there in the great pagan city? They had been known only to be despised; they had lifted their voices only to be ignored. No, we should not look to them, for now they appear more helpless than ever before in their obscurity.

Scarcely was the God of the Christians publicly worshiped in Rome, when the new religion was destined for an ordeal more terrible than she had passed through upon the blood-stained sands of the Arena or in the dungeons of the Mamertine. Not only did she suffer all the cruelties that Rome suffered, but she was to bear the blame of Rome's destruc-

(Continued on page 580.)

At the Stroke of Twelve.

EARLE E. WHALEY (LAW), '03.

The night was cold and stormy, the rain and sleet flew in great swirls before the wind, chilling and stinging the one man who was on the street. Quietly he crept along keeping in the shadow of the buildings. With every noise of loosened shutter or creaking sign he would pause and look about him. Finally he stopped before a little frame cottage. Everything was dark, but he recognized the place. Ten years before he had called it home. For a long time he stood there, unmindful of the storm, while the memories of other days came back to him.

He saw himself again, a lad of twenty, bereft of parents, left with only this little home and a small amount of money. He remembered the first overpowering grief, then how he had gradually recovered from its first effects and had taken his place in the social life of the little town. A tall, good-looking young fellow, with his little fortune, he had no trouble in gaining a prominent place among the beaux of the village.

He remembered again his reason for leaving the old home. How with the haste of youth he had fallen in love with Mary—a love he had thought would never die. How she had willingly received his attention, the talk of the village gossips, and finally the evening when he had put his love affair to test. How angry he had been when she refused him, and his hasty *départure*; all came back to him. He had left no word, nor had he heard from the town since then—that was ten years ago. Strange, he used to think of the old friends, of Mary, but how long since memory had brought them back to him?

Life had been hard in those ten years, a succession of gloomy periods, lighted only occasionally by a prosperous season. He had drifted West, finally lost his money, and at last had found that lower level where the outcasts of society meet. There he had learned not to be particular in regard to methods, the ultimate aim was to find that wherewith to keep body and soul together.

Swiftly the picture of the past moved before his mental vision, then faded, and he became once more conscious of the cold and storm. He found himself hungry, penniless and a stranger in his home town.

His face showed thin and haggard through

his unkempt beard, and bore many a mark of his dissolute life. For a few moments longer he stood in the storm, then with a sudden air of determination started down the street.

He made his way to the bank and found it, to all outward appearance, unchanged. He looked about, but the fitful flare of the corner lamp showed the street deserted. Quickly he forced the lock of the bank window and clambered inside. He located the old safe and smiled grimly when he remembered the "burglar-proof" stories he had heard of it ten years before. To force it would be easy as he was prepared for the work. With the skill got of much practice he made the safe ready for blowing. He then looked for a shelter when he had lighted his fuse, and remembered the little room that stood back of the bank office. He quickly opened the door, then stopped. He could see nothing in the darkness, no sound disturbed the silence, yet something told him he was not alone. He was not a coward, yet he seemed not able to move, and the sweat stood in great beads on his forehead. Then with a desperation born of fear he shot the slide of his lantern and threw its glare into the room. Slowly he moved it from side to side, and his confidence increased as he found no foundation for his fear. Finally he brought the spot of light across the room until it rested at his feet. He looked down and with a smothered cry shrank back into the doorway.

On the floor lay a dead man with upturned face and wide open, staring eyes. The carpet at his head was wet and brownish-red, and in his half-open hand lay a pistol; in his forehead was a powder burned and ghastly wound.

In a few minutes the burglar regained his self-possession and looked again at the body. On the floor near the dead man he found an unsealed letter. It read as follows:

"I am short in my accounts and the safe does not contain the money it should. This is my only way of solving the difficulty. I ask your pity, not for myself but for my wife."

As the burglar stood looking at the letter a telephone bell rang. Instantly he closed his lantern, grasped his pistol and stood close to the wall. The bell rang again and then mechanically he went to the telephone. He took down the receiver, called and waited half curiously, half fearfully.

He was answered by a woman. "Oh, Will!" she said, "I have had an awful dream. It is silly, I know, but it frightened me. I dreamed

you were disgraced, and then I awoke and found you not at home. What is keeping you? Come at once, won't you please?"

"Yes," the burglar replied.

"Ah, I am so glad it was only a dream," and there was a note of relief in her voice. "I would rather see you dead than dishonored, dear."

Slowly he hung up the receiver and walked over to a chair near a desk and sat down. That voice! It stirred again a feeling that had long lain dormant. Whose was it? Of course the wife of that dead coward; but who was she before her marriage? Could it be Mary? Strange he should so often think of her to-night. Yet her voice had thrilled him even as this one had. He sat silent for a time dreaming of the long ago, forgetful of his danger, of that ghastly corpse over there. Only that voice still rang in his ears; or was it the echo of a voice of his boyhood?

Suddenly he roused himself and slowly opened his lantern again. The light flashed on a silver photograph frame and he took it up. It held the picture of a woman, not beautiful, but the face wore a dazzling smile, and across the wasted years came the memory of a smile like that, a smile he had won a few times. Yes, it was Mary.

He looked from the pure face of the woman to the cold, still face of the man with the red mark on his brow, and Mary's words: "I would rather see you dead than dishonoured," came back to him. And as he sat there looking at the pictured face, with those words still ringing in his ears, something of the old impetuous love of his boyhood came back to him. He remembered how he had vowed to protect her, how dear her honour had been to him in those other days. Was it less dear now? Should he desert her even as had that coward at his feet? Long he sat there and when he arose he had found a way. Her honour should be safe.

Slowly he put the letter in his pocket; loaded the empty chamber in the banker's revolver, then placed it in a drawer. He tore the dead man's coat, overturned a chair or two and kicked up a rug near the body.

It was nearly daybreak so he quickly blew the safe and scattered the bills and money about, then with the letter and picture went out into the storm. And though he went away penniless as he had come he was happy, for through the gray of the morning a woman's smile seemed to thank him.

Regal Musings.

To a Friend.

H. C.

ALONE I stood by the shimmering lake
Aflame in a glow of golden light,
And the lark arose from the sea-washed brake
And soaring on in his wingéd flight,
Into the halls of night,
Sprinkled upon the skyeey way,
His melody, his song.
Then a hush fell on the dying day
And the clouds were shot in the azure blue
That vermilion, gold and gray,
Then the whisp'ring of the balmy breeze
I heard beneath the listening trees—
The nightly ghosts were on.
But what cared I for wind or trees,
For bed or flower or sun-shot seas,
For thou from me wert gone.

