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No. 30.

That Old Birthplace o' Mine.

WHEN the evenin' shadders thicken an' the sun in
glory sets,
An' I'm sittin' all in silence midst the blooms o'
mignonettes,
I can see the eyes o' fair ones that in childhood used
to shine,
An' my thoughts go back a wanderin' to that old birth-
place o' mine.

In that land o' verdant blossoms where the coolin'
breezes blow

An' the sweet perfume o' roses floats about where'er
you go;

Where you draw the breath o' freedom, 'neath the
sycamore an' pine,

Is a little humble cottage—that old birthplace o' mine.

I can see that low white cottage just as if 'twas yester-
day

That I passed from out its portals an' my footsteps
turned away;

I can see us children playin' by the honeysuckle vine
That allus used to grow around that old birthplace o'
mine.

Floatin' down the Mississippi on a starry summer
night,

When the fireflies an' the cotton flood the crystal stream
with light,

You could hear those darkies singin' o' their far-off
home divine,

An' could see the light a gleamin' from that old birth-
place o' mine.

When the moon in all her splendor looms above the
distant hills,

Castin' beams o' snowy whiteness through the woods
an' o'er the rills,

An' the dew in silence gathers on the dainty columbine,
There's no place round that's dearer than that old
birthplace o' mine.

But rememberin' all is faded round that sunny, south-
ern home,

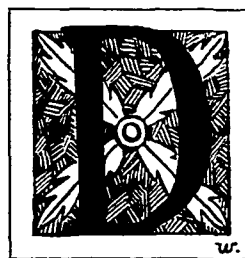
That I never more shall view it nor through its vine-
yards roam,

There's a feelin' passes o'er me kind o' makes me
long and pine,

Makes me yearn, almost heart-broken, fer that old
birthplace o' mine.

JOHN J. MILLS.

Charity's "Scoop."



RISCOLL was worried. Just a while before, he had received notice from the "Old Man," the editor-in-chief of the *Times*, that his services as reporter would expire at the end of the week unless he

did something that would entitle him to another chance. And here it was Saturday, the last day of grace, and nothing done. With a nervous jerk he pulled out his watch and looked at it. Just ten minutes to twelve. Well, he would take luncheon at Reinart's, and have all the afternoon and evening to hustle around in. Not a very alluring prospect, it is true, but it was the only thing left to do.

Reinart's was an ordinary restaurant, but neat and clean withal, and here the local scribes were in the habit of congregating for their meals. Driscoll was a frequenter of the place, but to-day instead of taking his customary seat with his brother workers he chose a table far in the rear of the room. He was gloomy and morose, and while waiting for his order went over his case once again. Here he was a young fellow of twenty-three, strong, healthy and well educated. Two weeks ago he had received an appointment on the staff of the *Times*, and on his initial assignment had been tricked by rival correspondents, so that for the first time in years his paper had been "scooped." And now he would lose this job unless something turned up. He looked across to the table around which the news-gatherers were grouped, and recognized some of those who had duped him. He wondered if he would ever get the chance to even matters. That they would never dupe him again he was positive, for he was up to their schemes. All he hoped for was a favorable opportunity to prove this.

But what if that opportunity did not come soon enough? What if—

At this point he felt some one touch him on the arm, and looking up beheld a thin-faced, hungry-looking man, who, though poorly clad, presented the appearance of having recently seen better days.

"Well, sir," said Driscoll addressing him, "what do you want?"

"Sir," answered the stranger, "I'll not weary you with any hard-luck tale. The fact is I'm hungry and want something to eat. I've asked several for assistance, but they put me off with a laugh. The boys on that table yonder told me you might give something; they did not mean it, I know, but you do not look like one that would scoff at a poor fellow in distress."

Driscoll had been studying the man and was apparently satisfied, for he called a waiter to take a second order. Neither spoke for a few minutes, and then the stranger broke the silence.

"This is very kind of you," he muttered, "I don't know what I should have done."

"Don't mention that," said Driscoll. "But tell me have you no trade, no profession you might work at?"

The other flushed and shook his head.

"No," he responded, "I have not, though it's no fault of mine. It's a long story, however, and I do not wish to tire you with its details."

"Go ahead," urged Driscoll, "perhaps it will ease your mind. Maybe I can be of some assistance to you."

The stranger hesitated a moment and then told the story.

Driscoll learned that the young fellow had been cashier of a bank in which his brother was teller. The brother had embezzled some of the funds of the bank, but had so fixed the books that the cashier had been accused of the theft, and was now compelled to hide from the officers of the law, while his brother still enjoyed the reputation of being an honest man.

Driscoll, at the same time that he admired the noble spirit of sacrifice that prompted this poor fellow to suffer so much, declared vehemently that such a scoundrel as the brother evidently was should be brought to justice at once. The young man begged him, however, not to mention a word of it to anyone.

"His poor wife adores him and it would

break her heart to know that anything of the kind occurred," he said. "Besides I have no one depending on me, and it's for her sake I'm suffering this." There was a strange light in his eyes when he mentioned her, and Driscoll thought he understood why. A few minutes later he heard the clock strike one, and rushing over to the desk paid his bills and was out in the street before the stranger could even thank him.

Ten o'clock that night found Driscoll still roaming about in search of that something the "Old Man" demanded. In one brief hour the paper would be going to press. He despaired now of getting even an ordinary story, and turned down a side street leading to the *Times* building with the intention of reporting to the office for the little pay that was due him.

He had not gone very far when he heard a smothered cry for help. Looking around to discover whence it came, he noticed a person run across the street towards the river. The next instant he saw some one stagger out of an alley and fall with a heavy thud on the sidewalk twenty feet in front of him. The place was poorly lighted, and it was hard to distinguish objects. He darted after the flying figure, but when he came to the corner it was lost to view, so he turned back to where the other person had fallen. After a search of a few minutes he found him, and upon close examination recognized the young man he had met in Reinart's. There were two gashes in his head, and a large cut in his face from which the blood was flowing with alarming rapidity. The poor fellow was raving and kept crying out:

"Oh, John, for God's sake, think of your wife. Don't kill me. I'll never confess. They—they—will—nev—never—know—why—you did—it."

Driscoll did not take long to surmise what had happened. What a chance was before him. The paper would be going to press in twenty minutes, so he must hustle. He ran to the corner and hailed a cab, put the poor unfortunate within, and drove direct to the *Times* office.

The *Times* went to press that night about an hour late, for it took Driscoll's friend some time to regain consciousness and tell the whole story. But when it did go to press it contained a true account of the stabbing, and cleared up the mystery of the First National Bank's deficit. On the strength of Driscoll's report the proper man was brought to justice,

while the unfortunate begger of the morning was restored to his former position. Driscoll of course had done something that gladdened the "Old Man's" heart, and as a result he was retained, and is to-day filling the "Old Man's" place on the *Times*.

HENRY J. MCGLEW.

The Diplomacy of Mr. Barnes.

"I guess I have about all a fellow could wish for," thought George Barnes, as he kissed his wife good-bye and hurried to catch his car. Fortune certainly had smiled upon him. He was a member of a well-known firm of brokers, and being a hard worker was rapidly becoming rich. Three months previous he had married the girl he loved. His married life though short had been full of happiness, and he could well be satisfied with himself and the world in general. That the fickle goddess could frown did not once enter his mind.

