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The Coming of the May.

WITH laughing sunshine and with modest mein,
Unconscious of the glory that she brings
To flower and shrub and tree and living things,
Fair May trips lightly over valleys green
With April rains. On every side is seen
Her gifts; the knarled apple-tree now flings
Its blossoms to the breeze; the woodland rings
With chant of birds; the sky is all serene.

And we too feel her presence as a saint
In the lone watches of the night feels God
Is present. And with joy we watch her paint
In freshest hues of green the meanest clod,
The while we twine a fragrant wreath to lay
Before the feet of Mary, Queen of May.

B. D., '06.

The Redemption of Bill Hammond.



SOME years ago, in my capacity as travelling salesman for a large grocery house, I had occasion to visit the village of Hokah, one of those small stations that dot our Western states. It was a beautiful summer morning, just one of those that make one glad to be alive. The village presented such a quiet, happy appearance that I thought surely none of the great sorrows of the city dared penetrate this place. That evening, having finished my business, I was sitting on a cracker box in the grocery store listening to the gossip of the old folk who always gather there when the day's work is done. A merry tale was being told when an old woman entered and every man became silent. She was thin and poorly dressed. The flaming irons of sorrow had seared her face; her hair was sparse and gray, and her figure stooped. Great veins stood out upon her bony hands,

themselves badges of labor. Her voice, however, low and sweet, and her gentle manner betokened a culture her garb denied. There was an indescribable something, a sadness, about her that impressed me and made me feel that into her life, once bright and happy, some great grief had come. She made a few small purchases and departed taking no notice of anyone around her. When she had gone I asked the grocer who she was, and this is what he told me:

"That is Widow Hammond. Her father was old Colonel Wood, the pioneer of this locality. Well thirty years ago Bill Hammond came to this village and started this very grocery store. Everyone liked Bill. He was kind and friendly and a great worker. Evelyn Wood was the belle of the county, and it was not long after Bill's arrival that these two were great friends. So no one was surprised when it was announced that they were to be married. There was soon a grand wedding in the little church back on the hill. It was the grandest ever seen, before or since, in these parts. For some time all went well; Bill prospered in a worldly way, and they had as fine a boy as ever gladdened parents' hearts.

"For five short years William Jr. grew bright and strong. He was the pride of his parents and the idol of the villagers. But one black day the little fellow was taken sick and the village doctor soon said he could not live. A famous physician from a far-off city came, but he could only confirm the doctor's opinion. Then the mother went frantic. She became almost insane with grief and prayed God to spare her boy. But little Will grew worse. Then in an agony of despair she turned from God and railed against Him, saying He was cruel and unmerciful to take her baby from her. Just when all were waiting the end the little fellow brightened, and to the surprise of everyone grew better. It was not long before he was the same bright, happy child

as before and the whole village was glad.

"Until the boy turned fifteen everything went smoothly. Then he got into bad company and began to drink and gamble. Soon he was known as 'Bill the Tough.' In vain did his mother plead and his father punish. Bill went from bad to worse. At last he decided to see the world, so he robbed his father of all he could and left the village. He has neither been seen nor heard from since.

"From Bill Hammond the agreeable, the father became Bill the silent, for his heart was broken. He never smiled and rarely talked. Finally he sold out the store, and not long after died. The doctor named some disease or other as the cause of his death; but all the villagers knew he had died of a broken heart. Little property was left and no one knows to this day just exactly what became of it. Mrs. Hammond lives alone in a little cottage at the head of the street. Every morning you can see her walk slowly by with bent head on her way to Mass. She prays ceaselessly for her boy whom she fears she has robbed of heaven by her lack of faith in God."

JOHN R. HAYES, '06.

Dave's "Bunkie."

When Harry Burkett entered the army, as luck would have it he was made "bunkie" to big Dave Montgomery. Harry was a young man, not more than twenty-five years of age, small, thin and sickly looking; Dave, a man of thirty, perhaps, six feet three in his stocking-feet, with a build of a giant. Dave objected to such a "bunkie"; he wanted one of his kind—"a man," he said, "not a boy." But army discipline is strict, so these two extremes of manhood were forced to share each other's company. Harry made overtures of friendship to Dave; the big, sullen man, however, rejected them with contempt.

The day came when the regiment left for the Philippines. "I'll lose that excuse of a man, at last," said Dave; and turning to Harry, "I hope you don't get frightened. For goodness sake lose yourself when we get to the islands, I don't want to share blankets with you any longer, I want a man."

Ten days had elapsed at Camp Samar when news was brought in that the rebels were mustering in force. Colonel Campbell sent out two companies to rout the insurgents. Knee to knee rode Dave and Harry. There

was chatting going on all around them; Harry leaning toward Dave tried to engage him in conversation. A gruff "shut up," silenced Harry.

At the journey's end camp was pitched; around the camp-fire sat the soldiers drying their soaked kaki and enjoying black coffee and hard tack. And then to pass the time, they started to tell stories. When Harry's turn came he told his:

"About five years ago there lived in Hortonville, a small town in southern Iowa, a young man, the only support of an aged mother. He had a good position in the county bank and was making his mother's last days happy. George—excuse me, boys, I—well, we'll call him by that name, was the banker's son. Unlike his father, however, he was a gambler and spendthrift, but, nevertheless, my friend. One day he came to the bank and asked for some money. As I could not give him any of the bank's money, I took my month's pay from my pocket and lent it to him. Then my trouble began—fellows, I'm getting the story twisted; I am telling it now as if I were the clerk. Never mind, that'll just add interest. The same day he called again. I had no more money to lend him. Then he waited until we were alone, and while my attention was averted, took four thousand dollars from the vault. The next day as I discovered the loss, in came George and asked me to keep it out of the books and he would make it all right in a short while.

"Two weeks later the president, having examined the books, asked for an explanation of the shortage. I turned pale. Should I tell? No; George would make up the deficit; but if he didn't? I gave a half-hearted explanation to the president, and when night came left the town; for I could not betray George: he had been my bosom friend since childhood. Soon after my mother died. I fought many obstacles until I was finally able to send to the bank the four thousand dollars which everyone thought I had stolen. Not long after my departure George also left Hortonville. No trace of him has—"

The report of a rifle and the bugle calling to arms caused the listeners to jump to their feet.

In an open field of trampled rice, lit by the soft light of the moon, lies a dying soldier. Over him bends a comrade.

"Jesse," says big Dave, "forgive me for the wrong I did you. I never dreamed that you were Jesse Armstrong until I heard your story to-night. I have treated you shamefully, old boy; but you'll forgive me, won't you? If you could only live I would be your slave. What could mortal man do more for his fellow-being than you have done for me. Jesse, forgive me."

The dying man was getting cold; he murmured a prayer. Then as his comrade raised him in his arms he whispered faintly:

"Yes, George, I forgive you. But don't forget me when you get a new "bunkie."

