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THE HON. WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. B., '76, A. M., '95,
Orator of the Day.

Reflection.

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

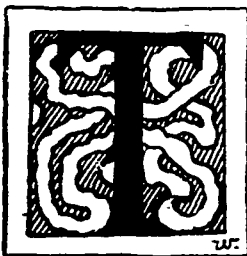
IANA, goddess great in days of old,
With sin streamed forth on man your silv'ry
light

Dispelling darkness. Guiding star of night,
How oft the raging, tossing sea you've lolled
With dancing beams: enchanted, you'd enfold
This earth, a garden fair; yet, as a sprite,
Behind the darkest cloud you've taken flight,
Deserting all that darkness soon controlled.

When dire misfortune creeps into our day,
And happiness has left us sad and drear—
List! duty calls: ah! let me not take flight;
But with a helping hand and heart I might
Assist a friend; restore his smile and cheer—
Make every pilgrim happy on his way.

Jean de Brebeuf.*

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.



HE hero-worship of the world is unjust. The world is fascinated by the glitter of tinsel and as the true hero is often without this, he is commonly unknown and unloved. Not that the world would not honor him, if she knew him, but the world's eye must be caught first before she appreciates true grandeur of soul. Some heroes are made in an hour, but these only delight the vision of men, and unless there be something more than vivid coloring, the picture fades in the strong light of truth, and they are forgotten and often contemned for having duped mankind. But even among true heroes—those mighty in soul—some, like the soldier, have the advantage of being introduced to men in the glare of light, while others just as great, like the great medical heroes, who worked silently for humanity, are long unknown, until some day the dawn of truth shimmers over the world and discovers the works of these mighty forces piled up as glorious monuments over their silent bones. Then the world pays her tribute of gratitude and love that is mellowed by a tear, and sends up a shout of applause that is softened by a

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest in Washington Hall, May 28, 1902.

vague regret; and at last when the colors of passing emotion fade, self-sacrifice is the only test of greatness, and he whose life-work was destroyed almost as soon as it was born, is often deemed a mighty hero and is raised on the pedestal of the world's veneration.

For America the day of awakening has come in many cases. Students of her history have peered back to the time of her birth and have seen great souls venturing here, unterrified by doubts and fears, and have rendered them homage. They have looked over the land when yet it was covered with dark forests that wailed mournfully in the winter and stood sullen and immovable in summer; but the sight was uninviting, and they little dreamed of the activity in these silent depths. Those, however, that turned their eyes to the settlements saw sights that bespoke the nature of the inhabitants of these silent woods, for out of their gloomy depths often wilds yelping Indians swooped upon the peaceful settlers and murdered them with fiendish exultation. Or in time of peace they have seen these savages lying lazily about the villages, and shuddered at the possibilities of treachery in their deceitful eyes.

Those that did not tire of this picture to turn their eyes upon the events of Europe, those, a very few, have followed the Indian to his woods, and there have seen tribe warring against tribe amid revolting scenes of cruelty; then following them to their villages, and even to their very huts, they have seen, almost indiscernible for the smoke that rose thickly from the fires, masses of humanity huddled together,—greasy warriors, withered old hags, whose eyes shone like beads in the smoke, young Indian girls, coarse and dissolute, and naked children crawling about the filthy floors. Sometimes they saw the whole village crowding into one hut, gorging themselves, yelling, dancing, till the place became a bedlam; then when frenzy reached its height a prisoner was brought forward and tied to a stake; and in the ghastly light of the wood-fire that curled about him, they snatched his roasted flesh as it fell from his bones and devoured it. Oh! but that is not all they see. Amid these fiends there is one that takes no part; he even approaches the burning warrior, pushing his way through the frenzied mob, while the squaws, shriek their indignation. They see this one, these few students,—and the wonder is that more have not known and honoured

him,—for who is he buried here among these savages? My friends, if you look at that face you will see that it is not long from the luxury of Europe; hardship has not covered up the lines of refinement there, but you can not see the manly form as he bends forward to elicit a ray of bright hope in the dying warrior's eyes, for he is shrouded in a long black robe, the habit of the Jesuit priest.

This man is Jean de Brébeuf. I do not ask you to admire the Jesuit or the priest, but you must admire the man; for, with features that seemed carved by nature for a soldier, a man he was to the very marrow of his bones. Picture a tall form of prodigious strength; know that it was ruled by a spirit, hot, impetuous and enthusiastic, and you have the man. Place him away from civilization amid squalid savages, think of the self-sacrifice implied therein, and make that the measure of his mighty purpose, that like a raging torrent in him swept every thought of friend or ease irresistibly aside,—the purpose that bore him from the luxury of Europe to the dark fastnesses of misery and sin,—and you have the secret of his life. We honour those that for a thrilling moment face the cannon of the enemy; but oh! much more worthy of honour is he that faces the weariness and dangers of a life like this! A thrilling moment makes us forget self, and we wonder at what we have done; but the calm deliberation that makes one submit to a living death, this is heroism; or if it is not, there is no such thing.

His life must be studied to be appreciated. There are few incidents to hold the eye. His death was the only flash in the dark background of his life that would catch the eye of the senseless world. But the living martyrdom of a quarter of a century was more remarkable than his death. The awful drudgery, day after day, when even torture, the most degrading cruelty and sickening sights of blood and massacre became familiar, while ever over him hung, like the sword of Damocles, the danger of torture, called for the highest moral courage. For five or six years he was practically alone. But heroism inspires heroism; and in 1633 we find him making a journey with two companions nine hundred miles from Quebec. He is with the Huron Indians with whom his first mission was passed and who are going back to their villages. We see the missionaries, each in a different canoe, separated during nearly the whole way. The savages are surly and sullen and refuse to con-

verse with Brébeuf, who knew the language, consequently he is left to his own thoughts. Did his heart quail under the gloomy presentiment that this was to be his last mission? Did his energy flag under the sullen glances of the savages? Did his efforts relax in dragging canoes up the rapids or when bearing the burden, when the stream was not navigable, even his iron frame was exhausted and he doubted if he would ever reach his destination? Ah no! There is not a grander scene in history than this: a man that knew all the hardships before him; a man that after years had not lost his enthusiasm, going back to a living tomb and the horrors of inevitable torture, his heart laboring under a dread foreboding but sustained and upborne to the highest point of sacrifice by the might of his tremendous will.

When they arrived the Indians sullenly threw his baggage on the ground and deserted him. But he knew the way and alone came to their village, where the fickle people, who had laid aside their ill-humor, welcomed him. Here weeks after, his companions, who had been deserted, came also, separately and half dead. Then began the last mission of Brébeuf, which was to last sixteen years. When the Indians were friendly we have the picture of this modern Moses in the shade of the virgin forest, sitting majestically in his robe, his long beard giving him the mien of a prophet, surrounded by the simple Indians. Day after day he instructed them, and allured them to forsake vice; but what was hardest of all, most of his work was in vain. The warriors would admit everything he said, but make no move to follow his counsels.