No sooner had he left the house on this particular morning than Mrs. Barnes began to feel lonely. She walked into the library and picked up a book, but could not become interested in it. Her eyes settled upon her husband's desk.

"I will straighten it out for him," she murmured, and moving over to it sat down.

An envelope, stamped and addressed was lying on the desk and beside it a short note in her husband's handwriting. She picked it up. This is what she read:

"Dear Fred:—May J. is doing well. Come what will I intend to hold on to her. The 'Old Girl' is not behaving so nicely. I am going to drop her."

"GEORGE."

"What can it mean?" thought Mrs. Barnes. Distressing visions arose before her mind. In fancy she saw her husband, her own George, seeking his pleasure in the company of persons unknown to her.

"No, no," she said, "I won't believe it. He could not do such a thing." Every moment she became more excited; and she was soon on the verge of hysterics. Just then she heard George returning. "I will ask him to explain. I will not consent to be made a fool of," she cried.

"Dolly, I believe I forgot a letter I had written. Did you see it?"

"Here it is, and I would like to know just

exactly what it means?" exclaimed Dolly excitedly.

"What is the matter, Dolly? I don't understand. What does what mean?" asked George in astonishment.

"That letter. Who is 'May J.'? Whom do you refer to as the 'Old Girl?'"

In an instant he saw everything and had determined upon his course.

"Dolly," he said gravely, "it means just what it says. Do not ask me to explain now. I am in a hurry. I will make it all clear to-night." And he closed the door.

He did not see the piteous face or hear her cry or undoubtedly he would have returned. He did not realize how serious the matter might appear to her.

"She needs a little lesson," he reasoned. "She is too quick to jump at conclusions; and she should not be so curious as to read my mail."

Later in the day, however, his conscience troubled him. A presentiment of evil hung over him which he could not dispel. "I should not have done it," he decided. "It was very foolish of me. I wonder what the poor little girl is doing? She must think me a brute."

Finally, no longer able to withstand a growing uneasiness he hurried back to the house. Always before she had been ready to meet him at the gate. Although he knew it was an unusual hour to return, still he expected her there now. He was disappointed. Hurriedly he opened the door. "Dolly," he called;—no answer. Again and again he called her, but to no purpose. The house was dark and terribly still. He went to the library, searched the entire ground-floor, but she was not to be found. "My God," cried Barnes, thoroughly frightened, "where is she? What have I done?" He ran upstairs, stopped at the top and listened intently. He heard a sob. Yes somebody was crying. He hurried to her room, opened the door and there stretched upon the bed, sobbing bitterly, was Dolly. Quickly he caught her in his arms.

"It is a mistake, Dolly. I am a fool! 'May J.' is L. P. and H. railroad stocks and the 'Old Girl' is something like it. Forgive me, darling, I did not intend to hurt you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Barnes; "I understand now, George, but I didn't before, and (brokenly) it did hurt."

Most men are sometimes clumsy.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

Follies Come Home to Roost.

When Mr. Harmon arrived at his office he received a bill from Regaine, the dressmaker, for an expensive gown his daughter had ordered. Several important business transactions in which he was interested had gone against him; and this fact, together with the unusual size of the bill, served to annoy him all day to such an extent that he was in no pleasant mood when he returned home in the evening.

He went almost directly to his daughter's room, but found it empty. Opening the bill, he read it over several times and then turned to his daughter's desk, intending to write her a short note to call attention to the cost of her gowns. The note finished, he started to leave the room, when his eye caught a large bundle of letters neatly tied with a blue ribbon. His curiosity at once asserted itself, and he was soon reading from a closely written page. Before he got very far, a deep frown overspread his face. He threw down the paper in disgust and summoned a servant.

"Send Alice to me at once."

"But, sir,"—began the servant.

"No 'buts' for me! Send her to me at once—at once, do you hear?"

When Alice came in he was striding up and down the room muttering to himself. Turning he saw her.

"Well, Miss, who is he? Who is he? I say. Oh! you needn't try to explain. Some doddering idiot, I suppose. Some clerk in a grocery store or worse. To think that a daughter of mine should receive such an epistle as this.

"MY DEVOTED LITTLE ALICE:—How the time has dragged since I last beheld the love-light in your eyes. Even the sun has seemed to stop in his course, as though to prolong my agony until this evening when I shall see you again.

"You seemed unhappy last evening, dearest. Has that inhuman monster, your father,—'inhuman monster! So I'm an inhuman monster, am I? Well, we'll see.'—been reproaching you with my presence again? Devoted heart, you know I would rather die than cause you pain for an instant. Only say the word and I'll give up all for your sake. Ah love! but smile once more on me and my soul shall be raised to the highest degree of ecstasy. Adieu, sweetheart. A thousand kisses from your own

'WILLIE.'"

"So Willie's his name, eh? He certainly is a doddering idiot to write such trash. In my time we grew up men, not milksops. Not a word! Send your mother here at once."

Alice went out meekly and soon returned with her mother. "Here Alice," he said to his wife, "read this trash. See what some young fool has been writing to our daughter. Oh! this is a sorry day when our child—"

"Where did you get this letter, William?" interrupted his wife.

"Where! Why here from a pile of others maybe even more foolish than that. Why?"

A smile came over his wife's face.

"Because they are my letters which I left in Alice's desk."

"Wh—a—t! Your letters! Do you mean to say, madam, that you receive letters like this?"

"Certainly. You wrote this and the rest of the pile before we were married."

And now when Mr. Harmon complains about the bills, a mention of "doddering idiot" or "milksop" serves to quiet him.

SHIRLEY J. FLEMING.

In the Midst of Life.

The busy street teems with the traffic of a great city. Crowded cars clang along in quick succession; trucks, vans, carriages and automobiles squirm and twist in a jarring tangle of inextricable confusion. Bustle and noise and flying dust fill the air, and even idle pedestrians quicken their pace or are borne along by the crowd. As the hurrying throngs press in and out among the vehicles it seems almost certain that somebody will be crushed under hoof or wheel.

At the height of the tumult a small procession comes down a side avenue and attempts to cross the crowded thoroughfare. The first carriage makes its slow, jerky way to the middle of the street, when suddenly a white hearse comes into view. Instantly there is a change. The moving throngs halt at the curb, while drivers cease their curses and respectfully pull up their teams. The street-cars stop, the crossing policeman waves back some who would push into the opening, and in the lane thus quickly formed the procession trots across and disappears on the other side. The policeman lowers his baton, the teams start, and in a moment the vortex is again in full swing.

J. F. WOHLGEMUTH.

Nonsense Verses.

SPRING.

YOU may rail against spring poets,
You may bid them never sing,
You're mistaken; let them warble,
Let them celebrate the spring.

On your way through rocky countries,
As to a coach you cling,
You will have your bones disjointed
If the outfit has no spring.

When you're walking on a hillside,
Feeling hot as anything,
Won't your tongue get dry as parchment
If you can not find a spring?

After reaching home at evening,
And your weary limbs you fling
On the bed, you'll dream of murder
If you sleep without a spring.

When the meet is all excitement,
And the stands with cheering ring,
Your high jumper "isn't in it,"
If he doesn't get a spring.