NATHAN SILVER, '06.

Pay-Day at the Mine.

'Tis "clean-up day" at the Gold Hill Mine. Ever since dawn the busy mill men have been cleaning and scraping the amalgam from the battery plates and coppers. The dinner whistle finds their work almost completed. At twelve o'clock the men come pouring from the mine in laughing, noisy groups. They are in good humor to-day; the last thirty days of hard work are forgotten; they are thinking now only of the high times they will have to-morrow spending their eighty dollars of well-earned cash.

By three o'clock the amalgam has been packed in the iron retort, and from then till supper hour the mill men sit in a group "swopping" stories while the quicksilver is slowly separated from the gold. As the last of the mercury is driven off, the retort is taken from the furnace and the gold dumped into a steel pan and placed in the open air to cool.

Till long past ten o'clock the jolly miners lounge around in the light of the large bonfire, and while feasting their eyes on the precious lump of gold, tell many a thrilling tale of daring adventure and hairbreadth escapes. When the brick is cooled off it is taken to the office and locked up. In twos and threes the tired workmen move away to the bunk-house and turn in.

Next morning everyone is up early; the unwonted quietness prevents rather than induces slumber. To-day the camp is in holiday attire, everyone is dressed up; our grimy faced friends of yesterday have all become "sports." As soon as breakfast is over the miners make a rush for the office; each comes

out with a grin on his face and a tightly clutched check in his hand. They jump into the waiting stages and with an echoing shout are off for the city where other hands will be as eager to pick up their money as they are to throw it away.

All day long a seemingly unnatural quiet replaces the usual noise of the mining camp. The hammering din of the mill is hushed; the intermittent puffing of the hoist is not heard; the shrill whistle allows the dinner hour to pass without its usual blast. For the first time in four weeks the songs of the birds have been audible. How sweet their melodies sound accompanied by the low music of the sighing trees. The little town seems uninhabited except for a few women and children; if it were not for these the place would seem like a deserted village.

Toward evening, as the fast-lengthening shadows begin to fill the valley with gloom, the stillness of the camp is broken by the sounds of distant song and laughter. It is the evening stage bringing back its load of miners in various degrees of intoxication. They tumble out and seek the bunk-house as best they may. Half an hour later all is silent again. On the morrow with heavy hearts and empty pockets they re-enter the mine, to dig and slave till next pay-day.

M. J. UHRICH, '06.

A Night of Horror.

"How are the chances of getting a room for the night?" I asked of the hotel clerk in a busy mining town in Nevada.

"Pretty well filled up," he replied; "but," he added, after a whispered conversation with an elderly, unprincipled looking man, whom I thought might be the proprietor, "if you don't object to doubling up, we can give you half a bed."

I had been working hard all day superintending the construction of a long trestle bridge, and felt glad just then to get any place to rest my weary limbs. I told him to show the way. When we reached the room I saw that my bed-fellow had already retired.

"He's all right," whispered the clerk. "A quiet night you'll have, if you don't disturb him. Don't hold the candle in his face; if you rouse him there may be trouble. Good night to you, sir, I'll call you for breakfast at six."

I took the greatest care on getting under the blankets to keep as far as possible from my room-mate. This was easy for the bed was large; and so tired was I that I fell asleep almost as soon as I struck the pillow. During the night, however, strange dreams troubled me. I dreamed that my partner was brandishing a knife over my breast and that I jumped up, seized him by the throat and pinioned him to the floor. At this instant I awoke, astonished to find myself kneeling in bed with my fingers tightly clinched about his neck. I released my hold immediately, but he lay motionless. I thrust the candle in his face and saw to my horror that he was dead.

What was to be done? Plainly enough I had murdered the man, and in no way could I escape suspicion. At last a thought struck me: if I could make it appear that he committed suicide all would go well; for no one probably had heard him scream, and no one, at least, had witnessed the crime. Hanging was the only way to conceal the deed; for the black marks on his throat were plainly visible. I searched the room in hopes of finding a rope, but I found none. Finally I was about to twist a sheet and make it answer the purpose, when my eyes fell upon a large silk handkerchief or scarf.

"Now for a place to hang him," thought I. A lamp-hook in the ceiling attracted my attention. I tested its strength with my own weight; then tied the handkerchief tightly around the man's neck, carried him to the hook and hung him there.

I returned to bed but not to sleep; for by this time I had reached a state of nervousness such as I had never before experienced. Anxiously I awaited the coming of the morning. If my scheme failed, hanging without a trial would be my lot; for in these Western towns Lynch law was a common thing.

After what seemed hours of waiting, hours even after sunrise, I heard a knock at my door. I did not answer, feigning to be asleep, until I heard footsteps in my room. Then I opened my eyes slowly and saw it was the man with whom the clerk had spoken the night before. He seemed neither surprised nor alarmed as he gazed at the strange scene. Then turning to me with a smile he said:

"Breakfast's ready," and left the room. I dressed hurriedly. My one desire was to get away from the sight of that murdered man. Ten minutes later as I stood in a side room waiting for a chance to enter the dining-room

unobserved, I heard the proprietor say to the clerk and a few guests:

"That young fellow who came in last night is the coolest chap I ever came across. Why, when he found that he was sleeping with a corpse what did he do but swing him from the very same hook that the 'guy' hanged himself the night before last."

JOHN GORMLEY, '06.

As Heard by Central.

The night clerk sat at her desk in "Central" with the receiver strapped to her ear; a yellow-covered novel lay on the desk before her. Suddenly one of the number plates dropped down, the girl inserted a plug and whispered, "Number, please." The next moment she grasped the arms of her chair and half rose. Horror! what was that she heard? "Good God, man, don't murder me." Then came the sounds of a clash, a heavy blow, a shriek of pain, a dull thud. This sudden outbreak so terrified the poor girl that she rushed from the office in quest of a policeman. "O sir," she gasped, when she had found an officer, "there's a murder in the Opera Block." Then excitedly she told all that had happened, greatly exaggerating what she had heard. The officer hurried to the green box near by and reported the case to headquarters.

Detective Maloney ran around the corner of the "Opera Block," and silently but quickly ascended the stairway to the offices of the "Associated Playwrights." He hesitated a moment to peer through the keyhole. Two men were rolling about the floor in a deadly conflict. Suddenly one of them succeeded in landing a stunning blow on the other's jaw. Jerking a knife from his belt, the man on top raised it, and with a powerful stroke drove the weapon into the heart of the prostrate man. The assassin jumped to his feet. Maloney sprang into the room. The fellow with the knife fell back in astonishment, exclaiming: "What in the devil do you want here?"

"I want you," yelled the detective, covering the man with his revolver and displaying his star. The apparently murdered man sprang up, and Maloney stared at him in amazement.