Yet these, hard and hopeless as they were, were the brightest days. Days of famine came often to the dirty, indolent race, and superstition pointed to the priests as the cause. Then Brébeuf and his companions found those for whom they had done so much, sullen, refusing to converse. They found even their miserable huts closed against them, but fearlessly Brébeuf, would stand by a door till an Indian would come out, then glide within and awe even the savage by his boldness. Stones and sticks were thrown at the priests as they passed near the huts. Often the treacherous hatchet was raised. Once a murdering party followed them, but they escaped in the darkness. At every village they visited they were shut out, reviled. Once they were even sentenced to death; but Brébeuf's heart never quailed. Knowing the

Indian custom to give a feast when one was about to die, he gave such a feast. The warriors came; he spoke on spiritual topics. They listened in silence and left without a word, but this act of courage saved the missionaries' lives.

Was not this fearless giant a soldier? Not in serried ranks marching to the throbs of martial music, but alone he struggled from village to village; not bringing death but life; his armor, the fearlessness that disarmed the savages; his weapon, the love that smote their hearts; his standard, the universal standard of the Cross. Often he slept on the cold ground, when the wind sighed through the silent trees, half famished with hunger and heart-sick at abuse and apparent failure. Often as he lingered into the night on his knees, he saw visions that foretold his doom, yet his strong heart never wavered. Not a theorizer he; not one of those that sat in comfortable studies and composed policies toward the Indian; but a worker who wrought painfully for the Indian, preached to him, comforted him, loved him. In short, a man with the courage of a high purpose and the resolution of a noble soul.

Of his death, it is enough to say that it was consistent with his life. He was captured at one St. Louis by the Iroquois. The warning had come, but he and his companion, Lalle-mant, who had been in the country but six months, resolved to stay. The town fell easily to the enemy; and Brébeuf saw his last scene of horror. The prisoners were taken to St. Ignace, and on that dread journey was left a trail of the mangled bodies and charred remains of tortured braves. At St. Ignace, Brébeuf was tied to a stake. With characteristic unselfishness he exhorted his companions to remain firm. This so enraged the Iroquois that to silence him they thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. Lalle-mant was led out and tortured before his eyes. Brébeuf kept encouraging him; but never uttered a word of pain. The warriors infuriated by this stolid indifference to pain, scalded him, cut off strips of his flesh and ate it. They scalped him; they hacked the flesh off his thighs to the bone, but he never flinched, till at last his wonderful vitality was exhausted, and he fell a mangled, burned and bleeding victim to their barbarous cruelty. The warriors themselves then paused in amazement before they tore open his breast to drink the blood of one so courageous in the hope that it would make them brave.

"Unless the seed falling into the ground dieth, itself remaineth alone and bringeth forth no fruit." Brébeuf's heart, my friends, was the martyr's seed. It was torn by insult, frozen by neglect, broken by disappointment, and at last crushed by death; but it perished only that the fiery spirit of love that it contained might leap forth and warm many a savage heart. We do not ask to see the results of this life; his white brothers have spoiled much of his work. But such heroism has not been in vain. The soil of America is sanctified by his blood and that of those who followed him. More than this, a glorious example lives,—an example that will grow from age to age as knowledge grows; for worthy to be enshrined in every heart are the deeds of the First Apostle of the Hurons, the martyr, Jean de Brébeuf.

A Vignette of the University.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

She sat alone in her room with an open book in her lap. She was thin and pale and looked thinner for her large eyes and wide mouth, paler for her black hair. She was not reading, but looking out the window at the March rain drizzling down upon the dull, sodden lawn in front of the college boarding house. It was a holiday at the State University, but the rain had spoiled the co-ed's plans for the afternoon. At the last moment, however, they had decided to have an informal tea just among themselves. The girl could hear them laughing in the room next to hers as she sat and looked out across the dull, wet earth. She didn't care to join them—she knew what their "informal tea" was like.

She heard their chattering over a game of cards, then all was still; some one was drawing a card. A peal of laughter now and hubbub again—the doleful "Old Maid" has fallen to some unfortunate. Those "informal teas,"—she had attended so many of them and stayed away from so many more during her four years at the University that she knew just what was happening at almost every minute in the room next to hers. She knew who were playing the violin and the guitar, and who were leading in the waltzes. It was always the same, and the sameness of everything was tiring her. How could those girls, she asked herself, meet week after week and year

after year of the four they spent in college, and go through the boring routine of that most formal of college events,—the “informal tea?”

Just now her mind was not on the room next to hers, nor thinking of the jolly crowd that was collected there. She knew that over in the Wayburn Rooms on Jackson Street, he was “plugging” away at Latin or at Greek, or working at some English theme. She knew he was working,—he always worked on days like this, while she dreamed. Who was he that should usurp the thoughts of this college maiden? A student taking the same course that she was taking; a bright, handsome fellow who sat beside her in class because his name followed hers on the roll-call.

They had sat side by side since their first day at college, and had been friends all along. He had at first pitied her loneliness, and she liked him because he was kind to her. Of late, however, their friendship was not as close as it had been during the first years. She had not changed in her attitude toward him, but he had grown away from her, slowly but surely she felt. And now this afternoon when she had such inward quiet in the noise around her she thought of her first years at the university and of the hopes that had made them so happy. She remembered now the walks they took in spring far into the country; she recalled the delightful little luncheons which their “crowd” took at a certain farm-house; she thought of the picnics, the sleigh-rides and the balls, and sighed when she realized that they were past, and that their pleasure was not to be realized again. This year they would both be graduated, and she knew that he intended taking a different path in the world than the one she had chosen.

He, too, was alone in his room, and, as she had correctly judged, working. He picked up a copy of “Evangeline” with the intention of looking for a half-forgotten line that he wished to insert in his theme. He began at the prelude, and read the whole poem through, closed the book, shoved his writing material aside, and thought.

An hour later the girl received a beautiful bunch of early violets bearing his card and a note containing the request that he be allowed to call that evening. Like one in a dream she mechanically wrote an answer and gave it to the boy who had brought the flowers. Then she brushed her hair and went in to the “informal tea.”

Varsity Verse.

REPOSE.

BID thee rest, O weary heart of mine;
Forget all strife in the wide peacefulness
Of sleep, and to oblivion consign
The constant pain of unforgetfulness.
The warrings of the world will never cease;
Thou canst not ease men's passions; no, nor keep
Thyself free of the storm; there is no peace
But in the shadow-curtained realms of sleep.

Why then wouldst wakeful be? Thou dost not know
The undisturbed quietude that lies
In sleep's domain; 'tis purer than the glow
Of crescent moon in silver-studded skies.
Then rest, the slumber-soothing rain-drops fall,
Nor dream of harm, here peace o'er-reacheth all.

C. L. O'D.

TRIOLET.

I spend an hour with thee again
The loyal friend of former years—
I wish no happier time than when
I spend an hour with thee again.
The things we loved as boys, as men,
We now revive in mirth and tears.
I spend an hour with thee again,
The loyal friend of former years.

P. P. McE.

A FALLACY.

That Love is blind I can't agree—
I almost feel constrained to laugh,
For hanging on the wall I see
My lady's photograph.

I read her eyes of deepest blue
And glory in her golden hair;
My inmost soul is pierced quite through—
No blindness can be there.

Now if our visions are the same,
And we're in deepest love entwined,
Then how, in gentle Cupid's name,—
Pray how can Love be blind?

W. J. McC.

QUATRAIN.

A word one day was scarce forborne
When duty would have had it said—
Some joy did light a soul forlorn
That ne'er could been had duty led.

F. F. D.

IN BYGONE DAYS.