When you were ten and curly
You were prouder than a king,
When your dollar Waterbury
Showed its twenty-five foot spring.

In conclusion, gentle reader,
If you'll pardon this long string
Of verses I shall promise
Nevermore the like to spring."

LOUIS KELLEY.

FAR FROM CHICAGO.

There once was a robber named Voigt
Who regarded himself as adroit;
He picked a man's pocket,
Was put on the docket,
And now he "does time" in Detroit.

F. LOUGHRAN.

HE GOT THE MITTEN.

There was a pert fellow named Shott
Who wooed a young lady named Knott
He said, "Dear, through life
We'll be man and wife"—
Which made the young lady quite hott.

HENRY J. MCGLEW.

TOO INDUSTRIOUS.

An active young man from the college
Acquired so very much knowledge
Outside of N. D.
That he got the G. B.

This busy young man from the college;
C. GOLDEN.

THE BARBER FROM NILES.

There was a young barber from Niles,
Whose face was wreathed always with smiles;
He came down for the dough
Through rain or through snow,
This thrifty young barber of Niles.

T. F. HEALY.

A ROMANCE OF THE ONION.

Little bunch of onions
Growing on the farm,
Planted there by Hiram;
Hiram meant no harm.

Came a city peddler
Down the road one day,
Pulled the bunch of onions,
Carried it away.

Then a good old mother
Bought that selfsame bunch,
And her dearest Willie
Ate the bunch for lunch.

Willie popped the question
That night when he saw Kate;
Katie hated onions,
So poor Willie met his fate.

Who'd have thought those onions
Could have done such harm,
The bunch of onions Hiram
Planted on the farm!

R. J. DASCHBACH.

THE WRONG BOTTLE.

A toper who hailed from Boulogne
Once swallowed a flask of cologne;
He smelled like a rose,
But he turned up his toes,
And he rests in the graveyard alogne.

T. E. BURKE.

COMING EVENTS.

There once was a foolish young beau
Who went on the boat to St. Jeau;
He tried to get married
And the justice he harried,
But the stern-faced official said "Neau."

J. WOHLGEMUTH.

There was a young mare from Chicago
Who wanted to see the buzzago;
He held down his face
Too close to the place,
And the doctor asked where did his jawgo.

E. O'CONNOR.

When you write a merry jest cut it short;
It will be too long at best, cut it short.
Life is short and full of care,
Editors don't like to swear,
Treat it like you do your hair, cut it short.

R. J. DASCHBACH.

TWO CASES.

'Twas early on a summer morn,
An auto swift went by;
A horse beneath a pine tree stood
And he winked the other eye.

'Tis dusk upon a city street,
The same old horse is nigh;
A broken auto now he tows
As he winks the other eye.

W. JAMES DONAHOE.

A Dream and an Awakening.

Edward Madigan was meeting with great success in the business world. He was a hard worker and was also in love: two reasons why he looked forward with pleasure to spending Christmas with Evaline Holdren. Evaline had come quite frequently to his mind lately, and he wondered if she had changed much since he saw her last.

On the morning of December 24, he received a special delivery letter, and his heart beat faster as he recognized the delicate handwriting of Evaline. He devoured the contents.

"ALTOONA, Dec. 23."

"DEAR EDWARD:—I know you will think me foolish, but I can not help telling you what is uppermost in my mind. Last night I had a wretched dream. I thought I stood in a place from which I could see the train you were coming on, and as I was watching, it suddenly left the track and plunged down a steep, rocky slope, down, down, crashing to the base. I shrieked in terror to see cars piled in shapeless, battered masses, and when I beheld you lying dead under a crushing weight of iron, I fainted away.

"Oh! the horror of that scene. Even as I write the whole thing is so vivid in my mind I can not believe it was merely a dream. I am afraid the accident will surely happen, so please, dear, do not come on 515. It will be awfully hard to eat Christmas dinner without you, yet I must beg you to wait. Come next day.

"Affectionately

"EVALINE."

"Confound the dream!" cried Ed. "Of course I can't go. My going would cause her to worry. I suppose I'm in for it."

Ed spent Christmas rather gloomily in his room, smoking most of the time, and now and then trying to read, but without much success. After supper he joined a merry crowd who were going to the city; and the cheerfulness of his companions, their jests and boisterous fun, the flashing lights, the whirl and confusion of the place, soon had him in good humor.

"Pape', Mister? Extry, all about the wreck," cried a newsboy confronting the group. "That's the dream," gasped Ed. "Yes, I'll take a paper, boy."

On the front sheet this startling heading met his eyes:

"FAST MAIL WRECKED AT HORSE-SHOE BEND.
FIFTEEN KILLED."

Then followed a sensational account of how No. 515 was derailed and thrown into the chasm. But what was most startling and horrible was a detailed description of the robbery of the mail coach and the brutal killing of the clerk who sought to defend the safe.

"Sickening! Just think," said Ed to Joseph Kennedy, his boon companion, "I—I was warned about this awful catastrophe only last night," and pulling out the letter, he gave it to his friend to read.

"Strange dream," remarked Kennedy absently, "almost fictitious. Let's see where she lives? Evaline Holdren, Altoona, Penn."

Ed went to see Evaline next day. She was pale, as why should she not be. Such a fright she had had. But how thankful she was for the restraining hand of a kind Providence who had shielded her beloved. She was sobbing in his arms.

When Madigan returned home he contracted a severe cold that kept him in bed for a few weeks. Evaline's letters came regularly of course, and consoled him very much during those tiresome days.

The first morning after his illness, as he was going to his work he met Kennedy who took him by the arm.

"Seen the papers recently, Ed?"

"No," drawled Madigan.

"Then," said Joe, "may I disturb you for a few minutes? I've something to show you."

"Yes, certainly," answered Ed; "come along to the office."

On arriving there, Joe drew a paper from his pocket, and looking gravely at his friend began:

"Ed, you may hate me for what I've done in this matter, still I'm in the right. It was my duty. Even you, the best of fellows, would have acted exactly as I have." He handed him the *Pittsburg Despatch*. "Read this."

"WRECKERS CAUGHT."

"Through information furnished by Joseph Kennedy the authorities have succeeded in capturing the entire gang of train wreckers.

"In the confession of one of the members it was made known that the wrecking of 515 was planned in Altoona, at the home of John Holdren, who, with his daughter Evaline and two notorious characters, Thomas Butts and Bernard Hofley, are now in custody of the police at Altoona. Many of the missing

articles, besides large sums of money in gold and government bonds were found at the home of Holdren.

"His daughter Evaline was the first to shed any positive light on the mystery. When confronted with a letter in which she warned a friend, on account of an alleged dream, not to travel on the fast mail—"

Edward started forward. "That letter," he cried. "Confound you! What did you do? Steal that letter to hunt down a woman?"

"No, replied Joe stolidly, your letter lies open on your desk. I've just made a copy of it." And angry at Madigan's excitement, he arose and walked to the door. Then he turned:

"Hang, it Ed, don't be a fool; you are too good a man for a train wrecker's husband."

Ed sank back in the chair and covered his face with his hands.

That night he had a fever, which kept him in bed for three weeks more. But when he recovered he was no longer in love.