"Say, old man, one on you this time. We're just having a rehearsal, and with your permission we'll go over it again. Maloney hung his head and saw the desk telephone lying on the floor.

A. L. DWAN, '06.

At the Foot of Parnassus.

TO A ROSE.

THOU child of beauty, fairest of the fair,
 Thy petals wide unfolding with the day
 Shall waste their fragrance on the summer air—
 Thou, rose, art queen and broad thy sceptre's sway,
 Thy lovely head to star-lit sky is raised,
 Nor shunnest thou the sunbeam's dazzling light;
 On thee the moon has oft enraptured gazed,
 While fireflies paused above thee in their flight.
 Sweet flower, thy blushing beauty soon shall fade;
 Thy damask petals all will scattered be;
 The gentle breeze at evening's cooling shade
 Shall waft thy fragrant memory back to me.
 M. U., '06.

FROM A CYNIC:

A woman never can grow old:
 That's true—you need not scoff;
 For when her birthday comes
 She takes a whole year off.
 S. T., '06.

A RUNAWAY.

Last month a fair-haired student took
 A "pony" to examination,
 And then to pass that German class
 He worked with great elation.
 Now when he handed in his work
 The teacher said: "Just wait a minute;
 I want to see, good Master D.,
 If you have left your 'pony' in it."
 W. McL., '06.

A GROUND-HOG.

"I love the ground you walk upon,"
 He softly told her so.
 The dimple deepened in her chin
 Which set his heart aglow.
 She paused a moment then replied:
 "Your equal can't be found—
 My father's wealth is all in stocks,
 He doesn't own a foot of ground."
 J. R. H., '06.

DIMETER.

I started out last Sunday night
 To take a walk with Lil;
 We strolled along the moon-lit walks
 Around the old North Hill.
 When we returned—'twas rather late—
 My eyes with love were blind;
 I couldn't see two feet ahead
 But felt her father's two behind.
 M. W., '06.

THE EXILE'S YEARNING.

THE sun shines bright on this fair land,
 The birds sing sweetly all the day;
 The hills and vales are softly fanned
 By breezes of the gentle May.
 And yet how grief tugs at my heart,
 How sorrow lengthens out my days,
 How from my eyes the tear-drops start
 When Erin-ward I turn my gaze.
 J. H., '06.

THE MAN FROM TOULOUSE.

There was a young man from Toulouse
 Who had ears large enough for a moose;
 He consulted physicians
 And even magicians—
 But found them to be of no use.
 This vexed the gay sport from Toulouse—
 For a man he was just an excuse;—
 So he hired a co-ed
 To examine his head—
 But she couldn't find what was loose.
 Then he met a wise doc from Madras
 Who lived in a house built of glass;
 With a cry of despair
 He jumped from the chair
 When the doctor exclaimed: "You're an ass!"
 N. S., '06.

THE WELCOME TO SPRING.

Oh look at the forest and look at the field
 And tell me the cause of the change!
 But a short month ago over meadow and rill
 King Winter had absolute range.
 And now every hillside is clothed with green,
 The valleys with melody ring;
 All nature unites in one chorus of praise
 To welcome the advent of Spring.
 J. S., '06.

A STUDY IN WHITE AND BROWN.

Says Mr. White to Mr. Brown:
 "Let's take a stolen trip down town."
 Says Mr. Brown to Mr. White:
 "Why, yes, 'twill be all right."
 Says Prefect one to Prefect two:
 "I've not seen White or Brown; have you?"
 To end the tale of Brown and White—
 They slept at home the following night.
 W. F., '06.

LAUGH WHEN YOU MAY.

"He laugheth best who laugheth last"
 Is a proverb oft repeated;
 But who waits to laugh till the first laugh's past
 Is likely to be cheated.
 M. W., '06.

How I Became Paymaster.

A common school education, backed with sound parental advice, was my only fortune, as one bright summer's morning, a few weeks after my eighteenth birthday, I left home to make my way through life. I reached Omaha with "two bits in my pocket and a shirt on my back." Here after many disheartening rebuffs I finally secured a position with a contracting firm. A month later I was sent to Lone Rock, a wild region of Colorado, where the company was engaged in blasting a tunnel through White Top Mountain for the Denver, Santa Fé and Rio Grande railroad. Appointed clerk to the paymaster in the camp, I was much pleased with my position, and the prospects of promotion seemed indeed good. Yet after three years, I found no change in my position, and I began to despair of rising any higher.

The number of laborers working at the camp was large—five or six hundred, perhaps—and the officials in charge, not wishing to keep as large a sum of money on hand as was necessary to pay the men, had credit in the bank at Palarka, a small town forty miles away. On the last day of every month, Mr. Rice, the paymaster, to whom I had taken a great liking, rode to Palarka for the money, and I usually accompanied him. On this particular trip in question we arrived in town late in the evening worn out with the hard ride, and on the following morning the money was drawn from the bank. Mr. Rice told me that an unusually large amount of gold, twenty-one thousand dollars, was in the stout leather bag, and that it would be well for us to be on our guard returning to camp. Still fatigued with the previous day's ride, we turned our horses homeward, traveling over the rocky mountain-roads, through many treacherous defiles, ready, if occasion demanded, to repel an attack. But we were not molested, and soon came to the valley where, thinking all danger past, we relaxed our watchfulness and lazily jogged along. The day was a beautiful one; all was so still that I could hear the echo of the horses' hoof-beats.

In the midst of this stillness, a shot rang out; the form of a man dodged quickly behind a rock, and gazing bewilderedly about, I saw poor Rice reel from the saddle. A paralysis of fear came over me; I could not move. I thought of the money, but what was I to do? A moment later I heard another

bullet whiz past my ear, and instantly the thought flashed across my brain to feign death and take in that way the slim chances left for saving my life. In a second I was on the ground, almost stunned by my clumsy fall, lying still and motionless. Would my ruse prove successful? I watched every move of the bandit with bated breath; he came toward me, and I, thinking he had penetrated my design, was resigned to fate. The robber, however, was after the gold; and the leather sack immediately caught his piercing eye. He picked it up, felt its weight, and with a satisfied smile turned toward the thicket, paying no attention to his two prostrate victims. In a second I had drawn my pistol, and with trembling hand aimed and fired. The bullet flew wide. The bandit wheeled about, but before he could raise his rifle, my second bullet struck him full in the breast, and "Arizona Bill" fell forward with a groan.

H. FISHER, '06.

A Mother's Love.

The room is large and richly furnished. In one corner, lying on a bed of down, is a child evidently in the last stages of consumption. Kneeling by the bed-side is the mother hoping, waiting. Holding her child's thin hand with a tender clasp, she heeds not the coming and going of the maids.