In bygone days, in youth's fair tide,
Before thy love for me had died,
To gaze on thee was bliss untold;
Thy sparkling eyes shone bright as gold;
To do thy wish was then my pride.

O happy hour! when by thy side
I secrets would to thee confide.
Thy lovely face and form behold
In bygone days.

But soon thou didst me harshly chide,
And bade me far from thee abide.
Could I but move that heart so cold!
Could I but hear those words of old,
That seemed my very life to guide
In bygone days.

F. G.

The Man. The Girl. Her Aunt.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

She was walking by the seashore, her aunt a half mile down the beach. Delmar never cared for her aunt and the aunt took no fancy to Delmar. He felt sure that the engagement between the girl and Von Halstead, a fierce, military-looking German nobleman adventurer, was the aunt's making. He had blamed himself for it all. For three years they had not met—not her fault but his. And now his meeting her, and his knowledge of her approaching marriage had been purely accidental. He wondered whether it would have affected him had he been in Europe when this news reached him. Perhaps this awakening of dormant passions was all in seeing the girl. She had received him in the old-time way; her aunt had given him a cold greeting, as the aunt knowingly looked at the German who merely frowned. He had tried to get a few words to the girl, but her aunt had proven the dragon—there was no breaking into this charmed circle. The aunt had suddenly discovered the sea air did not agree with her rheumatism—they were to shorten their visit.

But the girl was walking along the seashore. Now she had stopped and was poking holes meditatively in the sand with her parasol. Perhaps she was thinking. The aunt in the distance was looking out into the sea with a telescope. He knew that she was the aunt and that with her was a telescope. He had seen the girl and the aunt together—the girl had wandered away. He felt that the girl and Providence had given him this opportunity. He could not neglect it. So he made for the girl. She started when she first saw him, but then greeted him in her old sweet way. He stood before her, her back to the aunt. He saw the aunt turn the telescope full on him. Then the aunt arose. He watched her very attentively.

"You leave to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes."

"May I ask where you go to?"

"Newport."

"Why do you leave Narragansett? Doesn't the air, the associations suit you?"

"Me? Yes, very much so," she smiled sweetly. He began to hope. "But my aunt is displeased with the surroundings." He

frowned. He looked over her shoulder. The aunt had arisen and was making toward them.

"Yes, yes, I know. Her rheumatics sometimes bother her. But had we not better walk up the beach? I have something to say to you. This may be my last talk to you."

"Your last talk! Surely you will come and see us?"

"Why should I, for then you will be married." She was silent. He looked over her shoulder again. Her aunt was coming toward them as fast as her enfeebled legs would permit. He must strike the bend of the beach. Here for awhile they would be lost to view.

"Why do you look over your shoulder so often?"

"I am distracted." She looked at him. "I know it is not proper for me to come and tell you how much I have ever cared for you and what my life will be if you go out of it."

"No; you must not." Her voice was low; she seemed to be thinking deeply.

"But I have long thought it over, and made up my mind to speak to you. Then if you wish you can send me away and I'll never bother you again."

She was gazing out into the ocean. He looked back. Her aunt was talking to a small boy and pointing in their direction. The urchin came running toward them. Delmar did not break the silence; he was casting furtive glances toward the boy who was quickly nearing them. Both walked on. Finally as the lad came up all out of breath and before he could speak Delmar said: "Pardon me, here's a lad I sent on an errand." He stepped back, she walked on.

"Did she send you for us," he asked the boy.

"Yes," he blurted out. "She says that she," pointing to the girl, "must come back quickly to go home."

"All right" he said. "Here's a half dollar. Go down town and bring me a cigar. Keep the change." The lad disappeared over a sand pile.

They reached the bend of the beach. Still both were silent. The girl half turned. He stepped before her to cut out a vision of the aunt; the latter waved her telescope wildly and then sank exhausted on a bench as both were lost to view. He again spoke.

"I have been out of your life for three years but you have not been out of mine. I have long thought of you and then your picture came back to me. Not an image on a cardboard, but one in my memory. Do you remem-

ber when I came in on a stormy night three years ago"?

"Yes."

"And you sat before that old stove and poked up the dying embers as they sparkled and cracked and went out into the storm."

She was gazing at him intently now.

"That is the picture I have of you. It is a fanciful one, but it ever comes back to me. I see you in the shadow of the room, your face lighted by the glare of dancing flames the wind at times threw into the room. Do you think that I can forget that picture?" His eyes were strangely set on her.

"Please don't talk that way. I must be going back to aunt." She turned and took a step forward.

"Wait," she stopped. "I will never see you again. So what I say may not make much difference to you." He came forward. "I know I should have spoken three years ago. There might have been hope then. You and I were always friends."

"Yes." Her eyes spoke as though they looked upon some far-off fields.

"Do you not remember of a night when I might call on you, that old dragon head hung on the wall and seemed to bid me defiance?"

"Yes, and how his beady eyes used to scare me. I always thought that old fellow had life in him"—she was smiling now.

"And then the picture of the chevalier in the corner: That fellow with frills and ruffles, his large twisted hat, his big boots and his enormous sword."—He had forgotten the aunt. "Do you not see him now as we then saw him and imagined him a great swordsman, a great hero?"

"Yes, and how I used to say that I wished I could be rescued by so gallant a knight and gave you the dare to fix out in clothes such as these."

Her lips had assumed their old characteristic sweet way and her eyes had their merry twinkle. He looked over the sand heaps and saw bobbing the top of a bonnet—it was the aunt, who was endeavouring to make a short-cut toward them.

"Yes, I did not take the dare—but let us walk this way and go back to where your aunt is." They walked away from the bobbing bonnet. She came closer to him. "But all these sweet memories will be shattered since you are to be married—"

She drew away from him.

"You must not mention that,"

"No—perhaps I ought not." He spoke deliberately and slowly. "But why ought I not?" He looked away, his face drawn in long cold lines. He now did not care if the aunt overtook them.

"You are not angry? Surely." She came closer to him again.

"No, not angry; but I do not want to see you married to another. I at one time thought that I might speak such things to you. I have been out struggling, working, successfully, I hope; and when I come to see my old friend, I find that she is to go away with another. How could I be angry? I am sad."

He looked at her, but she was silent.

"You know that we all have ideals; and you have been mine." He appeared to be speaking to himself. "I always felt that your mind was wonderfully fashioned. You had hopes and aspirations and ideals that few women have. Your soul was ever scintillating with brilliant thoughts and your heart full of noble deeds. But what is the use of recalling all this? It only makes me sad, and you—"

He turned to her but her face was white. There appeared to be a severe inward struggle going on.

"We always spoke of our futures. And by the aid of our past lives we drew aside the veil to see if we could not pierce the gloom in this dark land. You know what confidence I always had in you!"

She was still silent. Her face bore marks of the struggle. They were nearing the bend in the beach. He came closer to her and in a low voice said:

"May I hope?"

She looked at him, her eyes sparkling with half shed tears. She opened her lips; they turned the bend of the beach and there, a few yards away, on a bench sat her aunt, the telescope turned full on them. Both started, but the girl quickly recovered herself and said:

"You will come to Newport." Then unto her aunt, "Mr Delmar and I have been talking over old times."

"I thought you got lost," frowned the aunt.

"We were for awhile," said Delmar, "but we found each other." To which the girl smiled a silent yes.

Diana.

Mountains of clouds roll back, and slow

A gray creeps through the murky night;

A wider spot of white, then lo!

