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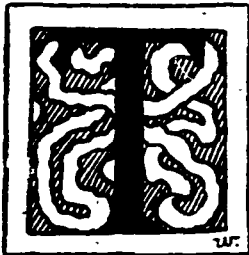
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 13, 1903.

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THE HON. JOHN M. GEARIN, B. S., '71, M. S., 74,
Orator of the Day.

Memorial Address.*



HE civil war, which ended thirty-eight years ago, was among the bloodiest and most stubbornly contested of modern times. Its exceptional perils and privations tended to weld into lifelong comradeship those who stood shoulder to shoulder on the firing line, or marched with empty haversacks by day and night, in sunshine and rain, over mountains and barrens, across creeks and rivers, through everglades and savannas. It is not remarkable that those of them who still survive meet with feelings of deep solemnity to take part in the impressive ceremonies of Memorial Day—a day appointed for the decoration of the graves of their deceased comrades and the commemoration of the patriotic services they rendered in saving the Union. And it seems to be peculiarly appropriate that the day set apart for these exercises should come when the flowers of spring are most abundant and the roses have begun to bloom. There is an added pleasure in recalling it through the year as having come

"When all the meadows, wide unrolled,
Were green and silver, green and gold;
When buttercups and daisies spun
Their shining tissues in the sun."

THE RESPONSE OF NOTRE DAME TO OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

At Notre Dame, noted not less for its patriotism than for its educational work, the day is doubly observed—first with the solemn ceremonies of religion, and then with these exercises. As you know, many members of the community, as well as students and professors, responded with promptitude to the call of duty when our country was in danger, and willingly gave their lives or shed their blood for it on the battlefield. Some of them are here to-day, but it would be invidious to mention names. Yet the Grand Army Post at Notre Dame offers conclusive evidence that brave hearts which once beat rapturously to the grand, wild, inspiring music of war, and faltered not in the din of battle, but met undaunted the fullest tests of conspicuous courage, are as true and patriotic to-day as ever they were, while beating still in response, under the religious garb, to a sense of duty

* Delivered by Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, at Decoration Day Exercises held in Washington Hall, May 30.

not less exalted. How lamentable that good Father Corby is no longer here to guide, direct and inspire by the example of his earnestness, the patriotism of his impulses and the prudence of his counsel!

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

Of late we have heard from time to time of the Spanish-American war and its veterans. One who saw something of the civil war can hardly repress a smile on hearing that brief contest spoken of as a war. Our regular army alone would have been equal to the emergency in that instance. Why, many a time during the civil war more men were killed and wounded in twenty minutes than lost their lives in all the actions and skirmishes of the Spanish-American war. But I am not to be understood as saying a word in disparagement of the services of those who, in good faith, enlisted to take part in it; for they would have been true, as I believe, to the well-established record of American soldiers for courage, endurance and efficiency had they been called upon to meet the dangers and privations of a real war. I trust that our experience in it may not tend to make us unnecessarily aggressive, or possibly lead us, on slight provocation, to court war with nations whose fighting prowess and equipment might be such as to remind us of the dark days of our civil strife.

And here it may be pertinent to state in substance a colloquy between President Lincoln and General Scott in 1861: "Well, General Scott," spoke the President, "there are now about 100,000 men under arms. It is stated that you had only 5000 when you entered the city of Mexico. If you took that place with 5000, why can you not take Richmond with 100,000?" "Ah, Mr. President," answered the General, "but you must remember that the men who under my command took the city of Mexico are now defending Richmond." What could more pertinently illustrate the force of the commonly heard reference to "the man behind the gun?"

THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

It would be impracticable in the limited time at my disposal to undertake to treat of the War of the Rebellion even in outline, or to mention specifically its different campaigns and battles. I shall consequently confine my remarks to the last campaign—that undertaken and conducted by Gen. Grant from the time he crossed the Rapidan until the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox, almost a year afterward

It will be remembered that the Confederate army under General Lee had been defeated with heavy loss at Gettysburg the preceding summer. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the third day of the battle, which began July 1, Pickett made his famous charge, and his great division melted away to a mere handful under a terrific fire of artillery and musketry before reaching the Union position on Cemetery Hill. That disastrous charge decided the battle, and Lee had no alternative but to retreat. Coincident with Pickett's charge, but unaware of it, a flag of truce was sent by General Pemberton to the Union lines besieging him at Vicksburg to arrange terms for the capitulation of that place. He and Grant agreed that afternoon on terms for the surrender of the city, with its garrison of 30,000 men, and it was occupied by the Union forces the following day, July 4. It was believed that the right arm of the Confederacy had been crippled at Gettysburg and the left at Vicksburg; that its doom was irretrievably sealed and that only stubbornness and folly could actuate it in attempting longer to hold out. Many thought that it was even then on the point of yielding. If you keep in mind that state of things you can not fail to be greatly surprised at the resistance made to the Federal advance in the last campaign.

I ought to state also that in conjunction with it were three subordinate or co-operating campaigns. These were, first, that under General Butler and his troops along the James River; second, that under General Sigel and others in the Shenandoah valley, and third, that under General Sherman in the West, comprising the armies of the Tennessee and Cumberland, with Atlanta and the sea as objective points.

Butler was at no time heavily engaged, and, on account of his comparative inactivity, was said to be "bottled up," in the striking and expressive diction of Grant. Yet he held the ground assigned to him, and it was not his fault that he was not attacked and afforded opportunity to demonstrate his resourcefulness and strategic skill. At any rate, he was not wanting in a war-like temper, if we may believe the reports then current—a temper that brooked no opposition or contradiction. When he ordered a thing done it had to be done at once, and without question. But a story comes to mind which is said to mark the turning-point of his habit in that regard, and I may be pardoned for repeating it. It seems that he

had a fine horse—a favorite animal that had been presented to him by some of his Boston friends. The name "Boston" was given to the animal, and he was exceedingly proud of it. While in camp near the James River a messenger rushed into his tent one day and hurriedly informed him that on the way from an encampment farther up the river he had seen the horse "Boston" fall over a cliff a mile east of the camp, and that it could be found dead at its base, in the ravine. The General became very much excited, dismissed the messenger, and called loudly for Sambo, one of his faithful contraband attendants. When Sambo appeared he was told to select a couple of the other colored servants, take them with him to the ravine east of the camp, find "Boston" at the foot of the cliff, skin him carefully, and fetch the hide to headquarters, the intention being to send it home and have it stuffed—an act likely to be much appreciated by the donors. "Wha-a-t," said Sambo, "is 'Bosting' daide—de hoss dat de people of Massachusetts guv you?" "What's that to you? Mind your business, you black rascal! No questions, but do as you are told." Such was the answer to Sambo, who started at once on his mission. After an absence of about three hours he and his companions returned and found the General in a very unpleasant frame of mind, still thinking of the loss of his highly-prized horse. "Ah, back at last!" said he to Sambo. "Did it take you all this time to execute my orders?" "No, sah," was the answer. "We could have been back an hour ago if we could have kitched de hoss whar you said. He was frightened, and ran around dar a right smart. It took about an hour to kotch him."