Presently she is aroused from her reverie by a light touch on the shoulder. It is the doctor, that cold, formal gentleman in black. The mother looks up with a questioning glance; she finds no encouragement in the grave face above. The doctor takes the small, white hand in his, but no hope lights up his countenance. He leaves as solemnly as he came, and the mother resumes her tireless vigil of prayer. How great is the love of a mother for her child!

It is evening; the room grows darker, the child sleeps. The mother goes to seek a short repose. She can not sleep; she must go back to the sick chamber, for her heart is there. As she enters the child rises in bed:

"O mamma, see the pretty white angels and hear the sweet music; and, mamma, they are calling me,—good-bye.

Her face lights up with a soft glow, and exhausted she sinks back on the pillow. The mother kisses the lips of her dead child; death can not diminish a mother's love.

H. ROBERTS, '06.

The Breaking of Fred.

"Would you kindly show me the boss, sonny?" Looking up I saw a young fellow dressed in the usual cowboy fashion, large hat leather riding-breeches, flannel shirt and a large silk handkerchief knotted around his neck. But in spite of this dress he looked more like an eccentric tender-foot than a cowboy. Luckily the foreman needed an extra man. Glancing at the pay-roll next day I found his name was Jack Long; this suited his size, for he was a six-footer. At supper Jack astonished all by saying, "please" and "thank you"—two words that are never heard when cow-punchers eat together. This added weight to the opinion already formed of the new arrival's softness; so they determined to have some fun at his expense at the first opportunity. Saturday night Long shocked the boys a little by winning a fat sum at stud-poker.

Early Sunday morning while the men were sleeping, the horse-wrangler slipped quietly out of the bunk-house, saddled up and rode to the pasture to find Black Fred, the "outlaw." This horse was a powerful animal. His bull neck and massive shoulders gave evidence of wonderful strength. Nearly every puncher on the ranch had tried to "gentle" Fred. No one, however, had succeeded. Before breakfast I saw the horse in the corral. As he stood with his head resting on his mother's back no one would have imagined he was an "outlaw." At breakfast the boss asked Jack if he knew how to ride. Jack answered that he could ride a little.

"Well," said the boss, "there's a pretty gay piece of horse-flesh out in the corral. Would you mind trying your hand at breaking him?"

"I'll try," replied Jack, carelessly.

The boss succeeded in keeping a straight face; but the listening cow-boys smiled thinking of the coming fun.

All the men were sitting on the fence in the best of humor, as Jack came up with his saddle and rope, Black Fred was quickly separated from the rest of the horses and driven into a smaller corral. He seemed to know that something strange was going to happen, for he quickly changed from a meek-looking saddle horse into a vicious bronco, and ran snorting around the enclosure, as if fearing some snare. Jack asked two of the boys to help him; then he picked up his rope and vaulted the fence. He soon showed the

spectators that he could handle a rope as well as he could play poker. In the twinkling of an eye Fred was thrown and tied. When the bridle was adjusted he was blindfolded and allowed to get up. He stood there trembling but quiet while the saddle was thrown on, only kicking now and then when he heard some one behind him or when a saddle string touched his flank. As soon as everything was securely fastened Jack slipped up and snatched off the blind. It was his intention to let the horse tire himself out in the vain effort of getting rid of the saddle. But Fred was much too wise and too experienced to waste his strength so uselessly.

He was now led into the open prairie and again blindfolded. While Jack was tightening his belt and fastening his spurs the other punchers were betting on the outcome of the struggle. "Where would you like to be planted?" "Bet you, you won't ride him three jumps," "Don't hold him up or he'll fall backwards," these and like pieces of advice were freely tendered to the stranger. The horse stood still till Jack had settled himself in the saddle and removed the blind. He then gave a tremendous jump, landing stiffly on all fours, with his back bent nearly double and his head between his legs. He kept up this terrific bucking for a hundred yards. Jack was thoroughly shaken up. Never before had any puncher stayed so long on the "outlaw's" back.

The horse seeing that straight bucking failed to dislodge the rider began "swapping ends": this consists mainly in jumping up and turning half way round while in the air. The strain on Jack was terrible; his face was white and drawn; great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He knew, however, that if he could stay in the saddle but a short time Fred must begin to show signs of exhaustion. The astonished spectators were silent with admiration; seldom had they seen such riding. No sound was heard but the dull thud of horse's hoofs.

At last the crisis came, Fred began to show signs of distress: he was breathing hard and the blood was trickling from his nostrils. Jack realized the brute had done his best; he was now going to do his. So reaching for the "quirt"—a thong of raw-hide loaded with shot having for handle a piece of iron—that hung on the horn of the saddle he plied it with savage force. Every blow raised a welt or drew blood; the cruel spurs tore jagged holes in Fred's foamy sides. The horse could not

stand the punishment; with a squeal of pain and anger he reared and fell backward with the intention of crushing the rider. Jack was on the alert, and quickly slipped to the ground. The moment the horse was on his feet the brave cowboy was in the saddle. Again the "quirt" did fearful execution. Fred bucked until his eyes bulged from their sockets and his veins stood out like whip-cords. In a final attempt to crush his rider he reared up; but before he had time to fall backwards, Jack reversed the "quirt" and with crushing force dealt him a fierce blow on the temple. Dazed and frightened the horse stood still. Once more the "quirt" descended and Fred now thoroughly cowed leaped into a swinging gallop. The "outlaw" had at last met his match.

H. ROTHWELL, '06.

Such is Life.

It was night. A cold wind howled through the city chilling the blood with its bitter breath. Gradually the hum of life grew fainter and fainter in the busy thoroughfare until at last the streets were entirely deserted.

Over the door of Kipper Saloon on the corner swung a huge sign-board from the middle of which, like a fiery dragon's eye, an electric bulb shone with a red, dazzling glare. Now and then as an unusually powerful gust of wind swept around the corner, the sign-board turned one quarter way round allowing the lurid light to fall obliquely on the stone pavement. Once, when this had happened for the hundredth time, the form of a woman was seen outlined against the dark, forbidding walls of the prison across the street. Her face had once been beautiful; but the expression of intense mental agony which it now bore, entirely obliterated all traces of former loveliness.

She stood motionless for some time as if fascinated by the glaring light in the sign-board; the biting air, however, roused her and she began to walk restlessly up and down the lonely street. She had gone about fifty paces from the corner when the door of the saloon opened and a perfect babel of noises belched forth. Then out from the shouting and stamping of feet a human form was hurled and as it fell on the pavement a cry of bitter anguish went up from the hitherto silent watcher. She hurried to the side of the fallen man. "Oh my boy, my child," she cried while she

is still many yards from the prostrate figure; for although his features can not be distinguished in the imperfect light, yet with the instinct of a mother's love she knows him even if she does not see his face.