W. J. DISKIN.

What the Westerner Did.

George Rodney was journeying from Chicago to San Francisco, where he was to spend a few months looking up insurance business. When he got past St. Louis he began to realize that it was a "big thing" to be from Chicago, and he was earnest in his efforts to let everyone know where he lived.

At a small station in Nebraska a tall, lean, strongly-built man boarded the train. His face and hands gave evidence of an outdoor life. His large sombrero and cowhide boots, and the red handkerchief around his neck showed him to be a typical plainsman.

After riding for some time in the chair car, he rose and went towards the smoker. Rodney, who wanted an opportunity to talk, followed him in closely, and they both reached the platform of the foremost car at about the same time. The usual amenities about opening and closing the door were observed and Rodney offered the stranger a cigar. They sat down together and smoked in silence for awhile. Rodney was the first to speak.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Granesville, about thirty miles down the road," answered his companion who appeared to be a little shy. "I am a cattle man, and I have been looking at some grazing land."

"So you are in the cattle business. Do you know, I sort of guessed that," replied Rodney.

"I come in contact with all kinds of people, and I've made a study of their features and actions, so that I can pretty nearly always tell what business or profession they are engaged in. My name is Rodney, George Rodney, and I'm on my way to California. My home is in Chicago. By the bye, have you ever been in Chicago?"

"No. I have never been there. I ship most of my stuff to Omaha. I always wanted to see Chicago, but somehow could never arrange to make the trip."

This was Rodney's chance; he might talk without fear of contradiction. He described the skyscrapers in such glowing terms as made those much-vaunted buildings seem like towers of Babel; he went into raptures over the parks and boulevards till his companion's innocent eyes danced with visions of paradise on earth; he dwelt at length upon weird and blood-curdling stories about the horrors of the Levee and other disreputable sections; in a word, so successful was he in his description, that his new-made friend declared he would ship his next consignment to Chicago as soon as the stock were in condition.

Rodney was so absorbed in his eulogy of Chicago that he had not noticed the restlessness of his companion. As the train neared Granesville, the Westerner arose and extended his hand to Rodney.

"Well, I must get off here. If you should ever stop at Granesville look me up. Anyone can tell you about Joe Jackson. I am very glad I met you, Mr. Rodney."

The city man shook Jackson's hand warmly.

"Here is my card. If you ever come to Chicago call and see me."

The train pulled out of Granesville and Rodney arose and sauntered back into the chair car. He thrust his hand into his pocket to ascertain the time. His watch was gone! He thought of his pocket-book. Looking down he saw a rent in his new trousers. The purse too had disappeared! For a second he stood dumfounded. A window was open and he looked out upon the night. Nothing except the rumbling of the cars was heard as the train sped on its way. In the distance he saw the fast vanishing lights of Granesville.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY.

COMING EVENTS.

There was an old captain of Gloucester,
Who had a good ship, but he loucester.

Said he, "I'll not bother

To get me another,

For I've not a good man on my roucester."

J. F. WOHLGENUTH.

A Brave Coward.

It was the latter part of April, 1898. War on Spain had been declared and the entire country was alive with preparations for the coming conflict. Factories were running day and night in order to supply the government with arms and clothing; men of importance and influence were hastening to Washington; young fellows were leaving college to enlist in the army and navy; and trains from all quarters were hurried to points of mobilization with soldiers eager to reach the front.

One evening during this exciting time Rob Lytle was standing before a young woman on the porch of a beautiful Iowa mansion. He was twenty-three and came of a good family. Lucy Carpenter, who was sitting before him, was the only daughter of a rich old lumberman. They had been engaged for some time.

Lytle was bidding her good-bye after a long visit when a message came for him. He started as he read it and a queer expression came over his face.

"What is it?" asked Lucy.

In answer he handed her the note.

"THE ARMORY, 9.40 P. M.

"DEAR LYTLE:—We have just received orders to start for Camp Harvey with two companies at 9.30 in the morning. I have sent notice for immediate report to all the boys. Come at once; we need you.

"Morris."

She shuddered to think of the consequences. Lytle would leave with his company of which he was captain, and she would not see him for months. She would miss him so much, his attentions and his presence; still he would be a hero.

"So you will have to go, will you?" was the first thing said after she read the note.

For some time he stood in thought, but at last answered:

"No, I hardly think I will. I would like to go, but for certain reasons I don't think I can just now."

"What!" she exclaimed, "let your company depart without its captain? I hope you are not serious."

"I was never more serious in my life," he returned. "I wish I could go, but circumstances prevent me."

Coming closer to him she said:

"Rob, you must go. What will people think when they learn that you have failed in your

trust at the last minute?"

"I don't care what they think. I can not go," he replied impatiently.

"You mean you don't want to go."

"Don't put it that way, please."

He had spoken quietly, and she mistook his reserve for fear.

"You are a coward," she cried. "Leave me, and consider our engagement at an end."

He looked up into her face and tried to answer, but could say nothing. So she turned from him and walked toward the door. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead, and as he did so, a small white envelope dropped unnoticed. He waited a minute longer and then left the steps intending to go directly to the Armory.

As he was passing an alley two blocks from the Carpenter home he saw three persons struggling in the shadow of a building. He could not distinguish one from the other, but he saw the flash of weapons and heard the rough commands of one of the men. Then he was startled by a familiar voice crying for help. Without a moment's hesitation he ran up, and when he came near, the terror-stricken face of James Carpenter, Lucy's father, was turned toward him in another appeal for help.

Lytle needed no further asking, but seized a fence picket lying near and prepared to attack. As he raised his arm to strike, one of the things fired a pistol and both ran. With a cry Lytle threw up his hands and fell backward.

Mr. Carpenter had him taken to the new St. Joseph's hospital and sent for the best surgeons in town. It was a bad wound, but there was more than a fighting chance, and the news that Lucy's father brought home was not the worst possible.

Shortly after Rob had left, Lucy started down toward the gate, but on the steps she picked up a white envelope. Curiosity prompted her to draw forth the letter within, and even the fact that it was Rob Lytle's did not prevent her from reading it.

It was a letter Rob had received from his mother that afternoon in answer to one he had written home three days before. It read as follows:

"MY DEAR SON:—Your letter came on Tuesday. I had anticipated it for a long time past. I was sure you would ask our permission to enlist and I felt proud when you did so. But it is impossible for us to give you up just now. Your father's long illness has made

it necessary for him to go to California as soon as he can be moved. And as the business is in a very bad condition you will have to hurry home and attend to it.

Your father was deeply touched by the tone of your letter. He knows you will have a hard time this summer, and yet he has the greatest confidence in you—"

Lucy read no more: she was angry at herself; in fact, there were tears in her eyes when a few minutes later her father burst into the room. He told her the story of the affair in the alley, commented on Rob's bravery, and said he was going back to stay all night with him.

"Ring for the carriage, Lucy," he said, and walked into the library.

Five minutes later he was standing on the porch, when Lucy, her eyes bright, but not altogether with tears, came up beside him.

"I am going also, father," she said, looking out into the road.

"Good! my girl. I thought you would go."

It was almost midnight when Lucy rushed past the doctor, up to Rob's bed. He was conscious but in deep pain, and he did not turn his eyes when she spoke to him.