In the Shenandoah Valley the Union forces under Sigel and other commanders met with defeat and retreated. At length Sheridan was placed in command there, and he speedily wrought a complete change in the situation. In his brilliant advance he drove the enemy steadily backward, winning the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, and gaining complete mastery of the valley. With a view to preventing the return of the enemy the torch was applied mercilessly to property, and that once rich valley was turned into an area of waste and desolation.

In the West General Sherman moved on slowly, winning several important and notable battles, capturing Atlanta, marching to the sea, and then turning northeastward in his

march through the Carolinas. His last regular battle was at Bentonville, N. C., March 18, 1865, Johnston being his opponent.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

But I must hasten on, referring again to the inception of the last campaign, which began with the battle of the Wilderness. It may be stated that the Federal army, comprising 118,000 men, crossed the Rapidan and entered the Wilderness on the 3d and 4th of May, 1864, with Richmond as its objective point. Lee's army numbered nearly 70,000. Placed in double line, the Union troops would cover a front of twenty-one miles, with one-third still in reserve. Similarly disposed, the Confederates would cover a front of fourteen miles. The wagons containing the food, forage, ammunition, supplies, etc., of the Union army would reach, if moving in regular order, a distance of sixty-five miles, or from the Rapidan to Richmond.

This statement may lead some of you to inquire: "Why could not General Grant, with his numerically superior forces, destroy or push aside General Lee's army?" The answer is that General Lee was an exceptionally able commander and that the nature of the ground greatly favored his defensive manœuvring. Furthermore, only a portion of the army could be brought into action at any one time. In that densely timbered region the Confederates attacked the Union troops in front and flank, and the slaughter on both sides during the 5th and 6th of May was appalling. All efforts to break through Lee's lines proved unavailing, and it became evident to General Grant that he would have to retreat or change his position to more favorable ground. Determining on the latter course, he moved noiselessly to Spottsylvania Court House, a few miles distant, during the night of the 6th. The morning of the 7th he found that Lee had anticipated the movement and was there in a fortified position to confront him. The battle was promptly resumed, for, strictly speaking, the desperate contest at Spottsylvania might be considered a continuation of the battle of the Wilderness.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the ferocity, desperation and destructiveness of the contest. At the "Bloody Angle," for example, there was an incessant roll of musketry for more than twenty hours. It is said to have been unprecedented in warfare. It chipped and tore to splinters, and even cut down trees. The dead and dying literally

covered the ground, and near the bloody salient they seemed to be actually piled up in heaps of tens and scores.

COMPARATIVE LOSSES.

At the Wilderness and Spottsylvania the Federal killed and wounded were greater in number than the aggregate of the killed and wounded in all the battles and skirmishes of all the wars fought on the American continent in which English-speaking people participated from its first settlement by them to the present time. To particularize, we may compute all the killed and wounded of the French and Indian war; the total of killed and wounded of the revolutionary war; the aggregate of killed and wounded in the war of 1812; the entire number of killed and wounded in the Mexican war; the killed and wounded in all our wars with the Indians, and the killed and wounded of the recent Spanish-American war, and the grand total would be less than the Federal loss at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

The courage and fortitude requisite to enable armies to bear such losses, and not to retire from the field in acknowledged defeat, seem to be quite exceptional, if not actually unprecedented. In vain shall we look for a like exhibition of valor and endurance, though we turn to the pages of history chronicling the deeds of Alexander's phalanxes, Cæsar's Tenth Legion, Richard Coeur de Lion's Crusaders, Napoleon's Imperial Guard, or the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

THE CARNAGE DID NOT DAUNT.

Notwithstanding the awful carnage at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, there was no decisive result. Neither side could claim victory, and Grant continued his movement to the left, along the line on which he had met the enemy, with Richmond still the objective point. Lee's army, however, moved on parallel roads, keeping in a position to attack in flank and possibly compass his defeat if he should venture to move directly on that city. The danger of doing so was fully demonstrated at Cold Harbor, where Lee, expecting such movement, concentrated his forces. He repulsed very easily the attack made upon him there, and with a disparity of losses altogether unexpected and surprising. He was protected by fortifications, and lost only 1800, while our loss was 12,000. But this made no appreciable change in the plans of General Grant. In former campaigns other

commanders had admitted defeat and retreated with far less loss; but such was not the nature of the man of iron will, who declared it to be his grim purpose "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." So the army continued to move along the same line, passed over the ground occupied by McClellan two years before, crossed the James River, and still moved on until Petersburg stood in the way. There again was the Confederate army, still in a position to defend Richmond. No alternative then appeared but to pursue the course followed at Vicksburg, where two bloody assaults proved that it could not be taken by direct attack. In fact, it was only after futile and bloody initial assaults at Petersburg that the comparison with Vicksburg suggested itself. So it was determined to lay siege to the place.

LEE'S ARMY ESCAPES FROM PETERSBURG.

The futile siege continued throughout the fall and winter. During that time there were several incidental contests, and even assaults, but they proved generally favorable to the enemy. At length the condition of Lee and his men became desperate, through scarcity of food, and one night in the latter part of March, 1865, they quietly and secretly withdrew from the place and started to join Johnston, who, with an army of 25,000 men, was intercepting the march of General Sherman through North Carolina, and thus defending Richmond in that quarter. Lee evidently believed that if he could join and co-operate with Johnston, the two might be able to crush Sherman or possibly force him to surrender. But fate decreed otherwise. Sheridan barred the way at Five Forks, and the troops in pursuit from Petersburg followed rapidly. Thus Lee and his men stood at bay, with Sheridan inexorably belligerent in front and Grant active in rear. A brief struggle in front proved conclusively that they could not break through the Union cordon; that their cause was lost; that the Confederacy was dead, and that only the sad privilege remained of assisting at its obsequies. It was a gloomy and painful hour for them. The last campaign, begun in the Wilderness a year before, was about to end. They accepted the situation gracefully, however, and formally surrendered on the 9th of April, 1865, four years after they had opened fire on Fort Sumter and begun the war.

APPALLING STATISTICS.

According to statistics furnished by Charles

A. Dana, assistant secretary of war, the losses of the Federal troops in the Richmond campaign from May 3, 1864, to April 9, 1865, were 15,000 killed; 77,748 wounded; 31,503 missing, or a total of 124,590. During all this time both sides did everything possible to secure and send forward recruits to repair the appalling losses sustained in the last campaign.

Our losses in it exceed in number the great army with which Sherman began his campaign to Atlanta and the sea. They are more than twice as great, numerically, as the army commanded by Rosecrans; when he started on his Chattanooga campaign. And they outnumber all the troops that took part in the Mexican war.

OUR FLAG TRIUMPHANT IN WAR AND PEACE.

Johnston surrendered with his army April 26, a few days after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He surrendered to General Sherman at Smithfield, N. C., and his men returned peacefully to their homes, as did those who surrendered at Appomattox.