She stooped over the bleeding body and gave vent to her grief unmindful of the place or the hour.

"And this, this then, oh God," she moaned, "is the end. My once beautiful, sinless boy shall fill a drunkard's grave."

The morning dawned cold and gray and all traces of the night's tragedy were effaced from the street. The busy, cold, unheeding world moved on; but in a miserable hut at the end of the alley a mother kept watch alone beside her dead.

J. SHEEDY, '06.

How Jack, the College Mule, Played Ghost.

On the crest of a hill which overhangs the craggy banks of the Shelrock, stood an old Franciscan college. No shriek of a distant locomotive ever reached this spot; no fire alarm ever echoed on the river bank, or disturbed the earnest Franciscan at work or prayer; for it was a solitary spot in the heart of the mountains. Three miles from the college was a small town known as the Indian Village. Here provisions were purchased and brought over the mountains on Jack, the college mule.

The daily routine was as quaint and as strange as the surroundings. There were no football contests, no baseball games. An extra "rec" day was never dreamed of: the steady routine of class lasted five days a week and eleven months a year. We often grew weary of the lonely mountain, and not unfrequently were our sentiments in accordance with the poet's:

O solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen
in thy face?

Better dwell in the midst of alarms than reign in this
horrible place.

Wednesday was recreation day, the one bright day of the week; without it our college life would be inexpressibly dull. All kinds of boats were at our disposal. Hunting was good and so was fishing, but most of us in a short time grew tired of these.

One afternoon, as the students were preparing to start for the woods, MacNamara, O'Connor, Burke, Benois and myself were summoned to the Prefect of Discipline's office.

In punishment for conduct and class work we were forbidden to leave the grounds until further notice.

When the boys had gone "Cap" O'Connor suggested that as we had no longer any privilege to lose we should at least do something to amuse ourselves. The Prefect of Discipline had gone to the village, and there was no one around but old Brother Francis. Out on the lawn Jack the mule was cautiously nipping thistles.

"Say, fellows," said O'Connor, "let us coax our brother Jack into the college and give him a few 'pointers' on the *pons asinorum*." We patted "Cap" on the back and lauded his genius.

Benois was dispatched to engage the attention of Brother Francis; to induce him to go into the grove for a walk and a chat about old times; "Cap" went to find a pan of milk. Having secured some in the kitchen he gave the mule a few sips and then walked toward the Main entrance. The mule not wishing to miss this rare treat, pranced up and down before the door while "Cap" held out the tempting pail. At length the mule stepped warily upon the porch and was soon in the lower corridor. The lesson in geometry was brief, for Jack seemed disposed to kick at MacNamara's explanations.

"Let us see," said Burke, "if the beast has any higher ambition." "Cap" started to go upstairs, the mule followed. Cautiously, as if suspecting some trick, Jack continued the ascent, all the time the milk being within a tantalizing distance of his nose. At last we reached the fourth floor—the dormitory; then we allowed Jack to drink the much-coveted liquid. The draught of milk seemed to awaken all his old stubbornness. He was a mule again. All our coaxing, all our threats could not make him descend. As nothing in our power could weaken his mulish determination, we were in a quandary. What was to be done?

"Come fellows," said Burke, "let us take our medicine. We were looking for trouble not long ago and I guess we've got it. Let the old brute stay here and there'll be a lively time to-night."

"Why," said MacNamara, "let us get a rope and try to drag him downstairs." But his suggestion came too late; for from below came Benois' voice, unusually loud, so we knew Brother Francis was with him. What should we do? A mule in the dormitory!

We scratched our heads in bewilderment.

"Rush him into the garret,"—the attic of the old college building—I suggested. A few moments later, the rusty old staple on which the padlock hung was extracted. We hurriedly wrapped round the mule's hoofs large bundles of rags and Jack was left alone in the dark, three-cornered attic. We hastily sneaked downstairs and told our troubles to Benois.

That night a violent thunder storm aroused the whole dormitory. Jack too was a little disturbed and in the excitement kicked off the clumsy rag-moccasins. The storm, however, passed over quickly and then the noise in the attic became unpleasantly loud. Every student was wide awake. Forgotten ghost stories were recalled. Terrible pictures rose up before the minds of the timid. Some covered their heads to shut out the mysterious sounds; others were whispering to their nearest neighbors. The prefect, having heard the strange noise and the murmurs of the boys, wondered what was the cause of the disturbance.

In hopes of catching the mischief-maker he stole noiselessly out of his tent and glided like a black shadow down the aisle between the rows of beds. But the noise did not cease as he approached the attic. The first idea that came to his mind was that the sounds were made by rats. He listened, but could not convince himself of the truth of this. He heard some of the boys with bated breath whisper "ghosts"; then it dawned on him that perhaps some of the older students were playing "spooks" just for fun. He stole back to his tent, lit a candle and bravely walked to the door that led to the garret. Everyone sat up in bed while he fumbled at the lock; for the presence of the Prefect and the light, dim though it was, gave courage to the faint-hearted. At last the proper key was found; the noise from within had ceased. With a jerk he pulled open the door. With his hand protecting the candle from the draught he had advanced but two steps when he felt something warm blow against his face. Right before him stood a horrible monster. With a frightened scream he dropped the candle and ran toward the tent. Terror reigned among the students, increased fourfold by the near approach of the tramping heard a little while before in the attic.

"My heavens!" said Cap O'Connor running over to my bed, "the mule is in the dormitory."

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '06.

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—In this number the scientific students of the class of '06 make their bow before the reading public. They come forward neither with reluctance nor fear, but with a certain pleasure, knowing "how pleasant 'tis to see one's name in print." However, they would ask the critical reader to remember that this SCHOLASTIC is the work of the scientific students of '06—young men who are more skilled in handling a transit or a theodolite than a pen.

—The sympathy of the University went out to Professor Powers last Monday when the news came of the untimely death of his wife. Tuesday morning in presence of the Faculty and students, the Reverend President, assisted by Fathers French and Regan, offered the Holy Sacrifice for the soul of the deceased.

—Everyone who has attempted to write English knows of the difficulties to be encountered in orthography. That correct spelling is not a more general accomplishment is largely due to the unscientific, often meaningless, arrangement of letters exemplified by so many of our most common words. From time to time reforms in spelling have been attempted, but with little success. Some extremists advocate the phonetic, a far too radical method for the present and one which hardly compensates for the amount of good it destroys. As might be expected their

system has received very little support from those who have any reverence for English. Americans, however, have adopted some innovations which their English brethren reject. Unlike us, the English still retain the *u* in such words as *honour*, and they would never tolerate *altho* for *although*. Even in America the reform in spelling is going on very slowly, for people adhere with a curious tenacity to what is old. Meanwhile, we who are just learning to write might do well in following the beaten path of scribes who have not ceased to be classic.