Down drops an avalanche of light. C. L. O'D.

The Case of the Suit Case.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

"She may be a princess travelling incognito, one of those invincible seminary graduates, or most everything else that's delightful and sweet!" thought susceptible Harvey as he pretended to read a current magazine. The subject of this exhaustive mental observation had been installed on the chair car along with sundry feminine wraps and packages at the last station. Since when Harvey continued not to read, while the young lady took an apparent interest in the scenery to be seen out of her window. From his chair directly across, Harvey concluded that the scenery to be viewed from her window was worthy of some attention; therefore, he continued not to read and to observe.

When several small stations had been left in the dust set flying by the heavy vestibuled train, the young lady took a hand mirror from one of her numerous travelling cases. She faced her window for the few moments used in rearranging disarranged locks; but, unfortunately, Harvey could well see her eyes and pale forehead reflected in the mirror. Thereat he became the more ill at ease, for two kinds of reflections were present to disturb his inquiring mind. Two more stations were passed and his observation had come to this point:

"She isn't as pretty as Sand's sister; that is, she wouldn't be if she wouldn't be so confoundedly unbending and independent. I swear she's of the class that ordinarily rides in special cars. One thing is sure she has a hard headache, for she has shut her eyes now and that whiteness of her face is too fair to be natural. I feel guilty in making such close observations; but then, this is psychological, you know, purely psychological."

At somewhere about this stage in Harvey's soliloquy his neighbor rested her head against the cushion; and these speculations had for inspiration an abundant head of dark-brown hair quietly resting on the cushion of the chair across the aisle:

"In case, now, that she has a hard headache, I have no excuse to offer her this magazine? No, she shouldn't read! Maybe she is taking one of those things called beauty naps. I'll admit I don't know much about them. Say, old man, how's this for a thought? Just take that bottle of smelling salts from your

suit case and ask her if she would not like to cure that headache of hers!"

"Pardon—now really—having had sisters of my own"—Harvey swallowed the lie—"I concluded you might feel better of your headache if you'd just smell these salts for a while. I—"

Harvey would have chatted on, but the look that she gave him was too much.

"Thank you!" she said, somewhat sarcastically, "you *are* thoughtful. Well, if you please, I shall accept your kindness!"

Harvey stood by her chair rather misplacedly. Apparently she was not going to say anything more. He could not expect to stand there while she cured her headache with his remedy; therefore, he meekly retreated to his own side of the car.

"Well now, I guess I've up and done it!" Harvey worried in mind. "That comes from being of too charitable and thoughtful a nature. What reserve, eh? Must be she comes from Boston, and I'll bet she thinks I am from Oklahoma. Jove, I guess I am!"

Harvey became so engrossed with his own reflections about these trivial circumstances that the train had stopped and was about to leave Kansas City when he came to himself. So he necessarily grabbed his coat, cane and suit case, and rushed for the platform. The young lady did not appear to note his leaving; however, she was very much aware of the fact.

John W. Butler, a student at the University of Wisconsin, was surprised one morning to get this short letter, post-marked Los Angeles:

"MR. JOHN W. BUTLER,

My dear Mr. Butler:—Since I have quite recovered from my headache, I feel that I should return the cure. I have returned the smelling salts in a separate cover. Many thanks!—EVELYN OTIS.

May the twenty-eighth,

The Shelter, Central Park."

Butler during a number of studious years had regretted a fast-thinning growth of hair, and his mental application with the above enigma produced too violent shampoos for the wellbeing of the few remaining shoots. Indeed, he knew of no reason why that bottle of smelling salts should be sent to him. He concluded, however, that he was the victim of some joke put up by the university fellows. This conclusion satisfied him for a week; then his curiosity conquered, and he wrote the following letter to

"MISS EVELYN OTIS,

My dear Miss Otis:—I haven't returned the bottle of smelling salts, though I am of the impression that some big mistake has some way been made. I never owned a bottle of smelling salts in my life. I can not see how, therefore, I could have loaned one to some delightful but indisposed young lady. Am I a victim of a practical joke?

Sincerely,—J. W. BUTLER.

June the fourteenth,

Madison, Wisconsin."

In due course of time Butler received this reply from California:

"MR. JOHN W. BUTLER.

"MY DEAR MR. BUTLER:—If some awful mistake has been made, I beg your pardon! I was coming from the East last month when a young man kindly loaned me a bottle of smelling salts. I did not know the young man and did not meet him; however, the name to which I sent the smelling salts was printed on his suit case. He left the car very hurriedly at Kansas City, and I inferred that his name was John W. Butler. If he wasn't you,—or the suit case was not his—I have inferred wrongly. Please pardon the mistake and the intrusion of my letters.

Sincerely,—EVELYN OTIS."

Of course Butler had to write back to apologize for her apology, and she had to answer in order to apologize for his apology. And then Butler incidentally apologized for Harvey who had loaned his suit case, and she treated the outcome of the circumstance at considerable length. And since the two young persons were human and alive to the unusual, a somewhat brisk correspondence soon ensued.

The next winter Butler took a Western trip ostensibly for his health, though he was not so badly affected in lungs as in heart; and when Harvey ran down to see Butler get graduated the following June, he picked up a photograph from Butler's dresser, studied it abstractedly for a moment, and said:

"Confound it, Butler, where have I seen that face? Not on the stage, not in the magazines—I have it. I saw that over the magazine once on the Sunset Limited nearly two years ago. There's beauty for you! How did you ever get this you homely old bore?"

"You see, our first introduction was quite romantic! I didn't—"

"Spare me! spare me! Some old stuff!" Harvey interrupted Butler, and just then four of Butler's classmates bustled into his room.

A Bit of Wreckage

JOHN HARTE, '05.

One afternoon in September many years ago I was standing on Black Rock, a large mass of creviced limestone that is washed by the tide of Galway Bay. The wind was blowing a gale which carried the briny odor to the land, and the sun was obscured by a solitary cloud whose shape was similar to the map of Greenland. A half dozen seagulls hovered over a bit of floating wreckage, and dipped their wings in the swelling tide. Their occasional shrieks echoed along the rocky coast of Salt Hill and added gloom to a scene now vacated by every tourist in Galway.

Finding myself thus situated I fell to musing, but my attention was soon arrested by the floating wreckage which I now perceived was part of the remains of an antiquated mainmast. The seagulls came and went at their pleasure, and their cries recalled a bygone day when a ship left the neighboring port and severed forever, perhaps, the tie that bound fond hearts together.

If that spar could talk, thought I, what tales it might tell, what adventures relate, of distant seas and fairy isles. Perhaps it saw the rise of a great republic and the disruption of an empire; it may have heard conquering legions sounding their acclamations of triumph or listened to the entrancing music that follows an outburst of martial glory; or, perhaps, it carried heroes across oceans to plead for the emancipation of down-trodden peoples; or, peradventure, it was once the medium through which lovers kissed farewell to the fields and groves, whose trees and flowers and streams heard only the twilight songs that expressed the feelings of enamored hearts. And might it not be captained by a hero whose name for some great achievement will live down the centuries? These thoughts flashed across my mind as I stood there giving wings to the fancy that was fanned by the weird murmuring of a restless ocean.

