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The Sister of Mercy.

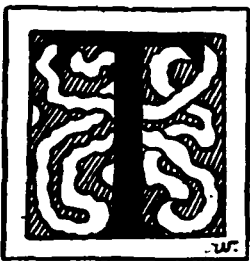
W. H. TIERNEY.

THE healing-cup or rosary in thy hand,
Thou'rt ever gliding with a noiseless tread
To smooth a pillow, cool a fevered head,
And seem'st a spirit sent from seraph-land
The storms of pain-tossed bosoms to command.
How soft thou flitest on to chair or bed,
By every sigh or feeble murmur led,
Soothing each pain as with a magic wand!

In coif of white, that well might grace a queen,
Daughter of Mercy, thou seem'st an angel there,
A sun of love mid clouds of misery.
Long "may you be the angel you have been;"
Each cup or balsam's sweeter for thy prayer.
And all are better made by seeing thee.

The Swineherd of Truxillo.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.



HE story of Spain's pioneering of America is one of the most fascinating, most glorious pages of history. The spirit which animated those Spanish heroes is hard to understand to-day. False impressions have been disseminated by such delightful romancers, but such poor historians, as Prescott and Irving. Nowadays careful investigators are finding the truth—a truth certainly far stranger than fiction.

Recently this adequate idea of Spanish triumphs in pioneering has been gaining ground in America. The process, however, is slow. It is hard for us to realize the importance of Spain's primacy in the New World. It is hard for us, darkened by the prejudiced ignorance of our rearing, to realize that "the

honor of giving America to the world belongs to Spain—the credit not only of discovering, but of centuries of such pioneering as no other nation ever paralleled in any land." She it was who blazed the trail in vast continents masked in mystery, whose limits could be only guessed, whose dangers were made more awful by their uncertainty.

This pioneering of the New World has given many great deeds to history. A multitude of heroes have striven and battled on its unknown shores and met death or gained fame with equal equanimity and manly simplicity; but among this noble roll of heroic souls, none is worthy of more honor, none, when true history shall have gained a hearing, will be inscribed higher upon the deathless page than the Swineherd of Truxillo who became the hero of Peru, Francisco Pizarro.

The birth of this great man seemed unworthy of record. The exact date is unknown. The best the researcher has done is to place it somewhere between the years 1471 and 1478. It is said that he was left as a foundling upon the door of a church. Certain it is that his youth was passed in scenes of squalor and misery. His father, Colonel Gonzalo Pizarro, paid no attention to his illegitimate son, and the poor boy, without schooling or instruction, thrown entirely upon his own resources, to keep from starving, herded swine near his native city of Truxillo.

The New World opened its golden gates to Europe, and Francisco Pizarro was one of the first to enter. In 1510 we hear of him in connection with the disastrous expedition of Ojeda from the island of Española to Uraba on the mainland. There he occupied the post of danger, and he, the last to leave, brought home the few wretched survivors. Pizarro shared with the gallant Balboa the honor of the discovery of the Pacific, and he won honor in some small expeditions in Panama under Governor Davila. At the age of fifty, however,

we behold him still unknown, with his undying fame still unwon, a simple *ranchero* near Panama.

But his destiny soon called him. A voyage made in 1522, a short distance down the Pacific coast, called attention to the unknown countries in the South. The mind of Francisco Pizarro was the first to grasp the importance of what awaited discovery. Having interested Diego de Almagro, a soldier of fortune, and Hernando de Lueg, a priest, vicar at Panama, Pizarro with their help gathered together one hundred men, obtained the consent of the governor, and in his little craft set sail on an unknown sea in quest of an unknown land.

The story of the next eighteen months is a fearful record of indescribable hardships and perils endured by the leader without a murmur. Desertion and mutiny he experienced at every step of that frightful journey, but in spite of the difficulties some material results were reached. At last arrived again in Panama with but a dozen men, Pizarro met only discouragement and disapproval. Nothing daunted, however, in the spring of 1528, he set out for Spain to see in person the king and queen themselves.

This was one of the most remarkable of his undertakings and also one of his most successful. Pizarro, the swineherd, the unlettered soldier, so manfully and so modestly related the story of his heroic wanderings, of the glorious possibilities that awaited the undertaking, that the king and queen helped him with money and supplies, ennobled him, and sent him forth "to explore, conquer, pacify, and colonize" the lands in Southern Seas for Spain in the name of Charles and his queen.

The Peru which Francisco Pizarro conquered after such a fierce struggle, was not the fair, civilized empire, ruled by hereditary kings, called Incas, that is made familiar to us in a glowing but prejudiced romance of its conquest. Military roads, schools, a royal dynasty were unknown there as they were unknown to all other Indian peoples in the Americas. The Incas were an Indian tribe which inhabited a naturally fortified valley in the Andes. By superior skill and superior advantages of position they had won control over an enormous country.

The conquest and holding of this land by Pizarro and his one hundred and seventy-seven men divested of all ridiculous, imaginative details is still one of the most thrilling records

of history. The war-captain of the Incas, Atahualpa, through confidence and curiosity suffered the Spanish to thread in safety the narrow passes of the Cordillera and to descend into the beautiful valley on the eastern side. They entered the plateau near Caxamarca on the outside of which lay Atahualpa with a great host. They found the town utterly deserted, an ominous sign. The war-captain in answer to a request for an interview sent them word that he would visit them in the town on the morrow.

Affairs looked bad for the Spaniards. To add to their alarm Atahualpa threw a strong force during the night between them and the pass by which they had entered. Their retreat was cut off. In this desperate strait, the genius of Pizarro asserted itself most adequately. He determined to capture Atahualpa himself. For this purpose when in the evening the Indian leader seated on a golden chair and surrounded by several thousand warriors had entered the square of the town, Pizarro skillfully disposed his men who on a given signal discharged their guns; terrified and routed the natives and captured Atahualpa. The Indians deprived of their leader could do nothing, so the Spaniards were comparatively safe.

In his pleasant prison house Atahualpa, though well treated, was plotting schemes of revenge. He proposed to the Spanish a ransom whose proportions stagger the mind even to-day, and his proposal was accepted. All the time the enormous treasure was coming into the Spanish camp—a treasure finally amounting in values of to-day to \$6,632,695 in gold and \$1,135,402 in silver—the war-chief was treacherously planning the destruction of the Spaniards. Pizarro was made acquainted with the facts whose proof was incontestable. Fair and just as he always was, he gave Atahualpa a full and formal trial. The court found him guilty of the murder of his brother, Huascar, who was disposed to make friends with the Spaniards, and of conspiring against the Spaniards. They accordingly condemned him to death.

With the death of Atahualpa, the conspiracy was for a time broken up. However, Pizarro was destined to lead a stormy life even to its close. Scarcely had he overcome a great native uprising which had threatened the very existence of the Spaniards when he was treacherously attacked by his despicable lieutenant Diego de Almagro. This dangerous treason was defeated and its selfish plotter,

Almagro, executed, but in it were contained the seeds of Pizarro's death.

The baser followers who had shared the treachery of Almagro, but not his fate, joined in a conspiracy to kill the noble old man. They forced their way into his house the night of June 26, 1541. After a desperate hand-to-hand fight, Francisco Pizarro fell, mortally wounded. "But even then the iron will kept the body to the last thought of a great heart; and calling upon his Redeemer, Pizarro drew a cross with his bloody finger upon the floor, bent and kissed the sacred emblem, and was dead."

