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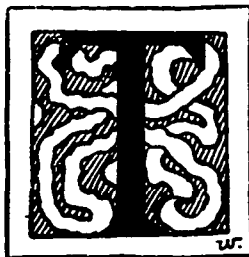
To a Morning Songster.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

HELLO, old golden-throat
With thy melodious note.
I wake to hear thee gloat
O'er summer weather.
Thy tumbling music seems
With silken-threaded seams
To sew the land o' dreams
To early morning.
Sway with the eglantine;
Shake out those strains of thine!
If thy glad voice were mine,
My soul were better.

Lincoln, the Man.

WILLIAM M. WINBERG, '04.



WO score years and more have passed since these sovereign states were distracted by rumors of disloyalty to the central government at Washington. Murmurs of threatening rebellion culminated in acts of overt treason, and men of power and influence boldly took their stand against the spirit of the Constitution which upholds the perpetuity of the Union. The hopes of the signers of the Declaration seemed about to come to naught; the heritage seemed about to perish just when it had matured. Seven states, not satisfied with the attention they received from the administration and therefore embittered against the central government, allied in rebellion. The effects of this exciting crisis were seen not only in the hilarious rejoicings over the so-called re-birth of liberty in the Con-

federate States, but especially in the stagnation of commerce and the paralyzing influences it had upon the trades and manufactures. Not only the masses but the officers of the administration were affected; and the southern members of President Buchanan's cabinet resigned to take up the cause of their home states. Those very people whose ancestors stood most loyally in the war for independence and union were now the most insistent apostles of slavery and disunion. The people of the North watched the proceedings of the South with breathless expectation; and what was the vision that met their straining eyes? Alas, they saw that where the clouds of war gathered thickest there was no hand to scatter them; there was no trumpet of peace to deaden the drum-beat of the South. No; worse than all impending evils, the nominee of the republican party, whose followers were distinctly anti-slavery men, was elected president.

This victory of the anti-slavery party was a foreboding that the South should be forever separated from the North. The world in this most exciting crisis of modern times was anxious to see what course the new president would pursue. Everybody was wonderingly anxious about the welfare of the Republic, eager to see in what part of this sea of troubles the new administration was going to drop its line. While the impetuous members of the new cabinet were full of enthusiasm to quench the so-called rebellion, intent upon an immediate termination of these existing evils, there was but one man who fully comprehended the fretful situation of the Union, but one man who, in his characteristic way, held his peace, patiently awaiting developments; this man was their leader, Abraham Lincoln.

I need not detail Lincoln's method of procedure in this vast undertaking; I prefer to consider the principal qualities of the

manhood of this typical American whom many have placed second only to the immortal Washington. What interest has this topic for us? To be brief, it interests us because Lincoln was a man. Since it devolves upon us to be men, the more we hear about the great examples that have gone before us, the more shall we be influenced in our ambitions toward true manhood. That Lincoln was a true American citizen we observe from his loyal support of the Constitution; that he was a discreet lawyer we divine from his immortal debate with Stephen A. Douglas; that he was a strategist in war, the able assistance he gave Generals Sherman and Grant bears witness; that he was a master in diplomacy can be seen from his management of the domestic and foreign policies of the government during its most doubtful period of existence; that he was a statesman he proved to us by the wisdom with which he solved governmental difficulties in the rapid succession in which they presented themselves; but that he was a *man* he showed us continually from the days of his early youth in the wilds of Kentucky and Illinois, on throughout his whole life, even to the day of his cowardly assassination. That he was a man we see from his unswerving fidelity to everything he considered his duty. When he understood that it was his duty to do a thing, his whole soul was alive to do that thing. Not what friends or the people would say, but what he ought to do; not what was most advantageous to himself, but what would best minister to the common good; not his own selfish interests but the welfare of the people, the advancement of the holy cause to which he had consecrated his life.

We all have heard of "Honest Old Abe." Among the simple people with whom Lincoln lived during his youth, this characteristic, honesty, was nothing uncommon. He was merely one of the boys who were essentially honest in their make-up. When we consider how Lincoln in his youth walked three miles to give back sixpence to a person whom he had overcharged in his grocery store; how at another time, having given four ounces for a half-pound, he did not go to bed until he had made up the difference; how later in life he cleared a debt of \$1100.00 which he had contracted with a profligate partner in business; and finally how even as a lawyer, whenever he realized that he was on the wrong side of a case he would give it up

rather than argue against the truth; when we consider these and other innumerable acts of similar nature in his presidential career, then we can readily understand why the great wide world came to recognize him as "Honest Old Abe." Honesty is the framework, the fundamental of all that we admire in Lincoln. It is that upon which his simple character was built. This natural trait of always seeking the truth in every undertaking, and of doing justice to his neighbor, helped to mould that unique man. Perhaps indeed this natural sympathy for his fellow-men was excessive; it seemed to lead him to the fault of being too charitable where it would have been expedient to be severe. It led him into difficulties with his army officers. But he himself said: "If I have one vice, it is not being able to say, 'No.'" This fellow-feeling even went so far that some of his generals reprimanded him for granting so many pardons. He met their strict discipline with these words: "But it rests me after a hard day's work if I can find some good cause to save a man's life; and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

Abraham Lincoln was a self-made man; one of the exceptionally successful ones. This self-attainment was principally the fruit of knowing how to take advantage of the circumstances and environments in which he was placed. He rose to and conquered every complicated situation that offered itself. He assists at loading boats on the Ohio river and in a short time he owns a raft himself; put him as clerk in a store and in a year or two he will be its proprietor; a few thorough lessons in mathematics qualified him in six months' time as a land surveyor; he was given the responsible position of guiding the ship of state through the most perilous portion of its voyage, and we know how safely he piloted that craft back to the harbor of security and union. These side-lights thrown on Lincoln's life reveal to us that extraordinary capacity for labor which brought him to the shining heights of success. They show us furthermore that he had combined an insatiable eagerness for knowledge with exceptionable physical activity. Any man who could take a woodman's ax at the end of the handle, and hold it out horizontally from his body with the thumb and forefinger; any man who would study the six books of Euclid in such a manner as to give any of the propositions

at sight, just for the sake of getting a correct idea of the word "demonstrate," this man surely believed, practised the saying, "A sound mind in a sound body." His conclusions upon any subject whatever were well weighted with the mature fruits of many laborious hours of careful study and analysis. Because of his thorough preparation for all undertakings his opinions were invaluable, and everyone had to give way before his industry and intelligence. His seeming disinterestedness, of which he was frequently accused, was no more than a self-examination of the subject under consideration. He sat quietly by, let the quarrellers have their say; considering every detail before he spoke, and then his voice rose in protest or approval with the firm conviction that he was in the right.

Living from his boyhood in a community where the braggart, the liar and the trickster were not to be found; in this atmosphere of simple but rugged country life Lincoln imbibed that sense of moral courage which might be set as a seal upon his other qualities. His boyish craving for the great moral truths found satisfaction in the fundamental verities he learned at the knee of his pious mother and stepmother; this boyish earnestness developed a sense of right and wrong within him which in later years startled the whole world. No matter how advantageous a proposition or occupation might be for himself, if there was any inkling of untruth or wickedness lurking behind it, he shunned it as he would a poisonous reptile. He would say: "It is not right, therefore I will have nothing to do with it."