By this time the bit of wreckage was washed ashore, the wind had somewhat ceased its moaning, and the sun was hiding behind the Cliffs of Moher. As I turned to go home the city bells were chiming the hour of six, and the white sail I had seen a few minutes before was nearing the lighthouse, whose flickering light cast a reflection on the dark brown water.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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REPORTERS

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—We print in this issue a picture of our Commencement orator, Hon. Wm. P. Breen, A. B., '76, A. M., '95. Mr. Breen is regarded as one of the best speakers in Indiana.

—The SCHOLASTIC regrets to state that the story entitled *At the Stroke of Twelve*, published in last week's issue, should have been credited to the *Black Cat*. The young man who signed his name to the contribution deserves only such credit as is due to his industry and audacity in transcribing it. The action of the Law Class in promptly exiling the offender meets with general approval, and the erring young man has learned a wholesome, even though it be a bitter, lesson from the transaction.

—We of the SCHOLASTIC Staff are about to chant our valedictory. We at one time felt that we might leave this important bit of work undone and slide off the stage with nobody to add a few hoots or plaudits to our exit. But at the eleventh hour we find ourselves human and prone to take farewell of our fellow-subscribers, contributors, and sufferers.

The management has but few complaints to

make. Assignments were usually filled with alacrity; and whenever the staff men had a cousin to visit or a ramble to take, the younger classmen came in to make up the deficiency. A glance at the pages of our thirty-six, or thirty-seven issues shows that the younger men, not staff members, have been doing an abundance of good and clever work. From this we infer that those who pick up our ink pots and pens next year will be more than duly qualified to keep up the traditions and reputation of the SCHOLASTIC.

At no time during the year has there been a dearth of verse or stories; and this speaks well for the men of next year. Verse, and a goodly amount of it; stories, short and clever, are the things that lend flavour to our publication. Heavy theses and *post mortem* essays should find few places on its pages. They are usually too heavy, not on account of their knowledge but their ignorance and antediluvian style. The verse and stories we have had; the heavy essay we have endeavored to avoid.

And in taking farewell of our editors, subscribers and sufferers we would like to thank them for their good nature—the latter especially. They have appeared in the local column, and though their criticism inwardly at times might have been caustic and bitter, yet they were kind enough to keep the same to themselves.

The second half of the SCHOLASTIC has usually been the hardest half to fill—and here certain men come in for special thanks. Pat McDonough ever swung his editorial pen with that cleverness characteristic of him whenever he was called upon. Frank Dukette was our musical and concert critic, and at times our exchange man. In these positions much of the second part of the SCHOLASTIC fell from his pen. Albert Krug and Vitus Jones handled the personal column; Krug likewise did an abundance of other work in his able manner. The exchange column during the year was in the care of George Burkitt and John O'Hara, whose styles lent a charm to this column.

But the two men who gave the local column what flavor and humor it might possess are the Hon. Jos. P. O'Reilly and John P. Curry. Both were possessed with a goodly amount of humor which ever flowed good naturedly from their pen. O'Reilly was our athletic reporter—his work speaks for him.

And now we take farewell of all of you, feeling the same as when we came—contented.

The Last Game a Tie.

The Varsity wound up a glorious season by playing eight innings of the most exciting kind of baseball with the strong team of Purdue University. The score at the end of the eighth inning, when rain put an end to the game, was two and two. It was by far the snappiest and best-played game of the season, and was replete with sensational plays. A heavy rain, which began falling in the sixth, compelled the umpire to call the game at the finish of the eighth inning, with the contest undecided.

It was a battle royal from the start. Purdue went into the game with the determination to repay us for the walloping they received

on their home grounds, while our fellows were equally determined to balk their plans and retain the State Championship. In the latter attempt they were successful, and we feel sure they would also have won out had the contest been continued. Higgins pitched the first three innings and did excellent work. Dohan relieved him in the fourth, and from that time on Purdue secured but one hit. Ruby for Purdue also pitched masterly ball, being very effective at critical moments.



PHILIP B. O'NEILL (Catcher.)

the chief feature of the game. Such daring base running as Farley did has seldom been seen on Cartier Field, while O'Neill behind the bat and the Capt. at short did phenomenal work. It was a fitting close to their four years of brilliant playing.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	1	1	4	4	0
Farley, cf	1	1	3	1	0
O'Neill, c	0	0	6	1	0
Gage, 2b	0	0	2	3	0
Hemp, 3b	0	0	0	2	0
Stephan, 1b	0	1	6	0	0
Sh'ghnessy, if	0	0	2	1	0
O'Connor, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Higgins, p	0	0	1	1	0
Dohan, p	0	0	0	2	1

Totals 2 3 24 15 1

Purdue	R	H	P	A	E
Ruby, p	1	1	1	2	1
Cornell, ss	0	0	0	2	1
Ritter, rf	1	0	1	0	1
Cohen, 3b	0	1	5	1	0
Hardy, lf	0	1	2	0	0
Cook, c	0	0	5	1	0
Palmer, cf	0	1	1	0	0
Leslie, 1b	0	1	8	0	1
McKee, 2b	0	0	1	0	0

Totals 2 5 24 6 4

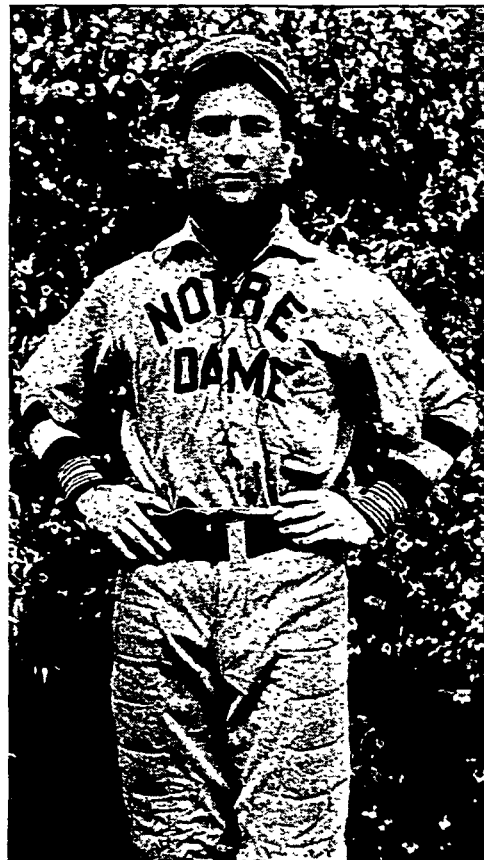
Stolen bases, Farley (3), O'Neill, Gage, Shaughnessy. Sac. Hit, O'Neill. Base on balls, Higgins, 2; Ruby, 4; Dohan, 2. H. P. B., Ruby, 1. S. out, Higgins, 1; Dohan, 2; Ruby, 4; Balk, Dohan. 2b. H., Cohen. Double play, Gage-Lynch-Stephan. 1:45 s. Umpire, Coffey. J. P. O'R.

Purdue scored her two runs in the first on a couple of timely hits and two bases on balls. After that they were blanked. Our runs came in the first and fifth. In the first Lynch drew a base, Farley singled, and Gage's fly to right field scored Lynch. Lynch opened up the fifth with a hit, but went out on Farley's grounder. Farley stole second and third and scored on O'Neill's long fly to left. This ended our run getting, although we had men on bases two or three times.

The game was also signalized by the fact that it was the last appearance of the three stars, Capt Lynch, O'Neill and Farley, it being their fourth and last year of college baseball. The work of these three was



JOHN F. FARLEY (Centre).