So died the great Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. The story of his life is a record of rare heroism guided by a rarer genius. The highest moral courage was his, principle and loyalty were distinguishing characteristics; he was inflexible, prudent and humane, generous and just. Above all he was a type of noblest Christian character. As the swineherd of Truxillo and as the Viceroy of Peru he preserved an equal reverence and fidelity to his religion and his God.

The Man across the Aisle.

LOUIS F. FETHERSTON, '04.

It was Saturday evening and a number of commercial travellers were seated in the lobby of the hotel spinning yarns. The question of "doubles" came up, and Charley Jackson, a very successful "knight of the grip," who until now had taken no part in the conversation, at once became interested.

"Don't believe in doubles, eh? Well, I had a little experience once that proved to me that it is not only possible but very probable that some time or other you are liable to meet a fellow who resembles you so closely that he might be taken for you. It was this way. I was on my maiden trip for Wilson and Co., and having received instructions to stop at Chesterfield, I took the first train for that city. The train was pulling slowly out of the yards, and on looking out of the window I saw a man run out from behind a string of box cars on a side track and attempt to board it. He carried a satchel and was somewhat handicapped by it, and as I watched his efforts, I thought of the many times I myself had sprinted for the "Suburban" in dear old Chicago. He was

lucky, however, entered the train and took a seat across the aisle from me. He looked like one of the "trade," and I thought of going over and congratulating him, but as he seemed worried over something, I concluded not to disturb him. I noted, however, that he carried a satchel similar to mine.

"Soon the newsboy passed through the train selling his papers. The man across the aisle bought one, so did I, and I noticed that the bank in Webster had been robbed and the watchman murdered the night before. A man named Wilson was suspected, and, according to the newspaper description, he was about six feet in height, had black hair and a black moustache and weighed about one hundred and eighty-five pounds. There was something about the account that seemed to fascinate me, and I soon found myself drawing mental pictures of the man and comparing them with the other inmates of the car. In only one case could I get them to match and that was with my friend across the aisle. The description seemed to fit him almost perfectly. The more I thought of the matter, the more I concluded that he was the man, and I began to think that I would have made a better detective than a travelling salesman. But then I never was a believer in circumstantial evidence and realized that here was a man who had been in Webster on the night of the robbery and murder, who had entered the car in a suspicious manner, and who even tallied with the description of the criminal, and yet, in all probability, was as innocent as I. Moreover, I applied the description to myself, and was astonished to find that it fitted me almost as perfectly as him. I was about six feet in height, so was he; I weighed about 190 pounds and he but little less; I had black hair and a black moustache, wore a black coat and so did he. I pictured myself standing before a judge and trying to prove my innocence and wondered how I should go about it. But it seemed remarkably easy. I could show my letters and credentials, or open my satchel and exhibit my samples, or get a member of the firm to come and identify me. However, impelled by some superstitious motive which I could not explain, I opened the satchel and changed coats, putting on a light grey one, drew out my pipe and tobacco and resolved to give the matter no further consideration. The newsboy again came past and this time I bought one of the late novels and soon was deeply absorbed in it, so much

so, that I did not hear the train man announce Chesterfield, which, I understood, was to be our next stopping place. I was surprised to see the train slow down and hear the city announced for the last time. Hastily snatching up my satchel, I fell in line behind the man across the aisle.

"There were several passengers for Chesterfield, and on reaching the front of the car, I put my satchel down to await the stopping of the train. At last it pulled into the depot. The man in front of me glanced through the window, started, and hastily picking up a satchel, went to the rear of the car. I thought he had made a mistake and taking up my satchel went out on the platform and down the steps. Imagine my astonishment when I was immediately buttonholed by a shrewd-looking fellow who seemed highly pleased to see me. In vain I searched the past, trying to recall when and where I had met him before. He reminded me of several instances when he said we had become intimately acquainted, but I remembered none of them. I took him for one of that class who are always finding long-lost friends, told him that he must have made a mistake and started away. But in an instant my arms were pinioned by two policemen who had been standing near by and I was handcuffed. Then for the first time I realized that I was under arrest and indignantly demanded an explanation. But I could get no satisfaction and was led away to the police station. I was brought up before the chief of police and the judge charged me with robbery and murder. Then I understood it all. The man across the aisle had in reality been the criminal and I had been mistaken for him. My nerve came back and I thought of the defense I had prepared while in the car. I gave a little speech to the chief. Told him who I was and what I was. He was much impressed and told me if I could produce some evidence to prove my assertions, he would be willing to release me. I thought of my credentials and reached my hand in my pocket to get them. But the pocket was empty. Then I remembered changing coats and with a confident smile, handed my keys to the nearest policeman, stating that if he would kindly open the satchel, he would find evidence more than sufficient to prove my identity. So confident was I of acquittal that I did not watch the policeman open the satchel but kept my eyes fixed on the chief. I heard the click of the lock

and the policeman laugh, and then the chief said in a stern voice, 'Take him to cell number 10.'

I turned with surprise and glanced toward the satchel. Horror of horrors! It contained a complete set of burglar's tools. This was certainly enough to establish my identity to the chief. He imagined that I had played a joke on him, and his dignity was so ruffled that he refused to listen to any further protestations of innocence and I was led away.

"The news of my capture spread over the city and soon I had a number of visitors. But I retired to the farthest corner of my cell and refused to be interviewed.

"I spent a sleepless night trying to mark out some plan to secure my liberty. If I had been permitted to send a telegram to the firm, they would of course send out some one to identify me but that would take time and I did not relish the idea of spending three or four days in cell number 10. But fortune smiled on me at last. The next morning I was visited by a sheriff who was to conduct me back to Webster. He saw at once that I was not the person he was in search of and reported this to the chief. Even while they were talking the matter over, a telegram came that Wilson had been captured at Omaha and was shot while trying to escape. I was released in a short time and received the apologies of the chief who invited me to be his guest while I remained in the city. The following day my satchel came and owing to the reputation I had acquired I was able to secure several large orders."

The High See.

HENRY EWING BROWN.

The sailor lad, the singing lass,
The telescoper with his glass,
Are not alike, you'll all agree;
And yet the objects of these three
Sound very much alike to me.

The maiden soars from note to note,
The sailor floats in boat to boat,
The scientist will happy be
To view the comets floating free;
Each aims to reach high C, sea, see.

Varsity Verse.

PURE ENJOYMENT.

(Horace, Odes II., II.)

THE Adriatic lies between
The warlike Cantaber and thee,
O Quinctius, a distant care
Should be what Scythian hordes decree.

Fear not the little cares of life,
For youth and grace e'en now depart;
And sportive loves and soothing sleep
Will soon be banished from thy heart.

The flowers lose their vernal blush,
The reddish moon does often change.
Content thyself with human views—
Eternity's beyond thy range.

Beneath this pine or sycamore
Let's wreath our grayish hairs with rose;
Anointed with Assyrian balm
Let's drink in sweet and calm repose

Bacchus dispels all gnawing cares.
Come! call the boy that's standing nigh
To temper the hot Falernian with
The stream that's softly gliding by.

Call modest Lydia from the house
With Lyre of ivory in her hand
And hair bound deftly in a knot—
The fashion of the Spartan land.

A. J. D.

ON READING JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S POEM,

"An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Like sweet-scented flowers these verses impart
A delight to the soul, a thrill to the heart,
That bid us to linger by life's ceaseless stream,
And live with the lover each phase of his dream.

J. H. N.

LOWLY BUT SAFE.

On the mountain side there bloomed a rose,
The fairest I have seen,
But a jutting rock imprisoned quite
And hid the flower serene.