"I have come to give you this," she said, handing him the letter, "and to tell you that I am sorry for what I said to-night."

He feebly motioned her away, but she dropped down on her knees beside the bed and cried:

"Rob! Rob, my poor brave—"

"Coward," he interposed with a gasp.

Lucy said no more. But the smile he gave her when she ran her fingers through his matted hair brought tears to her eyes.

EARLE P. DOYLE.

It Is Fierce.

When you're up in the Infirmary
Stretched out upon your bed
And a lot of funny objects
Sort o' dance around your head,
When there ain't a soul to talk to
Nor a book that you ain't read,—
Ain't it fierce?

When the frisky doctor comes at last
To scrutinize your tongue,
And times your pulse, your forehead feels,
And tests your weaker lung;
And (as he says it's fever)
That starvation song is sung,—
Ain't it fierce?

T. E. BURKE.

An Old Hat.

It is an old hat once owned by a college chum of mine, and though it is now a most disreputable-looking "lid," it is very dear to me. That is why it hangs there in my den where I can see it while I smoke and dream of the good times we used to have at Notre Dame.

The material and shape are not at all obsolete: a light gray felt, rather wide, flat brim and low-crushed crown. A black ribbon that once ran around the lower part of the crown has long been torn off, leaving a stripe a shade lighter than the rest. Such is the hat in substance; but there are besides certain symbolic markings done with a deft hand in pen and ink.

In the front on the crown that immense black "B." stands for Brownson—Brownson Hall, of course. The "N. D.," immediately below it on the rim, needs no explanation. At the left of the "N. D." is a crossbones and skull, which serves of course as a mild suggestion. A list of seven names printed in the heaviest type on the back part of the rim give you those who rowed in the winning Brownson crew of '03. The rest of the surface is covered with names and drawings, while on top is an exquisite piece of work done with a penknife. CLEMENT QUINN.

Johnny.

When I first saw him he was sitting on the top of a rail fence with his feet caught under the second rail. In one hand he held a rabbit which was almost as fat as himself. His pudgy face with little round eyes had a tired look upon it, while he slowly munched a green apple. The torn straw hat thrown on the back of his unkempt hair, the fishpole at his feet and the weary expression on his face all seemed to say "Gee! but maybe I ain't got the spring fever bad."

A distant cry of "John-ny, John-ny! oh, I'll fix you!" seemed to waken him from his reverie. Holding the rabbit more firmly he grabbed his pole and started for home. I watched him until he disappeared over the top of a hill, where his rotund little body was clearly outlined against the western sun; and when I could no longer see him I faintly heard the words, "I'm a-coming, I'm a-coming, mar."

W. J. Donahue.

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—The contributions in the preceding pages of this issue are the work of one of the rhetoric classes.

—Owing to the practice of the Catholic students of going to confession on the first Friday of the month, the opening May devotions on last Thursday evening were of necessity brief. In honor of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the Universal Church dedicates the present month, the altars and statues were resplendent with lights and flowers. Previous to Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament Very Reverend President Morrissey addressed the students, and very clearly showed the reasonableness of our devotion to the Mother of God. A few weeks ago, he said, the Church celebrated the Resurrection, and while she still re-echoes the glad anthems of that sublime victory over sin and death she asks her children to join in honoring one who had the most intimate part in the joys and sorrows of Christ on earth—the Blessed Virgin Mary. Catholics honor the Blessed Virgin because God honored her and because devotion to her has the seal of divine approval. Concluding, he most earnestly exhorted his listeners to cultivate a reverence and devotion for the Immaculate Mother. We feel confident that by their attendance at the special religious exercises during the present month, particularly on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the students will respond to his timely advice.

The Blessing of Corby Hall Chapel.

The ceremony which took place in Corby Hall last night was alike creditable to the students there and edifying to any student of the other Halls who happened to be amongst them. They were assembled to witness the blessing of a chapel remodelled and beautified by their own generosity and self-sacrifice. Father Morrissey, assisted by Fathers French, Regan and Corbett, performed the ceremony, and when it was completed Father Morrissey delivered an address which was a fitting appreciation of the event. He said in part:

Before giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament I feel it my duty to congratulate all who have contributed to the beautifying of the Corby Hall chapel. The improvements that have been effected testify to your gratitude to God, and gratitude is one of the noblest qualities of the human heart. Any good act you do endears you to the members of the Faculty, but the beautifying of a church or chapel is especially pleasing to us. I sincerely hope that your reward will be great in this life and still greater in the world to come. It may be gratifying to you to know that later on when you have left Notre Dame and are out battling with the stern realities of life, some priest or brother here looking at this souvenir of your religious zeal will pray for your success. Your connection with this beautiful chapel will be enshrined in sacred memories; and Masses and prayers will be offered up in pious gratitude not only for yourselves and families but for your living and deceased friends. I hope the motive that inspired you to do this will move you to do better and greater things for God's glory in whatever parishes you may find yourselves located. Remember that education must prepare you for the life to come. The world and its pleasures will pass away, and at the moment of death the recollection of even one good act will be to you a source of untold gratification. May God bless you, and may your success in this life be a foretaste of the joys reserved for you hereafter.

The chapel on the inside is completely renovated and the mural decorations, gas and electric light fittings, new altar, candlesticks, statues, artistically designed windows and furnishings make it without doubt the prettiest college chapel at Notre Dame. Want of space prevents further particulars in this issue.

From Rome.

The students of Notre Dame will long remember with pleasure the privilege and distinction they enjoyed yesterday morning. They were the first to hear on this continent a phonographic reproduction of the voice of the Holy Father conveying the words of papal benediction. For this experience they are indebted to the Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Very Reverend Dr. John A. Zahm, who has lately returned from Europe. While in Paris, on his way from Rome, he obtained from M. Bettini, the distinguished scientist, the apparatus which made yesterday's performance possible.

M. Bettini thought that many Christians who could never have an opportunity of listening to the Pope's voice in St. Peter's would be glad to hear it reproduced by phonograph. A request for the same was submitted to the Holy Father and he granted it most cheerfully. With the proviso that monetary ends be excluded he agreed to chant for the receiver the words of the papal benediction as he pronounced them to the thousands assembled at his jubilee celebrations in St. Peter's on March 3. The responses of the Cardinals were also obtained. So perfectly does the phonograph reproduce the Sovereign Pontiff's voice that Dr. Zahm, who had heard the Holy Father at the jubilee ceremonies on March 3, instantly recognized his voice when the record was run off a few days later in M. Bettini's laboratory in Paris. The duplicates of these two records were presented to Father Zahm as special gifts, and for a considerable time they will be the only ones of their kind in the United States.

The recital given at Notre Dame on Friday proved exceedingly interesting. Though conducted in Washington Hall in the presence of a large attendance, which included Archbishop Christie of Oregon, the College Faculty and the student body, every word of the papal benediction and *Ave Maria* could be distinctly heard by the entire audience. The students showed the utmost reverence and respect while the blessing and prayer were being repeated, and at the close they cheered heartily for the venerable and kindly Pontiff whose voice reaches two continents as we are sure his invocations extend to two worlds. To Dr. Zahm for his explanations, kindness and forethought the students are sincerely grateful.