—Conscious of our inexperience in editorial work we should attempt only those flights with which we are familiar. The student who comes habitually late to the refectory is our theme here. He has forced himself painfully on our notice; and why a senior or a junior should monopolize this notoriety we can not understand. Grace for him consists in grimaces and hurried gestures and then he drops into his chair. His punctual messmates are to be interrupted by his requests and the waiter must be discommoded by more than one extra journey. If we ever hear of a college waiter's becoming an anarchist we shall know the reason and forgive him. That type of student shows a disregard for what respectable people think proper to observe. He deserves a place among those who walk down the aisle when services have begun, who enter the theatre during the first act and who leave during the last,—in short, he is the kind of a man which utter disregard for college-punctuality breeds.

—The utterances of Edward Everett Hale speaking last Sunday to the students of Yale, has been the subject of much newspaper comment. The keynote of his address was the lack of respect for authority and obedience to discipline in our modern school system. Mr. Hale stated nothing new; but his age and the important place he holds in the public eye give weight to his remarks in many quarters. Time and again this question is being painfully brought home to the minds of thinking men. But there is no remedy as long as God is relegated from the school. Children who attend godless schools will always be lacking in respect for authority, especially since the so-called moral suasion has supplanted the awe-inspiring ferule.

Monday's Lecture.

The Reverend Francis Clement Kelley gave the last lecture of the Season's Lecture Course on Monday afternoon. Those present at Washington Hall were given an hour's pleasure.

Father Kelley spoke on "Equality." He treated the subject in a pleasing manner, not holding too strictly to the abstract. The lecture was built to show that Equality is not a resultant of the rule of kings, nor is it an outgrowth of mob-rule. He drew a comprehensive word-picture of the king giving the king credit where credit was due him; and antithetically, he sketched the revolutionist as a victim and promoter of the ills he sought to cure. Father Kelley drew his pictures well and put them in oratorical settings. His reference to the lowly Nazarene, whose life and work afford the world the only real and lasting road to Equality, came as a fitting climax to the failures and sophisms of the merely human.

Father Kelley treated a weighty subject in a happy and popular manner and held the attention of the audience throughout his address. The anecdotes and stories were told by the lecturer in his happiest manner, and the point in each did not fail to score. Altogether, the lecture was most entertaining. Father Kelley has an excellent presence and a natural and pleasing manner. Whatever he says is well said. "Equality," while not oppressive from an abstract and logical standpoint, is full of modern thought and modern ideas. Father Kelley is an able speaker and is always interesting.

F. F. D.

The Problem of Success.

For some weeks past a Chicago newspaper has been publishing a series of articles by prominent men "on the problem of success and how to solve it." All the writers seem to agree on this one point: that hard work is the key to success.

Oftentimes, however, in actual life success—which according to the world is nothing more than the acquisition of wealth—depends rather on tact or chance or dishonesty. The young man, for example, who goes out into the world and enters the service of a corporation may work honestly and diligently to

advance the interests of his employer; but if there are a number of young men in the employment of the same corporation who are working just as diligently and as conscientiously, which one will succeed? Evidently all can not be promoted. The successful one will probably be he who by his tact and shrewdness knows how to ingratiate himself into the good graces of his superiors.

Many people owe their success not to their own efforts but to the merest chance. Mark Twain has written a story in which he shows how a man may succeed through the agency of his own lucky blunders. Dickens in his *Pickwick Papers* relates how Mr. Tupman, who knew no more about shooting than he did of the inhabitants of the planet Mars, while out hunting with a party of friends brought down a finer pair of pigeons than did any of his crack-shot companions. A great many Mr. Tupmans may be found strutting on the stage of life. Hence it is that chance has endowed many a man with a purse and a reputation which he could never have acquired by hard work.

Judging from the number of men who have acquired wealth by questionable methods, it would seem that honesty is the great obstacle that bars the way to success. When we consider the unscrupulous means often employed by corporations; when we take into account the number of "get-rich-quick" schemes in operation, and the thousand and one unjust and illegal ways of making money, we grow sceptical, and smile at all this talk about industry and honesty being the keys to success. The advice of men who have reached their high standing in society by trampling on the moral law does not carry much weight. The great struggle for wealth is due to the fact that

"Every door is barred with gold
And opens but to golden keys."

Hence it is that men subordinate their conscience to their own selfish interests and sacrifice principle to expediency.

But after all, the judgment of the world in regard to the question of success is not infallible: there is a higher Judge who oftentimes reverses the decisions of men. And many a man who to human eyes has failed to achieve success may attribute his apparent failure to honesty: because he preferred the moral law to riches. The true solution of the problem of success—and, in fact, the only solution—is to be found in the Sermon on the Mount.

C. W. CASEY, '06.

The Progress of Electrical Engineering.

Within the past decade the remarkable increase in the application of electricity has made the work of the electrical engineer of great importance. For several years the technical schools and colleges have been unable to supply the demand for men trained in this line of work. Last year at two of our leading universities the applications received for graduates to fill good positions, were five times greater than the number of students in the graduating classes in the course of electrical engineering.

This unusual demand for trained engineers is caused by the rapid extension of numerous existing electrical plants and the installation of new ones. The peculiar nature of the work requires the services of an expert in order that it may be satisfactory, for this reason the college man is now considered indispensable; and on this account a large number of young men are now looking forward to the time when they may be able to engage in the interesting work of this comparatively new profession.

There are several distinct lines or departments of the useful applications of electricity; and in these days of specialization a man, if he expects to be successful, must confine his attention to one of these branches. While at college he must endeavor to master the fundamental principles of mathematics, physics, chemistry and kindred subjects; he must acquire in the laboratories and by outside observation, a certain working knowledge of electro-chemistry; he must study the generation and distribution of electrical currents for producing light and power, electric railway apparatus, telephone systems, the development of water-power and long-distance transmission lines. On leaving college he will then be able to select intelligently that kind of work best suited to his taste and ability.

A large number of electro-chemical industries have grown around those places where electric power is developed cheaply and abundantly, as is the case at Niagara Falls. The greater part of the electrical energy now being generated there is used in electro-chemical processes, such as the manufacture of aluminum, carborundum, sodium, chlorine, caustic soda, calcium carbide, phosphorus, and barium hydrate. Many of the processes used here have been discovered and devel-

oped since the first large plant was completed a few years ago.

To supply the needs of these and other industries in the territory about Niagara Falls, the present installations, aggregating many thousands of horse power, are found to be inadequate, and six large companies are about to develop an additional million horse power. This will be the greatest electrical centre in the world.