'Twas yesternight and here we sat
Beside the shimmering lake,
And we heard the splash of the falling oar,
The swish of the wave in the brake,—
And the song of the boatman filled our ears,
And we list to the voices of the night
And we gazed on the far-off drifting spheres,
Worlds of rolling, blazing light;
But all of these had a meaning rare,—
The flowers, the song, the sea,—
And life and hope were joyous there,
Since thou wert here with me.

But now I view thee silently,
A bit of broken clay,
No monument is over thee;
No posies planted on the way
Will tell where thou dost lie.
But yet indeed, old friend, shall I
Within these lines here testify,
Thy beauty, rare and ripe,
Thy fragrance like old clouds of smoke
That wakened when thy soul awoke,
Old *Henry Clay*, my pipe,
JOS J. SULLIVAN (Law), '02.

If Love Should Rest.

IF Love should ever step aside
And sigh and say:
"I'm weary of my tasks; I'll bide
A little by the way—
I'll let the world go on a day
Without my help, without my care"—
And if that day Love should withdraw—
Not all the creeds nor all the law
That men so greatly prize
Would serve to keep
The strong, the weak, the dull, the wise,
From gathering in a struggling heap
And clawing throats and gouging eyes—
If Love for one day lay asleep,
Unreasoning selfishness would sweep away or tear
Up all that's precious, all that's fair
Beneath the skies. E. E. WHALEY (Law), '03.

To My Room.

DEAR sanctuary of my musing hours,
Where Duty's yielded oft to visions ripe,
And Fancy's built air-castles, round whose towers
Curled wreaths of clouds fantastic from my pipe;

When came perchance the prefect's muffled tread—
A knight supreme with keenest sense for "Dukes,"
Then zephyrs wafted all from overhead
And banished fear, demerits and rebukes.

Within your walls, I've refuge found from class,
Conversed with sages, expeditions planned
To distant burgs, and often found—alas!
A rough-house where "my room" was wont to stand.

Dear college den, my tenure soon will cease;
And other dreams than mine must soar to heaven.
Perhaps it's your requital, bringing peace.
Farewell! I'll ne'er forget you, "sixty-seven."

E. F. QUIGLEY (Law), '03.

Our Way.

VARIETY in love is only human,
To flit with the new, the old to leave;
One man alone has loved one woman—
And that was the case of Adam and Eve,
E. E. W. (Law), '03.

A Ballade.

I DON'T know how the notion came,
But I felt sure a lawyer great
I'd come to be, and have a name
Fit for a presidential slate.
So I set out to make my pate
Absorb the lore of land and sea,
And if not more, at any rate,
One day to get an LL. B.

I entered here at Notre Dame,
And found myself not up to date
In figures, English—O the shame
Was too much then to contemplate!
Among the boys I met a mate
Who in these things was just like me.
He gave me courage to await
The day I'd get an LL. B.

I ever kept alive my aim,
But travelled at unsteady gait;
For I could "skive, and work a game"
When poor the lesson I'd relate.
For this I've had to compensate
By tedious tasks at hours free—
O how shall I expatiate
The day I get my LL. B.

L'ENVOI.

Fellows, keep on, be patient, wait;
You, too, will earn a fine degree.
And though you may not do aught great,
One day you'll get an LL. B.
P. P. McELLIGOTT (Law), '03.

His Choice?

EDWARD QUIGLEY (LAW), '03.

Charles Berrisford, a clever young practitioner, sat alone in his office in the thriving county seat of Lovell, Colorado. It was a beautiful evening, and as he coolly enjoyed his cigar, his feet perched comfortably in his office window, and gazed vacantly at the heavens, exquisite in their wildness of roving clouds flooded by the moon's mellow glow, he felt elated, as if nature herself was assuring confidence and success to his efforts on the eve of his first great undertaking.

He was the newly elected prosecuting attorney of David County—young, perhaps, but sturdy, smart, busy and brisk, who had won enough friends in four years by his frank, honest personality and cordial grasp to unanimously proclaim him the popular candidate for the most responsible executive office in the county. He had scarcely assumed his position when there was committed at Iona, a neighboring village, a crime so atrocious in its inception and villainous in its accomplishment that at first it was feared the little shack of a jail might not withstand a vehement mob's attack. Due punishment was promised by the authorities, and Berrisford's striking figure hustling here and there, proclaimed to all that the State would leave nothing undone to promote the ends of justice. Excitement subsided, and the good county people awaited patiently the trial. The young attorney by his indefatigable labors proved himself not incapable to bear the grave responsibility which had so suddenly been thrust upon him; and now that all was in readiness for the morrow, the prosecution impregnable, he felt animated and modestly deserving of the words of praise and nods of satisfaction that would be accorded him ere the moon looked down smilingly again. While thus resting before the momentous task to be culminated in a few hours, he heard some one climbing the stairs, and the next moment was interrupted by Hiram Boleson, the sheriff:

"Wall, Mr. Berrisford, we fetched th' pris'ner in from Iona a while ago, an' he wants tu have a few words with th' 'torney for th' state afore th' trial."

"All right, I'll go with you at once," said Berrisford. "Wonder what's up now—the fellow wouldn't let me see him over at Iona?"

"Th' pore devil's tremblin' like a leaf—he's weaker'n a cat," said Boleson as they neared the jail.

A few moments later, Berrisford was led down a dingy, paved hallway lined on either side by cells.

"He's in thar," said the sheriff halting. "Wait'll I git ye a candle."

As the heavy tramp of Boleson echoed down the stone floor Berrisford felt a shudder steal over him, and glancing toward the cell, he saw a pale, wan face float out of the darkness and press itself against the heavy iron bars. To be so near the heinous criminal thrilled him with repulsion, but all apprehension as to his ferocity was banished when the prisoner whispered in a plaintive, pitiful whine:

"Is this the attorney for the state?"

"Yes, sir," answered Berrisford, his clear ringing voice inspiring courage and hope to the poor wretch who felt somehow that the young lawyer was not to be dreaded as his sworn enemy, but had, perhaps after all, in his heart a kindly sympathy for him.

"Would you please step closer a second; I'd like to ask you something: if—if I confess will it save my life?"

Berrisford smiled. A confession would be no more than an echo resounding his canonade of evidence and weighty arguments. He felt sorry for the poor, desperate fellow. The sheriff was coming with a light—the lawyer hurried forward and took the candle in his hand. "I'll call when I'm through," he said, and turned and walked back to the cell. He held the candle so that its glare fell full in the prisoner's face. A sickening horror shook him when he beheld the haggard, ghastly features—"My God!" he cried, Irving Westler!

Charles Berrisford is again sitting in his office chair peering out into the serene night. The little silver timepiece on his desk chimes twice. His knitted brow, firm, compressed lips, the intentness of his eyes and his wan, perturbed countenance tell of a mental struggle terrible in its intensity. Now, instead of calmly studying the grotesque beauty of a few straggling clouds another picture exacts his most strenuous cogitation.