A direful blast swept over the land,
Few things its wrath survived,
But the rugged crag preserved its care;
The lowly flower still thrived.

T. I.

M' DAY.

When de ol' plantation specters
Comes a creepin' fru de do',
An dey ain't no chillens tuggin'
At de sunshine on de flo',
When de coon am in de branches,
An de coon-dawg pass'im by,
When de win's laik massa callin',
Den m' day's done come ter die.

G. J. McN.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Like a ward policeman on his beat
He watches all night faithfully;
Saves up his quarters and gets full
On his whole month's salary.

T. E. B.

The Big "Break" in Southern Atlantics.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

Alfred Bellmore, a poor but energetic young artist of the down-town district, was engaged to marry Beatrice, the beautiful daughter of old stock-king Darcy, a man of immense wealth and great notoriety among the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street. First of all let it be known that this happy agreement was a purely mutual affair: the consent or approbation of the young girl's father was a matter that had never been considered; in fact, that worthy gentleman remained entirely unacquainted with the nature of the intimacy existing between his daughter and the young artist. Nor was this parental ignorance wholly accidental either.

Augustus Reed Darcy was a stern, conservative old man of sixty-five years. The loss of his wife and shortly afterwards of a son, while yet in the bloom of manhood, had filled his life with sorrow and loneliness, and naturally left a strong impress on the old man's character. A man of few words but many actions he was held in awe even by his most intimate friends.

I said Augustus Darcy was wealthy; in this I gave the opinion of those that saw only the exterior man; and in truth few knew little of his private life, his extreme austerity forbidding any such familiarity. But although the old man had at one time been the owner of an immense fortune, of late years he had met with many and serious reverses, caused no doubt by the diminution of keenness in his powers of divination in regard to the fluctuations of price in the world of stocks. Darcy himself, however, had inwardly attributed his failures to the activity and energy of one man who, he imagined, was continually "butting" him. But be the cause what it may, Augustus Reed Darcy at the time I write was in somewhat of a predicament in regard to his financial affairs.

Bearing in mind this fact it can not be wondered at that the sagacious father had planned a brilliant and at the same time profitable marriage for his daughter with a young English lord, to the ancient nobility and vast estates of whom there was overwhelming testimony. It is needless to say in view of this hope occupying the inflexible mind of Augustus Darcy, the young artist's

chances to marry his daughter were exceedingly slim. But Bellmore had the feminine member of the Darcy household on his side, and, as is usual, this fact was a potent force in the young man's favor.

Of course the young persons, aware of the prominence the Englishman held in Darcy's estimation and of the latter's ambition concerning his daughter,—for he had been by no means implicit in his intimations—clearly saw how utterly fruitless argumentation or attempt at persuasion would be on their part. But urged on by the momentousness of their position, which was greatly magnified by the seeming indifference if not disdain with which old Darcy treated the artist, they concocted a scheme by which, under the favorable auspices of fate, they reaped a signal victory over the resolute sire.

Augustus Reed Darcy had got drift, from what he deemed very reliable sources, that Southern Atlantic railroad stocks, owing to the inevitable "smash" of a competing road, were about to take a big jump in price. Naturally the shrewd "operator" saw in this the chance of his life and an excellent opportunity to redeem his fallen fortunes. Accordingly he instructed his agents to buy up all the S. A's they could find; which they did, not at a very low figure either. But the scarcity of this peculiar kind of stocks, and the seeming unwillingness of their owners to sell, only confirmed old man Darcy's suspicion as to the coming rise. Nevertheless he succeeded in investing about as much capital in Southern Atlantics as he himself in his present financial condition could gather together, as well as borrow from his bankers—a sum by no means small.

A few days after this important transaction had been accomplished old Darcy was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism, so severe in fact that he was compelled to remain within his own apartments. Certainly this was not a very pleasant situation for the king of money "corners" to be placed in when the status of the financial market interested him most deeply. He instructed his Wall-street agent, however, to keep him well informed by telephone of the doings in the world of stocks, and he settled down to nurse his affliction. His daughter, Beatrice, had learned—from what source it matters not—of the enormous investment of her perspicacious father, and accordingly held communication with her fiancé.

One, two days passed without any important alteration in the value of Southern Atlantics. On the morning of the third day after Augustus Darcy was confined to his room, the following message came over the telephone, supposedly from his agent:

"Big 'break' in Southern Atlantics, dropped 10."

"What?" came from the lips of the excited Darcy as he believed he had misunderstood.

"Southern Atlantics have dropped 10," was repeated over the phone.

"Man, you lie! Dropped 10! Impossible!" yelled Darcy, his eyes bulging from their sockets.

"Yes, it's all true; a panic seems to have seized the 'bulls;' they're selling S. A's as fast as they can, the market's full of them," came quickly from the other end.

"Dropped ten! how can it be! Could I have been deceived! My God! I'll be ruined if something does not turn up," cried the old man with a pitiful tone of despair in his voice, as he began to realize that the report might not be so utterly false after all, and that there was a possibility that he had been misinformed as to which company was going to "smash." Then too he was thoroughly cognizant of the truth that a fall in S. A's probably meant a succession of falls, perhaps a foreclosure.

"Oh! if I could only go down there and be in the fight," he exclaimed as his veteran spirit of combat roused him and his blood boiled for the fray; but at the same time, as if to warn him against any such procedure, his afflicted limb gave a twitch of pain and he writhed with agony in his chair. Ten minutes later another message came:

"S. A's have fallen 5 more—now down to 35."

"Fallen 5 more—down to 35! What a fool I was! I deserve it all! I deserve it all! I should have known better!—Shall I leave them go at 35? Never! never! I'm ruined, but on to the bitter end. What difference does a few dollars make? No; I'll stick, I'll stick! come what may. Hello! what now!"

"S. A's dropped 3 more—now at 32."

"The devil! will they never stop? O if I could only be there, but—confound that leg! In the name of heaven now what's the matter? what are those fellows doing anyhow? What's the cause?"

"Hello! wait a minute! Yes, just found out; a certain bull—don't know his name, but he owns

a big amount of Southern Atlantics himself—has started a report in the house that the S. A. road is going under, and as if to back up his assertion he's making his own stocks go right and left. The other Southern Atlantic men, frightened to death, are following his example, and S. A.'s are going down every second."

"Ah, the wretch!" exclaimed old Darcy, his face flushing with anger, "that's old Brown again, I'll bet my head. That villain'll ruin me yet. Will he ever forget? He'll be revenged if he has to sell his soul to the devil. But I'll get back at him; I'll get back at him, if it costs me my life."

Augustus Darcy and Andrew Brown entertained naught but the most bitter animosity against each other. The reason of this feeling few were able to ascertain; but it seems that all through their petty feuds and rivalries Darcy had gotten the best of his opponent. The reverses, however, that Darcy had met with in recent years he of course attributed in some way or other to the clandestine efforts of his rival who also held a seat on the board of trade,

"But I'll get back at that scoundrel yet if it costs me my life," reiterated the invalid, wholly unmindful of the fact that perhaps 'that scoundrel' was only endeavoring to get back at him.

"Hello! Southern Atlantics down again; five this time; no prospects for a turn. What about selling?" came from the other end of the phone as the old man nervously grasped the receiver.

"Sell? you idiot, sell? and lose all that money—almost one half? Why, man—but what's the use of sticking; it'll all be lost anyhow," the old man muttered between his teeth. "It's all up with me, I might just as well sell now and save enough to pay the debts. But that Brown"—and old Darcy went off into a paroxysm of invectives against that worthy gentleman.