R. E. LYNCH (Capt. and Short Stop).

State Championship Meet.

Before a large and an enthusiastic audience at Terre Haute last Saturday the Notre Dame track team, the remnants of what was once a great band of competitors, lost the state championship to Purdue, and tied Indiana for second place. This is the first time in five years that the championship has left Notre Dame. On March 15 when we met Indiana and Purdue in a triangular meet the Varsity scored more points than the other two schools combined; but when we went down to Terre Haute, Staples was missing from the dashes, Gearin from the quarter mile, Herbert from the hurdles, Uffendell from the half mile, and of course we logically lost. Five new men, Halloran, Draper, Reichardt, Koehler and Daly replaced them and competed in their first meet. But those were new men at the business, and though they did magnificent work they were not experienced enough to do justice to the responsibility placed upon them.

Capt. Kirby was the hero of the meet. He won 17 points, two firsts, two seconds and a third, giving him a clear title to the Stoeckley Gold Medal for the greatest number of points won in a single meet. He started in the very first event, the 120 yard high hurdles, which he won by yards. These were the first high hurdles Kirby ever ran. Then he competed in the 100 yard dash, the 220 yard dash, the 440 yard dash, the shot put, the discus throw, the broad jump, and when the low hurdles came along he was all in and had to be content with second place.

Bert McCullough was our next best point winner. He took first place in the discus throw with 107 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, breaking the state record. In the shot put he captured third place, and had the hammer throw won until Miller of Purdue in his very last throw by sending the hammer out 112 feet, 1 foot better than McCullough's best throw, took first place. Sullivan took third place in the high jump and first place in the pole vault by clearing 10 feet easily. This event was the last one on the programme, and when it began Purdue had 55 points, Indiana 34 and Notre Dame 30. A fierce contest went on for second and third places between Hoover and Halloran of Notre Dame, Huffman of Purdue and Fields of Indiana. After a great deal of vaulting, Huffman took second place and Fields third, thereby tying Notre Dame and Indiana.

Draper took second place in the shot with a put of 37 feet 2 inches. He showed the makings of a good athlete, and should be a first point winner next year. Daly ran both the quarter mile and the half mile. In the latter he held second place all the way around the track till a few yards from the tape when Heintz of Wabash passed him. This is Daly's first year, and we expect magnificent things of him next year. Both Koehler and Reichardt in their races showed that they have the ability to do some tall running before another twelve months passes.

The Indiana Intercollegiate Meet was by no means wanting in close finishes and good records. The 220-yard dash was lowered 1-5 of a second by Rice of Purdue who won the race in 22 seconds flat. Rice likewise equalled the state record of 10 seconds. In the 220 yard hurdle, W. E. Russell of Purdue tied the state record with 25 seconds. Hearn of Purdue was much in evidence in his winning of the mile and half mile races. In the mile Steele lined up against him, but Frank had a broken bone in his foot, and though he ran a great race the pain was too severe and he did not qualify.

Now a word about Manager H. V. Crumley and Coach Butler. The former has always shown that tact and talent that go to make an athletic manager of rare athletic ability. He has had more obstacles to overcome than any of our past managers, and the way he has risen to the emergency has at times been marvelous.

Before Butler took charge of our athletic teams, men were constantly troubled with "Charley Horses." In fact it was a common thing for a man to break down in the middle of the season's work. But this year we have not had any break downs, and if it were not for unforeseen circumstances we would have had one of the strongest teams in the West at the end of the year.

SUMMARY.

100 yard dash—Won by Rice, P.; Russell, P., second; and Martin, I. U., third. Time, :10.

220 yard dash—Won by Rice, P.; Martin, I. U., second; and Kirby, N. D., third. Time, :22.

440 yard run—Won by Matthews, I. U.; Lockridge, I. U., second; and Leavy, P., third. Time, :52 2-5.

880 yard run—Won by Hearn, P.; Heintz, W., second; and Daly, N. D., third. Time, 2:03.

Mile run—Won by Hearn, P.; Barclay, I. U., second; and Reed, W., third. Time, 4:41 3-5.

120 yard hurdle—Won by Kirby, N. D.; Russell, P., second; and Shockley, third. Time, :16 1-5.

220 yard hurdle—Won by Russell, P.; Kirby, N. D.

second; H. Hoover, Notre Dame, third. Time, :25.

One mile bicycle—Won by Bryan, I. U.; Duncan, P., second; and Johnson, I. S. N., third. Time, 2:31 1-5.

Half mile bicycle—Won by Bryan, I. U.; Coval, I. U., second; and Crumerine, P., third. Time, 1:18 1-5.

Running high jump—Won by Vehslage, P.; Corns, P., second; and Sullivan, N. D., third. Height, 5 feet 7¾ inches.

Running broad jump—Won by Shockley, I. U.; Corns, P., second; and Pierce, I. S. N., third. Distance, 21 feet 4 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Sullivan, N. D.; Huffman, P., second; and Fields, I. U., third. Height, 10 feet.

Discus throw—Won by McCullough, N. D.; Miller, P., second; and Kirby, N. D., third. Distance, 107 feet 1¾ inches.

Shot put—Won by Kirby, N. D.; Draper, N. D., second; and McCullough, N. D., third. Distance, 40 feet 1¼ inches.

Hammer throw—Won by Miller, P.; McCullough, N. D., second; and Beecher, I. S. N., third. Distance, 112 feet 2 inches.

J. P. O'R.

Exchanges.

The June *Dial* contains some good verse. "The Two Roses" especially is a very pretty thing. The author of the "Longevity of Fiction" makes the point that it takes something besides large sales and immense popularity to make a novel live. He finds that the spasmodic successes of most recent fiction have been due to clever advertising methods. Certainly, advertising is a great force in determining the popularity of novels, yet there are other considerations. One of those is that the great mass of fiction readers can not appreciate the better class of fiction writers. George Meredith is by many looked upon as the greatest artist in fiction in recent years, yet no amount of advertising could make one of his novels reach the five hundred thousandth mark. He is immeasurably above the ordinary artistic sense, and hence not popular outside the circle of the select few.

It is not meant by this that novel readers are untaught, but merely that it takes special training to appreciate what the critics call artistic work. The people love a novel for the story's sake, and the author that can tell a story with a rush of incident and put life into it will be read. That, it seems to us, is what many of our popular novelists can do, and that is why their books sell. Hall Caine undoubtedly is a shrewd advertiser, but if he hadn't the knack of telling his story interestingly his story wouldn't sell. Of course, the work that will last must have this well-told story, but it must also have the other artistic

qualities which the critics insist upon, such as depth of passion, good characterization and technical ability. These are difficult to find, but when a Shakspeare unites them all his work lasts, for his art appeals to every class.