He sees himself suddenly called home in his senior year at Yale to find his native town greatly agitated over the failure of the firm of Berrisford and Walpole and the shutting

down of the most gigantic cabinet works in New England. Fifteen hundred angry workmen, defrauded of their bi-monthly wages, are goaded to desperation by their empty cupboards, and as he passes down the main street and nears his old home, shameful remarks and taunting insults, aimed at his father, are let fall on his ears causing his young blood to boil. Bullies seeking notoriety talk of a conspiracy, and spread the report that old man Berrisford's stroke of paralysis and attack of brain fever is all a hoax to excite sympathy and intercept the pervasion of public censure. A week of turmoil follows: men daily crowd around the deserted mills and office like a pack of wolves, and demand their just wages.

In the meantime friends have deserted the bedside where the poverty-stricken cabinet-maker lies raving and protesting through all his illness that he is innocent: that it must have been the doing or fault of the other, and similar indistinct mutterings, with only his exhausted wife and son to care for him in his darkest hour.

At length the climax comes. One dusky evening, when old Berrisford reaches his worst, and it is feared he will not survive the night, cries are heard from without, and Charles sees a swaggering mob of incited rioters pressing forward, their clenched fists and hoarse yells foreboding evil. The next moment they are clamoring almost beneath the eaves where their once trusted employer lies at the point of death. Hurrying out, the son begs them to cease their uproar, and for the sake of his poor father's life to go and leave them in peace; but no, they are aroused. All that has been rumored in the past week recurs to them and rekindles their fiery brains; a cry goes up for the wages long since due; they denounce as a scoundrel him who would enrich himself by robbing them and their wives and children of their bread and clothing. The crowd grows larger and more threatening each moment; something must be done.

Young Berrisford gazes hopelessly through the sea of murky faces for a glimpse of the police. Some one now shouts that the old swindler is only playing off sick and that he has sacks of money hidden in his cellar; this augments their grievances. They grow more excited, and yet there is no way to point out to them their blunder; unless their anger and turbulence is tempered no limit may curb their frenzy. To assuage their demands,

Charles swears they may strip his mother's house of all its furniture and valuables, if they will only wait until morning—but no, they have waited long enough. "My God, is poor father to die in this way?"

Suddenly a young man with firm square jaws and determined brow pushes his way through the crowd, and stepping up on the veranda he fearlessly faces the rioters; an instant later he whips out a revolver and a death-like stillness follows like a flash.

"Back, you ungrateful curs," he cries indignantly, his sharp voice cowering the rascals. "Betake yourselves back, you rattle-heads, to your miserable hovels. In yonder room lies your former benefactor dying, and yet you dare come here and shout in his ears that he is an impostor; he who has clothed and fed you, you human rats, for twelve years. You say he is a robber, when you know nothing at all about the facts in the case. You're a faithful, devoted gang, you are. Get to your holes before you get the credit of a bullet in your hides; and do not dare show your faces here again to-night or you'll be shot down like dogs. Every niggardly cent that's coming to you will be paid to-morrow morning that you may choke your hungry, insinuating jaws."

The speaker was Irving Westler, a classmate of Berrisford and of the same fraternity, the son of a multi-millionaire of the neighboring city. The mob quickly disperses, its ring-leaders sneaking away to hide their shame, and its bullies flushing guilty consciences. Charles Berrisford hastens back and finds his father dying and his poor mother overcome.

Three weeks later as Irving Westler is leaving Chester for his home to prepare for an extended trip abroad, a slender young man in black and carrying two valises approaches him; it is Charles Berrisford leaving the town of his youth and happiness forever, leaving two green graves—those of his father and mother—resting peacefully side by side, for the sunbeams to play upon, leaving the honor and name of his family exonerated, spotless, ennobled; for the perseverance of his classmate in delving into the mystery of the firm's bankruptcy and in paying the workmen their wages has left the Berrisford name a lasting memorial of honesty and integrity—the foul victim of a dastardly plot hatched by the old cabinet-maker's villainous partner, Walpole, now in a Canadian prison.

Tears came to the eyes of the departing youth as he grasps Westler's hand. "Irv," he says tremulously, his voice choking with emotion, "in the name of poor father and mother I wish to thank you; our debt of gratitude to you can never be requited. But if ever the opportunity comes that I can befriend you as you have us, God knows, I will do all in my power—I swear I will—"

Ah! the vicissitudes of fortune—there in that Colorado prison crouched Irving Westler, a wreck of dissipation, the victim of profligacy, worldliness and folly, guilty of a most nefarious crime. His money had paid for his dissoluteness, and now he realized that his head must poorly avenge his vile misdeed and satisfy the demands of justice, and he feared death, now that it was so imminent, as the sparrow shrinks from the jaws of a reptile. Yes, he was a coward. His bloodshot eyes bulged at the sentence which stared him in the face: "To be hanged by the neck until dead."


Berrisford, sitting in his office chair at midnight again saw him writhing with terror on that prison floor, and heard his plaintive cries moaning in his ears, pleading pitifully on his knees for Berrisford to save his life, begging at his feet by their early ties, their college reminiscences, and above all, by what he had done on that fatal evening away back in New England when he was daring and fearless, as a return for maintaining the honor of the name of Berrisford and seeking and finding justice when justice seemed not attainable. And now it rested with Berrisford. Would he after arraigning his prisoner, to whom he was so inestimably indebted, unfurl his convincing, unassailable map of evidence to the jury, and hurl against the trembling friend of other days words, stinging with bitterness and truth, and stamping the very pallor of guilt on his unshielded countenance. Could he do it without blushing with shame; without remorse eating into his heart and calling upon God to witness the breaking of his promise, his vow, the honor of his word?

And what would come of it all: a few words of praise, two or three hundred blood-thirsty people, after satiating their greedy eyes would shake his hand and then return to their homes to forget it all; in a week Westler would hang, and his last look from the gallows at Berrisford would be a long, pitiful, throbbing stare of reproach and unrequited friendship—a criminal's contempt—and those incompassionate eyes would pierce his soul through

the long nights until his dying day. Did not his dead father and mother call upon him from their graves to requite the benefactor of their darkest hour? Was not this his duty?