"Why, papa, what is wrong with you?" asked a gentle voice at the door. Has your rheumatism become worse?"

"Rheumatism be hanged!" ejaculated the enraged parent. "Child, I'm ruined; I'm ruined,"—then followed another list of imprecations on old Brown's head.

"But, papa," asked the daughter gently, after her father had cooled down somewhat and had told her the circumstances, "was not Mr. Brown justified in circulating that report,

and in thereby selling his own stocks after he had heard that company was going under to save himself? You know self-preservation—"

"Self-preservation the deuce!" replied the other, "do you believe any man but a fool would spread a report like that when he himself owns 10,000 of the same kind of stocks, and thereby lower their value? It's absurd: if he wanted to help himself, why didn't he keep still and sell quietly? No! the rascal wanted to see me go under. The knave! he knew I had bought high, and as he himself had bought at one-half he can well afford to sell low, still make money, and have besides the pleasure of seeing me fall his victim."

"And, papa, do you really think Mr. Brown is so mean as to do all that?"

"Think he's mean? think he's mean? Ha! ha! child, he's a villain; there's nothing he would not sacrifice to see me begging in the streets."

"Brown,—why, that must be Alfred's friend? Is his first name Andrew, papa?"

"What's that you say—Alfred's friend? And who is Alfred pray?"

"Why, I mean Mr. Bellmore," said the girl blushing deeply.

"Bellmore? Ah, that pauper! Is it he you're thinking about all the time? Are you going to torment me by that worthless fellow?" roared old Darcy, his face the color of the red dressing gown that hung loosely about him, and at the same time the image of the Englishman's wealth loomed before his eyes. "Child, never let me hear you mention that name again. Is not my misfortune hard enough to bear without your folly? Is not Brown,—ah, the cur! he's got me this time; he's got me this time."

"But, papa, perhaps Mr. Bellmore could help you," said the girl calmly.

"Will you still persist,—help me? help me? nonsense, foolish one; that fellow help me? What does a miserable artist know about stocks and markets? Don't be so senseless."

"But because he is not acquainted with stocks and markets and such things does not say that he can not be of some assistance to you."

"Child, you'll drive me mad with your obstinacy."

"But, papa, Mr. Brown is a great friend of Alfred—Mr. Bellmore. Mr. Bellmore's father once did Mr. Brown a great service and since the latter was not able to repay it owing to the

former's death he considers himself under great obligations to his debtor's son. And I am sure if Alfred should speak to Mr. Brown for you he could accomplish something."

"Daughter, what you say is vain," said the other a little more placidly as he perceived the sympathetic way in which the young girl spoke. "Do you think old Brown would listen to that chap when he has such an excellent opportunity to ruin his bitterest enemy? No! I'm done for," and the old man, though a little more calmly, relapsed again into bewailment of his misfortune.

Beatrice noticed with pleasure that he had called Alfred only a "chap" this time and felt encouraged.

"Hello! S. A's down 3 more; everything looks gloomy; what about letting ours go?" came over the line.

"Will they never stop?" said the broken-hearted "operator," although he spoke as if he had expected nothing else. "Sell? my God, must I do it! Those blasted stocks will never go up in ten years now."

"But don't sell yet. Alfred might be able to do something. There is no harm in trying."

"Sir, they have taken another drop; two this time; 22's their price now."

"Hanged, child, send for Alfred; something must be done or I'll be a beggar; send for Alfred, do you hear me? Quick!" the old man cried, for the news of each drop tore him sorely at the heart, and the thought of spending the rest of his days on the street urged him on to action.

In a suspiciously short time Alfred Bellmore was ushered into the old stock king's presence. The latter was perhaps a little embarrassed at having to ask a request of a man whom he had totally ignored, but he felt that it was a case of life or death with him. So he stated briefly his position, asserting that old Brown was at the bottom of his trouble, and that owing to the young man's connection with that gentleman he hoped the youth could accomplish something. Young Bellmore studied very philosophically for a short time and finally rising, exclaimed:

"Well, I don't know that I can do much, but I'll try."

"Don't mention my name; just say it is a friend," yelled the old man, as Bellmore disappeared out the door.

Half an hour later as Augustus Darcy, having received no message since the youth's departure, and being unable to get his agent,

was waiting anxiously in his chair, the telephone bell rang vehemently. With feverish hand he grasped the receiver.

"Southern Atlantics have started to rise, jumped 15—back to 37 again. Everybody is buying with as great a vim as they sold before. Something mysterious has happened."

My Lord, man, is it true?" shouted Darcy, his face beaming with joy as he jumped about on his crippled legs—the pain was forgotten now—like a young schoolboy. "Why, that boy's a winner; he can't be beaten; he's a perfect gem!" and the old gentleman as Beatrice entered the room, went off into such ecstatic praise of Bellmore that a casual observer would certainly have pronounced the old man's brain badly in need of treatment.

"Well, I told you there was no harm in trying him," replied the girl modestly.

Ten minutes later, "S. A's have risen 5 more" was the message that greeted old Darcy's ear. Another series of jumps on the afflicted limbs, accompanied by still greater commendations of young Bellmore's interceding ability, followed.

"If this continues I'll come out all right yet," the old man shouted, his body fairly shaking with glee.

"What's that; 7 more did you say? and 3 again? Why, they're back to my buying price. I'm saved! I'm saved! I'll be a rich man again thanks to that stripling; he shall have half; he shall have half," and joy unparalleled filled the old man's soul.

Scarcely five minutes later, while the emotion of old Darcy was yet intense, Alfred Bellmore entered his presence again. This time a more violently enthusiastic reception greeted him.

"Man, you're a wonder! you're a wonder!" he exclaimed when he had recovered sufficiently to speak. "But how in the name of heaven did you do it—how did you do it? Wasn't it old Brown?"

"Yes, it was old Brown;" quickly replied the youth reddening, "you see it was this way. My father—"

"Yes, I know all about your father; but how the deuce did old Brown himself raise those infernal stocks in such a short time?"

"Well, you see it was an old debt and Brown could hardly refuse me a request. So after some expostulation on my part and hesitancy on his I prevailed upon him to start in buying those Southern Atlantics as fast as he could. And when the 'bulls' saw

him buying again they naturally concluded that that report was false, and that the whole thing was a ruse concocted by Brown—for he had been known to do such things before—to get a 'corner,' and they started in to buy also—"

"Hello! there's that phone again. Well? what now?"

"Southern Atlantic stocks have jumped from 50 to 62," resounded over the wire.

Young Bellmore cast a significant glance at Beatrice, and at the same instant the dark cloud that had up to this time been hovering above her countenance vanished. "There they go—six more; don't know what's the matter, men are buying like mad," came from the other end.

"Hurrah! my fortune's made," cried Darcy as he had a vivid mental picture of his money doubling. "Sell as soon as they show any signs of a drop. Do you hear? Then let them go," and with a feeling of gratitude too deep for expression the old stock king turned toward the young artist his stern gray eyes radiant with joy.

"Young man, you have not only saved me from ruin and beggary, but you have made a vast fortune for me; name anything you desire, hesitate not, and if it is in my power it shall be yours."

Of course there was only one thing Alfred Bellmore wanted, and accordingly made his request. Old Darcy winced a little as a vision of the nobleman's wealth flashed before his mind, but almost instantly his eyes lit up, and grasping the young man warmly by the hand spoke from his heart.