Whenever any proposition whatever was presented to him his analytical faculties began to work out some original thoughts, and these being developed into an opinion, a conviction of its moral goodness was the last touch. This was the ultimate basis of his opinions upon any subject whatever. Moral courage was so grafted in his sympathetic nature that many of his friends thought him a stubborn man. This indomitable will-power lost him his first attempt for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas. His nomination speech had gone the rounds of his best friends for criticism before he delivered it. The critics unanimously asked Lincoln to omit or at least change the first chapter, since it contained some remarks contrary to the general belief of his own party; but these friends did not know Lincoln. Rather than go against his

own convictions he delivered the speech as he had written it, and the result was that he lost his seat in the Senate. Was that stubbornness? If so, God of nations, let us have more of it. When a lawyer in the state of Illinois he would not take up an unjust case. Sometimes in the midst of a trial when he was convinced that the evidence was dishonest, though in his own favor, he gave up the case and returned his fee. When he was in the legislature a proposition was once under consideration of which Lincoln did not approve. Although the debate lasted till midnight, Lincoln did not deem it proper to express his opinions; but when the debaters tried to convince him that the end would justify the means, Lincoln discussed the question, finishing with these memorable words: "You may burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds of heaven; you may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever, but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right."

Here we have the character of Lincoln. Of what use would his crystal-clear mind be, of what use his honesty and love of humanity, of what use his powerful insight into political complications, of what use his ever-active desire for work, of what use his persistency in the fulfillment of his duty—of what use would all his faculties be, if he had not this self-sustaining ability, this obstinate sense of always being on the right side of things, this moral courage to give his whole character a firm setting, an unshaken ground upon which he might steadily stand to baffle all those who should rise up against him.

This moral courage of our hero, besides his strong will-power, had for its principle a conscientious reliance upon Divine Providence. Lincoln was a religious man. Never for a moment did he think that he could do justice to the responsibility with which he was invested at his first inauguration; never for a moment did he believe he could bring about peace and union alone and unsupported. No matter how trifling or great the crisis in which he was placed, always and inevitably he fell back upon the help of God. Over and over again do we find proof of this in his speeches and correspondence. After his inauguration, when war was threatening ruin to the country he loved so devotedly, when the drum-beat sounded from the Atlantic to

the Missouri River, when even his most intimate friends had deserted him, when he saw that he had to face this monstrous evil alone, he never wavered; he sought for the right side because that side was God's side. He told us so himself, and we know that he was sincere whenever he spoke. "I know," he said, "there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but Truth is everything." Again, speaking to those who were dissatisfied with the Union he says in his famous inaugural address: "If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our difficulties." This religious habit is what made him irresistibly strong in the most exciting periods of the civil war.

Lincoln's character is a mingling of qualities that are great and good. A chief test to discover the value, the quality of any person is to leave him to himself and see what use he can make of the circumstances and environments in which he is placed. From his very youth Lincoln was brought to face the destiny of the world alone. Away from the increasing clamor of the city we see him, a young man, stealing into the barn, arithmetic in hand to gather what knowledge he might; we see him later rafting down the Ohio because he would no longer be a burden to his parents. It is the same Lincoln who, years after, burdened with the weightiest burden any man has borne in modern times, seeks the silence of the White House chamber after the disastrous charges at Fredericksburg or the panic of Bull Run, and reads the Bible for consolation and peace of heart. He met the world and conquered it; he entered the world alone and left it with nations mourning at his untimely death. Lincoln's character is a gem whose full radiance has not yet been seen and estimated justly. We are now beginning to realize the worth of it. There are few public men whose careers are not marred by personal vices, but Lincoln's character, public or private, shines with untarnished splendor. His qualities—a strict sense of justice, an unswerving adherence to duty, an untiring industry, a sympathetic nature, the strength of his convictions, his trust in Providence—these qualities, so seldom found in one man, were happily blended in this homely lawyer from the Western prairies.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

A Reprimand.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

(Horace, Odes III., 24.)

THE Orient grows pale before
Your heaps of gold; a god of wealth
Would boast no such display; the shore
Of Italy your villas line.

But should, perchance, misfortune dire
Creep in beneath your haughty roof,
Would gold refresh each quenched fire
Of hope, and fear give way to trust?

A child in nature's love can know
And prove the purest joys of life;
The hills, the plains, the glens, and lo!
A love for liberty suffice.

The time has come to-day when lands
Are owned and held by very few.
Twice, e'en thrice blest the state whose hands
Indeed are bound by no such laws.

Among the men of nature true
A mother's heart for orphans cares;
The gods receive their proper due,
And man and wife are seldom false.

A maiden's dower can receive
No higher gift than chastity;
Illicit acts she does believe
A fault, whose penalty is, death.

Let him therefore who thirsts for fame
Attempt to check while yet 'tis time
Corrupting crime; and then his name
Would far outlive the present age.

Undying fame would be his lot
Among such men as now exist;
For virtue lost is ne'er forgot,
Though hated while it was with us.

The remedy for open wrong
Is seldom got by gentle means;
There's need of action stern and strong,
There's need of sanction to the law.

Nor blustery storm on sea, nor cold
On land, nor lasting snows, nor waves
Deters the man in quest of gold,
Alone he sails the untried seas.

We dare all things to force the law
Of poverty aside; while greed
For gold and precious stones will draw
Our reeling steps from Virtue's shrine,

To Capitolian Jove consign
 This curséd gold, or cede it to
 The yawning deep; thus shouts the line
 Of men who think we hate our crime,

Contempt for luxury is got
 By love of healthy sport or toil;
 To save our land from wasting rot
 We'll train the minds in manly drill.

The timid youth must mount the steed,
 Must face the wild boar in the chase;
 Arouse the flame of noble deed
 So long repressed beneath our shame.

The youth to-day indulge in play
 Effeminate, or casting dice.
 The father too will wile away
 The time defrauding bosom friends.

Increase of gold can ne'er content;
 The shining nuggets seem to hold
 The mind enthralled, nor prevent
 A restless quest for greater wealth.

The Poet of His Day.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '06.

Of that great school of poets which flourished in England at the close of the eighteenth century,—“Lake Poets,” as they were called—the most remarkable and most versatile was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Possessed of a restless and roving spirit, he was always yearning, ever dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings. This ennui or lack of concentration which he displayed from childhood, we may regard as chiefly responsible for the small amount of work he did. Had he, like his friend and contemporary, Wordsworth, been blessed with the gift of concentration, no heights would have been too lofty for him to ascend, no literary honors too great for him to seek. But the wayward child of genius lacked this princely gift, and so left us nothing but a jumbled mass of poems and miscellaneous writings; his whole life work being but a slight revelation of his greatness. In Craik's *History of English Literature* we find this comment: “It was probably only quantity that was wanting to make Coleridge the greatest poet of his age.”