"His duty"—he sighed hopelessly. "Did not justice, a wronged community, and frantic-stricken relatives cry out to him to avenge this terrible crime? Was he going to bring upon himself the maledictions of his staunch friends who had helped him, who had elected him, who now placed implicit trust in his responsibility? Had they not left this momentous case wholly in his hands? Was he about to blast his hopes forever upon the very first stepping-stone to his career; had he not promised faithfully that the criminal would be punished? Was he now to make a failure of his case; would he confuse his witnesses, confound his arguments, perplex the jury to "a reasonable doubt," and make a botch of his initiatory speech which he had intended to be a handsome exposition of logic, reasoning and appeal? Would he do this in the face of the astonished, crowded court-room and be denounced and banned from future success? Would he only send the heinous prisoner to the penitentiary for a number of years to stalk abroad again guilty of such a crime? Was not his pledge and duty to the state paramount? Which course should he follow?

The Lawyer.

ING a song of the lawyer,
 Come "witness" his great repute:
 He's the "courted" swell wherever he goes,
 For he always "springs a suit."
 He s'ports full many "conveyances,"
 At the "bar" smacks rich requital;
 And should he wish to be a peer,
 He may have, no doubt, "good title."
 He'll never go broke so long as there are
 In equity "bills, to discover;"
 And when he gets down, no doctor needs he
 When all he's to do is "recover."
 His arms both may be severed,
 Yet he will "waive his right;"
 You never saw a lawyer blind,
 That "cases couldn't cite."
 Should he ever "contract" dyspepsia,
 He can "briefly absorb a "Digest."
 "Practice" his "deeds" makes perfect;
 God's "judgment" "will" "warrant" him blest.
 St. Peter'll "accord" him the "right of way,"
 Since he "can appeal his case;"
 He'll have, if "summoned" to Limbo,
 "Satisfaction" and "three days of grace."

E. F. QUIGLEY (LAW), '30.

Age.

CLEMENT C. MITCHELL (LAW), '02.

To those who have given no special attention to legal study it may seem that "Age" would be a subject which could cause no comment in any court, but the lawyer knows that it is one of the most perplexing of minor law questions. It is very frequently the turning-point upon which depends the liability of persons in both criminal and civil actions.

To the uninitiated the term infant is a stumbling-block, for in legal language it applies to any person who has not attained full legal age and not to small children only, as it does in common parlance. In most jurisdictions the age of majority is fixed at twenty-one years for males and eighteen for females. In France, however, men do not reach their majority until their twenty-fifth year. Whatever age is fixed upon by the laws of the country is absolute in that jurisdiction, and a person one day within that age is as incompetent to contract under the law as a mere babe would be.

Age is in every case a question of fact and must be proved by sworn witnesses; and it was only within the last century that it became settled that a witness could testify to his own age and not be met by the objection that his statements were hearsay evidence.

The old Common Law lawyers laid down some very rigid rules regarding the age at which a person might be found guilty of certain crimes, and some of these rules are still in vogue. Such, for instance, was the rule that no person under the age of seven years can be punished for any felony or capital offence, no matter what circumstances of a mischievous discretion may appear; for the presumption of law is that one of such age can not have a felonious discretion; and against this legal presumption, no averment can be admitted. This is probably universal law at present, although many eminent courts are inclined to the belief that an infant should answer for his crimes regardless of his age, if the requisite criminal intent can be shown to have actuated the wrong.

But so long has the law been settled as above stated, that the common people have come to think that it is impossible for liability to attach, in any case, to an infant under

that age; but such is not the fact: for though a felonious intent can not be imputed to him, still he will be held responsible for his tortious acts.

An infant over seven years and under fourteen years of age is presumptively incapable of committing crime, and in case such a person be accused the burden is upon the state to show that he had sufficient capacity to know that the act was wrong. In proving this all the facts and circumstances surrounding the case are to be considered. Blackstone cites a case in which an infant only eight years old was found guilty of murder and hanged. In this instance the infant had hidden the body of his victim under a pile of leaves and brushwood, and the jury thought this was sufficient to show that he was *doli capax*, and should be punished.

In those cases where an age is fixed upon by law at which a person shall be deemed competent to do certain acts, it is decided by a long line of cases that such age is complete on the first moment of the last day next preceding such anniversary of the birth. This doctrine was laid down by Sir William Blackstone, and its history is well reviewed by the Indiana Supreme Court in *Wells vs. Wells*, 6 Ind. 447.

There are many facts regarding the age requisite to enable an infant to do certain acts in every-day life which are so practical that they should be known by all. For example, in this country, a male at the age of twelve years may take the oath of allegiance; at fourteen, which is the age of discretion, he may consent to marry or choose his guardian. A female at nine years of age is dowable; at twelve she may consent to marry, at fourteen she may choose her guardian and at twenty-one she may alien her lands, etc.

One of the curious anomalies of our law on this subject is found in the case of prosecutions for violating the law forbidding the sale of liquor to minors. Here the accused can not escape punishment by showing that the minor had the appearance of a person of legal age, nor that he stated he was of that age; but the seller of the liquor is entitled to his remedy against the minor in an action on the case for damages arising from misrepresentation.

God's call is a wondrous thing. It takes a prince from the palace, a beggar from the hut, and calls them brothers.—*L. J. H.*

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REPORTERS

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—We print in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC a half-tone cut of the Very Rev. Edward J. McLaughlin of Clinton, Iowa, who will preach the Baccalaureate sermon on June 15. Father McLaughlin is an old student of the University, and was graduated in the classics in '75. He took his A. M. in '95. We look forward to this sermon on account of the speaker's reputation as a man and as a thinker.

—"Does music incite to crime?" asks the *Literary Digest* in a comment upon an article by Mr. Stratton in the *Arena*. This question troubled even the Spartans, who regarded certain kinds of music as demoralizing. Mr. Stratton's explanation of the manner in which music affects the human system is well worth quoting: "Is a tune catchy? Its charm lies largely in its rhythm. Take the songs composed in ragtime: the syncopations that form their principal feature give rise to jerky rhythms, and these act upon the nervous system of the listener at unexpected and unnatural parts of the measure. The result is that the entire being is thrown into a succession of jumps or musical contortions whose irregular character excites unhealthy immoral tendencies. To the inju-

dicious uses of rhythm may be attributed these sudden impulses which lead to crime."

The same writer remarks that in cases where the music is good and would of itself awaken refining impulses, it frequently happens that the words with which it is connected produce precisely opposite effects. No doubt this is true, but we have instances where the reverse is equally true. Nowadays it is not uncommon to hear some of the most solemn and reverential church hymns sung to the tune of an operatic ballad or a lively two-step, with the result that too often the heels, rather than the head and the heart, are affected. Does music incite to crime? Taking into account the quality of some musical compositions on the market, would it not be as pertinent to ask: Does crime incite to music?