"Take her, boy, she's yours; you deserve her."

"Beatrice," said Alfred, a few days later when they were discussing the recent happenings, "it still remains a wonder to me that your father did not recognize my voice as not being his agent's that morning over the phone; our voices are so perceptibly different. I was dreadfully afraid that blasted agent would turn up at the office before 10.30. But those brokers, you know,—thanks to their fondness for sleep—are never ahead of time."

"And, Alfred, I worked the clock game to perfection. I had the hands of every time-piece in the house turned back an hour and a half. But it was all unnecessary, for papa was so excited that he never dreamed of looking once at his watch. The idea that it

was not 10.30, the time for the Exchange to open, never entered his head. Poor man! it was cruel to work him up so; but you know we had to do it; it was a case of everlasting happiness or misery with us. But, Alfred, what if those Southern Atlantics, or whatever you call them, had not really gone up that morning but dropped?"

"O well, that is past now; but I found out on such good authority that they were so sure to rise that a fall was beyond question. And you know the element of risk enters into every real enjoyable game. But luck was certainly with us. That agent telephoned the first rise right at the proper time, and in the most fitting words too, just as if he had been talking all along."

"But truly, Alfred," said the girl in a somewhat sorrowful tone, "do you think we shall be held accountable for that lie you told about being a friend of Mr. Brown and the rest? I don't believe it can be called a lie after all it was told in such a good cause," she added hopefully.

"Of course there was a quiet wedding a few weeks later, which doubtless was somewhat of a surprise to the exclusive members of the Darcy society circle, who wonder yet how stern old Augustus Darcy ever consented to the marriage of his beautiful daughter to that poor artist. But old Darcy himself, when any reference is made to his son-in-law, is very loud in his eulogies of the young man's ability not only along artistic lines but in the world of finance as well."

"Artists," he remarked to a friend, "always did fascinate me somehow or other. There is something mysterious about them; and you never know what they can do until you try them."

For old Darcy's rheumatism, needless to say, the antics he went through that morning in his chamber, during both the fall and rise of Southern Atlantics, did more good than any physician's prescription. But I believe it was some time—unless Beatrice in the goodness of her heart, or on account of a troubled conscience, revealed to him the secret—before the old gentleman found out the true state of affairs regarding his colossal investment.

Of course his pride was of a too delicate character to acknowledge even to his agent, who might have enlightened him as to the big "break" S. A.'s had taken, that a force other than the natural trend of events had been responsible for his gigantic emolument.

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—The faculty, students and many of the religious of Holy Cross joined in the Decoration Day exercises this morning. All attended solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. John Thilman at eight o'clock, and afterward marched to Washington Hall where the programme was continued. Impressive rendition of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg and of a memorial poem were given respectively by Mr. Byron V. Kanaley and Mr. Thomas D. Lyons, and to the accompaniment of the University Band the students sang national anthems. Among those present were many members of the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post which is wholly composed of veterans who are now priests and brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Colonel Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department and a distinguished officer of the Civil War, delivered a most appropriate and patriotic address, and as we listened to his stirring remarks we realized more fully than ever before our debt to the illustrious dead and our obligations to preserve at any cost those principles for which they struggled, fought and died. He is not to be envied whose patriotism did not glow on witnessing to-day's ceremonies.

—The college student seldom fails to have his photograph taken about this time. During the year he has made friends he would not soon forget and by whom he wishes to be remembered, and the photographer is just the

man to help him out. A visit to the studio is quite an interesting experience. There deftly arranged pictures meet his gaze and he is suavely informed that these are the "latest styles" and "just the thing." As he observes among them the face of some local celebrity of his acquaintance he is forced to conclude that the laundryman is not alone in the art of smoothing out a wrinkle. He arranges for a sitting, tries to follow the artist's instructions, and soon the ordeal is over. A day later comes the amusing sequel to the procedure: when the proofs arrive which one will he select? Not the picture nearer to what he looks but the picture nearer to what he wishes to look is his choice. Man likes to poke fun at the little vanities of the gentler sex, but it is well that they do not see him at the crucial moment when he is called upon to choose between the proofs for his photograph.

—In another column an author is reported to have said that he would like to be condemned to read Shakspeare all his life. We protest our innocence of any such ambition. Shakspeare was a most remarkable man, a great genius, but in our humble opinion he is glorified to excess. Above all is his reputation used to cover up sins of ignorance. Ask the veriest schoolboy what he thinks of Shakspeare's work, and, presto! a rapid fire of laudatory superlatives is heard. Not indeed that the boy has come to that conclusion himself, but he has got the cue from some one else, and with all the assurance and none of the unkindness of a Jeffries he pronounces judgment. He has learned from text-books and teachers that there is only one opinion concerning the bard of Avon and that the best he can say about him is none too good. The man who can not work himself into a fine frenzy over the beauties of Shakspeare must expect scorn and brave the lightning of the literary gods. How many of those who laud Shakspeare are sincere? how many really appreciate him? What a confounding revelation such a census would make. Even by those who have the gift of literary perception Shakspeare is overdone. Other authors before and after Shakspeare have been citizens of no mean cities. We have reverence for his mighty intellect, his rare genius; but only to atone for some heinous offense against heaven would we care to devote ourselves exclusively to his study.

A New Arrangement.

Reading and the New Books.

Few announcements at Notre Dame have created as much interest among the students as the Very Reverend President's notice on Tuesday that sophomores in the collegiate courses will be given rooms free. This is one of the many important changes which he intends to introduce next September, and by a large number of the students it is regarded as the most beneficial. Heretofore only junior and senior collegiate students were excepted from paying extra for their rooms. In addition to the regular fee for board and tuition a freshman or sophomore had to pay fifty dollars for a room, and a preparatory student, eighty dollars. Beginning with the opening of next session all sophomores, juniors and seniors in the collegiate courses will be given rooms free of charge. This innovation has been decided upon after much consideration and for a very good reason. It has been found that a private room is more conducive to the progress of the student than is the study-hall, and because of this he will be expected to do superior class-work. Father Morrissey further announced that as soon as arrangements are completed freshmen will also be provided with free rooms. It is only a question of time until the dormitory system is abolished for all except the preparatory students.

The changes referred to are in keeping with the progressive policy of Notre Dame. At no other Catholic educational institution in the country is such a generous system in vogue. Few Catholic colleges give rooms free and those that do generally limit the privilege to post-graduates. The majority of the sophomores at Notre Dame next year will be located in Corby Hall, while Sorin will, as in years past, be filled almost exclusively with juniors and seniors of the law and collegiate departments. To provide rooms for the freshmen a new hall is needed, and had not the Congregation of Holy Cross suffered such a heavy loss in the recent destruction by fire of St. Edward's College, Texas, it is probable the new structure would be erected during the present year. Great as that loss has been, it will only delay—not deter—Notre Dame from her purpose. She will persevere in her efforts to promote the welfare of her students and to sustain the well-earned reputation she enjoys in the college world. F. H. MCKEEVER, '03.

Recently I heard a man of letters say that he would like to be condemned to read Shakspeare all his life: this man is a type of that class of readers who prefer to abide by what the centuries have declared real literature, the devoted few who continually draw new delights and fresh inspiration from the old sources. The other class of readers is composed of those who feed themselves incessantly with the productions of the hour, who seize upon whatever book may attract them by its title, its binding or its "best-selling" reputation, and devour it: they are the omniverous reading public. Little save evil can result from such reading as they engage in. First of all, the matter they read is, in nearly every case, light, and though it may be broad in extent, it may be woefully shallow. Thus what little knowledge they may gain from their reading is of still less benefit to them; they become acquainted not with principles, but with surface facts. Even the more serious new books do not demand our immediate attention. It is an old saying which expresses this truth that there is nothing new under the sun; excepting, perhaps, scientific works, books dealing with inventions, discoveries and the like, we may say that this maxim is true in the world of literature. Great minds realize this. It was our own Bishop Spalding who said that it was not our aim to say what is new, but to impart to the old truths a freshness and a new life.