Coleridge was born October 21, 1772, in Devonshire, England, the youngest of a family

of thirteen. His father was the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, and, for his time, a scholar of considerable distinction and merit, especially in Latin and Hebrew. Contrary to the usual case, his father seems to have exerted more influence on the development of his mind and character than his mother, who is described as having been a woman of small accomplishments, “industriously devoted to her household interests.” During the first eight years of his life, his father, evidently conscious of the child's precocity, which asserted itself from infancy, took special pains in the teaching of the future poet. This precocity showed itself in a strange manner. Coleridge may be said to have passed through life without ever having experienced the delightful pleasures of childhood, for even as a boy he thought as a man and performed the actions of a man. The sports and games of the other boys he never indulged in, never took a fancy to. Alone in some secluded spot he would sit for hours and allow his imagination to roam at will, or pass the time in the delightful company of some of his favorite authors. As he himself says: “Alas! I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child—never had the language of a child.”

His restless spirit had outgrown its infancy with wonderful quickness. In his ninth year he suffered the loss of his father, and shortly afterward obtained entrance into Christ's Hospital School where he distinguished himself by winning many prizes. He is described as having been about this time “tall and striking in person,” and as “commanding the deference of his fellow students.” A dreamer from infancy, the study of metaphysics captivated him during his early school days, and before his fifteenth year we find him entirely bewildered by his researches after things abstract. He was rescued from this dreamy phantasm which haunted his mind, in a very peculiar manner—by reading the sonnets of Wm. Lisle Bowles. On this strange fact he remarks: “Well for me perhaps had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flowers and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface instead of delving into the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysical depths.” This melancholy wail from the heart of one who appeared helpless to remedy his defects, can not fail to win our sympathy. His entire

emancipation from the spell of metaphysics was now completed by a case of love, and the period from this time on to his nineteenth year was the era of love and poetry in his life.

In 1793 he entered Cambridge, but after a stay there of two years he went to London, and, without any warning or announcement of his intentions, enlisted in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons under the name of Silas Titus Comberback. His experience as a soldier, however, was brief, and after four months of this life he succeeded in obtaining his discharge, and returned to Cambridge.

The year 1794 was a memorable one for Coleridge. Shortly after his return he met Southey who was destined to exert so much influence over him, and who became his warmest friend. The two collaborated on a drama, "The Fall of Robespierre," which, however, was a very immature production.

The year following we find him delivering lectures at Bristol, but poor attendance and lack of funds caused him to give up the experiment. After this failure he and Southey conceived the idea of moving to this country and founding a Pantisocracy on the banks of the peaceful Susquehanna. The plan, however, for some reason or other, was never carried out, and in October of the same year he married Miss Sara Fricker to whom he had been introduced by Southey. Shortly after his marriage he moved to a small hamlet in Somersetshire, where he devoted himself assiduously to his poetical work, and it was here that the star of his genius shone brightest.

Most of his poetical works, in fact, nearly all of them, were produced during his short sojourn in the peaceful little hamlet. Here, too, he met his great friend and contemporary, Wordsworth. The two passed many pleasant times together strolling through the woods and dells of fair Somersetshire, drinking in inspirations and exerting a great influence on each other's thoughts and ideas. But the two men were different. One was an untiring worker in his chosen field; the other, a shiftless dabbler in many fields.

The sweet repose Coleridge had enjoyed during his three years' residence in Somersetshire—undoubtedly the best years of his life—suited not his restless disposition. So in 1798 we find him in Germany where he remained a year delving in German literature, theology and metaphysics. After his return to England he attempted journalism for a short time, and

in 1800 retired to Keswick, where he became one of that famed trio of "Lake Poets." From this time on to 1816 he wandered about without accomplishing anything of note. This period was the most restless of his life, and during the early part of it, his poor health and the failure of his projects led him to the use of opium which, De Quincey says, "killed Coleridge as a poet."

At one time during this period he wrote for a London paper, at another time we find him holding a government appointment in Malta; next on a visit to Rome, and finally home again shattered in health and dejected and morose. Truly a pitiable condition for one who had given such great promise in his youth.

In 1816 Coleridge for the first time realized that to regain any of his lost moral and bodily health, it would be necessary to entrust himself to the care and attention of others. He looked about for some asylum wherein to rest his shattered nerves and finally found it with a Mr. Gillman in Highgate. He entered this, his last refuge, on April 15, 1816, and during the remaining eighteen years of his life devoted himself with great activity to literary pursuits, but the poetic gift had all but departed. The writings of his latter years were only the feeble flickerings of a spirit that had once been great, a spirit that should have been a master among its kind. His last few years were peaceful and happy—although he suffered continually—and the lonesomeness of his situation was often relieved by visits from his ever-true friends, Wordsworth and Southey. He died in 1834.

En Avant.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.

DRIFTING, drifting, drifting, as the ships go idly by,
With never the touch of a friendly hand,
With never the sight of a friendly strand,
And never the hope of a promised land
Under this mortal sky.

Drifting, drifting, drifting, like the restless clouds in
the blue,

We are moving on to the selfsame place,
Kindred hearts in a common race,
Faring on for the same brief space,
Comrades, I and you.

Drifting, drifting, drifting, steered by an unseen hand;
To the boundless bourne of an unknown shore,
Where the new-found port of the evermore
Shall hide from our hearts the cares of yore
As we rest in the promised land.

Days and Nights.

(Third Paper.)

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

Ah me, how many men there are, always laughing or weeping on the brink of a steep emotional precipice. They never quite topple over, except semi-occasionally, as in the case of Nietzsche, but go through life hysterically. There are those again who were made for one great tragic climax when a single passion works its way with them. All the rest of their life is cast in shadow for the sake of a moment's flame. Like a dart they were shaped and turned and balanced for one flight from the great bow.

Then there are those who are near the great passions and know it not; those who see them from afar and scuttle away in fright; those, finally, who make of themselves the trumpets through which the passions wind their wild music—music that makes the world tremble and remember whence it came. These last are the dim-eyed priests of poetry who are ever pressing God for more of His secrets.

But when all is said, each, like the blind men and the elephant, tells of a sensation different from the rest. One knows a potion for transporting the earth-weary spirit to Elysium. Another knows a guardian-charm against Elysian wiles. On the grand trunk road of the world they line both sides, and like mediæval fakirs, shout their ware into the cultured ear. The only passers who escape are deaf. Would sometimes that I were deaf. But having instead of this, Pan's solace, a sensitive hearing, I must clear myself of the bedlam by the only means left me. How, but to go a-delving with my own hands, or a-soaring with my own sails, to find out for myself if there be balm in Gilead. And who knows but in due time I may become as ardent a hawker as any in the rout?

But that were jumping from the griddle into the fire, you say. Even so, I will be of the fire and combine with it to make the griddle miserable. Argal, if I become fakir, I no longer am victim of fakir, unless I may victimize myself. In which case I will straight-way become disciple to my own doctrines and capture concord.

