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To the Emigrant.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06

YOUR chair's near the hearthstone, O child of my heart,

And love-glowing faces await your return;

Where'er you may wander from Erin apart,

Through fresh-smelling fields, or by clear running burn,

Forget not your cot on the cool Irish lawn,

The home of your childhood, my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

When your soul is aweary of fair foreign lands

And you sigh for the song of your own native streams,

For the laugh of the children at play on the sands;

When your heart is inwove with a web of bright dreams,

Come home to these woods, like the wild-hunted fawn,

And dream in the twilight, my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

Abraham Lincoln.

THOMAS J. WELCH, '05.



IN the galaxy of great names that shine above the horizon of our country there are some stars whose light never grows dim, whose fame we never tire rehearsing. We are to consider the greatest character that this country has produced in the last century; a character not so learned in books as many another, not such as an Everett, a Seward or a Chase; but considered in another light, in the knowledge of human nature and events, a man wiser than any of these. Not so finished an orator as was Henry Beecher, Daniel Webster or Henry Clay, not

as we ordinarily speak of orators; but measured by a higher standard, by the ancient test applied by Cicero and Demosthenes—the power to mould and influence men, to make them act as he willed—pre-eminent among these. Not so polished a man in deportment and manners as was Franklin Pierce, Charles Sumner or Chester Arthur; but regarded in a broader term than that of ordinary deportment—a gentleman. A man whose name is familiar to every true American, a man whose life's history is contemporary with the history of our States during their darkest hours, of a character which grows brighter as years roll onward, and more noble as history's effulgent rays beam upon it—our nation's martyred hero, Abraham Lincoln.

Those who attended the World's Fair at St. Louis will doubtless remember seeing in the Fine Arts Gallery a peculiar figure, surrounded by representative statuary of all nations; they will recall a form of heroic size, heavy of frame and with bent head seated in an arm-chair. In the right hand he holds a pen and in the left an open scroll. On the scroll is one word "Emancipation." And in the deep-set eyes—if marble eyes have expression—there was a far-away look, as if to pierce centuries and lay bare what a potent significance this one word he had written would have for mankind.

The revolutionary war taught liberty from the autocrat down to the pauper. The Civil War taught liberty from the people up to the colleges and pulpits. The revolutionary struggle was the revolt of property against unjust taxation, until it evolved into complete and permanent independence. It was the protest of the leaders in commercial, industrial, and agricultural pursuits against present and

prospective burdens. Sublime as were its results, and beneficial as was the heritage it left behind, there was yet a strong element of materialism in its genesis and motive. The Civil War threw to the winds every material consideration in the magnificent uprising of a great and prosperous people, moved to make every sacrifice for patriotism, for country and for the enfranchisement of the bondman. The leaders of the revolutionary struggle represented colonial success. Washington was one of the richest men of his time. Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay and Adams were the cultured products of our early American colleges. In the second period, when the contest was for the supremacy of the principle of preserving the Union against the destructive tendencies of State Rights, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay represented, it is true, the liberally educated college men, though they were sons of humble farmers.

In the third period—the protest against extension of slavery—the war for the Union, with the contributions which came to our statesmanship from the newly settled territories, we had the heroes born in log cabins. The great leader was born in a log cabin on the 12th of February in the year 1809, of impoverished parentage. A little clearing in the wilds of Kentucky, a shiftless wandering to the southern part of Indiana, and a repetition of the experience in another movement to Illinois with no better results; a neighborhood of rough, ignorant and dissolute young men; and no advantage of books, of church influences, of gentle companionship—these were the environments from which he came without stain: the purest character, the noblest, the most self-sacrificing and the loftiest statesman of our country, or any other country.

The age of miracles has passed, and yet unless he can be accounted for upon well defined principles, Lincoln was a miracle. At twenty years of age, dressed in furs, never having known a civilized garment, he was the story-teller of the neighborhood, the good-natured giant who used his great strength only to defend the weak and protect the oppressed. He thirsted for knowledge, and yet was denied the opportunities for its acquisition. As a laborer upon the farm he was not a success, because

he diverted his fellow-laborers from their work with his marvelous gift of anecdote and his habit of mounting a stump and eloquently discussing the questions of the day. As the keeper of a country store he was not a success, because his generous nature could not refuse credit to the poor who could never pay. As a lawyer he was successful only after many years of practice, because unless he was enlisted on the side of right and justice he could not give to the case either his eloquence or his judgment. As a surveyor he was a failure, because his mind was upon other and larger questions than the running of a boundary line. As a member of the Legislature of Illinois he made but little mark, for the questions were not such as stirred his mighty nature. As a member of Congress he came to the front only once, and then on the unpopular side. The country was for war, for the acquisition of territory by conquest, for an invasion of the neighboring Republic of Mexico; when to resist the madness of the hour meant the present and perhaps permanent annihilation of political prospects, among the few who dared to rise and protest against war, and what he deemed an unjust one, was Abraham Lincoln.

True greatness is measured by what a man does to make other men better. Born in sight of slavery and the auction block he acquired a hatred of oppression that became a passion in his nature, culminating with the proclamation by which he made the bondmen of this country free. Measured by the one test, this one test alone—what he did, not for himself but to make others happy—measured by that one deed, the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, that act of statesmanship, the fame of Lincoln will reach to the pinnacle of his country's glory.