The Public Library.

The public library is a pleasant resort for the reader, an adjunct of the public school and a university for the people. Its silent but wonderful power is daily gaining more and more the recognition it deserves. People are beginning to understand that it is a potent factor in the shaping of their daily life, and it is such chiefly because it is accessible to all, yet the common burden of those whom it benefits.

What little leisure the business man has for reading is mainly devoted to his newspaper, and especially to those that are terse and indexed. The laborer who hangs to the strap in a crowded, jolting street-car and devours the articles in the morning paper, considers himself sufficiently well off physically and mentally. And if that night instead of trying to cheer his own home he airs his democratic views in some gin-shop he will not likely be the man to think of procuring a library ticket for himself or for his children. For him the library in itself is forbidding; he would not be at home there. The public library, therefore, is for those that have the leisure, the interest, and the desire to educate their mind and heart.

The reading public, on the whole, is content with the current and light literature of the day. Every age has its peculiar needs and its standards of excellence. The study of these wants will make the public library what it should be. Scan the contents of the illustrated, popular magazines and you see what the majority of the people care to read. You will find that they crave real incidents told in a lively, easy-flowing style—incidents of the life they lead and of which they have some personal knowledge or experience. Aside from the serious matter they read, young and old alike justly look for the sunshine of humor to drive away dull care.

Some people overload the mind with undigested food, permit their mental faculties to rust, formulate habits of disjointed thinking, and unfit themselves for solid, profitable reading. Those who antagonize the public library scheme may wax exultant over this admission of the evils of desultory and superficial reading as fostered by such places; but we would remind them how cheerfully they tolerate the press as it is. Modern improvements have brought periodicals and non-copyrighted books to all homes,—from

the palace down to the hovel. The popular mind is hungry, and that hunger must be satisfied. Granting that the taste of the masses is corrupt, they will none the less gratify themselves, whether they have to brave the publicity of a library, or whether they can do so by secluding themselves in the cover of their study. But public libraries should not be conduits for the literature of the hour. The British Library sets a good example by refusing to circulate any novel until after a five-year's test of its merits. Within that interval the misleading popularity, nay fashion, set by incompetent critics will have died away, and books now struggling for recognition may receive five years hence their just appreciation.

Since the public thirsts for literature—though the standard be mean—what is to be done? Suppress numerous publications? enforce stringent laws? stifle the liberty of the press, and thus prepare the way for despotism? Assuredly not. If the thirsty man should drink unwholesome water, he does so not because hygiene condemns it, but because he finds in it relief; so likewise, does the famished book-worm devour the printed letters regardless of their moral worth. The most efficient remedy for this evil is to off-set the bad by the good. The library must administer to the masses, and its aim should be to elevate the people morally and intellectually. It does not suffice to give the people good reading-matter, they must also be instructed what to read; for example, by free lectures. There the auditor will be reminded of the controlling influence of books that 'breathe thoughts' of the better and higher things in life; he will be told to read with a purpose and methodically books that are within his mental grasp; to read them attentively and often; with note-book and dictionary at hand to cultivate the habit of attention, the art of gathering useful matter and of rejecting the useless.

It is impossible for any man to read all the good books, were he to live a hundred lives; therefore he should confine himself to a desirable few, and he should try to digest them well. He will derive little benefit from those that do the thinking for him. His gain must be from books that suggest and inspire. The lecturer will tell the student that a masterpiece is the life-blood of a genius; that conscientious historians sacrifice no pains in verifying facts and consulting authors. Edmund Burke published his "Reflections on the

Revolution in France" only after the twelfth revision.

In this way, by lectures and pamphlets, and by the assistance of a judicious librarian should the people be prepared for the proper use of libraries. Upon the librarian rest grave responsibilities. His duty does not end with ordering the registry, binding, stamping, cataloguing and the proper placing of books. He should, moreover, politely and intelligently instruct the readers and make the library serve a mission, not a mere ornament to foster civic pride. He should know how to distinguish the meat for one man from the poison for another. There should be an intimate co-operation between the library and the schools. The pupils should be allotted a table with reference books to supplement their studies and make them of practical value. Library leagues organized among students will lend an impetus to profitable reading. Well-arranged catalogues should always be at hand. Newspaper clippings pertaining to matters of moment might be posted on bulletins with the titles of the books and articles bearing on those matters. For instance, such an article as "The Pious Fund Settled by Hague Commission." Most of the readers might not fully understand the title nor the learn its significance from the context; hence the advantages of such a practice. Lastly, I would advocate what is popularly known as the "travelling library." It provides for the distributing through sub-stations of twenty-five to a hundred volumes to reading circles, clubs and to the individual reader. In this manner a book will reach many communities, whereas it might otherwise be entombed on the shelf of a public library. The remotest inhabitant will be enabled to share the wealth contained in books; the historian will be aided to gather accurate and reliable statements; manuscripts will not become forgotten sagas but the common possession of the people. What words of mine could adequately commend such a judicious scattering of books?

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

The Sunday Newspaper.

Very few of us when perusing our Sunday newspaper ever stop to think of the great amount of creative genius, energy and expense necessary to produce such an enormous amount of reading-matter. It is a work that, although

keeping abreast with the advancement made by the people of this country along other lines, deserves to be ranked among the memorable improvements of the century. From a small, two-page affair of dull, uninteresting matter, it has grown to prodigious size. Within its pages are to be found articles on science, art, literature and politics. News of the whole world is a prominent feature, and is given to us in terse, crisp form—quite a relief from the drawling style of the papers over which our grandfathers doted. Every matter of importance is touched upon, and the whole aim of the editor is to make his paper interesting for all. General news forms one part; business matters claim another; one section is devoted to matters of interest to women; athletics is given its due share of attention; another is filled with pictures and fun for the children,—a place for everything and everything in its place. At present the Sunday newspaper is more a magazine than the magazines themselves.

The Sunday newspaper also fills a long-felt want by its catering to the needs of those who have only Sunday for reading. Through the medium of the Sunday newspaper, this class is kept in close touch with some of the world's greatest thinkers. The average man of to-day has no time to spend in reading the classics or the poets, or in studying this or that science. But he has time to read and digest with pleasure the short, pithy little essays that appear in the newspaper every Sunday. They do him a world of good and keep him informed on subjects of which he would otherwise remain ignorant.

Still, we find critics who are continually harping against the Sunday newspapers. Some assert that the articles on science, art, literature, religion, etc., are, for the most part, unreliable, and seldom if ever contain anything beneficial to the public. This is untrue, for very frequently articles taken from these same papers have found their way into some of the best and most enduring books of our times. Moreover, such articles are usually contributed by authorities on the subjects treated. Again, these critics would have us believe that certain subjects are given too much attention. The subject, no doubt, being of little interest to them, does occupy too much space. But they should bear in mind that the Sunday newspaper is for the public, and that the editor endeavors to please as many as possible. An article that does not interest the financier may be relished by the student, or politician.