So, then, if the books published to-day are but as a gloss, whether avowedly so or not, put upon truths found in the old books, why lose time reading the gloss, the commentary, when we are unacquainted with the original text? Hence it has been well said, 'A good thing is new only for a short time, hence little that is new is good.' Don't be too eager to take up the latest book of even the best present-day writer; rest assured if the book is good to-day it will be good five, twenty, fifty years from to-day, and if it is bad to-day, twenty years from to-day it will be a nonentity. By waiting the verdict of time you save yourself unnecessary mental fatigue, and the energy you might have wasted you can employ in reading something which time has called good. There is, then, no reason why we should snatch any book damp from the press,—our fathers have left us a heritage of

books whose value can not be computed. What student-reader with Shakspeare at hand, with Macaulay, Washington Irving or Cardinal Newman within reach would pick up "The Confessions of a Wife," or any other "late" novel equally "hysterical?" *Must* you have fiction?—then turn to the masters, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, upon whose work generations have set the seal of approval. Even such novels as "The Right of Way" and "The Pit," extravagantly praised though they be, are nearly always short-lived; they flash for an instant, meteorically, across the horizon of literature, and then, out-burnt, they vanish and are forgotten. Who reads now "When Knighthood was in Flower?" yet this was perhaps the most popular of the first so-called historical novels; and so all its companions are either dead or showing moribund symptoms that predict an early demise.

Fiction, however, still continues to be the great output of the market, and light-headed readers soak their brains in this thoughtless stuff which renders their minds incapable of serious, vigorous thinking, and weakens even the imagination which it is falsely supposed to develop and stimulate. Fiction in itself is not bad; it is to reading what wine is to the dinner: it makes the more solid foods "slip into their predestined internal niche," and, in Bacon's figure, it aids mental digestion. No one will deny that this is a wholesome office, and it is only when we consider the abuses connected with fiction reading that we see the necessity of temperance—perhaps even of total abstinence—societies to combat the evils that attend fiction-reading. In the meanwhile, the public clamors for fiction, and the publishers serve them with it; so that to make our public feel that the "best sellers" do not constitute the sum-total of our literature is an arduous task. Nevertheless, I believe so long as the public remains in this state of mind, culture and modern education have little to boast of.

C. L. O'DONNELL, '05.

A Visit to the Farm.

There are few things of more real pleasure than a visit to the country. It means new life to the man of the city who bustles through the day with the means of his daily bread and the smoke from a hundred factories thick on his brow. Out in the cool air of the country, with nothing but the sky above and the green

fields about him, he must feel happy when he thinks of his condition in the city. What a pigmy he was hurrying past the great overgrown buildings which rolled thick clouds of smoke from hundreds of chimneys grudging him one clear view of the sky. He ought to be proud to say that he has seen the horizon.

The place of greatest comfort and most intense pleasure in the country is the farm. Away from the rush of business and the formalities of society one may rest with true home comfort, and enjoy the company of simple, well-wishing farmers. Here one may lay aside his stiff collar and tailor-made clothes, and putting on those garments which have kept company with rain and shine, stretch himself at full length in the cool shadow of some tree. And while he laughs at the sun peering through the close foliage he will think with pity of those poor ones sizzling away in the cities paved with brick.

From this shady spot he may enjoy with greater comfort many of the sports and amusements of city life, and more too. Cock fights are common: out in the open yard, where there is plenty of room for them to ruffle their feathers they give full scope to the evil instincts which they brought with them from the bad egg. Horse-racing is a daily occurrence, though the stake is small; and no theatrical stage ever presented a greater variety of characters than one evening's visit to the town gives.

I have always thought that one of the most pleasant things in visiting a country town is that everybody knows everybody else. There are no strangers, at least not for any length of time. The farmers come to the village in the evening, and each one tells the rest what is of interest in his part of the country. These gather in different parts of the town. The barber shop makes room for many of them. Two barber chairs are the limit, and on both sides of the shop long lines of rustics wait their turn. There is the old farmer who has let his beard grow to grace the dignity of his age, but who drops in occasionally to have it trimmed. The younger men, tall and muscular, have beards of no less strength. One would think sometimes, from the desperate efforts of the men with the blade, that the very beards had bone and muscle in them.

The tavern is another place where the farmers like to gather. The owner generally is wealthy enough to employ an assistant to do the work. He himself may be seen spread

in a big arm-chair outside the tavern door, contentedly smoking his pipe. His head is large, and his happy open face extends far back. His hands joined in true contentment rest on his great rotund body which looks as though it sampled all his goods. He smiles a welcome to everybody, and the clinking of the glasses within makes music to his ear. This happy man is one of the best-known of the villagers.

Not far from this tavern is the town blacksmith. He may be seen working his fire into flame and talking to the many villagers who sit about his shop. He is tall and strong, and his word in political questions is generally decisive. Here are discussed all the politics of the day, and the man who has shod the horse of the town lawyer and has heard the opinion of a maker of arguments is well able to decide. He stands a monumental figure by his anvil, his red flannel shirt and leather apron pointing him out from the rest of the men, and often in an exciting discussion he lets fall his hammer and the glowing iron grows cold on the anvil. These villagers are always kind and entertaining to strangers and fill their visit with a cheerful interest. But when the months of summer have gone, the farmers hug their own country fire and these places become gradually deserted. Then one may return to the city, which is always active, and spend a happy year with the thoughts of a well-spent summer to dispel the drear of winter.

E. P. BURKE, '05.

Athletic Notes.

NORTHWESTERN WINS.

A week ago last Tuesday there was a sort of a hazy haziness in the atmosphere that seemed to settle down in the neighborhood of Cartier Field during the course of the afternoon, and about 5 p. m. it was almost impossible to tell whether one was going or coming. That haziness was some villainous "hoodoo" that held nine Notre Dame baseball players under his or its spell for about two hours. Who or what this hoodoo was is a matter of speculation. Some claim it was "Miguel" Daly; others that it was the ghost of our old mascot, the goat, while a few timid ones say it was—Northwestern. With the assistance of Mr. Ill of the Ladies' Home Journal, the writer has figured out that Tuesday was Notre Dame's "off day," and

Northwestern's "on day" (the first they have had in some time). But the game itself, hoodoo or no hoodoo, was the most miserable exhibition ever seen on the home grounds. Our lads seemed to be bewildered, and whenever they got a ball in their hands, would either hold on to it for dear life, or else shut their eyes and throw it away. They had the game won several times, but always came to the rescue of Northwestern in chivalric style with an error or so to give them the lead. It was simply an off day for our fellows, and the less said about it the better.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	1	1	0	2	3
Stephan, 1st	3	3	9	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	1	1	3	1	0
Gage, 2d	1	2	4	2	4
Reuhlback, p	0	1	0	3	1
Salmon, r f	1	1	0	0	0
Doar, c	0	0	7	2	0
Kanaley, l f	1	1	0	0	0
Sherry, ss	0	0	4	3	3

Totals	18	10	27	13	11
Northwestern—o	1	2	0	1	2
Notre Dame—o	1	2	0	1	1
Batteries, Northwestern—Nuttall and Rundle; Notre Dame—Ruelbach and Doar. Home runs—Kanaley and Isaacs.	1	2	0	1	1

**

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP PRACTICALLY WON.