The old flag, which they had so often seen in the fire and smoke of battle, ever bravely held aloft, and never with a stripe gone or a star less, except as torn by shot and shell, was thenceforward to be their flag, and under its protecting folds they were to find freedom, peace and safety. It was their flag as well as ours before the nightmare of secession afflicted the land. Once that incubus was destroyed, it became again their flag as well as ours—the flag of all the people; and now we all turn to it with common feelings of love and reverence, hope and confidence. It is not a sectional flag. It is the flag of the United States. It symbolizes all that is brave, true and honorable in manhood, and all that is just, free and incorruptible in government. May it ever continue to do so, under the guiding hand of God, and never float in sanction over wrong or oppression either at home or abroad.

This day—our Grand Army Memorial Day—happily commemorates the patriotism of those who saved it in all its significance of union, loyalty and liberty—saved it to the people—saved it to our country.

"Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty;
Behold its streaming rays unite,
Mingling floods of braided light—
The red that fires the southern rose
With spotless white from northern snows,
And spangled o'er its azure sea
The sister stars of liberty."

Varsity Verse.

"INNOCENCE."

LIKE snowflakes wafted softly down from high
 Adrift as if no burden on the air
 And floating gently, resting everywhere,
 A veil unstained that screens a leaden sky.
 Or like the slender lily growing by
 The valley stream, breathing of peace and fair,
 Sweet symbol of chastity,—a virtue rare
 Whose substance may, whose beauty ne'er can die.

So is the sight of innocence to me
 In this corrupt and all corrupting world
 Where all is strife and striving men go mad.
 Whene'er I see in virgin purity
 The priceless soul God gave one yet unsoiled
 Peace fills my heart and bids it not be sad.

C. A. GORMAN, '03.

MIDNIGHT IN ROME.

Rome sleeps, nor does the din of martial strife
 Break in upon her dreams and rouse to life
 The dust of bygone legions. Hark! a bell,
 Two, three, nay more, a multitude now tell
 The midnight hour in brazen, clanging strains.
 Amid such symphonies the moon attains
 Its zenith, casting o'er each lettered arch
 Triumphant once, now herald of the march
 Of crowding years, its soul unkindling rays—
 'Tis sad that Roman nights must fade to days.

L. J. C.

THE CITY'S SUNSET.

Yon in the city's rush and bray
 When the factory whistles blow
 And the toilers take their homeward way,
 Do they note the sun's rich glow?

Is there one in the jam of the clanging car,
 That would turn to the western sky
 And watch through the red and gold afar
 The last pale sun rays die?

Prone in the hospital's whitened ward
 Is there a lonely heart that feels
 That now adown the hills' green sward
 The twilight, fairy-footed steals?

Within the prison's damp, gray walls
 Are there hearts that, though sin-crushed
 Still think of the woods where the whip-poor-will calls
 When the bending sky hangs flushed?

The city's children they; day and night
 They pant and sweat for a paltry dole;
 Starving their heart's love of beauty and light,
 Stifling their clamorous soul.

Few of them ever have seen the light
 Grow misty out on the open sea,
 Or viewed e'en once the beautiful sight
 That nightly bewilders me.

C. J. O'D.

HERE AND NOW.

This moment do what good you may,
 To-morrow's light you may not see;
 Toil not for wealth from day to day
 To have is little, 'tis much to be.

T. E. B.

The Parting of the Ways.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Governor John Richards was "perplexed in the extreme." This would not have been strange, if the legislature were in session and important bills had to be signed, but such was not the case. It was a mere question of signing a pardon,—one, moreover, which had been favorably reported by the State Board. Then, since the governor had a kind heart, a casual observer would say that there could be but one outcome. But he had been sitting at his desk since nine o'clock, and midnight was fast approaching.

Once more he examined the documents bearing on the case. There was the official report stating that James Burleigh had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, one of which he had served; then there was the warden's brief letter testifying to the exemplary conduct of the prisoner, and a brief line from the state physician to the effect that confinement was breaking down Burleigh's nervous system and that another year of it would kill him. In addition to this there were strange rumors about the trial. That was the reason the governor had written to his political adviser, State Senator Kirby, requesting him to look into the matter. The court's records, he knew, would reveal nothing. Senator Kirby had telegraphed that he would arrive that night, and the governor was awaiting him.

As the time wore on he fell to musing. He reflected soberly that, laying aside all conceit and vainglory, he had the right to feel content. He was about to complete an eminently successful term, had been unanimously renominated, and now, when the election was but a week off, his opponents were acknowledging certain defeat. It was an easy step from governor to senator, and after senator there was a chance at least of being a presidential possibility. True, there were those who criticized him for his conservative policy, and some even said that the great mine owner, Herschler, dictated to him; but this was not true, the governor told himself. He was courteous to all men; and why should not the wishes of a great tax-payer like Herschler be in some degree consulted? The fact that the mine owner controlled a great many votes was, of course, merely an incident,

and—the governor's revery was suddenly interrupted by a brisk step down the passage-way. The door was flung open and Senator Kirby stepped in.

"Well," said the governor when they had shaken hands, "I didn't like to disturb you especially so near election, but—"

"You haven't signed that pardon?" broke in the Senator in a strained voice.

"No," answered the governor, "I came near doing it, but, out of respect to you, I thought I'd wait."

"Good," said Kirby, evidently relieved. "Your chances for election would be about one to two thousand, if you had. I tell you it's a mighty serious business. You see it's just this way," he went on, as he took a chair: "Old Mose Herschler has got possession of some of those mines he owns in damned strange ways. It seems that a number of unsuspecting persons who thought they had claims found that by some inexplicable process the county clerk's records showed that the only bona fide owner was Mose Herschler, esquire. Well, Mose bought off those who 'hollered' loudest and some of the rest he bluffed into silence. However, a widow up there got this young Burleigh to take her case, and Mose couldn't bluff him nor buy him. That frightened the old thief, for he thought they all might get after him again. Finally, one night a hired bully attacked young Burleigh; and in self-defence, the young fellow killed Mose's henchman. Well, they got a jury of the great man's workmen, and tried Burleigh before a judge whom Mose has much better title to than he has to most of his mines. Mose wanted to make it murder; but it seems that one of the jurymen, who has some sort of belief in a hell, held out; so finally they brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The judge gave him the limit, and there he is."

"Good God," cried the governor, "where's that pardon?"

"Hold on!" shouted the Senator. "Don't!"

The governor had dipped his pen in the ink and drawn the blank paper before him. He turned and raised his eyebrows, with a look of amazement.

"Why, man," went on Kirby, "don't you know that Mose Herschler and his gang can put up an independent candidate to-morrow and defeat you? Let me tell you, they'll do it too, if you sign that pardon. It will be for them the proverbial last straw, for they

are still 'sore' on account of that franchise deal. Don't sign it,—unless you're through with politics."

The senator laughed nervously, as one who has just-escaped great disaster. The governor slowly dropped the pen; the ink splattered from it, making ugly blots on the paper.

"I guess you're right, Jim," he said hesitatingly to Kirby, as he arose from his desk. "Good-night."

Still the affair would not leave his mind. He knew he could sign the pardon a week later as well as then, but delay, however short, seemed like compromising justice. Besides there was Herschler to reckon with all through the next term, if the great career was to be carried out. 'Sign that pardon, when you're through with politics,' Kirby had said. The governor conjured up visions of newspaper caricatures depicting himself moved by the strings of a greater man standing behind him. At last he dismissed the disagreeable picture and fell asleep.