* * *

With this issue we make our valedictory. It is in one way a great relief to be released from turning in our weekly "copy," because our stock of similes for "clever" and "crude" long ago ran out. On the other hand it is a matter of regret to be forced to leave the charmed circle of ex-men who are presumed to make or mar literary reputations at will. Now that it is all over we must confess that it is a difficult matter to show any good reason for the existence of an ex-column. It, of course, gives employment to the man on the board of editors who can not do anything else. Then, too, it fills space. It gives an opportunity for an exchange of ideas, but in this it does not differ from an editorial page. Anyone reading the ex-columns week after week may see that everything is stale, tiresome and perfunctory. Probably most ex-men, we confess we are among the number, do not read the work they criticise. They merely use the author as a clothes-horse on which to hang their own opinions which they think need an airing. That is the way the work is done when it has any value. At other times it is merely a succession of phrases, commendatory or denunciatory according to the ex-man's temperature at the time. Some ex-men, to relieve the ennui of their existence, pick quarrels with their fellow-ex-men and thrust and parry intellectually with all the vim of mediæval swashbucklers. Thus the comedy is kept up. Having made our confession we put down our ex-pen with malice toward none, with charity toward all.

J. P. O'H.

Personals.

—Mr. Vincent Morrison (B. S., '93), of Fort Madison, Iowa, was the guest of his brothers of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. James Murphy (LL. B., 1900) has opened a law office in Rock Island, Illinois. Mr. Murphy is building up a very successful practice.

—Mr. Arthur W. Stace (A. B., '96) spent a few hours with his old friends at the University last Tuesday night. Mr. Stace is occupying an important position with the *Grand Rapids Evening Press*.

—Mr. William W. F. Fitzpatrick (B. S., '97) was graduated a short time ago from Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. He was chosen presenter for his class. Mr. Fitzpatrick has been appointed resident physician on the staff of St. Paul's Sanitarium at Dallas, Texas.

—On June 4, Mr. Frank H. Wagner of Lafayette, Ind., was married to Miss Margaret Kessner, also of Lafayette. The ceremony took place at St. Boniface's Church. Mr. Wagner is the youngest son of John Wagner, and is associated with his father in business. He was educated at Notre Dame, and is one of the city's most energetic and popular young business men.

—On Wednesday morning, June 18, is to take place the wedding of Dr. John A. Stoeckley and Miss Evelyn Hinkle, both of South Bend, Indiana. The marriage is to be solemnized at St. Patrick's Church at nine o'clock. Dr. Stoeckley is one of South Bend's best dentists. He is a warm friend of Notre Dame, and early in the year offered a medal for the athlete winning the greatest number of points in any one meet. He has many sincere friends, all of whom join in wishing him many happy years of married life.

—William McInerny (Law '01) of South Bend, Ind., is making rapid progress since his graduation last June. Immediately on his leaving Notre Dame he opened up a law office, and business began to come his way. Now he is the appointee of the Democratic mayor for commissioner of public works. This is certainly great progress for a young man. James McWeeney, our ex-football coach, is to be appointed chief of police in the same town. No better man could be selected for the position.

A. L. K.

Local Items.

—"Birds of a feather flock together." Who knows the boy with the flirty eyes?

—From present appearances the "grad" table will have a representative bunch back next year. Many of the old graduates have filed applications for rooms.

—The work of the students in mechanical and artistic drawing will be on exhibition Monday from 9.30 a. m. till 4 p. m., in the drawing-rooms on the fourth floor.

—Sunday after the Baccalaureate sermon the graduates will receive their instructions from the Reverend President in the parlour. Then for the first time will they know how it feels to be an alumnus.

—It was a silk hat, large and glossy. One of those kind that has seen service for three score years and ten. Unfortunately, the owner planted himself below the Sorin Hall water spout. Now he is wondering whether an

accidental cloud-burst struck him, or whether a silk hat is a magnet for large, well-filled water pitchers.

—In the *Tribune* store window, South Bend, on exhibition is a Notre Dame pillow—one highly artistic with clever burnt work on the leather cover. The young lady certainly showed skill in the making of this and we congratulate the recipient of it.

—The dredge is busily engaged in throwing up islands on St. Joseph's Lake. These marl beds may mar the beauty of the lower part of the lake for a short time, but it is only a matter of weeks or months when vegetation will cover them, and then we will have the lower part of this lake more beautiful than ever.

—The Notre Dame Chicago alumni will receive an addition of four lawyers to its ranks from the Senior law class. The men to locate there are Mitchell, Kinney, Crimmins and Sullivan. There is also a probability that Geo. Kelly and "Count" Meyers may drift into this Mecca of politicians and lawyers.

—At last Sunday's concert, "La Mona," a march and two steps published by Kremner and Co. of Chicago was played by the band. This piece on account of its sweetness made a hit with both the band members and the audience. Arthur Steiner's solo, "The Lost Chord" caused very much favorable criticism.

—"Sailor" Kirby has been selected to lead the track team next year. His election took place last Monday when the team lined up at McDonald's to have its picture taken. Kirby is the ablest man on the team and the best all-around athlete at the University. With a few more like himself on next year's track team we will certainly be successful.

—John L. Corley, Law '02, winner of the Oratorical Contest, has been selected to speak at the Soldiers' Reunion on July 4 at Millwood, Mo. Mr. Corley will certainly do himself and his college justice at this reunion, for he is a speaker of rare ability. He is easy and graceful on the stage, and by his winning personality has the audience with him from the beginning to the end of his talk.

—Last Sunday evening the University Band gave its first public concert on the quadrangle. The programme consisted of popular music principally; however, "The Lost Chord" was played. Mr. Arthur Steiner took the cornet solo in the last-named piece and executed it with skill. The students were enthusiastic in their applause. There will be a number of concerts given by the Band before the close of the year.

—The poorest and cheapest-looking medals perhaps ever handed out in an Indiana meet were given to the successful athletes at Terre Haute last Saturday. In fact, the resemblance between the bronze ones and the supposed gold ones was so close that the donator fre-

quently made the mistake of giving a first-prize winner a third class medal. There is always a limit to cheapness. In fact, a decent-looking ribbon would be far preferable to those bits of base metal.

--The baseball team were put in possession of their caps last week; the next team to be similarly honoured is the track team. The baseball men have been doing excellent work during the year, and as a finale to this work they elected Stephan their first baseman captain for next year. Stephan is certainly a clever infielder and perhaps the most level-headed man on the team for the position.

--The gymnastic club at the University has added another game to its long list of strenuous ones—it will play ping pong. Almost nightly it goes through its singing lessons, then follows croquet, after that duck-on-the-rock. By this time the club is fairly exhausted, and then by way of recuperation it exercises its lungs by shouting, kicking, etc., until young Hercules swoops down upon the bunch—and then follows the catastrophe. Now 'tis a question as to whether the club or the swooper regrets the affair most.

--"Bobby" Lynch, our famous short stop, will play National League ball during the summer time. Bob will be with Philadelphia and will open up his season's work Monday next in Chicago. Next year he will coach the baseball team and take his A. B. Bob is not only a good ball player but a very good student. He brings the same amount of energy into both fields. Nor have we the least doubt that by the close of the baseball season he will be recognized as one of the fastest short stops in the National League.

--The Varsity baseball team was tendered a banquet by the Reverend Father Morrissey at the Hotel Oliver in South Bend, Wednesday evening. Mngr. Crumley presided, and after the spread made a few remarks to the outgoing members, Lynch, O'Neill and Farley. Captain Lynch responded in his characteristic manner which has already won the baseball team a reputation in Indiana. After the banquet the team felt very kindly toward the Reverend President, for they recognized the fact that he understood that the best road to a baseball player's heart is the old one—through his stomach.