No cult, ethic or æsthetic, can exist unless it contain within its creed an atom of truth. When it is neither *more* nor *less* than an atom this truth becomes the very devil of discord and the cause of much tomfoolery. If it were less than an atom it would not be a creed, if more it would be a philosophy. But as an atom of truth it becomes diffused among the dross of its expounder's elaborations. He makes it to shine unwisely. The foolish audience on beholding the glint, straightway adopts all of its grimy atomic neighbors as being of the same species. So much for appearing in good company before the public eye. Thus it is that many and many of the quackish potions concocted for our æsthetic rejuvenation are made to look nectarine by a very small ingredient of truth.

In æsthetics art is the primal tenet. Art is truth. We do not laugh at the grotesque or phantastic in a caricature. It is the resemblance to the true face which tickles us. We laugh at the exaggeration, not the distortion of the features.

Although art is always truthful it may not be always logically accurate, for the reason that it can appeal to the emotions as well as to the senses. Which of them art should properly appeal to I will not venture to discuss here. Harder pates than mine have been cracked a-wrangling over it. Also, art may appeal to either sense or emotion without affecting the other in any apparent degree. Therefore a work of art may be true emotionally without being true sensually. And a logical inaccuracy is not sufficient grounds in itself for the condemnation of such a work, if it produce the desired impression upon the emotions. Mr. Whistler's pictures, very evidently inaccurate to the logical sense, strike home to the emotions with all the swiftmess and sureness of absolute truth.

The nobility of a metaphor lies no more in the accurate logical parallel it offers than in its powerful stirring of a true emotional parallel. In sooth it seems to me its latter office is its highest. In fine, we must remember these things,—that the over-zealous oracle sometimes forgets the god of his prophecy: that art is truth; that it is not less true when it stirs the sleeping waters that lie deeply in the cave called soul.

Lo! my tiny web is spun. Would that it might catch a golden bee or silver moth or silken butterfly.

Varsity Verse.

A MAY SHOWER.

THE forest oak groans deep; a stir
 Creeps slowly o'er the rustling fir
 At twilight eve;
 A night-black cloud
 Lies low along the western shore.
 The heaven's dark hood begins to lower
 Till earth is hid
 In sable gloom.
 From out a widening cleft a slant
 Of freshening rain leaps down on plant,
 Man, beast and field
 At twilight eve.

J. J. R.

A DREAM.

O sweet was my dream while it lasted;
 It carried me back on its wings
 Where home was again dressed in gladness,
 And sorrows had lost all their stings.
 O sweet was my dream while it lasted,
 For death was then cheated of one
 Whose love I have cherished and sought for,
 Whose soul to its Maker has gone.
 Ah! would that my dream had e'er lasted
 With mother at home with us all.
 Her love and her smile would have cheered us,
 And life not so heavy would fall.
 Alas! my sweet dream has departed,
 And life is more sad than before.
 A dream may not stay with us ever,
 Else I should have dreamed evermore.

J. M. Q.

PARODY ON "O'DONNELL ABU."

Proudly the notes of the bugles are sounding,
 Loudly the rah, rahs, arise on the gale,
 Swiftly the players to bases are bounding,
 And rooters to-day can tell a new tale.

Onward, old Notre Dame,
 Play the good winning game,
 Show them just what you always can do;
 Pitcher and infield men,
 Show what you've ever been,
 On for the glory of Orange and Blue.

Men from the bases to home plate are rushing,
 Batters are knocking all balls far away;
 Up on the stand fair maidens are blushing,
 For many a lad is in favor to-day.

Onward, old Notre Dame,
 Play the good winning game,
 Show them just what you always can do;
 Pitcher and infield men,
 Show what you've ever been,
 On for the glory of Orange and Blue.

R. B.

NO WONDER.

She's here again, the summer girl,
 Fellows, we'll meet her, you and I;
 And treat her to ice-cream and yet
 Wonder she passes coldly by.

P. M.

Dining Out.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.

"Hello!" I heard in that mellow, friendly way that spoke an old acquaintance. Turning, I was greeted by Lyster. We looked at each other half-laughingly, half-regretfully, for we had reached the terminus as the car disappeared in the distance.

"We can't get back in time," he remarked.

"No," I answered.

"Well, at all events, we're in the same boat; but what's the odds, let us dine together."

I felt in my pocket for an instant, and, reassured, I assented. On our way up the street I glanced at the city hall clock. Lyster detected me, and remarked that city hall clocks were of all the most dishonest and untruthful. I made no reply, for it was only the evening previous that I heard him holding forth against the existing order of things; in short, advocating rank socialism. I was not prepared nor disposed to combat him on his favorite subject.

"Where shall we go?" I asked as we passed a pretentious-looking structure that excels in catering to the wants of the inner man.

"We'll go where convention is less rife," he rejoined, and on we tramped for a block or so.

"This will do," I heard him say as we reached the corner of a narrow street, and, looking up, I recognized the place. It was indeed the famous hostelry that we and others of our class had patronized more than once, and will again if the fates are kind. We entered rather unceremoniously, walked through the two ante-rooms and into the dining-hall. The apartment was well filled, scarcely a table remaining unoccupied. Not a patron looked from his plate; all were diligently attending to their own business which was the more to their credit. While we were engaged in a brief survey, one plethoric-looking chap stood up, grabbed his check as if it had been trying to get away from him, and seizing his hat brushed past us.

This left two adjoining seats empty until Lyster and myself reached them. We felt like congratulating each other, for we had secured a point of vantage. Our table was in a corner to which both our backs were turned, so that we could get a good view of all that was going on.

We waited. Nobody heeded us for some

minutes, when at length Lyster made a heroic attempt to draw the waiter's attention. But that individual, wise in his generation, hurried to the beck of a patron whose appearance was more indicative of reward.

"Would that the 'Major' were here, I heard Lyster remark fervently, and in the twinkling of an eye who should be standing by our side, but the subject of the ejaculation. He gave us a genial smile which we both returned, and forthwith started to satisfy our wants.

"I suppose you'll have something before—"

"Yes," I said to the newsboy on my left, "I'll take a *Tribune*."

When I looked for our host he had disappeared.

"Can it be possible he misunderstood me?" I said to Lyster. "Why didn't you attend to the order?"

In a surprisingly short time our host had returned. My worst fears were realized. I looked reproachfully at Lyster who maintained a business-like silence. We bowed our thanks to the "Major" who smiled his appreciation, and then took our order for supper.

Lyster called for the paper to see who was forging ahead for the baseball championship, and conceding to his request I began to take closer stock of my surroundings.

"I think I'll philosophize for a while," I said to Lyster. He yawned and glancing toward the door, said he thought I could do anything but eat.

The tables, six or seven in all, were surrounded by voracious patrons, mostly men.

"What variety there is in our citizens," I commented.

"What variety there is the catsup," was Lyster's sarcastic comment as he yawned for the second time and looked toward the door.