Next day a lady called at the governor's house. The visit was rather early to be of a social nature. As the governor at once surmised, she was Mrs. James Burleigh. He had heard the "war-pardon" stories about Abraham Lincoln, and consequently groaned inwardly. But Mrs. Burleigh with neither weeping nor wailing nor any of the usual prominent adjuncts to such occasions, proceeded to plead her case clearly and forcibly. She told him it was not mercy she asked but plain justice; the courts would not mete it out to her, hence she had come to him. The governor was taken aback, a thing which seldom happened to him. He tried to think of some excuse for delay. None presented itself. Instead the horrible newspaper caricature floated before his eyes. At last, he rudely and needlessly banged his fist on the table and roared: "The hell with Mose Herschler. You'll have your pardon."

Ten minutes later, when Senator Kirby answered a hasty summons, he saw two documents on the governor's desk.

"This," said the chief executive, picking up one, "is Burleigh's pardon. He is probably free by this time, for I have already telegraphed the warden. And this other," he went on more slowly, "concerns you as chairman of state Republican committee. I'm sorry, too; for with election only six days off, it will inconvenience you to decide whom you will put up in my place."

A Loss.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

MORN will wake in the woods
Where the night sets densely black,
But sunshine to my heart
No morrow will bring back.

Within me burned a hope—
A lighthouse to my soul;
Storms rose, and o'er the wreck
The darksome waves now roll.

Oh, the sun may fire the hill
Mornings for evermore,
But the light that's gone from me
No morrow can restore.

The Cipher.

(Adapted from the Spanish).

WILLIAM MANIER, '05.

It was a sultry night of July. All Paris had gone to the roof-gardens for the fresher air. I strolled along the brilliantly-lighted boulevard St. Germaine and wandered into the café Souplé. Not finding a vacant seat on the roof, I went inside, and seated myself at a table in the corner of the saloon. While sipping my liquor an exclamation of disgust attracted my attention to a group of domino players who sat at a long table near me.

Here and there on the table were little glasses of liquor; occasionally there passed a grisette; waiters were hurrying to and fro with their trays of sparkling liquor, and the clash of billiard-balls in some adjoining room, echoed like the far-off crackle of musketry.

The men seemingly were of the "fashionable set." They were of that type of men that conceal under an habitual polish lives of aimless pursuits; men whose outward elegance conceals a corrupt interior and uncertain pasts; men who love play not for the gains they might win, but for the excitement of the game.

"Have you ever noticed anything queer about those games you have won?" said one. "We are now at the fifth and last game, and these five times the double-six has come to me. The other four games I have lost and this one"—studying his cards—"yes, I lose again."

A man with curly hair and beard retorted: "That is not queer, my dear Roux. In

Mexico I once saw the hazard placed on the same number twice in succession, and both times it won."

There was a moment's silence.

"The game is closed," exclaimed the curly-haired man. Then laughing gayly he said: "I have followed your game, Roux, and as you have said, five times the double-six has come to you, but not once have you held 'game' in the cards. You do not want to play more, you say?"

"No, I'll not play more," replied M. Roux, as he carelessly tossed the cards to the table.

"That double-six of yours, Roux, reminds me of a happening which I witnessed some time ago."

The last speaker sat directly in front of me, and from the first I was interested in him because of his dignified and extremely polished manners. His face was thin and by his deep, serious eyes one could see that the world was not new to him. On his tie he wore a great ruby that reflected the light of many candles, and his whole appearance was that of a gentleman.

"This may seem an incredible story," he resumed. "It has all the essentials of a successful novel, and perhaps you too will not believe me; however, I shall tell it to you.

"When I was a young man, an unfortunate affair made my hitherto gay life one of despair. Desperate I determined to leave Paris and try to forget the scenes I loved. After thinking it over for a few days it occurred to me to go to Monte Carlo. I had never seen or played at as grand a gambling house as Monte Carlo, and the idea fascinated me at once. I packed my luggage, and the next day found me at the famous resort.

"It is useless for me to describe the luxury, the grandeur I found there: everything went to make the players' stay enjoyable. You know the apartments assigned for 'baccara,' 'roulette,' and other games as well as I. The monotonous clatter of the roulette table, the shrill voice of the 'croupier,' and finally that never-to-be-forgotten atmosphere of smoke and perfume, which, haze-like, hovers through the rooms, making dim and haggard the features of the players."

Stopping for a moment, he called to a passing waiter, then lighting a cigarette continued:

"The first night at Monte Carlo I won 2000 francs. The following night I lost that in a minute, and in a few days more I found

myself without a sou. I sent to Paris for money and remained a few more days as a spectator only. The little world around me was a strange and fascinating one.

"One evening as I was wandering aimlessly about the gardens that surround the hotel, I was saluted warmly by a man whom at first I did not recognize, but from his talk I remembered that he had been introduced to me somewhere around boulevard 'Venune.' He was a man of medium stature, of distinguished bearing, and there was about him a strange magnetism. He wore his hair long and curly; his clothes were worn, and though of a cheap make they appeared better on him than those of the most fashionable cut I have seen on other men. He was one of those men who at first sight impress you deeply.

"In his conversation he told me that he had sold some of his estate of Bordeaux for 15,000 francs, and that with this for the last time he was going to try his luck on the bank. He said that for two years he had been constantly losing. But more than these simple facts did his face, his whole appearance, tell me. I could see in him the desperate man trying to conceal under an outward calm the deep agitation of a troubled mind. That same night I saw him lose 5000 francs. He became gay—exceedingly so, but it was a forced gaiety. He would bet in a haphazard way, as if he wished to lose what money he had. Later, that evening, I saw him again. He was pale, and as his intensely sad eyes turned to me for an instant, he saluted me with a wave of his arm. Then I lost sight of him in the throng around the roulette table. Still later in the night a trembling hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice almost a whisper spoke to me:

"'A lire is all I have left. All—all is lost.'

"It was my friend who then turned and nervously fought his way through the crowd, and again disappeared. I strode about the rooms anxious for play and to win back what I had lost, and finally not being able to restrain myself, I took a seat near the roulette table and began to play. Turning to my left suddenly, I saw my friend. He was sitting at the same table and appeared more pale, but he was calmer now. After a long, studied look at the numbers on the board he placed his 20 franc coin on the cipher.

"'All the bets made?' cried the 'croupier.' 'No one else bets?' No one answers.

"The wheel was spun, and after a moment it

began gradually to slow up; the ivory ball ceased bounding and stopped; the wheel slowed down; slowly it passes the numbers, and then it stopped, the ivory ball at cipher. My friend had won thirty-six times what he bet. The 'croupier' collected the money and paid the winner. The thirty-six lires of my friend remained at cipher, and with drawn brow he folded his arms and watched the wheel with that same fascinated look that one sees in the eyes of the bird held by the power of the snake. The wheel revolved again, and again the ball stopped at zero. In a moment my friend saw beside his bet thirty-six times what he had wagered. Every one of us stared at him. His bold rashness had won for him 30,000 francs.