—'Tis not within the scope of our authority to make a plea for slang. Picturesque and strong it undoubtedly is at times, but yet we hold that it does not move in good society; and on this account it is to be condemned as far as our pedagogical mind is concerned. Even admitting it to be the vernacular of a certain section of humanity, not the most classic, has slang a mission? We think that it has not, and yet it serves a purpose. Marion Crawford says that the use of "cuss" words proves an apathy of intellect. Is the same true of slang?

The other day I heard a fellow use some slangy terms in advising his friend against the evil of it. His fall from grace called to mind the "saintly" one who had to "cuss" a bit to convince a friend that he did not "cuss."

We are not Philistines, but yet we would ask if it would be wise to eliminate all slang from the Twentieth Century? Undoubtedly it would if we could make every street Arab fashion his English after the manner of a Bostonian; but this is impossible, first on account of Boston; secondly on account of the street Arab. Since slang is here to stay, is it altogether an evil? We may not be purists when we call a man a "brick," yet in this term we describe his qualifications: solid, firm, strong.

We hold that it is best to speak classic English on most occasions; but then there are times when we search the crevices of our brain for a good English word, and a slangy expression on the tip of our tongue speaks volumes. At such times slang becomes a friend to us and therefore a tolerant evil.

Corpus Christi at Notre Dame,

Last Sunday morning occurred one of the grandest ceremonies of the year—the solemnity of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The sky was a spotless blue in the early part of the morning, and everything seemed to be helping for a proper celebration of this great festival of the Church. At eight o'clock a Solemn High Mass of Exposition was celebrated, and immediately after it came the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The acolytes and cross-bearer led. After them followed Brownson, Sorin, Corby and the other halls with the band behind them. Just after these came the clergy, and last of all, the celebrant, Father Zahm, bearing the Blessed Sacrament.

The first benediction was given at the main building. An altar had been erected on the porch which was beautifully adorned with palms and flowers. The procession passed on to the Novitiate; then around the lake. While the band played the accompaniment, the students sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and other hymns. The boat-house had been decorated and all the boats, racing boats and skiffs, were moored along the bank.

The scene during Benediction at the Novitiate was one of inspiring splendour. The altar was ablaze with candles, and all over the lawn were scattered palms and other flowers. The celebrant and his assistants in gold cope and dalmatics, the clergy in white vestments, and the laity bowed down in adoration before the Most High, made a picture never to be forgotten. While the clouds of incense-smoke were floating slowly heavenward in the still morning air, the student body solemnly chanted the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*.

Unfortunately the sky had become overcast, and toward the end of the procession it began to rain. However, this only served to make those who took part seek the church in greater haste. It has often been said that Notre Dame is the scene of many a grand church ceremony, but the celebration on Corpus Christi out-shone them all. It could not fail to make an impression even on the coldest heart among those who witnessed it. The altar at the main building, the procession to the Novitiate, beneath triumphal arches, the splendor of the scene there, will never be forgotten by those who took part in that celebration.

A. L. K.

Exchanges.

The ex-men, like their fellow-students, are just now putting in their time writing valedictories. There is something tragic in the inevitable annual return of "hopes for the future success of our paper," and of "regrets that we must lay down the work which has afforded so much and such genuine pleasure, albeit not unmingled with pain." It is an image of life. There is the same longing; the same incessant striving. Each one is forever pushing the man that happens to be in front of him out of the way. Each one pushes his way to the brink of a precipice and waits to be pushed off.

The *Columbia Literary Monthly* in its issue for June shows that cleverness which is ever characteristic of this college journal. The articles have a rare literary finish which shows not only careful work but style, and an abundance of it. The "Outlines" by Mr. George Middleton are rich in originality. We see the character development more by suggestion than by word statement. The verse entitled "Faint Heart" contains something more than mere poetic platitudes and beautifully turned "thoughtless" sentences. Its lines are rhythmical and full of concrete imagery. The only suggestion we would offer to the *Columbia Literary Monthly* is that a page of exchanges would be royally welcome.

The never-failing joke fountain of the *Tiger* runs as clear as ever. The flow of funny verse and funny prose is evidence that undergraduate life is not all spent with severe professors and embarrassing quizzes. The cartoons illustrative of current events are very humorously and attractively done.

The *Georgetown College Journal* under its new management keeps up the best traditions of the retiring board. The literary matter is of excellent finish; the editorials are strong, and the ex-man shows himself a fellow of infinite jest. The verses entitled *Quid Prodest* shows very good work.

The irrepressible *Widow* chatters funny things unendingly. Her pages are an evidence that there are more elements in undergraduate life than severe professors and troublesome quizzes.

J. P. O'H.

(Continued from page 571).

tion. Rome had prospered when Jupiter was worshiped. Rome had spread her power abroad when he was invoked; but now a new God was spoken of, and Rome had fallen! All the bitterness of the old pagan hatred for the Christian came back to those that loved their country only as Romans could love it, but in their blindness could not see her crime.

Even among the chosen there were many in whom the old pagan spirit yet lived, and on every side heresy broke out. False doctrines had drawn away the great body of the barbarians that had embraced Christianity, while off to the East the teachings of Pelagius had infected the Christians of the Orient with heresy, and dropping off here and there they left the little band of true Christians scattered and enfeebled even to despair.

Worse than all, the new religion was a hated thing in the eyes of those desperate looters of Rome, who prayed to their mighty Thor, and dedicated to him their spoils, while on their shields they bore the shapeless form of Woden. Christianity was a mockery to them and to their gods, and hating it as they hated Rome, it was destined to pass away among the ruins of the Seven Hills. No sanctuary was too holy for their greed, no virgins' cloister was too sacred for their desecration. All lay helpless before them. The refined cruelty of Nero could reach but a limited number of these early Christians, upon whose sufferings his pitiless eyes loved to gloat, while out through the secret byways, in the far-off towns and quiet villages, the saving influence of the Christian teachings was felt and kept alive in the pagan world. But now there were no secret byways, there were no far-off towns, no quiet villages,—the whole country lay in desolate waste, and like wolves in every niche of the wilds, these barbarous hordes wandered, plundered and left barren.

Oppressed by these awful afflictions, the followers of the lowly Fishermen turned to meet that formidable enemy before whom mighty Rome had crumbled. We should say that in a struggle so uneven the end could not but find them fallen. The greatest powers of the earth were pitted against them. Their enemies had conquered every other institution, and their leaders were men, very weak men. Yet they stood. We see Romans reconciled to the loss of their city and their gods, heretics like dead limbs cut off from the tree, falling to the ground and perishing in disgrace; and

when the billows come fastest on the northern storm, we see the Church rise with some strange power to assert the dignity of her mission.