I again became observant. At one table was a Polish couple with their three children, indulging in a modest repast and blissfully indifferent to all that was going on about them. At the table on our right a coterie of young fellows recited with gusto a boisterous experience of the night before. Near them sat a trio who seemed to belong to the gambling fraternity, who were jolly and good to themselves, and took little interest in their erstwhile neighbors. The table farthest from us had just two guests, a man and a woman. The man was about fifty, well-dressed, clean-shaven and shrewd-

looking. The woman, too, was well-attired, young and handsome, and wore an abundance of jewelry. Two tall, slim glasses stood by their elbows which they leaned on the table in an effort to talk more secretively. But by far the most striking individual in the room was a middle-aged man, with a strong, quiet visage, who sat alone near our Polish friends. He was interested in the children and looked at them long and tenderly from time to time. His dinner even without the cigar and drink would probably pay for two meals like the one the Polish family were enjoying, but evidently it did not afford him a tithe of the satisfaction either parent experienced. I was inclined to philosophize again, but, recalling the result of my last effort, restrained myself.

"The children have an attraction for him," I remarked to Lyster; "his own must have died, which accounts for the pathos of the situation."

"Pathos—nowhere!" Lyster exclaimed with disgust, "we'll have tragedy right here in a minute if the 'Major' doesn't show up."

We had not much longer to wait, for sure enough in came the "Major" bearing the desired cornucopia. We fell to without delay, and in a very brief period had made such progress that our host openly expressed his admiration for our appetite. He was more conversational than usual, interesting himself in our studies and our futures.

"Where is your friend?—I can't recall his name just now," he added, "but you know whom I mean."

We mentioned several names, designedly omitting one. The "Major" came to our assistance, his portly sides shaking with laughter as he reminded us of an occasion when our absent friend delighted the house with an eloquent and witty address. We understood, and informed him that the subject of his remark was still within the pale of human inquiry.

"The car," I interjected as I thought of the time.

We had only a few minutes, and immediately we presented our checks and exchanged civilities.

"Come again," was the adieu that fell upon our ears leaving.

"Again," I repeated in an injured tone.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, soon again I meant." And with this improved salutation we took our departure, hurrying to the terminus in time to board the next car for home.

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The Hon. Richard C. Kerens Receives Lætare Medal.

The Kerens residence at 36 Vandeventer place was the scene of a brilliant gathering last evening, the occasion being the presentation to Richard C. Kerens of the Lætare Medal by the University of Notre Dame. Archbishops Ireland and Glennon and President Morrissey of the University took part in the exercises. In the audience were prominent men of St. Louis and other parts of the country, who came as friends of Colonel Kerens, visiting prelates and priests of the Church and a number of the Catholic clergy of the city. The day had an especial significance for the family. It was the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Kerens and of Mr. and Mrs. Kenna as well. There were four generations and three branches of the family present.

In an end of the spacious reception hall a dais was placed for the speakers. On one side the illuminated parchment bearing the formal address of presentation from the University was set up in its artistic frame. Archbishop Glennon presided. He and Archbishop Ireland were arrayed in the purple robes of their office.

In opening Archbishop Glennon paid a handsome compliment to his fellow-prelate. The scarlet ribbons which tied the Archbishop's purple robe, he said, cast their shadows before the highest honor which the Church could bestow on the gray locks of its distinguished Archbishop—the scarlet biretta of the Cardinal.

Archbishop Glennon spoke in part as follows:

It has been the custom in Rome on the mid-Lenten Sunday for the Holy Father to present to some distinguished child of the Church a golden rose as a mark of his special benediction and the Church's approval for saintliness and nobility of life. The red rose symbolized the fire of devotion, and at the same time inculcated the lesson of sacrifice represented by the passion of Christ, while its gold symbolized the purity of heart that should distinguish the one who wore it.

The Lætare medal, modelled on similar lines for our country, fulfils a similar purpose. Given by the great University of Notre Dame, its purpose is to signalize and reward some Catholic citizen for the good that he has done; the life that he has lived; the Catholicity that has distinguished him.

Mr. Kerens commenced the struggle of life without a silver spoon or a gilded cradle. He had to rely only on an honest name and that Catholic faith that became his guide and inspiration. His life has had its storm clouds as well as its sunshine, but through it all he has borne the white flower of a blameless life. Kind to the poor, faithful to his friends, generous in charity, answering to the call of patriotism, through it all he never forgot the faith of his fathers.

The Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, President of the University, read the formal address of presentation.

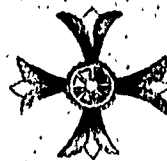
Archbishop Glennon then pinned the medal on the lapel of Mr. Kerens' who spoke in response, in part as follows:

The qualifications necessary in those upon whom this honor is conferred inspire hope and courage, and are guiding stars to the higher life, so that it may be said when the final summons comes—"They have performed their part well."

I do not claim to possess these merits, though I love and admire the standard which the medal is intended to reward. My life has been one of activity; experience and observation my school; and although feeling that I fall short of deserving the recognition the university so generously accords to me, I am deeply grateful for the honor. My hope and aim will ever be to uphold the standards prescribed for the recipients of the Lætare Medal.

The address of Archbishop Ireland was a sermon carrying an appeal for Christian manhood as the one great and vital element in building our nation and essential to the endurance of our civilization.

Among the prominent guests from outside the city were Gen. Powell Clayton, ambassador to Mexico; Samuel Elkins of West Virginia; Prof. Moore of Chicago; Dr. Baart of Marshall, Michigan; Bishop Hennessy of Wichita; P. J. Hannon, delegate of Irish agricultural organization society to the World's Fair; Monsignor Lucy of Arkansas, and Sig. Francisco Gagiti, envoy of the Vatican to the Exposition.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, June 3.



To

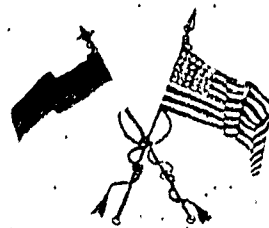
The Honorable Richard C. Kerens
from the
University of Notre Dame

Greeting.

Since the University deems it a signal privilege to be able to confer upon you this highest distinction in her power, the

Lactare Medal.

During your long, eventful career, you have on many an occasion been weighed in the balance, and you have ever been found an upright American citizen, a Christian man. Your unswerving fidelity to the loftiest principles, the widespread influence you wield among men of all creeds, the serene peace and happiness that now bless your ripen years, all these must prove conclusively that steadfast loyalty to our holy faith and to the practices it enjoins can be a drawback to no true Catholic citizen. In public life, office and its trust have been to you sacred things. The purity of your motives is reflected in the courage with which you follow your convictions, and in your zealous devotion to country. The kindness, benevolence, and disinterested charity that adorn your private life are virtues that cannot be hidden. They have their grateful remembrance in the hearts of the multitude. The University, therefore, whose duty it is to protect and further the interests of our holy faith, to foster and encourage whatever makes for the betterment of our people, and to rejoice in the achievements of all good men, wishes you to consider this an unqualified approval of your honorable record in the cause of truth, country, and religion.



Memorial Day Exercises.