On Friday, May 22, the Varsity trounced the representatives from the State University to the tune of 7 to 2. The visitors did not have a single chance to win, and were apparently satisfied with their efforts to keep Notre Dame's score as low as possible. "Bill" Higgins twirled another masterful game, allowing the Bloomington men but three hits, and striking out nine men. Shaughnessy's perfect throw in from deep centre to the plate in the sixth inning cutting off a run, Geoghegan's all-around star-playing and the easy manner in which our fellows purloined bases, were the features of the game. Geoghegan put up a very clever game at short, accepting ten chances with but one error, several of them being difficult running chances. The State representatives did not have their customary ginger, although their pitcher, Boyle, did good work, but his support was rather ragged. This game practically cinches the State Championship for us, as we have but one game left in the series, that with Purdue on June 6 at Lafayette. The result of that game, however, will not count for much, as Indiana has twice defeated Purdue.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	0	2	0	2	0
Stephan, 1st	1	1	8	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	1	1	2	2	1
Gage, 2d	1	1	3	2	1
Salmon, r f	0	1	2	0	0
Kanaley, l f	1	1	0	0	0
Geoghegan, ss	1	1	6	3	1
Antoine, c	1	2	6	2	1
Higgins, p	1	1	0	4	0
Totals	7	11	27	15	4
Indiana—0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	2	3	5		
Notre Dame—0 1 2 0 0 0 1 2 1	7	11	4		

Batteries—Notre Dame, Higgins and Antoine; Indiana, Boyle and McIntosh. Two base hits—Geoghegan. Base on balls—off Higgins, 4; off Boyle, 2. Stolen bases—Antoine, Higgins, Gage, 2; Geoghegan, O'Connor. Kanaley, Salmon, 2; Clevenger. Sacrifice Hits—Salmon, and Higgins. Umpire—Rapp.

* *

ELEVEN INNINGS DECIDE BELOIT GAME.

On Saturday, May 23, the students who were fortunate enough to be over on Cartier Field, witnessed the best baseball game that has ever been played on a Notre Dame field. The contest was marked by the cleverest sort of fielding and all-around work on the part of both teams, and took eleven innings to be decided. Beloit came here with the avowed purpose of evening up for the game lost to Notre Dame at Beloit earlier in the season, and with this object in view, presented her best line-up with their crack pitcher, Morey in the box. But our fellows were equally determined to win, and played with the real Notre Dame spirit and dash that has won so many close games in the past. Ruehlbach pitched, and the big fellow gave a splendid account of himself. Beloit secured ten hits, but these were kept scattered in such a way that they counted for nought. Capt. Stephan at first, Geoghegan at short, and Doar behind the bat played star ball, and made several brilliant plays. Morey's pitching, Vegelburg's fielding, and Merrill's batting were features for Beloit. Our fellows played a good game all around, and it was only their coolness and nerve at critical moments that won out for them.

Beloit scored first on an error and Morey's single to left. Lipp also singled in this inning, giving Morey a chance to score, but a perfect throw to the plate by Salmon cut him off. A brace of errors and a wild throw in the eighth gave Beloit their second and last tally. Umpire Pickett made a questionable decision on first base in this inning, giving a man a life on which he afterwards scored.

Notre Dame's chances looked blue until the eighth when with one out, Shaughnessy singled, and stole second; Stephan drew a pass and O'Connor drove a safe, one out to left, scoring Shaughnessy. In the last half of the ninth inning, with Salmon on third and Geoghegan on first, it began to rain so heavily that the Umpire was forced to call a halt. For half an hour the floodgates were opened until Cartier Field resembled a small lake. The rooters were as nervous as a hen on eggs during the storm fearing that it would put an end to the game, and especially when Notre Dame had such a great chance to win out. But finally old Sol made his appearance and drove away the clouds. In the meantime a large force of patriotic students got to work and fixed up Carroll diamond in shape to continue the game. Doar was the first man to face Morey on the new diamond, and realizing that it was up to him to tie the score and possibly win, he smashed a pretty hit out to right, scoring Salmon and evening up matters with Beloit. A double play by the visitors ended the inning. Both were blanked in the tenth. In the last half of the eleventh with two men out, Kanaley received four wide ones which sent him down to first. He immediately stole second. Geoghegan hit one down towards short, which was fumbled just long enough to allow the speedy lad to reach first. The throw too, was a little wild and while Mr. Johnson was trying to pull it down, Kanaley tore past third and in, home, just a second before the ball, winning the game, and several thumps and bruises and mighty hugs from the enthusiastic rooters.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy c f	1	1	1	0	0
Stephan, 1st	0	0	19	2	0
O'Connor, 3d	0	1	1	1	1
Gage, 2d	0	0	3	1	1
Salmon, r f	1	0	1	1	0
Kanaley, l f	1	1	0	0	0
Geoghegan, ss	0	0	8	1	1
Doar, c	0	1	6	3	1
Ruehlbach, p	0	1	1	6	0
Totals	3	6	33	22	4

Beloit—0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 10 6
N. D.—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 3 6 4

Batteries, Beloit—Morey and Merrill. Notre Dame—Ruehlbach and Doar. Bases on balls—off Morey, 3; off Ruehlbach, 2. Struck out by Morey, 14; by Ruehlbach, 4. Two base hit—Kanaley. Three base hit—Ruehlbach. Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, 2; Kanaley, 2; Salmon, Slater, Morey. Umpire, Pickett. Date, May 23d.

Account of Dennison-Notre Dame game will appear in next week's issue.

The Sorin and Holy Cross semi-final game was a pitchers' battle between Quinlan and Hammer. The latter's work was brilliant at all times, holding the Holy Cross men down in fine style. Hanley and Farabaugh led the batting for Sorin, while Hagerty connected with Hammer's curves twice for safeties. Score:

HOLY CROSS—1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0=2 5 4
SORIN—0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 *=4 6 3

Struck out—Hammer, 15; Quinlan, 11. Base on balls—Hammer, 5; Quinlan, 1. Two base hits—Farabaugh, Hanley. Stolen bases—Hanley, Farabaugh, Cunningham, Gearin, Fack. Umpire—Opfergelt.

* *

Inter-Hall League standing.

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Brownson	5	0	1.000
Sorin	* 4	2	.667
Holy Cross	* 3	2	.500
Carroll	2	3	.400
Corby	1	4	.200
St Joe	1	4	.200

* Sorin and Holy Cross played last Thursday to decide which team should meet Brownson for the championship, the former winning. This accounts for the extra game played by these two teams.

* *

St. Joseph finally broke the hoodo last Sunday afternoon and won a game, Carroll Hall being the victims. Rip Van Rogers pitched star ball, and his fast work was the feature of the game. The score was 21 to 6.
J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Mr. M. L. Murphy visited his brother of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. P. H. O'Neill of Rockford, Ill., called on Mr. Byron Kanaley.

—Mr. D. Cahill of Chicago called to see his son in Brownson Hall.

—Mr. G. Quertmont of Arnold, Penn., visited his sons in Carroll Hall.