Undoubtedly there are faults to be found in even the best of the papers, but this is to be expected. It is a difficult matter to keep pace with the age. An abundance of good may be found in them to counterbalance the comparatively few faults they contain. Despite the wonderful advancement we have made during the past century, we have not yet attained perfection in any one branch of human ingenuity. Nor will we. It is not in man's province to become absolutely perfect, so we can hardly look for a flawless paper. We are gradually approaching the time, however, when a much-improved Sunday newspaper will be the chief source of information for the masses,—the teacher and dispenser of ennobling sentiments, a civilizer of the highest type. The progress of the American people demands it, and it must come.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '05.

Athletic Notes.

The Carroll baseball team was defeated by the Elkhart High School team last Thursday by a score of 8-5. The High School men were reinforced for the occasion by three ex-college stars, who are now teaching in Elkhart. Prof. Blanchard pitched for Elkhart, and did well. Quinlevin, who twirled for Carroll, only allowed two hits.

CARROLL—0 0 1 1 2 0 1 0 0=5 4 8

E. H. S.—0 1 1 1 0 0 5 0 *=8 2 8

Carroll Hall—Quinlevin and Daschbach; Elkhart, Prof. Blanchard and Prof. Johnson.

* *

O'Malley, who was centre on Notre Dame's football eleven last fall and who will captain one of the senior crews in the June regatta, has come to an agreement with Kasper, the other senior captain, and negotiations for selecting crews has finally come to a successful issue.

Each captain will set his own stroke, and as Kasper has rowed this position for the past two years he will have an advantage over O'Malley who is new to the position. The line-up is as follows: Kasper's crew—No. 1, Mulcrone; 2, Dillon; 3, O'Grady; 4, Fansler; 5, Salmon; 6, Kasper; coxswain, O'Connor; sub, Daley. O'Malley's crew—No. 1, Lonergan; 2, Burke; 3, Cullinan; 4, O'Phelan; 5, Toner; 6, O'Malley; coxswain, Lyman; sub, Beacom.

O'Malley's crew is the heavier, but Kasper's experience may make up for this. It is

nothing new to see a heavy crew lose to a lighter one. The other crews will be selected in a few days, and the work of training for the June races will begin in earnest within the next ten days.

The Varsity lost the first game of the trip to DePauw on last Tuesday. It is the first victory DePauw has ever scored on us, and to say that they feel highly elated over it is putting it mildly. They had not expected to win the game, and according to reports they should not have won it. It was practically an off day for our men, as shown by their inability to hit and the number of misplays credited to them. Higgins, too, was a little wild. Had the men played their usual game, there is no doubt but what we would have won. Salmon threw a man out at first on a hit to right field. He also connected with the sphere for a three-bagger. The features of the game were the throwing of Antoine, and the brilliant work of Gage and Stephan. DePauw will be here Wednesday for a return game. Shall we?

Notre Dame	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Stephan, 1st	4	0	0	12	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	4	0	0	0	2	1
Gage, 2d	4	1	1	5	0	1
Antoine, c	3	1	1	5	3	1
Salmon, r f	3	2	1	0	1	0
Kanaley, l f	2	0	1	0	0	1
Higgins, p	4	0	0	1	3	0
Sherry, ss	4	0	0	0	3	3

Totals 32 4 4 24 12 7

Notre Dame—0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0=7 4 3

DeP.—0 0 0 3 3 0 1 0 *=4 7 6

Base on balls—Off Higgins, 3; off Cole, 1. S. O.—By Higgins, 5; by Cole, 7. Three-base hit—Salmon. Home run, Beauchamp.

Corby lost to Holy Cross Thursday in a slugging match, the honors of which went to Farley, Hagerty and Lonergan. A triple play by Holy Cross in the ninth inning, when the bases were filled, was the feature. Score:

CORBY—2 0 0 3 0 0 0 4 0=9 14 5

HOLY CROSS—2 8 0 2 1 2 1 5 *=21 17 4

Maypole and Patterson; Farley and Maginn.

BROWNSON DEFEATS SORIN.

No Inter-Hall contest of recent years aroused so much enthusiasm as the Sorin-Brownson game which was played on Cartier

Field last Monday afternoon. The partisans of both teams were sure their favorites would win, and indeed the teams did appear about evenly matched. Then to add to the interest, both were even in the Inter-Hall Championship Contest. But Brownson won and by a good margin. Sorin's first pitcher, Stephan, was hammered out of the box in three innings, Hammer replacing him. The latter pitched a fairly good game and kept his hits well scattered. Opfergelt, Brownson's box artist, was invincible, but two men being able to hit him successfully.

The game itself was very long drawn out, and after the first few innings the playing was listless all around. Brownson out-played and out-batted Sorin easily and had no trouble winning. In the third inning Stephan was jumped on for seven safe singles, which, aided by three errors and a base on balls, gave Brownson nine runs, and practically, the game. Hammer did better, but in the eighth he was touched up for five singles. The terrific batting of Brownson, Opfergelt's pitching and Geoghegan's base running were chief features of the game for Brownson; Guerin and Hanley were Sorin's stars. The former got four hits out of five times up and ran bases in great style. Hanley got three safe ones and played a nice fielding game.

SORIN—0 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 5=11 8 10

BROWNSON—0 3 9 0 1 0 1 6 *=20 17 6

Batteries—Brownson: Opfergelt and Rhodes; Sorin, Stephan, Hammer and Farabaugh. Two base hits: Geoghegan, Kinney; three base hits: Guerin, 2. Stolen bases, Geoghegan, 5; Padden, Desmond, McDermott, Gray, Rhodes, 3; Guerin, 3. Time of game, 2:30. Umpire, Farley.

Brownson is now at the head of the Inter-Hall League with Sorin and Holy Cross close behind. The Carroll-St. Joe game will be played this week as will the Sorin-Holy Cross game. Standing:

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Brownson	3	0	1.000
Sorin	2	1	.667
Holy Cross	2	1	.667
Carroll	1	1	.500
St Joe	0	2	.000
Corby	0	3	.000

Urbana, Ill., April 30.—"Deke" Miller made a record to-day in the game between the Illini and Notre Dame by striking out fourteen of the visitors and ending his game with an 8 to 5 score. Thirty-three men faced the

clever local twirler, and in spite of two errors by Steinwedell and a couple of free passes he beat the fast Indiana aggregation.

The visitors played good ball, their pitcher and outfielders being unusually fast. Salmon made several good catches. The Illini will probably play the series of games with Wisconsin in spite of the feeling that exists between the two institutions over athletic matters. The score:

Shaughnessy c f	0	0	2	0	0
Stephan, 1st	0	0	6	0	1
O'Connor, 3d	1	0	3	0	3
Gage, 2d	2	1	2	1	0
Antoine, c	1	1	3	2	0
Reuhlbach, p	0	1	2	0	0
Salmon, r f	1	1	3	0	0
Kanaley, l f	0	0	3	0	1
Sherry, ss	0	0	0	3	1

Totals 5 4 24 6 6

Illinois—3 0 1 1 0 0 1 2 *—8

Notre Dame—0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 2—5

Bases on balls—Off Reuhlbach, 2. Home runs—Stahl, 2. Double play—Salmon to O'Connor. Struck out—By Miller, 14; by Reuhlbach, 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Miller, 2. Passed ball—Stahl. Umpire—Tindill.

—Record Herald.

Brownson defeated South Bend high school by the small margin of 4 to 2 last Thursday. The day was raw which in some measure accounts for the small score.