"To the surprise of all he did not attempt to move the money. Once more the croupier called the closing order and spun the wheel. Those about the table ceased talking, and the other tables followed suit. The silence was terrifying. All eyes were on the turning wheel—all but mine. I was looking at the man. His head bent lower on his chest; his eyes were half closed, and his whole appearance was of one who needed rest. The wheel now is slower, the ball has begun to jump from one number to another; not a sound can be heard but the deep breathing of the spectators, and the sharp click of the dancing ball. Suddenly the ball gave a sharp bound, and rode for the smallest fraction of a second on the edge of the cipher, then is dropped. The zero had won again, and the bank suspended payment for the night. A nervous hush was everywhere.

"'You have won,' said his neighbor to him, looking down at his lowered face; no answer. They shook him gently. There was no answer yet; then they raised his head, he was white as marble. Several persons assisted in carrying him to a near-by divan.

"'He is overcome by emotion,' said one. A woman offered a bottle of smelling salts which hung by a gold chain from her neck; a physician hurriedly appeared. He felt his pulse; examined him, and said:

"'It is useless. He is dead. Has been dead for some time.'

"We were surprised—half startled. M. Roux nervously fingered his glass of 'chartreuse' then it fell to the floor with a crash—and somehow I have sometime pondered: 'Was it a dead man who played for and won the last stake?'"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Notre Dame is happy in having for Commencement orator this year, the Hon. John M. Gearin, B. S., '71, M. S., '74. Mr. Gearin is well known to public life, being one of the most successful lawyers in the Northwest. He is thoroughly qualified to give the graduates some useful advice.

—Students can not realize too fully the importance of attending all the final examinations and of passing them very creditably. They are announced to be held next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. No student can afford to think that it is of little importance whether he takes them or not. His absence or his failure to obtain the required average will no doubt mean serious inconvenience for him later on, as it will then be necessary to try the entrance examination next September. Should he desire to enter elsewhere, the record of his proficiency here will determine his class there. Of course, no such record can be provided unless the requirements of next week's test have been fully met. Here and now is the opportunity for all—not next September.

—We are glad to be able to publish in this issue a full account of Colonel Hoynes' Memorial Address delivered May 30. It was regrettable that our readers could not have this pleasure last week. Very typical of the Colonel, brimful of patriotism, noble sentiment and solid, useful information, it will be,

we are certain, a delightful treat to all our readers as it was to all his auditors last Decoration Day. Knowing from a very personal experience the scenes and events which he aptly portrays and being a gifted orator, he brings these out far more vividly than can be grasped by many an interesting history. To all students desirous of refreshing their memory on the period of the civil war and of catching some of the orator's patriotic glow, we heartily commend the reading of this stirring address.

—Again it may be well to remind candidates for next year's oratorical medal that the contest will take place in December. This means that they must prepare much earlier than heretofore. To write a finished oration is no easy task, and without long and studied effort the aspirant can not reasonably hope for success. Subjects—whether persons or policies—that have aroused bitter political or religious controversy ought to be avoided. No judge, however impartial, is so sublimated as to be wholly free from prejudice in an unguarded moment. Men and movements dear to the national heart are perhaps the best subjects for oratorical competitions; but whatever the choice, a good oration exacts much toil and sacrifice, and for next year's struggle these should be given ungrudgingly. The State Contest is fixed for February, the Western Inter-State in May, and judging from the ability of certain of our students, we stand a good chance of winning both. We are more likely to do so if during the vacation the contestants apply themselves to the task before them.

—As the present is the last regular issue of this paper for the scholastic year we would like to say our farewell to very indulgent readers. Weekly, we have tried to reflect the activities of our college world and have occasionally aired our own views in an editorial way. These may not always have been of the best authority and they were usually only too crudely expressed. Nevertheless, our efforts seemed to be kindly received by students, professors, all.

Last year was a singularly pleasant one. It was marked by the best good feeling and fellowship among the students and by an untiring solicitude on the part of the President and Faculty that made life doubly worth

living. Gathered from all quarters of our glorious land we daily brushed shoulders and met in friendly intercourse. North and South East and West, Catholic and non-Catholic, all were united, and felt that the interest of one meant the common welfare. We learned to believe that the *Civitas Dei* could, on a small scale, be realized here at Notre Dame.

The students with whom we had more intimate relations are the members of the junior and senior classes and particularly those whose names appear on the editorial page. We shall not mention the latter personally nor shall we attempt an estimate of the quality and regularity of their contributions. These are matters for the readers to consider, but somehow we can not refrain from recording an impression of the members themselves of both classes. Their generous sympathy and support have won our sincere admiration, and wherever fortune finds us, these gentlemen will always have a treasured place in our remembrance.

To the men of this year's class, soon to bid adieu to Notre Dame, we would also say a word. We have sat together in class and at table for the last four years and have shared many happy experiences. Now that our ways divide and new pursuits claim us it is only human that the words of parting come reluctantly. But why should we feel sad? The happiest days of our lives are those to come. The happiest day in any man's life is the day on which he does the most good. In the world outside the opportunities for doing good far exceed those within our grasp at college. It will be our own fault if we are not even happier and more useful than we have been at Notre Dame; and now, fellows, instead of the Latin *vale*, let us say in our own honest English—God be with you. MACD.

Corpus Christi at Notre Dame.

The celebration on last Thursday, the Feast of Corpus Christi, was the grandest and most impressive witnessed at Notre Dame in many years. No pains were spared to make the event successful and the occasion memorable. The grounds along which the procession marched never looked better and the weather was all that could be desired. The interest was intense among the student body; all felt that the event was great, and because it was the last celebration of its kind before Commence-

ment everybody put his whole soul into it.

The services opened at 8 o'clock a. m. with Solemn High Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart, the celebrant being Very Rev. Dr. Zahm, with Rev. Father Hennessy as deacon, and Rev. Father Oswald, subdeacon. The students were in attendance, and after Mass, Father Morrissey in a few apt phrases pointed out the importance of the event, and urged his hearers to enter into the ceremonies with the proper spirit.

The most elaborate services of the day occurred in the evening. Three repositories for the Blessed Sacrament were built, one at the entrance to Sorin Hall, one at Science Hall, and one on the porch of the Main Building. Innumerable candles and Venetian lanterns marked the course the procession was to take, and each repository was a veritable glare of lights arranged in a most tasteful manner and with beautiful color effects. At 7:30 p. m. everything was ready and the air resounded with the ringing of bells. The University parterre was one brilliant array of lights; the trees gave back the reflection, and the illumination ascended above the towers of the surrounding buildings.

Before the servers entered the sanctuary in the church, the congregation sang a hymn. Rev. Father French then announced the order of the procession giving instructions what hymns were to be sung. The procession filed from the church first toward Sorin Hall, singing the *Pange Lingua* on the way. The University band furnished the music in the open air. At Sorin Hall the worshippers knelt down, and the Ostensorium being placed on the repository, the *Tantum Ergo* was sung. After the exposition the procession moved on to Science Hall where Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament was again given. The same ceremony was repeated at the Main Building, and the procession filed back into the church. The hymns were especially well rendered, more than a thousand voices blending in the beautiful strains. After the final exposition in the church, a soulful and earnest *Te Deum* fittingly closed this most memorable day. As the Reverend President very fittingly expressed it, this elaborate celebration of Corpus Christi, these impressive ceremonies, are only an external sign of Notre Dame's internal faith in the real presence of Christ in the holy Eucharist and an earnest of the grateful devotion that springs from this comforting truth.