—Mr. C. R. Hemenway of South Haven, Mich., visited his son in Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. and Miss Tong of South Bend called on Mr. Charles Tong of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. C. W. Greene of Chicago made a brief visit to his son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. F. K. Farwell spent a few days with Master Arthur Farwell of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. H. T. Hogan of Fort Wayne spent a few days with Mr. Harry Hogan of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Rempe of Chicago called recently to visit his sons in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. J. Sheehan of Grand Rapids, Michigan, visited her son in Brownson Hall.

A Memorable Feast.

A senior class banquet is a function that comes but once in a lifetime—a fact which was kept well in mind by the men of the collegiate class of 1903. The banquet was held in the Hotel Oliver on Wednesday evening, May 27. At eight o'clock the members of the class took their places at the festive board. Good-fellowship, one of the good fruits of college life, was the keynote of the evening. Elbel's orchestra discoursed sweet music, and the hall echoed to bursts of merriment "that made the ancient antlers shake on the walls."

When justice was done to a choice and well-ordered menu, Mr. Crumley, President of the class and toastmaster, arose, and after expressing regret at the absence of the Very Reverend President Morrissey who was unable to be present, he made a very happy introductory address in which he called upon Mr. MacDonough to respond to the toast, "Our College President." Mr. MacDonough but expressed the sentiment of the class when he spoke in glowing words of Father Morrissey as a man, a scholar and a priest of God. Mr. Francis J. Barry was next introduced and responded to the toast, "Our Future." Though he assured his audience that he was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet he clearly proved himself a wit. "The Faculty" was Mr. Gorman's toast and afterward came Mr. Hanley's clever speech, "Our Athletes."

"The Ladies," a toast that always imposes delicate obligations, was ably handled by Mr. Sweeny. Among other things Mr. Sweeny said, "Woman is the grandest work of the Great Author; a work which has many editions and of which no man ought to be without a copy." Mr. Lynch was the next speaker, and reviewed in his own inimitable way "Students' Haunts." His portrayal of some scenes well known to the seniors elicited rounds of applause. Mr. Baer followed with an unpronounceable toast beginning with "Hoch der Kaiser" and ending with "Aber Nit. After some very witty remarks he settled down to "something serious,"—in fact to the most impressive speech of the evening. He deplored the few endowments made to Notre Dame and proposed that the class of 1903 make it their ambition to found a scholarship and thus establish a worthy memorial.

What was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant addresses of the evening came from Mr. O'Grady whose response to "Notre Dame" concluded the formal programme. Other speakers were Messrs. Arana, Fahy, Petritz, Rincon, Rebillot, Smoger and Wurzer. With a few appropriate concluding remarks from President Crumley, the members adjourned, after the most delightful session in their many happy years at Notre Dame. C. A. G.

—Mr. F. T. Page of Pittsburg was a recent caller at Notre Dame, visiting his brother in Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. C. J. Kasper of Chicago was a recent visitor at the University to see her two sons in Corby Hall.

—Mrs. John McHugh and Mrs. Orvine McHugh of Crescow, Iowa, visited Mr. Walter Daly of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Charles Kanaley of Weedsport, N. Y., and Mr. Eugene Murphy of Syracuse are welcome guests at the University.

—Of the one hundred and sixty-seven candidates who recently took the examination for the Illinois State Bar, little more than twenty per centum passed. Among the successful were the three Notre Dame law graduates—Clement C. Mitchell, Joseph J. Sullivan and Patrick Monahan. The standing obtained by all three was highly creditable not only to their own ability and application, but to the efficiency of the Law department at Notre Dame. They are the latest to bear testimony to Colonel Hoynes' thoroughness and excellence as an instructor. Others of this year's law class will soon follow, provided they do not loaf before their final examination in June. We congratulate Messrs. Mitchell, Sullivan and Monahan, and wish them continued success.

—Most Rev. Maurice Francis Burke, Bishop of St. Joseph, Missouri, who recently spoke at the Irish meeting held in his episcopal city, in honor of Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., was born in this country in 1845. Bishop Burke was educated at the famous American University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and was ordained in Rome in 1875. He was consecrated Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1887. From this diocese he was transferred to the more important one he now holds in Missouri. During the nine years that Bishop Burke spent in the American College in Rome prior to his ordination he acquired a considerable grasp of modern languages. In addition to this, he is credited with a profound knowledge of Greek and Hebrew.—*Weekly Freeman* (Dublin, Ireland).

Many at Notre Dame will recall with pleasure the Right Reverend Bishop's visit to the University some years ago when he delivered the Commencement Oration.

—Mr. and Mrs. Esquino of Taluca, Mexico, visited their three sons, Salvador, Manuel and Henrique, during the week. Both are making a tour of the United States previous to their return to Mexico. They have just arrived from Europe where they travelled extensively in France, England, Greece, Spain and Italy. Their most delightful experience was an interview with His Holiness Leo XIII. Mr. Esquino is an accomplished scholar and linguist and is much interested in architecture and painting. He admired the mural decorations in the Church of the Sacred Heart, and thinks it compares favorably with work of a similar kind he has seen in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Esquino's visit to Notre Dame gave much pleasure to all who made their acquaintance.

Local Items.

—Before going home students would do well to secure copies of the Jubilee Book and of the new bird's-eye view of the University buildings and grounds. Both may be had at the students' office.

—The St. Joe Specials and Carroll Hall first team played a lively game of baseball on Cartier Field last Sunday afternoon. The batteries were Rogers and Garland for the Specials and Winters and Dashbach for Carroll. In six innings St. Joe scored twenty-three runs and easily won the game. Carroll could do little with Rogers' delivery, and secured only four hits in the whole game. Garland did exceptionally good work behind the bat. Malloy, Feeley and J. Murphy also distinguished themselves.

—The greatest event that has happened in athletic circles in some time, was the baseball game between the Annexationists and the second team of Carroll Hall last Thursday. Barnum and Bailey's great combination, Ringling's wonderful aggregation, Sun Bro. unrivalled troupe, are naught compared to Thursday's performers. Old men who have not smiled in 69 years laughed last Thursday. It was a wonderful sight. Bill tying himself in knots; O'Neill bunting the ball with his left foot; Carroll's clever stop of a runner on third base, and the Hon. David Excelsior's wonderful back talk to the Umpire in the 3d inning, were features that caused the youngsters to faint and old men to wonder. Mr. Ill, the Umpire, handled the indicator in no contemptible manner and gave his decision, which was accepted the day before.

Dr. Pino created a sensation in the fifth inning by catching a fly that was on his nose. The genial Doctor hauled it into the home plate where after a hasty consultation by the Annex men it was decided to put it to death. The poor fly was jumped on and batted around until J. Percy Shields finally put an end to its agonies by spiking it between the eyebrows and left field. The fly died soon after, mid the shouts and yells of the Annex men.

Totalities:

Annex—0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=3 1½ 0
C. H.—11 10 9 8 7 6 5 13 16 3 2 0=186 333 1

Batteries, Annex—Gruber, Markey, George, Willard, Shields, O'Neill; Carroll—Pino and David, Excelsior Sullivan, Carroll, Bergren and Quertimont. Foul balls, O'Neill, 3; Carroll, 7; Sullivan, 1; Naps on base, Willard, 1; good stops, Pino, 1; remarkable plays, O'Neill, 17; put outs, by O'Neill, himself three times; by Markey, the umpire; by Pino and Shields, the fly. Put out on second bounce, everybody; on the game, Mr. Ill. Time, Lots of it. Attendance, Enormous; President of the Board of Arbitration, Mr. Ill.

The next game will be played on the arrival of Miguel Daly who is honorary manager for the Annexationists, and has kindly promised to take charge of the gate receipts.