Attila approaches Rome. For two thousand years his fathers have never bowed to human arms. Unconquered for untold generations, his ancestors have braved the savage wilds, and Attila, the greatest of this invincible race, stands at the head of a savage host of warriors at the gates of Rome. Rome lies helpless. One hundred and fifty thousand men in one mighty mass stretch back like a black cloud, with spears glinting in the sunlight, and shields clanking in the eager crush; warriors' faces beaming with the thought of booty, and restless war-horses champing their bits and stamping their impatient hoofs. In careful order the line slopes down to the front, where Attila, the mightiest of a mighty foe, is mounted ready to pounce upon a helpless prey.

But out from the gates of Rome comes a feeble old man. No guard guides his footsteps; no bugle blast sounds his coming. Only in his hand he bears the simple symbol of the cross. Attila stands before him, the greatest strength of earth; but Leo must hold within his hand some power from on High, for this warrior with one hundred and fifty thousand men eager for booty,—gold that lay at their very feet, gold for which they had lived and fought and starved—this warrior, who has never quailed before human foes, Attila, who proudly boasted that he is the "Scourge of God," and "the grass never grew where his horse had once set foot"—Attila turned back that fierce and eager horde of warriors, and bowed before the vicar of Christ.

This was the power exercised by the Church when all human protection had failed, and it passed, as time went on, to more marvelous triumphs. Not only did she stand unchanged before a combination of the most stubborn enemies the world could send against her, but she was destined to conquer all; not by the might of human arms, but by the influence of her sacred teachings. This was to be her grandest triumph, the crowning act of her mission.

She took her uncouth, barbarous enemy and moulded him into the Christian man; of the haughty Gallo, blood-thirsty and revengeful, she made the mild and gentle saint. Of the storming, vicious Totila, she made a just and generous ruler; and by a superhuman power she changed the pagan Clovis into the Chris-

tian king of a Christian people. Touched by the flaxen-haired youth she sent her teachers to the far-off Angles; and those that had come to conquer carried back the spirit of peace.

With the hands of toil she again sowed the wasted fields; and here and there stored up the relics of antiquity, and transcribed the olden writings for future generations. As the returning sunlight changes the dreary winter into the happy days of spring, out through the storm of passing calamities the heavenly light of the new Faith banished the rude customs of barbarism and changed it into a new civilization. Where war and rapine and desolation had reigned supreme, there sprang forth the blossom of Christian nations.

Her influence failed not. From the faint but certain whisper that echoed on the blast of this desperate period, the voice of the Church resounded with divine inspiration out across the continents and off to the remotest island of the seas. Rome, the greatest structure the world ever knew, crumbled into dust. The civilization of all ages fell with Rome, and all that was human passed away; but her enemies, bowing before the gentle influence of the Church of Peter, triumphed in a nobler cause, for her triumph was directed by the Spirit of God.

Notre Dame at Conference Meet.

Not more than a month ago Notre Dame was represented in track athletics by the fastest group of sprinters and runners ever gathered together by any college in the West. They were a splendid body of athletes, and did such phenomenal work during the first four months of this season that their fame extended from ocean to ocean and made us feared and envied by every other university in the country. "Alas poor Yorrick!"—things have since changed. Last Saturday we were represented at the Western Intercollegiate by but three men, Kirby, Sullivan and McCullough, the only remaining members of our once powerful team.

A month ago we were figured on as the probable winners of the greatest athletic contest of the year; Saturday we had to struggle hard for a place. The remnants, pitted against the best athletes in the country and against great odds, put up a gallant fight for recognition, and their determination and pluck, always characteristic of Notre Dame's athletes, won them the admiration of the crowd.

The Meet was one of the most successful ever pulled off in the West. Over seven thousand enthusiasts were on hand to watch their favorites perform, and to cheer for their respective *Alma Maters*. Notre Dame's contingent was, as usual, on hand. Seven Western Intercollegiate records fell by the wayside during the course of the afternoon, and as if to remind the world of Notre Dame's former greatness, Kirby established a new record in the shot put.

Critics in making out their forecasts gave Captain Kirby a chance for third place. First and second places were conceded to Snow and Robinson, both of Michigan. On the second put Kirby hurled the missile 41 feet 8½ inches, just half an inch over the former record, and over six inches better than Snow, his closest rival. The Captain also entered in the 220 yard hurdle race. In his trial heat he allowed Merrill to run himself out, securing an easy second in order to qualify for the finals. In the final heat Captain Bockman of Minnesota, Nufer of Michigan, Merrill of Beloit, and Kirby of Notre Dame, faced the starter. Up to the last twenty yards the bunch were about even, but here Bockman and Kirby began to draw away and fight it out for first honours. Ten yards from the line Kirby thought to win out by making a dive for the tape, but fell, the other three runners crossing the line before he could recover. Sullivan put up a gallant fight in the pole vault.

At the eleventh footmark, Dvorak, Magie, Chapman, and Sullivan, were the only ones left out of a field of fifteen. At eleven feet one inch, Joe, was compelled to drop out. He cleared the bar on his last trial, but hit it with his arm in going over. Chapman won this event at 11 feet 6½ inches, another new record. Joe also did good work in the high jump.

McCullough, practically a new man in athletics, made a very favourable impression in the hammer throw. He made one throw of 124 feet, which the officials claimed was foul. This throw, if fair, would have secured second place. In the discus he showed that he is a good man and capable of magnificent work. Mac will, no doubt, be very valuable in the weights after a little experience. To predict is generally an unwise measure, but yet we feel safe in saying that when the next conference meet comes around Notre Dame will have a representative team.

J. P. O'R.

Notre Dame, 20; South Bend All-Stars, 2.

Decoration Day the Varsity won an easy game from the All-Stars of South Bend. Dohan officiated in the box and allowed the Stars but four hits. The Varsity secured sixteen hits and pilfered fifteen bases, five of the latter being to Farley's credit.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, 2b	2	2	3	3	0	Snell, 2b	0	0	3	3	1
Farley, cf	4	2	0	0	0	Coffey, ss	0	1	4	1	3
O'Neill, c	4	2	6	1	0	J. Kennelly, c	0	0	4	1	0
Gage, ss	1	2	2	3	1	Luther, 1b	0	1	8	0	0
Hemp, 3b	1	2	2	5	0	P. Kennelly, lf	1	1	3	0	0
Stephan, 1b	3	2	11	0	0	Francis, cf	1	1	1	0	0
Sh'gh'ssy, lf	1	1	1	0	0	Schum'her, 3b	0	0	0	0	3
O'Connor, rf	2	1	1	0	0	Lyons, rf	0	0	2	1	0
Dohan, p	2	2	1	3	0	Doran, p	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	20	16	27	15	1	Totals	2	4	24	8	7

Stolen bases—Farley, 5; O'Neill, 3; O'Connor, 3; Stephan, 2; Lynch, Hemp, P. Kennelly. Sacrifice Hit—Farley, Gage, Stephan, Shaughnessy. Base on balls—off Dohan, 3; Doran, 6. Hit by pitched ball—by Dohan, 4; Doran, 1. Struck out—by Dohan, 5; Doran, 3. Two base hits—Farley, O'Neill, Dohan. Three base hits, Shaughnessy. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, Antoine.