F. J. B.

A Phase of the St. Louis Fair.

There are many strong reasons for regarding the coming St. Louis Exposition as the most important ever held on this continent. Besides commemorating perhaps the greatest event of this country's independent life, it will show the world many of the latest and most wonderful scientific achievements that have taken place within the last two years. It will also show the gigantic strides made by the Trans-Mississippian states in an industrial and social way. Besides, it will be a most significant event of a Pan-American nature, as this will be the first World's Fair in which all the nations of this continent will be officially represented.

Among modern institutions there is no other having more salutary effects on the development of new countries than the so-called World's Fair. It most advantageously shows the results of their nascent industries, and through it they learn a thousand lessons from the older and more advanced nations; best of all, it is the easiest means by which they enter into commercial relations with the rest of the world. Many instances could be cited here to show the great results obtained by South American republics from exhibiting in previous expositions. During the 1889 Paris Fair the Brazilian pavilion had a peculiar sign posted on a conspicuous place which read: "Did you ever drink Para coffee?" The government of that country had wisely provided for a well-fitted salon in which all visitors to the building could be served this drink free of charge. Previously that coffee was unknown; then and there it struck the fancy of Europeans, and men with an eye for successful business sent large orders for Brazilian coffee. As a result the South American republic is now the largest producer of coffee in the world.

The Spanish-American countries have never before shown so general an interest in regard to an exposition as they do now. The past fairs have given them a good idea of the great advantages to be derived from exhibiting, and now they will not be deterred by time or money in making a judicious show of their products and industries. Such efforts ought to be very successful, because, for one thing, peace now prevails in all the nineteen Latin-American republics. Castro's strenuous efforts in Venezuela have lately shattered the only

revolution waged during this year. As Central America and Venezuela—the only places where those disreputable performances were going on unchecked—have now attained peace, and indications are that they will remain in peace, it is safe to say that they will be well represented in the St. Louis Exhibition.

It may be said here that the manufacturers and exporters of the United States will also be vastly benefited. They will have an opportunity to show Spanish-American exhibitors and visitors the wonderful progress made in productive processes; and at the same time, by having their articles near European exhibitors' products, will very effectively show the superiority of the American-made commodities.

The commerce between the United States and Latin America is not developed to the extent it should be. It is a strange thing that American manufacturers, good business men as they are, are not cognizant of the fact that the Spanish-American trade is falling into the hands of Europeans. Of course, there are many reasons for this. One of the most important, and one which influences Spanish-Americans most, is the fact that the protective tariffs of this country are almost prohibitive to foreign importers. It is natural that in commercial circles in those countries there be no inclination to buy from a country which will not buy from them. Fortunately, this artificial barrier will be removed in the near future, as President Roosevelt's intention is to overhaul what Dingley and other ultra-protectionists did. Besides, the Panama canal will greatly facilitate the exchange of products and help to increase the commerce between this country and western Spanish-America. Meanwhile the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will contribute to that end.

V. M. ARANA, '03

Build Better.

There is no question that demands public attention more persistently than that of education,—and rightly so. The best education develops not only the mind, but the body and heart as well, and hence on the education of its citizens depends the welfare of the country.

One objection to modern education is, that it is one sided,—children are developed only mentally. It is almost wrong to say they are developed at all; Mr. Mathews says their young minds are not allowed to expand

naturally and unfold slowly through the power within, but they are pried open artificially, and knowledge is poured into them. Hence we have so many precocious children; little boys of eight who can rattle off pages of the Bible, and little girls no older, who indulge in Beethoven at the piano.

In mental as well as in physical life haste makes waste; no great good results from this early precocity. True, a few of our geniuses showed at an early age signs of future greatness, but it is equally certain that a far greater number actually gave evidence only of stupidity in their youth. The mistake we make is this: that if the child doesn't show remarkable aptness for learning how to talk we fear for the condition of his mind; the companion error to this is, that if the child does not show a certain degree of talent, we think that we must develop that talent at once, regardless of any other consideration. Hence the army of boys and girls, intellectual perhaps, but pale, old-looking, with weak lungs and puny limbs. So from the standpoint of health this early bolting is no good.

It is not good, furthermore, because what is grasped is only what is found on the surface. It can't be otherwise; the child has so much to learn and such a short space in which to do the work that he hasn't time to go deep into any subject, to think things out for himself; the boy with a memory is told that this and that are facts and that so and so are great truths, and his duty is to bow his head, and submissively and without further inquiry memorize what is set before him.

"Before the age of four," writes Mr. Wm. Mathews in *Literary Style*, "we begin the work of oppressing its (the child's) little brain with an incubus of technical terms and pedantic phrases, and compel it to acquire, by painful and irksome attention, things which would tax severely the intellect of an adult. At seven or eight it is deep in the mysteries of arithmetic, grammar, geography and the use of globes; at nine or ten we can cram it with Greek and Latin," and so on.

Speed and superficiality are the sum-total of modern education which fails so signally of answering the needs of the day. Not till thoroughness replaces shallowness and careful thinking mechanical cramming, shall we begin to build better educationally, and not till then will education be able to do adequately the work we would have it perform for society.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME WALLOPS DENNISON.

Newark, O., June 3.—Notre Dame seeming to suffer no bad effects from an all-day trip from Indiana, outclassed the Dennison Team on Beaver Field this afternoon and won without an effort by a score of 7 to 4.

Philpot, Dennison's crack pitcher, was in the box and was hit hard and opportunely, while both Hogan who started the game, and Ruehlbach who pitched the last four innings for Notre Dame kept the hits well scattered and received excellent support. The Notre Dame players gave several exhibitions of fielding that were sensational. Salmon on one occasion ran far out into deep left and pulled down a line fly that would have been good for three bases if it had gone past him. It was a great piece of fielding at a critical moment.

O'Connor, Gage, and Geoghegan, also killed base hits with a regularity that was discouraging to Dennison's hopes of victory. The little short stop with the unspellable name had three errors, but they were made on difficult chances, and his fielding was one of the features of the game. Dennison can offer no excuse for their defeat. They were simply outplayed.

| Notre Dame | A | R | H | P | A | E |
|----------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Geoghegan, ss | 5 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 3 |
| Shaughnessy, c f | 4 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Stephan, 1st | 4 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Gage, 2d | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Antoine, c | 4 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Salmon, l f | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Connor, 3d | 4 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 0 |
| Ruehlbach, p and r f | 3 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Hogan, p and r f | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |

Totals 37 7 10 27 14 3

Notre Dame—2 3 1 0 0 1 0 0 0=7 10 3

Dennison—1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1=4 8 6

Batteries—Notre Dame, Hogan, Ruehlbach, Antoine; Dennison, Philpot, Webber. Two base hits—O'Connor, Gage, Trego. Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, 2; Flanagan, 2; Roulebush, Philpot. Three base hit—Ruehlbach. Sacrifice hits—Shaughnessy and Ruehlbach. Umpire, Kramer.