BROWNSON—0 0 0 4 0 0 0=4 4 4

South Bend—0 1 1 0 0 0 0=2 3 2

Batteries—Brown and Egan, South Bend; Stack and Rhodes, Brownson.

NOTRE DAME DOWNS I. U.

In one of the fastest and cleanest games ever played on Jordan Field, Notre Dame defeated Indiana in the first game of the State Championship series. Murphy pitched remarkable ball and held the State Lads down to two hits. His pitching, the all-around work of Stephan, Clevenger's batting, and the clever work of Gage and Sherry were the features. Doar's throwing to bases was perfect. Shaughnessy made a brilliant catch of an apparently safe one in the second inning.

I. U.—0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0=1 2 5

Notre Dame—2 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 3=7 7 3

Notre Dame, Murphy and Doar; Indiana, Boyle and Gooding.

No complete account of the Indiana-Notre Dame game has as yet been received at this office, so report will not appear until next issue.

J. P. O'R.

Resolution of Condolence.

At a meeting of the junior law class, held the 29th day of April, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to call to Himself the mother of Joseph Gaffney, one of our fellow-students, and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with him in his sad bereavement; be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we his fellow-students tender him and his afflicted family our heartfelt condolence.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be sent to his sorrow-stricken family.

JOSEPH J. MEYERS

HARRY G. HOGAN

GEORGE L. NYERE—Committee.

Personals.

—Mr. Walsh of Chicago visited his son in St. Edward's Hall recently.

—Miss Hanrahan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke visited the latter's two sons in Holy Cross Hall during the past week.

—The Reverend John Oechtering of St. Mary's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind., was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.

—Messrs. Roy, Ayres, James Cooney, and John Dukette, of the Valparaiso School of Law, Valparaiso, Ind., were the guests of Mr. Eugene O'Connor of Brownson Hall during the week.

—News has recently been received at Notre Dame that Charles A. Paquette (C. E. class '91) has been promoted to be the superintendent of the Chicago division of the Big Four, the best division of the system; headquarters in Indianapolis.

A. Dorley (C. E. class 1900) is working for the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad Co. Headquarters in Chillicothe, Ohio.

F. P. O'Hara (C. E. class '99) is employed in the draughting office of a leading railway Company. Headquarters San Francisco, Cal.

Eugene A. Delaney (C. E. class '99) is Chief Engineer for the Berwind-White Coal Mining Co. Headquarters in Windber, Pennsylvania.

C. E. Fitzgerald (C. E. class 94), is the Chief Engineer of an important division of the Cincinnati division of the C. N. O. and F. P. Ry. Headquarters in Lexington, Ky.

M. A. Neville (C. E. class '99) is Engineer Maintenance of Way of the Peoria and Eastern Railway Co. Headquarters in Indianapolis.

Thomas A. Steiner (C. E. of same class) is now associated with Mr. Neville, being in the employment of the same company and working on the same division.

—Colonel De Mott, Dean of the Law Department of the Valparaiso College, at Valparaiso, Ind., called on Colonel Hoynes the early part of the week. The Colonel was loud in his praise of the excellent system in vogue at our Law School, and complimented Colonel Hoynes upon its perfection. He gave a few minutes talk to the Law students in the Law Room in which he pointed out to them the great opportunities they have for becoming successful advocates. The genial Colonel was well pleased with his short stay, and we hope he may come again in the near future.

Local Items.

—Those who missed Bro. Benjamin from the sacristy will be pleased to know that he is with us again. He has fully recovered from his illness, and returns to his post with renewed health and energy.

—R. U. Gali, Ph. G., '02, has received a consignment of useful literature from Parke Davis & Co., the large manufacturer of Detroit, Michigan. These pamphlets have been distributed among the students of the Pharmacy Dept. who feel truly grateful to the donor.

—Biology '04 and '05 has accepted the challenge of the Engineers '06 and will play them in Cartier Field on Thursday, May 7. Guerin will twirl for the "Medics," and Eustace will be behind the bat. A close game may be expected. Both teams are anxious to arrange games with any class. Varsity men will be illegible, however. Get busy, rooters!

—Archbishop Christie of Portland, Oregon, arrived at the University Tuesday. His presence at Notre Dame is a source of gratification not only to the Community and Faculty, but to the students themselves who cherish pleasant recollections of his former visits and are always delighted to see him. We are pleased to learn from him of the flourishing progress of Columbia University. The Archbishop celebrated Mass Thursday morning in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The students were in attendance.

—The Rev. Dr. Zahm returned during the week from France where the interests of the Congregation of the Holy Cross called him some months ago. He has seen preparations all around for the expulsion of the religious orders. The decree against the preaching orders has already gone into effect, and on the 31st of July, the end of the scholastic year, the decree will take effect against the teaching orders. The Congregation of the Holy Cross owns the second largest secular college in France. This college gives an average of one hundred A. B. degrees annually. The entire property of the Congregation will be confiscated, and the members of the com-

munity will leave France. Many will go to the missions in Bengal and some will come to Notre Dame and the other branches of the Congregation in the United States and Canada.

—St. Edward's College, at Austin, Texas, one of the leading educational institutions of the South, was destroyed by fire on Holy Thursday. The magnificent four-story building, which crowned a gentle eminence three miles south of Austin, is now a mass of ruins. The chapel, with its sacred vessels and costly vestments, is almost a total loss. Gone up into smoke is a library of 3000 volumes that represented years of labor and accumulation on the part of the college authorities. Valued at about \$10,000, it is a total loss, not a book being saved. Father Illig, one of the professors, had a private library valued at \$2500, which was also completely destroyed. The total loss is not less than \$170,000, with only \$33,000 insurance.

St. Edward's College was founded early in the seventies, and was the property of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose parent house is at the University of Notre Dame, Ind. It will be rebuilt at once.—*Philadelphia Standard and Times*.

—The Shorts of Sorin Hall won their annual game from the Longs Thursday by a score of 10 to 7. There were many new faces in the line-up, O'Malley taking "Studes'" place as captain, while Zeigler led his men on to victory once more. Zeke sprang a surprise upon the Longs by refusing to allow MacCullough to play short stop for the Longs because all the Shorts were to be on his team. Mac, however, was allowed to play upon condition that he would not catch the ball, a condition which he lived up to faithfully.

Burke covered lots of ground for the Longs (he wears No. 7's) and managed to stop two of Zeigler's curves (?) with his head. When not making errors, Voigt was trying to give away samples of his new breakfast food. Mahr was almost put out of the game in the third inning for catching a fly, but he proved it was a mosquito to the satisfaction of O'Mallé.

Fack was the star for the Shorts, his hitting and headwork winning him the applause of the spectators time after time. Clark played center field for the little men and caught a cold (the only thing he did catch). Manier, Rayneri and T. Hammer sold lemonade, ice-cream and overcoats to the crowd when they were not busy making errors. Shea's Ready Rhyming Rooters made noise when Gardner was quiet which was seldom.

Through the kindness of A. Ill of the annex (who was visiting friends at the Stockyards, Chicago, during the game) we are able to give the official score.

Longs—3 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 = 7 3 37
Shorts—0 0 0 0 1 6 3 0 * = 10 65 0