Minnesota Snowed Under.

The Varsity took ample revenge out of the Minnesota team last Wednesday afternoon for the defeat at Minneapolis on the northern trip. The final result was Notre Dame, 22; Minnesota, 2. One Mr. Jordan, who resembles the mighty Adkins in some respects (not in pitching), essayed to dish up foolers to our lads, but the attempt was disastrous. It was cannonade, then promenade, with Mr. Jordan seeking shade while his fielders chased the ball.

The Varsity put up a good fielding game, while they handled the bludgeon so effectively that it netted them a total of twenty-three hits, including six two baggers and a triple. The star performer of the game was Farley. He made an enviable record for himself. He secured three hits out of four times at bat, got three passes to first, stole five bases, scored four runs, and had two put outs and an assist. O'Neill also did fast work cutting off several men on bases. Captain Lynch had thirteen difficult chances with but one error. Gage's batting and the fielding of Lynch, Farley, and O'Neill were the chief features of the game.

"Happy" Hogan found the visitors easy

victims to his curves. He allowed but nine scattered hits, and with men on bases was very effective. He also secured two nice hits one for two bags.

The Score.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Minnesota	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	2	2	6	6	1	Varco, 3b	0	1	5	3	1
Farley, cf	4	3	2	1	0	Leach, cf	0	0	2	0	2
O'Neill, c	2	1	4	2	0	Cameron, 2b	0	1	2	2	1
Gage, 2b	3	4	0	4	0	Allen, lf	0	1	6	0	0
Stephan, 1b	2	3	11	0	0	Metcalf, 1b	2	1	8	1	0
Hemp, 3b	2	2	0	2	0	Gunderson, c	0	1	2	3	0
Sh'ghnessy, lf	1	3	3	0	1	Brown, rf	0	1	0	0	0
O'Connor, rf	3	3	1	0	0	Shea, ss	0	1	2	3	2
Hogan, p	3	2	0	1	0	Jordan, p	0	2	0	1	0
Totals	22	23	27	16	2	Totals	2	9	27	13	6

Stolen bases—Farley, 4; O'Neill, 3; Gage, Shaughnessy, Lynch. Sacrifice Hits—O'Neill, Hemp, Shaughnessy. Base on balls—off Hogan, 2; Jordan, 8. Struck out—by Hogan, 2; Jordan, 2. Two base hits—Lynch, Farley, Gage, Shaughnessy, O'Connor, Hogan, Metcalf. Three base hit—O'Connell. Passed ball, Gunderson. Double plays—Lynch to Stephan; Shea to Metcalf. Time, 1:50 Umpire, Coffey.

J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Mr. Strauss of Chicago called on his son at the University.

—Mr. McGill paid a brief visit to his son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Murphy of St. Joe, Mich., paid a visit to his son Mr. Murphy, C. S. C.

—Mr. Arthur Hughes of Brownson Hall enjoyed a visit from his mother.

—Miss Whaley of Osborne, Ohio, was the guest of her brother, Mr. Earle Whaley of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. O'Hara, of Lanesboro, Minnesota, spent a short time with his son Mr. John P. O'Hara of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Alex Fox of Milwaukee visited his brother who is in St. Edward's Hall. He has other friends at Notre Dame, all of whom were glad to welcome him.

—Mr. Jacob Kraus (LL. B., '99), of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is coming into prominence in the legal world. At present he is holding the position of solicitor for his borough.

—Mr. John Pick of Sorin Hall had the pleasure of entertaining his mother, Mrs. J. Pick of West Bend, Wisconsin. Mrs. Pick was accompanied by Mrs. J. A. Bach of Milwaukee.

—We were very glad to receive a visit last week from Professor Chez and wife of DePauw University. They made many friends while here and we hope their visit will soon be repeated.

—Among the successful men who were admitted to the bar of Illinois in the early part of May, was Mr. J. J. Cooney (LL. B., '01), of Woodstock, Illinois. We are very glad to

hear that the "Judge" passed the examination with flying colours.

—At the meeting of the Indiana Medical Society, which took place early in May, Dr. Berteling of South Bend was elected president. This is quite an honour, and we wish to congratulate him on his appointment.

—We are very sorry to announce the death of Mr. James A. O'Reilly of Reading, Pennsylvania, who was a student here some time ago. His death was due to a fall from a train on the Pennsylvania Line near Spring City. Mr. O'Reilly was one of the most successful lawyers in Reading and had many warm friends, all of whom deeply mourn his loss.

—Word was received that Doctor Austin O'Malley, who has been seriously ill with ptomaine poisoning, is regaining his health. Immediately after his removal to Philadelphia last week his condition began to improve. It will be only a matter of a few weeks before he will be entirely well. We wish him speedy recovery, and regret that he will not be with us during the remainder of the year.

A. L. K.

Local Items.

—FOUND—A pocket knife. Owner apply to Senior refectorian.

—On exhibition in the *Tribune* store, South Bend, is an artistic Notre Dame monogram drawing worked out on leather.

—All those that have verse, essays or stories should hand them to the teachers of literature at Room 59, Main Building. It is only by seeing the work of the undergraduates that we can consider their names in filling the editorial board for next year.

—Notre Dame will meet Oberlin next year in Debate. This will give us an opportunity to try the real mettle of our team. For the past four years we have won, with little difficulty, from Indianapolis University, and it is time that we should be branching out. Father Crumley is to be congratulated in securing so worthy an opponent.

—We would like to call attention to the fact that the sidewalks around the college were made for use and the grass-plots to add to the beauty of the grounds. It seems that many of our enthusiastic pedestrians forget this, even to the extent of wearing a path along the edges of the sidewalks. These places have been resodded; the grass will show itself if given a chance. So either hold to the cement walks, or take to the tall timber.

—A very interesting debate took place last Thursday in the Brownson Hall reading-room. This was the last debate of the year before the Parliamentary Law Class. The question ran: Resolved, that it is desirable for the

United States to adopt a system of shipping subsidies. Messrs. Wolf, Carey and McCormack held the negative; and Bolger, Irving and Toner supported the affirmative. The contest waged strongly for two hours, eloquence and logic being the order of the day. Finally the negative got a philosophical hold upon the question, and won the day.