**

THE OHIO CHAMPIONS ARE DEFEATED.

Columbus, Ohio, June 5, '03.—The fast Ohio State University team, champions of the state of Ohio, fell down before the crack Notre Dame organization in one of the best-played games seen here this year. The Ohio lads outbatted Notre Dame, but the latter gave the best exhibition of fielding and proved themselves quicker to take advantage of opportunities to score. The Buckeye lads had men on second and third several times, but were cut off from

scoring by clever fielding. In the ninth inning with but one out and men on second and third, fast fielding and clever headwork kept the state champions from crossing the rubber. Marshall pitched a star game for the home team allowing but two hits, Ruehlbach getting both of these. Ruehlbach, Notre Dame's lanky twirler, did equally well, with ten strike outs, five hits, and no bases on balls. It was a battle royal between the two artists, the Notre Dame man receiving much better support than Marshall.

| Notre Dame | A | R | H | P | A | E |
|------------------|---|---|---|----|---|---|
| Geoghegan, ss | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Shaughnessy, c f | 3 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Stephan, 1st | 4 | 1 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Gage, 2d | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Antoine, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 1 | 1 |
| Salmon, l f | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Connor, 3d | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Ruehlbach, p | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Sherry, r f | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Totals 31 2 2 26 9 1

Notre Dame—2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=2 2 1

O. S. U.—0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0=1 5 5

Batteries—Notre Dame, Ruehlbach and Antoine.
O. S. U., Marshall and B. Cornell.

THE TRACK TEAM MAKES A SPLENDID SHOWING.

With but six men competing against a field of seventy-four, Notre Dame secured second place in the Annual Indiana Intercollegiate at Bloomington last Saturday. The result came as a pleasant surprise to even our most enthusiastic supporters. Notre Dame had been figured only as a possibility for third or fourth place; but our plucky little band, under the direction of Coach Holland, went in and fought with true Notre-Dame spirit. They did phenomenal work considering the odds against them. In addition to securing second place, they made three new State records; Draper making new ones in the shot put and discus, and Davy in the quarter mile. Carey made a very creditable showing in the hundred, securing second place from the speedy Martin. The team deserves unstinted praise for their excellent work, and not a little of the praise and glory is due Coach Holland whose untiring zeal was responsible for the good work done. The summaries:

100-yard dash (final)—Won by Martin, Indiana; Carey, Notre Dame, 2d; Davies, N. D., 3d. Time, :10 1-5.

220-yard dash (final)—Won by Davies, Notre Dame; Huffman, Purdue, 2d; Curran, Purdue, 3d. :23 1-5.

440-yard dash—Won by Davies, Notre Dame; Vehslage, Purdue, 2d; Daly, Notre Dame, 3d. Time, :52 2-5 (new state record).

880-yard run—Won by Verner, Purdue; Coppack, Earlham, 2d; Wallace, Ind., 3d. Time, 2:04.

One mile run—Verner, Purdue, 1st; Hearn, Purdue, 2d. Time, 4:29 1-5 (new state and Western record).

Two mile run—Won by Reed, Wabash; Hayden, Ind. 2d; Rutledge, Purdue, 3d. Time, 10:16.

120-yard hurdle—Peck, Purdue, 1st; Heitger, Ind., 2d; Draper, Notre Dame, 3d. Time, :16 3-5.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Constable, Purdue; Powell, Purdue, 2d; Draper, Notre Dame, 3d. Time, :27 1-5.

Shot put—Won by Draper, Notre Dame; J. Miller, Purdue, 2d; Banks, Indiana, 3d. 41 feet 7 in. (new state record).

Running high jump—won by Goodspeed, Purdue; Vehslage, Purdue, 2d; Corns, Purdue, 3d. 5 feet 8½ in.

Running broad jump—Won by Pierce, Wabash; Sparks, Wabash, 2d; Corns, Purdue, 3d. 21 feet.

Discus throw—Won by Draper, Notre Dame; Powell, Purdue, 2d; McCullough, N. D., 3d. 114 feet 7 in. (new state record.)

16 lb hammer throw—Won by J. Miller, Purdue; Banks, Indiana, 2d; McCullough, 3d. 127 feet 4 in. (new State record).

William A. Draper, the star track and field man of this year's track team, was unanimously selected by his team-mates to lead them next year. The choice is a very popular one both with the members of the team and the students at large. This is the newly elected captain's first year in athletic work, but during this short while he has made an enviable reputation for himself. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him every success.

STATE CHAMPIONS.

In the last game of the series for the State Championship, Notre Dame defeated Purdue at Lafayette on Saturday, June 6, by a score of 2 to 1. The *Lafayette Journal* says of the game:

In one of the closest and best-played games on Stuart Field this year Purdue was defeated by Notre Dame Saturday afternoon by a score of 2 to 1. It was a pitcher's battle from start to finish. Higgins for Notre Dame pitched great ball, striking out eight men and allowing but four hits. He was given faultless support, but one misplay being made behind him.

| Notre Dame | | Purdue |
|---------------|-----|-----------|
| Antoine | C | Palmer |
| Higgins | P | Ide |
| Stephan | 1st | Leslie |
| Gage | 2d | Cook |
| Geoghegan | SS | McKee |
| O'Connor | 3d | Cohen |
| Sherry, Hogan | L | Zimmerman |
| Shaughnessy | C F | Gaetje |
| Salmon | R | Ritter |

Notre Dame—0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0=2 5 1

Purdue—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0=1 4 2

Base on balls—Off. Ide, 4; Higgins, 2. Struck out—By Ide, 3; by Higgins, 8.

No complete account of the Notre-Dame-Ohio Wesleyan game has as yet been received. The result was 5-2, in Ohio's favor.

The records of the track and baseball squads will appear in the Mid-Summer issue.

A. C. Stephan, the clever first baseman of this year's baseball team, was unanimously re-elected by his team-mates to captain them next season. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the Varsity men on the wisdom of their choice and wishes their Captain every success.

With this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, we bid farewell for the season to the members of the track and baseball teams. Here's hoping your vacation may be both profitable and pleasant, and that you will all be with us again to do battle for the Gold and Blue.

J. P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

—Mrs. K. J. Hanley is visiting her son Robert of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Henry Zolper of Mendota, Ill., is visiting his son Henry in Sorin Hall.

—Stockton Mitchell (C. E. '94) was a welcome visitor to his Alma Mater recently.

—Mrs. Minick of Seattle, Washington, is spending a few days with her son in Saint Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Francis Kanaley of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., is spending a few days with his brother, Mr. Byron Kanaley of Sorin Hall.

—The Rev. P. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., of New York City, delighted his many friends at Notre Dame by making a short stay here while on his way to Columbus, Ohio.

—The Very Reverend Dean O'Brien of Kalamazoo was a welcome guest at Notre Dame last Monday. The Dean was accompanied by the Hon. E. G. Barbour, one of the board of Regents at the University of Michigan. We shall be glad to welcome him again.