Memorial Day was celebrated in a most appropriate manner last Monday. Although the rain prevented as elaborate a program at the flag-staff as was planned, yet the services were very impressive. In observance of the national holiday all recitations were suspended and the entire day was given over to the exercises. The ceremonies of the day began with the attendance of all the students and Faculty at Solemn High Mass, sung in the Church of the Sacred Heart by the Rev. Stanislaus Fitte. Rev. Thomas Corbett acted as deacon and Rev. James Ready as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Father Fitte, who spoke earnestly and in keeping with the occasion, pointing out the meaning of Memorial Day from the standpoint of the Church. After Mass the congregation adjourned to Washington Hall where the program of the day was rendered.

The Hall was profusely decorated with the national colors; the University Band furnished inspiring music; and the audience sang in chorus the national airs. The first number on the program was the singing of "America" by the audience. This was followed by the reading of Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" by George E. Gormley. "Our Honored Dead" was the subject of the poem for the occasion read by Thomas D. Lyons. The "Star Spangled Banner" was next sung by the audience, after which the address of the day was delivered by the Hon. Timothy E. Howard of South Bend. By way of introduction, the Judge spoke of the real significance of things, and in this instance it was the real significance of Memorial Day that gave it its importance in our minds. It stood for all that had been endured for us by the men of '61 to '65; it stood for the uniting of our country by the men who went to the front in '98; it stood for the sacrifices that they made and the work that they did. And it was this significance that attached to the ceremonies of the day and that gave them their real meaning. The same is true of the Flag. It is in itself but a piece of colored bunting, made almost as our clothes are made, and yet it stands for much. It inspires all who see it with an indescribable affection for it. The same is true of those terms—country and home. It is not the material thing that we love, but the immaterial thing

that they represent. And because of what it represents, because of its real significance, Memorial Day has come to have in its object something almost holy. Hence what could be more appropriate than the manner in which it is celebrated at Notre Dame where the services of the Church precede those of the state, where the religious ceremonies are observed together with the patriotic exercises.

In this, Memorial Day differs from all other holidays in our national calendar. While it combines the religious and the patriotic sentiments, all the others have of these the patriotic alone, and with this something of a joyful tone. Washington's Birthday reminds us of the struggle and the privations of the wars for our independence, but in it is the remembrance of conquest and of victory. The Fourth of July is that one day in our year when all should be rejoicing, when the spirit of triumph is in the ascendant. But to-day, there is none of this; nothing but that feeling of the great sacrifice that has been made. And with this in mind a feeling of religious veneration is most in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. Reverence for the dead should mark the observance of this day; games should be checked, and athletic contests held at a more appropriate time.

In closing, he spoke of an example of reverence he had seen in his youth, paid by his townsmen to a soldier of the Revolution. From this he drew his final sentiments—an act of reverence to one who has fought and died for our country is one of the greatest acts of patriotism we are privileged to show. Negligence of these acts is one of the greatest sins our nation can commit; it is ingratitude from the national standpoint. And this reverence and appreciation of what has been done and of those who did it, is the one thing that should make the future bright for our countrymen. It is the priceless blessing which they can give themselves. In it is the hope for those who are to come.

The exercises on the whole were not unworthy of the occasion and of Notre Dame. The Mass, the sermon, and the programme—all served to emphasize the significance of the day for old and young alike. And the old and young entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. Both in the church and in the hall there was a large attendance of students, and among them were to be seen religious wearing medals they had won on the battlefields of the Civil War.

M. F. GRIFFIN, '04.

Military Drill Competition.

The annual prize drill competition for the Sorin Cadets was decided Decoration Day in the St. Edward's Hall gymnasium. For weeks preceding, the different companies, under the command of Sergeant Fehan, late 13th U. S. Infantry, industriously perfected themselves in the tactics of war, and the efficiency they exhibited last Monday reflects much credit on themselves and their commanding officer. The prizes offered were two gold medals, one for the best drilled private and one for the most deserving non-commissioned officer. The medal for the latter is the gift of Sergeant Fehan.

In the preliminary competition the privates were drilled by their squad leaders, the corporals, and the best from each squad was selected for the semi-final. The successful candidates for the latter were Halloran, Kroth, Langdon, Weist, Byrne, Vesey, Knight, Brinkman, Prada, Smith, Yrrissari. In a contest noted for general excellence Weist and Prada survived and entered the final, which Weist won after a very close and exciting competition.

The non-commissioned officers were drilled in two separate squads, sergeants in one and corporals in the other, the intention being to pit the best corporal against the best sergeant in the final trial. The successful were, First Sergeant Roberts and Sergeant Symonds (last year's winner), and Corporals Connelly and Kelly. After a splendid showing the corporals were defeated, and the two sergeants entered the list for the prize in the final. This proved the most interesting of the high-class exhibitions witnessed. The judges declared honors to be even, but the decision was given in favor of Sergeant Roberts because of his zeal in affairs military, particularly for the help he has given in drilling the companies.

Before and after the competition the companies marched in review and went through various evolutions, Trumpeter Roe leading the way in fine style. The members and non-commissioned officers acquitted themselves most creditably in the exercises, and thoroughly deserve the compliments they received from Rev. President Morrissey.

The judges of the contest were Brother Leander, a civil war veteran, Messrs. Quinlan, Lamprey, Torney and Emerson.

Our Local Artists.

An exhibition of forty-five pictures, including portraits, figure subjects and landscapes, was opened Thursday in the ante-room of the prefect of studies' office, Main Building. As might be expected exhibitors were comparatively few, for the great majority of students occupy themselves with studies that promise more immediate and profitable results. Nevertheless, the display was satisfactory both in variety and quality, thanks to Mr. Worden and his talented pupils.

Judging from the amount of work done, Mr. Paullin is the most industrious of the select company. He has three oils, several water-colors, four life studies, besides cast drawings in charcoal. Most of these are characterized by dash and vivacity, though somewhat wanting in precision. His skill with the brush is in keeping with his high literary attainments.

Mr. McGillis, another promising artist, has two water-colors, one sepia, four life studies and some charcoal drawings to his credit. His sketch of a student is especially good and merits the attention of visitors.

The pictures showing the highest finish are probably those by Wrobel. "Leo XIII" seemed to us to be the truest of the entire collection. Mr. Wrobel's work is not cluttered by trivialities, and is particularly promising, considering his brief experience.

In some respects the most admirable and delicately executed pictures of the exhibit are those by Messrs. J. and E. Batlle, whose water-colors, pen drawings and charcoal sketches are uniformly good. The landscapes show studious and careful effort, especially the one with the quaint little cottage on the rising. Another attractive effort is the river scene which gives earnest of future excellence.

The biology students are represented by numerous drawings, all of which are passably well done. Messrs. Sheurman and Lynch excel in this department.

Among those who entered the drawing classes more recently and whose efforts deserve mention are Brothers Gerome and Weincieslaus, and H. Schwartz. The attempts of all three are commendable.

We hope that next year the drawing classes will be considerably increased. Mr. Worden is a capable and enthusiastic artist and leaves nothing undone to perfect his pupils in his favorite accomplishment.

Athletic News.

WABASH, 2; NOTRE DAME, 6.

Below we give tabulated work of our men in the Wabash game. Rubush, the Wabash pitcher, puzzled our men until the eleventh inning when they fell on him for four runs. Our fellows hit well, and put up a star fielding game, but were unfortunate with the stick. "Deacon" O'Gorman pitched four innings, and then Ruehlbach was sent to the firing line.