--A few notes from the track meet:—While "Sailor" Kirby was performing his titanic feats at Terre Haute last Saturday, there must have been fully 1500 co-eds in the grand-stand. 'Tis needless to say that our young Hercules was the hero of the bunch, and that they all shouted for him. Greater developments are expected later. McCullough struck the proper gait, and when he won the discus throw and captured second place in the shot put many homes were open to him. On the way back the team struck an excursion train, and this

is where Harry Crumley's versatility was brought into play. He and "Brave Heart" nearly brought about a cyclone at Culver—but that is another story.

--We would like to extend a note of thanks to the different gentlemen that have appeared in this column during the past ten months. They have ever been kindly disposed, and though some of them have had fighting blood in their eye for twenty-four hours, yet the local editors show a whole skin at the end of the year, and for this they are grateful. Lottie, at times, has sought his tomahawk; the Count felt as though he would lift a scalp; John R. of Goshen loomed up in the distance thinking of destroying a few human beings, and thus many for a time were aroused, but you left us, gentlemen, presentable to our friends, and on this account we of the local column salute you as we bid you farewell!

--In this week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC we present pictures of three Varsity stars, O'Neill, Lynch and Farley, who finished their four years of baseball at Notre Dame in the Purdue game last Saturday. These three have been the mainstay of our Varsity team this season, and during the past four years have made reputations for themselves which the Varsity men of future years will find hard to equal. They are experienced, heady players, and very often their coolness and quickness have plucked victory out of defeat, and put the Gold and Blue waving at the top. Their loss next season will be very keenly felt.

Captain Robert E. Lynch first began his career on the Varsity as a fielder, but during the season was shifted over to short, which position he has since filled. "Bobby" is very fast on his feet and covers a great deal of territory. He is also a good hitter and base runner. This year in addition to his duties as captain, he was selected to coach the team, a very arduous task for any man. The majority of the candidates never had any experience before, and the outlook at the beginning was discouraging, but Lynch took hold of them, taught them the fine points of the game, and developed the champions of Indiana and one of the best teams in the West.

Four years ago, when "Mike" Powers, our crack catcher, went to the National League, critics said that Notre Dame would never be able to secure a man to fill his place. But the critics as usual were doomed to disappointment. O'Neill stepped into his shoes, and that same year became a favorite with the rooters, while his cheery cry of "Peaches" often steadied the infield at critical moments. To-day O'Neill has as enviable a reputation as his predecessor. He has a wonderful arm, and during the season, whenever anyone succeeded in stealing a base on him, it was jotted down as the feature of the game. John Farley, the pride of the gridiron, also

was the pride of the baseball rooters. This season Farley was shifted over to centre field where by his wonderful speed and quickness he cut down many hits. Farley was the most daring base runner on the team, and one of the best emergency hitters.

The SCHOLASTIC congratulates these gentlemen upon their splendid records, and hopes that the athletes of coming years may prove to be as gentlemanly, courageous, and earnest in their athletic work as Capt. Lynch, O'Neill, and Farley. May they be as successful in the future as they have been at Notre Dame!

—The members of the Band, Orchestra and Choir had a jolly outing last Thursday at the picnic grounds. The picnickers left early in the morning with a truck wagon loaded with food, and the same evening the wagon returned empty. It was a very pleasant day's outing, and the members wish to return thanks to Prof. Roche, and all those who assisted in making the affair a success.

While the cooks—Messrs. Farabaugh, Steiner and Daly—were preparing the dinner, Francis Cornet picked up his little horn and sauntered forth into the neighboring field, blowing away at an awful rate. Three cows were grazing peacefully in the field at the time, but when Francis and his little horn approached they stopped grazing and began gazing. Frank, however, altogether unconscious of his audience kept blowing out note after note. The poor cows were so overcome they could not move until Frank was within three feet of them. Then Francis stopped and stared and the three cows stared back. He tried to retreat, but they followed, and for a few minutes he was kept busy chasing back and forth. Finally in desperation, Francis began again blowing the horn. The cow nearest him immediately dropped, and with one long wavering bellow of protest and indignation, threw forth its pure uncanned spirit into the forest air and then died. It was sad enough to move the heart of any artist, but it only made Francis blow the harder. Cow number two next took to its heels, and headed for the creek, where it jumped in head first and was soon afterward lost to view. "Dinky" Dicer and Lewy Wagner attempted to rescue the poor brute, but the diving apparatus was out of order, and Dinky refused to go on with the performance. The third cow, profiting by the example of its companions, suddenly turned its tail toward Cornet and started for parts unknown. During the dinner Francis attempted to work out his musical energy on the crowd, but "Dinky" cried, "Back to the Uncut Dim his Glimmers," and immediately he was bound and gagged and cast under the table.

Our friend D. W. Hur also had a horrible experience. He found a nice shady spot in the woods and slept. During his sleep he

had a horrible dream. He dreamt he was a millionaire, and that "Battle-Ax" was only three cents a pound. But when he woke he discovered that a couple of chickens had mistaken his pate for some vegetable and had picked off six hairs. Now he is disconsolate, and says he intends to spend the rest of his days killing chickens and other wild animals.

After dinner the Flats and the Sharps played an exciting game of baseball. Prof. Roche officiated as umpire, and his decisions nearly caused a riot. As it was, the players seized him at the end of the third inning, and would have dipped him into the creek.

Dukette's back talk to the umpire, Prof. Ackerman's running high dive into third base, and Prof. Cooney's sensational stop of a fly in the third inning and in left field were some of the features.

—Commencement exercises will be carried out according to the following

PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15.

8:00 A. M. Solemn High Mass
Very Rev. President Morrissey, Celebrant
Baccalaureate Sermon by the Very Rev. Edward J. McLaughlin, A. B., '75, A. M., '95, Clinton, Iowa.
2:00 P. M. Solemn Benediction and Te Deum
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16-18
Examinations.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.

8:00 A. M. Closing Examinations
10:00 A. M. Regatta
12:00 M. Dinner
2:30 P. M. Closing Exercises of St. Edward's
Hall in Washington Hall
3:15 P. M. Baseball Game on Cartier Field
6:00 P. M. Supper
6:30 P. M. Band Concert on the Quadrangle

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 7:30 P. M.

Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall.
March—American Cadet. Hall
University Orchestra.

BACHELORS' ORATIONS.

I.—Oration. The Monroe Doctrine
Mr. George W. Burkitt (Texas.)

Chorus— } a Bell Song Chimes of Normandy
 } b Silent heroes

II.—Oration. The Ship-Subsidy Bill
Mr. Albert L. Krug (Ohio.)

Chorus—Servants. Chimes of Normandy

III.—Oration. Governmental Control of Trusts
Mr. Francis C. Schwab (Pennsylvania.)

Quintette—Cold Sweat on my Brow—Chimes of Normandy
Formal Presentation of Lætare Medal to Benjamin J. Murphy, A. M., M. D., Chicago.

Oration of the Day by the Honorable William P. Breen
A. B., '76, A. M., '95, Fort Wayne.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 8.00 A. M.

Washington Hall.

March—Fantasma. Beyer
University Orchestra.

Home, Sweet Home. Quartette
1st Tenor, H. P. McCauley 2d Tenor, S. Sypniewski
1st Bass, E. P. Burke 2d Bass, L. H. Heiser

Class Poem. Mr. Henry Ewing Brown (Ohio.)
Valedictory. Mr. Francis Flanders Dukette (Mich.)

Conferring of Degrees.

Awarding of Honors.