—To-morrow, in All Saints' Church, Chicago, one of Notre Dame's graduates will celebrate his first Mass. The newly ordained priest is the Rev. John Michael Byrne who graduated in the class of '01, winning at the time the highest honor within the reach of classical students, the Quan Gold Medal. He made his course in theology in Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, where he recently received Holy Orders at the hands of the Right Reverend Bishop Glennon. Father Byrne has our best wishes, and we feel sure his friends at Notre Dame will not be forgotten in his prayers.

—Our old friend, graduate, athlete, and manager of athletics at Notre Dame, Mr. John W. Eggeman, is well remembered by many of this year's students. He was invincible on the football field and as a shot-putter; but in an encounter with Cupid he met

defeat. On June 9, he was married to Miss Mary Wagner in his native town, Lafayette, Ind., where he enjoys a wide legal practice. If we shall not have the pleasure of seeing John and his beautiful and accomplished bride at the Commencement exercises we can at least use this opportunity of wishing them well.

—In the recent death of Dr. George P. Cassidy at Shawneetown, Ill., Notre Dame lost one of her brightest and most useful graduates. He was born in Gallatin Co., in 1860, and at the age of sixteen entered at Notre Dame University. After graduating with high honors he took a four years' course in medicine in the practice of which he won great success. Of him a local paper says: "He was a clean man and a true type of the best physician," and this opinion is fully confirmed by the eloquent tribute paid to him at his funeral services in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, by the Reverend Father Beuckmann. To Doctor Cassidy's bereaved wife, children and relations we extend our sincere sympathy.

Local Items.

—After the baccalaureate sermon to-morrow the new flag presented by the '03 Class will float from the flagstaff.

—The departments of Electrical Engineering will be open for inspection to students and visitors on next Monday at 3 p. m.

—The Very Rev. President has examined all the classes in St. Edward's Hall, and he is highly pleased with the excellent work done by the Minims since his last visit.

—The students of the Annex heartily sympathize with their fellow-student, Mr. Earl Gruber, who was called home suddenly last Thursday on account of the death of his grandfather.

—Through the kindness of Very Rev. Dr. Zahm, some finely executed busts, lately brought from Italy, have been placed in the college parlor. The collection includes those of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Virgil, and others.

—The junior and senior students took their final examination in Code Pleading on Monday afternoon. The competition was one of the most difficult that any law class has had to pass and is right in line with the action of the State boards throughout the country in raising the standard of requirement for admission to the bar. The course of instruction which is based on the Indiana statutes has been conducted by Attorney Arthur L. Hubbard of South Bend, and the examination was successfully passed by all the lawyers without exception.

—Students interested in Law will be pleased

to hear that Colonel Hoynes has recently added about one hundred and thirty volumes to the law library. The new books consist of the New York Common Law Reports and the English and American Co-operation Cases. Both sets of books will be used to great advantage by the law students next year, and it is probable that further additions will be made during the summer, as the Dean's efforts to keep the library supplied with all volumes needed for class work is too well known to need mention.

—A week ago last Thursday, the Electrical Engineers of the '03 Class went to Buchanan, Mich., to see the generating plant which supplies power to South Bend, Ind., over a transmission line eighteen miles long. The attendants at the power-house were very courteous and explained the workings of the machinery to the student visitors. The invitation was extended by Mr. Bryan of the South Bend Electrical Company, from whom Professor Green and the members of his class have received many favors. They also wish to acknowledge the cordial reception given them by Mr. Parker of the Michigan Wood Pulp Co who conducted the party through the paper mill and explained the different processes in the manufacture.

—The Minims were favored with ideal weather last Monday on the occasion of their annual picnic. And such a day of fun was theirs that even the most hopeless pessimist could not refrain from smiling if he saw that large crowd of healthy, happy boys enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. From nine o'clock in the morning till they returned in the evening at seven o'clock joy reigned supreme. They romped through the beautiful woods of the picnic grounds; they amused themselves with all manner of games with boyish enthusiasm; and it goes without saying they did full justice to the royal "spread" prepared for them by kind hands. How the beefsteak and ham sandwiches did disappear; how cakes and cookies and lemonade and strawberries and ice-cream were relished! For this red-letter day, which for many years will remain a most pleasant memory, the Minims are extremely grateful to Sister Aloysius, the directress of St. Edward's Hall, and to Bro. Cajetan.

Headquarters—Sorin Cadet Corps,
Notre Dame, Ind., 6, 11, '03.

ORDERS.

1. Court of Inquiry.—As a result of a "Court of Inquiry," recently held, Corporal H. T. Creveling was found to be illegally absent from his duty for a period exceeding ten (10) days: he is removed from the Corps as a deserter.

2. Reduction.—Corporal Frank Brennan, at his own request, is reduced to the grade of Private.

3. Promotion.—The following promotions and changes are ordered and will take effect from this date:

To be Corporals.—Private Franklin E. Sabin *vice* Creveling, deserted; Joseph Brennan *vice* F. Brennan, reduced.

The undersigned Privates are appointed musicians: Privates Frank Brennan and Benjamin Roe.

Musketry.—The Non-commissioned Officers of the Corps will be instructed in "Target Practice" on Saturday, June 13, '03.

By order

James P. Fehan, Capt.,
Commanding Corps.

—Fifty-Ninth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame, June 14–18, 1903.

PROGRAMME

SUNDAY, JUNE 14.

8:00 A. M. Solemn High Mass
Very Rev. President Morrissey, Celebrant
Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. John P. Quinn
A. B., '83, Peoria, Illinois.

2:00 P. M. Solemn Benediction and Te Deum

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15–17

Examinations

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

8:00 A. M. Closing Examinations
10:00 A. M. Regatta
12:00 M. Dinner
2:30 P. M.—Closing Exercises in St. Edward's Hall
6:00 P. M. Supper
6:30 P. M. Band Concert on the Quadrangle

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 7:30 P. M.

Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall.
Selection from the Singing Girl.... *Victor Herbert*
University Orchestra

BACHELORS' ORATIONS

The Louisiana Purchase and its Results
I.—Oration..... The Political Consequences
Mr. Robert J. V. Sweeny (Washington)
Quartette { (a) As a Freeborn Eagle..... *Goetze*
{ (b) Soldiers' Chorus..... *Leslie*
Mr. Hugh B. McCauley Mr. Henry A. Norman
Mr. William Wimberg Mr. Stephan A. Gavin
II.—Oration..... The Economical Developments
Mr. Robert E. Hanley (Idaho)
Violin solo { (a) Serenade..... *Wilhemj*
{ (b) Allegro from 7th Concerto—*DeBeriot*
Mr. Louis J. Carey

Mr. Francis F. Dukette, Accompanist
III.—Oration..... The Educational Opportunities
Mr. J. Leonard Carrico (Kentucky)
Selection from Sultan of Zulu—*Arr. by H. Anderson*
University Orchestra
Oration of the Day by

The Hon. John M. Gearin, B. S., '71, M. S., '74,
Portland, Oregon

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 8:00 A. M.

Washington Hall

March, Victory..... *Geibel*
University Orchestra

Home, Sweet Home..... Quartette
Class Poem—Mr. Patrick J. MacDonough (N. Y. City)
Valedictory..... Mr. Francis J. Barry (Chicago)
Conferring of Degrees Awarding of Honors