Notre Dame	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c. f.	3	1	0	3	0	0
McNerny, 2b	5	0	2	3	4	0
Stephan, 1b, capt.	5	1	1	19	1	1
Antoine, c.	5	1	1	6	2	0
Salmon, r. f.	5	1	2	0	0	0
O'Connor, 3b	5	1	1	1	2	0
Kanaley, l. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Geoghegan, s. s.	4	0	0	1	4	0
O'Gorman, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Ruehlbach, p.	4	0	2	0	6	0

Totals—42 6 10 33 19 1

Two base hits—Salmon, Stephan, Antoine. Three base hits—O'Connor. Base on Balls—Ruehlbach, 1; Rubush, 2; O'Gorman, 1. Struck out—by Ruehlbach, 7; O'Gorman, 2; Rubush, 9. Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, 2; McNerny, 2; Salmon, 1; Antoine, 1; Kanaley, 1.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R	H
Notre Dame—	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	=	6 10
Wabash—	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	=	2

* *

PURDUE WINS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Annual Indiana Championship Track and Field games were held on Cartier Field last Saturday, and resulted in an easy victory for Purdue. The latter scored 62 points; Indiana, 41; Notre Dame, 18; and Wabash, 5. It was the dullest and tamest event of its kind ever pulled off at Notre Dame, and was but poorly attended. This lack of interest was due, no doubt, to the fact that Notre Dame had but a few representatives in the contest, that her prospect of victory was far from encouraging.

Only four of our men were entered by Trainer Holland—Captain Draper, Murphy, Beacom and Daly. The Captain was the star of the afternoon, securing 14 points and winning the grand gold medal for the highest individual score. Draper also had the discus event won easily, but lost out by fouling. Beacom did splendid work in the weight events, considering the short time he has been training. The best work of the afternoon was done by Shideler in the 220 low hurdles, when

he equalled the world's record. This will not be allowed to stand, however, as there were only two timekeepers for the race.

Purdue's strength lay in the field events and the long runs, while Indiana was strong in the sprints and hurdles. Martin of I. U. captured the two dashes in remarkably fast time, and his team-mate, Shideler, also showed considerable speed in the hurdles. Hearn and Verner, distance runners, were Purdue's stars. Two state records were broken, the high jump and the hammer throw.

SUMMARIES:

One hundred and twenty yards high hurdles—Shideler, Indiana, first; Draper, Notre Dame, second; Peck, Purdue, third. Time, 0:15 3-5.

One hundred yards dash—Martin, Indiana, first; Draper, Notre Dame, second; Cohen, Purdue, third. Time, 0:10.

Mile run—Verner, Purdue, first; Hearn, Purdue, second; Hotnada, Indiana, third. Time, 4:47 3-5.

Four hundred and forty yards run—Thompson, Indiana, first; Wallace, Indiana, second; Matthews, Indiana, third. Time, 0:53 1-5.

Discus throw—Banks, Indiana, first, 108 feet 5 inches; Sage, Purdue, second, 107 feet 5 inches; Beacom, Notre Dame, third, 105 feet 6 inches.

High jump—Connor, Purdue, first; Veshlege, Purdue, second; Shideler, Indiana, third. Height, 5 feet 9 inches.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—Martin, Indiana, first; Huffman, Purdue, second; Daly, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:22 3-5.

Shot put—Draper, Notre Dame, first, 40 feet 2 inches; Ray, Indiana, second, 38 feet 6 inches; Banks, Indiana, third, 36 feet 4½ inches.

Half mile—Hearn, Purdue, first; Verner, Purdue, second; Wallace, Indiana, third. Time, 2:06 3-5.

Two hundred and twenty yards low hurdles—Shideler, Indiana, first; Draper, Notre Dame, second; Cohen, Purdue, third. Time, 0:27 1-5.

Two-mile run—Reed, Wabash, first; Verner, Purdue, second; Murphy, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10:20.

Hammer throw—Thomas, Purdue, first, 151 feet 2 inches; Hurley, Purdue, second, 129 feet; Beacom, Notre Dame, third, 120 feet 10 inches.

Pole vault—Glover, Purdue, first; Cook, Purdue, second; Krell, Purdue, third. Height, 10 feet 9 inches.

Running broad jump—Weaver, Purdue, first; Adams, Purdue, second; Cook, Purdue, third. Distance, 21 feet ½ inches.

Purdue, Indiana, Notre Dame, Wabash

100-yard dash	1	5	3	—
220-yard dash	3	5	1	—
120 high hurdles	1	5	3	—
220 low hurdles	1	5	3	—
440-yard run	—	9	—	—
880-yard run	8	1	—	—
Mile-run	8	1	—	—
Two-mile run	3	—	1	5
High jump	8	1	—	—
Running B. jump	9	—	—	—
Pole vault	9	—	—	—
Discus Throw	3	5	1	—
Hammer Throw	8	—	1	—
Shot put	—	4	5	—
Totals.	62	41	18	5

NOTRE DAME, 12; DEPAUW, 5.

[SPECIAL TO THE *Record-Herald*.]

GREENCASTLE, Ind., June 1.—Notre Dame's sluggers landed on Cavanagh for twelve runs this afternoon, while DePauw only got five out of the deal. In the second Shaughnessy for Notre Dame got a three-base hit that brought in three men ahead of him. Preston for DePauw got a two-base hit, as did Holmes. In the ninth inning O'Connor sent the ball over the back fence for a home run.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Notre Dame—	0	3	4	1	0	2	0	1	1	=12	11	10
DePauw—	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	1	=5	10	6

Batteries—Notre Dame, Alderman and Antoine; DePauw, Cavanagh and Belknap. Struck out—By Alderman, 5; by Cavanagh, 9. Bases on balls—Off Cavanagh, 5; off Alderman, 4. Umpire, Eiteljorg.

NOTRE DAME BEATS INDIANA.

[Special to the *Record-Herald*.]

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., June 2.—Notre Dame strengthened its title to the championship of Indiana by defeating Indiana on Jordan field this afternoon. Ruehlbach pitched fast ball for Notre Dame, allowing but two hits and striking out eleven men. After the second, Indiana failed to connect safely. Boyle pitched a good game for Indiana and kept his hits well scattered. Score.

Notre Dame—	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	=5	10	3
Indiana—	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	=2	2	1

Batteries—Ruehlbach and Antoine; Boyle and McIntosh. Struck out—By Ruehlbach, 7; by Boyle, 1. Bases on balls—off Ruehlbach, 1; off Boyle, 4; Hit by pitcher—By Ruehlbach, 2. Two base hits—E. Boyle, Ruehlbach. Umpire—Eiteljorg.

Sorin Hall defeated Corby in a slow and listless game last Thursday by a score of 14-8.

Sorin—	4	4	3	3	0	0	0	=14	5	4
Corby—	3	0	2	2	1	0	0	=8	7	9

Sorin, Hammer and Sheehan; Corby, McCaffrey and Patterson.