—"Sailor" Kirby has been elected Captain of the track team to finish out the season. He is so capable an athlete and so level-headed a fellow that there is but little doubt that he will be chosen to succeed himself at the end of the year. As a football player he was always one of the "stars." And whenever we saw the ball passed to "Sailor" we knew that he would creep from underneath a mass of tangled bodies for a goodly gain. When the track season opened up he began consistent training and proved himself a good trainer—something that can not be said of all the men wearing a track monogram. "Sailor" has put the shot 41 feet 8½ inches; he has thrown the discus 115 feet, broad jumped 21 feet, covered the quarter-mile in 51 seconds, and is a bad man in the low hurdles.

—Yesterday being the first Friday and also the Feast of the Sacred Heart the services of the day were especially solemn and impressive. At the early Mass the students received Holy Communion in a body as has been the custom for years, the number of communicants being so large as to require the services of two priests. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Zahm, assisted by Fathers Gallagher and Hennessy as deacon and subdeacon. The statue of the Sacred Heart was beautifully decorated. A bank of lights and flowers had been built before the image, all these ceremonies tending to remind us that on this day we should pay special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At half-past three there was the usual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. This being the last of the school year, the names of the students who had died since last June were read, and prayers offered for the repose of their souls. The ceremonies ended with Solemn Benediction given by the Very Rev. Father Morrissey. Last night the statue of the Sacred Heart, which stands in the quadrangle, was illuminated. It was surmounted by a cross and star made up of electric lights. Unfortunately rain prevented any further decorations.

—FABLE:—Once there was a faun named Beekum whose mane was fast falling; in fact, he had used every remedy from Lady Pinkham's providential remedies to baking powder, to stop this uncalled-for fall of hair, but to no avail. Finally he drifted in with a tiger named Maglue, and asked him why Maglue's locks looked so charming, glossy and curly. Maglue took the unsophisticated

fledgling into his confidence, advised him to invest \$1.50 in a bottle of Coke's Dandruff Cure, and warranted that it would bring out anything, even the measles or marker. This was done, and the last time Beekum was seen, or rather heard from, he was taking a bath in the said Coke Cure. Question: Which is the victim—the tiger, Beekum or the Coke Cure?

—Last Saturday night saw the solemn closing of May Devotions. According to custom we have been going to church twice a week during the month of May and hearing sermons in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The last of these occurred on Saturday last. After the entire congregation had chanted the *Magnificat*, the Rev. Father French addressed a few closing remarks to the students. He pointed out the Blessed Virgin as the ideal of every woman in whom was incorporated all that was beautiful and noble in womanhood. He briefly summed up all the qualities and virtues that had been treated in the course of the devotions, and reminded his hearers that no matter how low a man had fallen, Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, was ever ready to raise him from the mire. At the close he feelingly exhorted the young men to invoke earnestly the aid of our Blessed Mother, and to strive to be like her as far as possible. This was followed by a procession in honour of the Mother of God, and then the ceremonies closed by Solemn Benediction given by the Very Reverend Father Morrissey.

—'Tis moonlight and everyone seems asleep, watchman and all. The orators had attained their utmost pitch of quietness. All sleep soundly, and no sound is heard. With the exception of an occasional snore, a breathless hush pervades the hall. On a sudden there is a smart crash, a rattling sound. The sleepers jumped up in their beds. "What's that?" is the inward question of everybody. The thought of burglars occurs to each in turn. Brassband is certain that the bathroom window has been forced open; Ralph is sure some one is rapping on his window. They lie still and listen. Again there is a noise; it is like breaking glass; then all is silent.

At last John of Goshen ventures to his door and whispers: "Dinky are you asleep?" Dinky faintly answers, "Yes. Did you hear that?" John closes the door and dares not breathe. Soon some one runs down the corridor, and John and Dinky utter a cry of terror, and then in another minute open their doors—only to see the ex-chief, who desires to know if they had made the noise, but they had not; only they had distinctly heard some one beaking in. Then the ex-chief commands the two not to be frightened, and shakes dreadfully as he looks at his blunderbuss. Then there is a "hush," and a general listening. Yes, somebody is moving around down in that end of the corridor. To that end of the corridor

the ex-chief advances, while John holds his garments to check his desperate enthusiasm. What an amount of suffering, dread and terror is in the bosoms of Dink, John and the ex-chief as down to the scene of danger they advance. And what is all this sickness of heart for? The Earl of Whaley had been seized with a poetic inspiration, had climbed out of bed to jot it down, and in the darkness had knocked a bottle of ink off the table.

—In reference to our celebrated game with Knox College, in which Umpire Hinkston played so important a part the *Galesburg Tribune* says:

Talk of your Filipino "cures," bilge water and other devices, used in our "new possessions" for the glory of God and humanity and religion wasn't in it with Hinkston. He was worked from first to last the hardest of the nineteen men. The Notre Dame lads were tough and died hard. It took nine innings and about forty "rotten" decisions to give Knox the "victory."

Now the fact is: the thing was so rotten that every person outside of the "rooters" and the "umpire" held their noses. Even the Knox College boys not interested in the "benevolent assimilation" dose, were uneasy and looked haggard. The matter was the worst dose ever administered to a crowd of strangers. The matter has not been bragged upon by the perpetrators, and Hinkston will loom up like a country lighthouse in a fog.

In another section of the paper the same writer says again:

The people who bet on Saturday's game were bilked out of their money. If Notre Dame had dishonored itself by a mean trick, Knox should either have discarded them or given them a fair game and then said: "That is how gentlemen act; go back to your college and take it as a lesson." But they didn't. Their act can have but a deleterious effect, not only on athletic sporting, but on the community at large. The youth of our city, when they see such acts go unchallenged, will say, it was right, and profit by it.

And then:

Some of the apologists for Knox College are helping out that gang that stole the game last Saturday. They say they were just getting even with Notre Dame for stealing one from Knox. Queer that the Knox "athletes" didn't say anything about it before they "Hinkstoned" the other fellows. Queer that it was only after the bald-faced work of Saturday could no longer be covered that they claimed Notre Dame had stolen the game from them. It was apparent that Notre Dame team did not need to steal any game from the Knoxonians. They were superior in every point. The rooters on the benches, ready to applaud every act of Knox, had little chance to get off their goose-talk during the game.

To-day the track team is down contending for the Indiana Championship. For the past four years we did little contending, but merely sent a team to bring the banner back. This year, however, circumstances have changed, and if we win it will be by a narrow margin. One man we look to to bear the brunt of the contest, and that is Captain Kirby. The Captain will be worked in a half dozen events during the day, events that will try the ability of the greatest of athletes. We depend upon him for the majority of our points. On all other occasions he has risen to the emergency and proven that he has the ability to lead a team both as a good fellow and as a captain.