In every city, large or small, and even in towns, electric light and power have become necessities. Electric railways are found in all cities, and a vast network of trolley lines extend from them into the surrounding territory. It is surprising, nevertheless it is true, that in the United States which has but one-fifth the population of great Britain and Europe there is two and one third times the total capacity in stations for generating current for light and power, and three and one half times the mileage in electric railways. The power houses in New York City alone would replace all the central stations in Great Britain or in Germany; they would be able to supply power for all the electric railways in Great Britain and Europe combined.

The business world would be seriously hampered without the useful telephone. Telephones are found everywhere. A great many men are employed in installing and operating these numerous exchanges and systems. The work is light and is very agreeable and interesting. Many college graduates secure good positions in telephone work.

Many waterfalls of great volume are found in the mountainous parts of the country far from the larger cities; at these places valuable power could easily be developed. Until quite recently, however, on account of the difficulties encountered in the transmission of power over long distances this has not been done. American engineers have overcome these difficulties; and now electrical energy aggregating many thousand horse power is being generated at and transmitted from these places to cities several hundred miles distant. A number of these long-distance transmissions are working satisfactorily on the Pacific coast. The most noted one is in California where about one thousand horse power is transmitted from Colgate to Stockton, a distance of two hundred and eighteen miles.

There is no doubt but that the many and varied applications of electricity in the commercial and business world have helped

materially to produce the remarkable prosperity we now enjoy. A consideration of the amount of capital invested in electrical industries in this country will give some idea of their importance. Twenty years ago the investment in electrical enterprises did not exceed one million dollars. At the present time it is conservatively estimated that the total capitalization of the applications of electricity reaches four billion dollars. This shows that the use and importance of electricity has increased four thousand times in this period.

For the future we may reasonably expect a similar increase, if not even a greater one; for electrical possibilities appear to be almost unlimited. Each year inventors bring out many new ideas and make many improvements in existing apparatus and systems, such as the Nernst lamp, Hewitt's mercury lamps, his interrupter, his vacuum tube converter, and the Curtis steam turbine with its direct connected dynamo. The realization and perfection of these and other recent inventions promise to revolutionize the present methods of generation and utilization of electricity.

Students at Notre Dame will be pleased to learn that in a very short time they will enjoy unexceptionable advantages in preparing for the profession of electrical engineering. Every year new instruments and apparatus are added to the equipment of our shops and laboratories. During the past year we have installed in our shops, printing-office and laboratories, several new motors of the leading American types. These have been tested by the members of this year's class and have been installed under their direction. Observation of these motors under actual working conditions will be of great practical value to the members of our classes.

Several of the larger manufacturing establishments located near us have just finished the installation of complete plants for the generation and distribution of electric power throughout their works. The students have been permitted to inspect the details of the construction and operation of these plants. One two thousand horse-power long-distance high voltage transmission line passes through the college grounds; and next year another development of water power for electrical transmission will be completed. From this system the college buildings will be supplied with current for both light and power. This establishment, located but a few miles from

here, is one of the largest of its kind in the middle west. It will have a total capacity of about ten thousand horse power. Both of these transmission plants are of the very latest and best designs, and they illustrate the best modern engineering practice. The students are given every opportunity to observe the details of the work at its different stages.

Our location in this territory, where there are so many large manufacturies of all kinds, and where great use is made of electricity in these establishments, will be of great practical advantage to those studying electrical engineering at Notre Dame; for by observation and study of the working conditions as found here, our students will be able to see the theory of electrical engineering successfully applied.

J. J. GREEN.

Athletic Notes.

Carroll Hall and the Buchanan High School baseball teams are playing to-day.

The Carroll second team won a great contest from the Holy Cross youngsters last Sunday afternoon on the Carroll Hall diamond. The game was in doubt until the last man was put out.

Carroll—4 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 1=9

Holy Cross—0 3 0 1 2 1 1 0 0=8

Batteries—Bergen and Quertinmont, C. H.; Stanton and Clarke, H. C.

Sunday morning the Holy Cross juniors fell before a team from Brownson Hall in a hotly contested game.

BROWNSON—0 2 0 0 1 1 0=4 5 3

HOLY CROSS—0 0 0 1 0 1 0=2 1 4

Batteries—O'Reilly and Gerraughty, B.; Quinlan and Holford, H. C.

The strong K. and S. team from Mishawaka defeated Brownson Sunday morning by a score 5 to 4. Brownson outplayed and outthit the visitors, but untimely errors gave the latter the game. Cahill pitched good ball for Brownson.

Brownson—1 1 2 0 0=4 8 4

K. and S.—0 0 2 0 3=5 4 4

Batteries—Cahill, Medley and Rhodes, Brownson; Buskie and Raymond, K. and S.

The absence of Corby's regular pitcher, Burns, lost the game to Sorin last Sunday. Darra was in poor condition, and gave way to Maypole in the second. Hammer was in

before on Cartier diamond. Three baggers and doubles were the order of the day, and they came so frequently that the poor Hillsdale fielders were "killed off," and after the game they looked like a crowd of broken down cross-country runners. It was good exercise for them, however, and doubtless they will remember it for some time.

The contest was entirely too one-sided to prove interesting in itself; and outside of the heavy hitting, Hogan's pitching and Salmon's sensational catch, the game was devoid of any brilliant plays or special features. Harry Hogan twirled a good game, shutting out the visitors and allowing but five scattered hits. Ruehlbach made a wonderful throw to the plate in the sixth inning from deep centre, cutting off the base runner about two feet from the plate. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning to allow the visitors time to recuperate to catch their train, their breath and several other things.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|--|--|--|
| Notre Dame | | | | | | | | | |
| Ruehlbach, c f | 5 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 | | | |
| Stephan, 1st | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| O'Connor, 3d | 3 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | | | |
| Gage, 2d | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 1 | | | |
| Salmon, r f | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | | | |
| Kanaley, l f | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| Geoghegan, ss | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 1 | | | |
| Antoine, c | 2 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 0 | | | |
| Hogan, p | 5 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | | | |

Totals 37 24 19 21 8 4

Hillsdale—0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 5 7

Notre Dame—7 0 0 2 1 10 4=24 19 4

Batteries—Hogan, Antoine, N. D.; Johnson, Zeigler, Hillsdale. Two base hits—Stephan, 2; Salmon, O'Connor and Antoine. Three base hits—Ruehlbach, Geoghegan, Gage, Antoine. Home run—Geoghegan. Double play—Ruehlbach to Gage. Umpire, Coffey.

Brownson and Sorin are now leaders in the Inter-Hall race, and as they play Monday a good game should result. Standing to date:

| | Won | Lost | Percent |
|------------|-----|------|---------|
| Sorin | 2 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Brownson | 2 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Carroll | 1 | 1 | .500 |
| Holy Cross | 1 | 1 | .500 |
| St. Joe | 0 | 2 | .000 |
| Corby | 0 | 2 | .000 |

Monday morning the Varsity starts out on its first and heaviest trip of the season. The games to be played during the series are:

April 28—DePauw at Greencastle

" 29—Indiana at Bloomington

" 30—Illinois at Champaign

May 1—Sacred Heart at Watertown

" 2—Beloit at Beloit.