Brownson won a double header on Decoration Day at Michigan City. In the morning, the strong Iroquois team of that place was the victim, the score being 7 to 6. Litzelman pitched. The second game was with the Corby Hall team. Brownson won this game in easy style, the Corbyites being unable to connect safely with McKeown. The score was 9 to 1.

Northwestern failed to show up on Decoration Day. The purple wearers were evidently afraid again to try their luck against our stars.

J. P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

—Among the visitors for the week were Fathers M. A. Ryan, O. S. A., and N. J. Vasey, O. S. A., of Villanova College, Pa.

—Mrs. M. Dukette and Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Flanders of Mendon, Mich., visited the University last week.

—Father Cullinan of Niles, Mich., paid a brief visit to the University last Thursday. His many friends at Notre Dame were glad to see him and to learn that he is now enjoying excellent health.

—Visitors' Registry:—S. H. James, Sarah B. O'Neill, Minnie R. Cowan, Laura M. Wright, Fr. Wotowiski, J. Kapzoniski, S. Ouarwiski, Lillie F. Walsh, Mrs. D. Walsh, Florence Duffy, Eugenia C. Gunther, Chicago; J. Astor, Nova Scotia; John C. Buch, Patterson, N. J.; Mrs. Joseph Philion, Mishawaka, Ind.

—A. D. Kelley, student '99-'02, who was appointed secretary to the U. S. Minister to Portugal lately sent some of his friends here an interesting account of his experience in the diplomatic service. He finds life among the Portuguese pleasant, and, not long since, had the privilege of being presented to His Majesty, King Carlos. Mr. Kelley was a bright student while at Notre Dame and was a general favorite. We wish him success.

—On the list of those who will receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Columbia University this year, is the name of Fred E. Neef, B. S., '92, B. Litt., '93, M. S., '95. After leaving Notre Dame he went to Europe where he spent several years studying at Berlin and other German universities. Fred will be remembered by many old students at Notre Dame as a young man of exceptional talents, a frequent contributor to the SCHOLASTIC and a winner of the Mathematics and English Essay medals. In the recent competition for four places on the house staff of the German Hospital of the City of New York he was one of the four successful out of forty candidates. We take pleasure in his success which we hope will continue.

Local Items.

—The graduates' examination will begin Monday and continue throughout the week.

—Francis F. Dukette, of our editorial staff, delivered the Memorial Day oration at Mendon, Mich. Mr. Dukette is a ready and competent speaker, and his addresses are characterized by fitness and good sense. He is deservedly in demand on public platforms.

—The musical world would hardly despair in supplying the people with proficient artists for entertainments if it could visit Notre

Dame but for one hour during music-practice time. The harmonious blendings of cornets, trombones, pianos, violins, flutes, an occasional blast from a French horn each instrument burdened with a different tune, are truly significant of future Paderewskis, Mozarts, Wagners and even Careys or Ziebolds.

—During a rainy day recently, when the clouds had lowered hereabouts, our Ohio orator, whose voice has several times aroused his hearers, undertook to dispel the gloom that had settled about Sorin Hall. "The night shall be filled with music," said he, as he attuned his vocal apparatus to the note he had just caught from a passing automobile. The next minute the awful truth was known—"Griff" was going to sing. Out from his open transom floated the first bars of what was once "Nancy Brown, she invited me to spend;" and immediately every transom in the building was shut, every window but that of the songster was closed. The notes then floated out upon the liquid air and down to the lake where they caught the left ear of an old bull-frog that could endure almost anything and who seemed to imitate, in fact, to harmonize excellently in his responsive call. The creature soon yielded, however, and with a shriek of agony dived to the bottom.

A horned beast at the barn next caught up the spirit of the singer, and finally the watchman's dog with a dismal howl joined in the refrain. By this time the inhabitants of Sorin were in consternation. "Kan," whose vocal excellence is praised by all, admitted he was outdone; committees of petition were appointed; a large heap of old shoes and ink-bottles had accumulated in the hallway about the singer's door; the authorities were laying plans of action, and finally it was decided that only "The Ravings of John McCullough" would be effective in silencing the sweet melodies that were being given to the world. Assistance was sought at Lyons' den, and it was only when the maniac's laugh resounded in the corridor, only when Greek met Greek, that the songster was hushed. For the benefit of all sufferers here, be it known that "Griff" has promised never again to be guilty of a like offense.

—Thursday was proclaimed a gala-day by the Hoosier Club of the University. The chief item on the elaborate programme arranged for the occasion was a banquet in the Choctaw where thirty-five plates were laid. Mr. Harry Hogan presided as toastmaster, a position he filled with consummate ability. Among the speeches that of Robert E. Proctor, who hails from the region of deer-land and "dears," was decidedly apposite. "The Ladies" seldom have received more flattering compliments than those Mr. Proctor bestowed on them in the course of a five-minute speech.

That he is a warm admirer of the fair sex and gifted with an appreciative temperament his auditors are now well convinced. Many of them confidently hope that his gallantry will be fittingly rewarded before leap year expires.

Dr. John R. Voight entertained the members with a learned discourse which revealed his profound scholarship. Mr. Voight's oratorical accomplishments are fully in keeping with his personal charms. Though his head was *in nubibus* he kept his feet on *terra firma* all the time. One gentleman, who is the very antithesis of the scholarly John in height, still suffers from a sprained neck trying to keep in sight of the speaker's face and incidentally to keep track of his words. As a result of this affliction, the more heartless of the members propose to exclude from the club all Hoosiers above six feet four in height. This would prove a cruel enactment for the learned "Doctor."

The Hon. W. G. Stevens was the succeeding orator. When Stevens signalled his intention to address the banqueters, an Ethiopian thoughtfully came to his aid with a high chair which the would-be speaker nimbly ascended. The spectacle moved gods as well as men, for the mighty Fansler was visibly affected, and in Jove-like accents remarked that Sir Walter's recent growth bespoke the coming of another Hercules. Frank J. Conboy—philologists, please note—forgot for the time that he was absent from the Law class, and indulged in a Benthamite discourse on the virtues of his craft, or "graft," as some of the listeners credited him with saying. This modern Solon held forth a few minutes on his favorite theme, closing with an eloquent appeal to Fansler to cultivate industry and economy which, he averred, were most needed in the people of to-day. The god-like Fansler shook the whole banquet-hall with his nod, some say in dissent, others in approval.

At this stage of the programme it was announced by Marconigram that the Elkhart ferry was in the offing, whereupon the entire company, led by the worthy Proctor, mounted jinrikishas and proceeded to the gangplank. As the redoubtable Fansler has anticipated us by regaling his friends here with an account of his experience we shall omit a description of the voyage and subsequent sojourn in Elkhart. The most serious danger that threatened the expedition was the attempt of Admiral Togo to force Stevens into the Japanese service, his contention being that Sir Walter was a subject of the Emperor of geisha-land. Fansler offered himself instead of Stevens, but the admiral politely declined, saying that he was not prepared for an extraordinary demand on the ship's stores. The Hoosiers are jubilating on the safe return of all the members, especially of Fansler.