These five teams are all well up among the leaders in western college baseball circles, and if our fellows win a majority of the games they will accomplish something that will give them rank with the highest of college teams. Illinois at present leads in the Big Five League. They and Beloit are the ones we have to fear most. The pitching staff is in exceptionally fine condition, and with the other members of the team batting in good form, we ought to feel assured that they will make a creditable record on the trip. Win or lose, fellows, give them a royal reception when they return.

J. P. O'R.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a meeting of the Faculty held this 19th day of April, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our esteemed fellow-professor, Mr. F. J. Powers, has suffered an irreparable loss by the untimely death of his beloved wife, be it

RESOLVED, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this sad affliction to him whose ever-cheerful, Christian life makes us now feel an intimate share in his sorrow.

RESOLVED, That we have a Solemn High Mass of Requiem offered for the speedy repose of the departed, and that we invoke the Divine Clemency to grant our bereaved member comfort and resignation to bear this painful cross; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Faculty and that a copy of them appear in the SCHOLASTIC. Committee for the Faculty:

J. G. Ewing

W. L. Benitz

J. J. Green

W. McNamee, C.S.C., *Chairman*.

Personals.

—Reverend James Quinn of Chatsworth, Ill., was a recent guest of the University.

—Mrs. D. Armstrong and Miss M. E. Towle spent a few days at the College recently. They were visiting Neville Kingston of Carroll Hall.

—Reverend Father Ackerman of Louisville, Kentucky, visited Notre Dame during the week. His friends, and especially his fellow-Kentuckians, were to glad see him.

Local Items.

—Graduation theses and essays for the English Medal should be presented to the Prefect of studies not later than May 17.

—The elocution contest will be held in Washington Hall on May 20. Only members of Professor Dickson's classes are eligible.

—This year the number of champion "Pescadores" will be greater than ever before. Already some of our friends have oiled their reels and tried their luck. They report wonderful catches; and now everybody is asking his neighbor, "Got a Pole?"

—The engineers of '06 challenge any class in the University to a game of baseball. The line-up of the scientists will be as follows: McDermott, c. f.; Dempsey, l. f.; Lynch, r. f.; Feeley, 3d base; Geoghegan, s. s.; Vogel, 2d base; Sweeny, 1st base; Medley, p.; Silver, c. Address, all challenges to F. Sweeny.

—To-morrow, at South Bend, the Right Rev. Bishop Alerding will lay the corner-stone of the new St. Joseph Hospital. The important event will be witnessed by large numbers of religious and laymen, including representatives from several Catholic benevolent organizations. Those students who are members of that model society, the Knights of Columbus, should, if at all convenient, be present at the ceremonies. The new St. Joseph Hospital, will, like the old, be conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross through whose efforts its construction is made possible.

—While the days were yet cold, the engineering students of the class of '06 chose as their representatives the following members: Poet, M. Uhrich; Historian, A. Dwan; Orator, C. Haney; Prophet, M. Williams. In thanking the class for the honor conferred on him Mr. Haney won the applause of all by promising to give a banquet to his fellow-rhetoricians. Mr. Haney's kind invitation has been accepted; and some fair day in the near future a crowd of young men will be seen wending their way toward the famous *Hotel de Haney* to feast on the good things the genial host will have prepared for the occasion. After dinner, while the fragrant smoke of the pure Havana rises dreamily toward the sky, the Poet, the Orator, the Historian, the Prophet and others will furnish an intellectual treat. Wouldn't you like to be a member of the Engineering Class of '06?

—At the last meeting of Professor Murphy's debating class extemporaneous speaking was indulged in. On previous occasions the debaters were given due notice of the subject to be discussed, and consequently carefully prepared speeches were usually heard at the weekly debates. This practice had worked so well that it was expected many of the members could give their opinions on current topics with considerable ease, and the expect-

tation was fully realized at the last meeting. The question proposed was: "Resolved, That disenfranchisement of the negro would be to his advantage." Almost every member of the debating class was called on to speak, and though the arguments advanced were not always to the point, on the whole the discussion was spirited and entertaining. The best extemporaneous speeches we have heard, however, were those delivered by our debating team after their return from Oberlin. We have heard some advocates of co-education, but none so eloquent and enthusiastic as they.

—All at Notre Dame were deeply shocked on learning of the recent destruction by fire of St. Edward's College, Texas, a flourishing branch institution conducted by the Congregation of Holy Cross. While the loss sustained has been very severe, it is proposed to establish without delay a larger and better equipped pile of buildings on the site of the old. We take the following from the *Austin Statesman* of April 19:

Though burned to the ground and the labor of years destroyed by a single blow, the St. Edward's Faculty will rebuild as soon as the cement and stone can be put together. Ever since the fire, Architect Clayton and Father Boland have been in conference relative to the new plans. Yesterday the conferences terminated, and Mr. Clayton returned to his home in the Island city to draw up the plans and specifications for the new St. Edward's that will eclipse the old building as much as they did the former college over at the old farm.

From an educational standpoint the college authorities could not help building, and the many expressions of encouragement they have received from all quarters have acted as a stimulus to the undertaking.

The contract for pulling down the walls and removing the debris was yesterday let to Mr. Francis Fisher of this city. Work will begin this morning. At the end of two weeks—the time necessary for the drawing of plans and the letting of the contract for the erection of the new buildings—all that will be left of old St. Edward's will be the hole in the ground.

Mr. Clayton, the architect, left last night for his home in Galveston there to prepare the plans.

As outlined in Sunday's *Statesman*, the main building will be on the lines of the building just burned—a central building 107 by 40 feet with two wings, each 80 by 50 feet. Adjoining the east wing and connected with it by a stone passage-way, a new kitchen will be erected, likewise of stone. The new dormitory, the erection of which had, even before the fire, been planned for this year, will be located to the east of the main building. It will contain 150 single rooms, and, like the main building, will be as fireproof as it is possible to make it. The floors, which will be of tiling, will rest on iron girders filled in with cinder and concrete; the roofs and staircases will be of iron and steel; the partitions will be of brick and stone, even in the wainscoting will wood be avoided. Water plugs will be located in various parts of the building, and water supplied from the stand-pipe, which will be erected in form of an ornamental tower to the rear of the main building.

By Sunday the plans will be ready and open to contractors for inspection at St. Edward's. It is hoped that bids will be submitted in such time that the contract may be let by the end of next week.

Thus St. Edward's will rise from its ashes to greater magnificence and grandeur than ever before. Neither discouraged nor deterred by the catastrophe, the faculty of the college will seek to have the new buildings in readiness for the usual opening in September.