No orator, poet or statesman has ever been great who has not known suffering. It is the cross that wins the crown. It was his blindness that made Milton immortal. It was his suffering that made St. Paul eloquent. It was his own abject poverty that made John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" so pathetic. Great sentiments are brought out by sorrow, by suffering and by strong thought; and Lincoln had experienced them all.

The debates with Douglas on the slave question made Lincoln one of the most popular men in the Union. When as the representative of the mighty Prairie State, he maintained that this Union could not permanently endure "half slave and half free." In the long debates which followed, all the power of Lincoln's great mind showed itself. He felt the force of the moral causes which most influence the question, and he never failed to appeal to the moral sentiments of the people in aid of the arguments he put forth against the black stain on our nation's lustre. He always illuminated his theme with the lofty inspiration of an eloquence pleading for the rights of humanity.

In 1860 his fame had spread over the whole country as a leader of public thought. He was elected President of this mighty Republic. About the time of his inauguration the slave question had assumed such gigantic proportions that the statesmen of the day entertained grave fears that the South would break out in insurrection. Lincoln, seeing that the question had come to a crisis, resolved to stand by the cause of right. He exhorted the slave states in the name of humanity and for the general good not to bring ruin on themselves by assailing the Federal Government. Great thoughts filled his soul, burning words fell from his lips for the preservation of the Union.

Lincoln determined to consecrate his life to the cause of freedom. He resolved that whatever else might die the Union should live to perpetuate civil liberty; that whatever else might pass away "this free government of the people, by the people and for the people, should not perish from the earth." When it became known in the dark days just before January in '63 that it was necessary to break the bonds and let the slaves go free, his deliberate action, his keen foresight was equal to the emergency; and with that unfurled scroll and uplifted pen, with that signature millions became free—admirable deed!

But in the very height of his prime—almost forty years ago—after the Rebellion had been put down and the sword of Lee passed over to the hands of Grant, rejoicing went up and down the length

and breadth of this broad land, and Lincoln rejoiced with the rest. On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, he visited Ford's Theatre. Before the second act, as he and his family were discussing the play, an obscure actor, by name John Booth, crept around through the flies, through the seats, up near the great Lincoln, close behind, and shot him in the head, then instantly leaped from the box and hurried off, but was pursued and later shot and killed in a barn. The next day the great Lincoln was dead. Bells tolled out their sad, slow notes, houses were draped in mourning, and even his sworn enemies participated in the general sorrow.

Then began the procession which was to bear the body of the great man. It proceeded from Washington through all the large cities, to end finally at Springfield. And wherever the procession bore that body, farmers left their teams, storekeepers went out, children hung on the fences until it seemed one continuous funeral cortege from Washington to Springfield.

They buried the body of the great man, but they did not bury his good name; they did not bury his deeds; they did not bury the freedom that he had created; they did not bury the hope and the faith that he had planted in the hearts of his countrymen—they buried his body only.

The death of Lincoln caused great excitement all over this country and all over the civilized world, and to-day the picture, the likeness of this man, is hanging upon the wall in more cottages than is that of any other face except the Saviour's. The one man that this whole community can stand together and admire; the great friend, the great Christian, the great American citizen—that man's name is above criticism, above reproach. Glory to the spirit, glory to the principles, glory to the example, the inspiring example, of that man of the people, that wisest of rulers, that greatest of characters—Abraham Lincoln.

WHATEVER else the Irish may be they are not commonplace. They are regarded with great admiration or great dislike, according as their traits of character and their conduct as a people are criticised by friend or foe.—*T. J. Galwey.*

"What Happened to Chambers."

ROBERT F. STACY.

Chambers was in love—no, he had been in love until that November morning, but now he hated the very sight of Alice Lathrop, and he'd show her that she couldn't trifle with him. He wished, however, that the baritone across the hall in Higgins' room wouldn't sing the "Sweetest Story Ever Told;" for the refrain brought back too vividly a memory which he wished to forget; a lake, and a boat idly drifting upon it; two occupants of the boat,—the youth thrumming the guitar, the maid smiling up at him as she softly sang the words of the song—words so potent, so full of meaning—then. Perhaps he—no, he couldn't forgive her, he swore, as the remembrance of his trouble pressed full upon him.

Duke Chambers was a sophomore in Beverly University; not a common, ordinary sophomore with an exalted opinion of his own ability, but a football playing 'soph,' a member of the Varsity team, and the idol of his class. He had met Miss Lathrop during his freshman year, and they had become very good friends. And during the summer which both happened to spend at the same lake resort, their friendship had ripened into something fuller, something more closely allied to the great passion: so they imagined, as all young lovers do imagine.

But now—Chambers gritted his teeth in silent rage as he sat before his fireplace and thought of all that had happened that very morning. Poor Chambers was angry, hurt, and grieved, all combined. And who wouldn't be? Think of it: your sweetheart in the arms of a handsome young stranger! Why, a freshmen couldn't be blamed for being jealously angry, thought Chambers; and that was saying a great deal, for in Beverly, freshmen are not supposed to have any feelings at all; at least not to express them publicly: so the sophomore edict reads.

Chambers' trouble had come about in this wise: he had gone to the Indiana Southern

depot to meet his chum who was returning from Chicago after witnessing the great Chicago-Wisconsin game. The train pulled in on time, and Chambers with others made a rush for the coaches from which the passengers were alighting. Imagine his state of mind when right at his elbow he beheld Miss Lathrop in the embrace of a handsome young man who greeted her warmly—too warmly, thought our sophomore—and kissed her, yes, actually kissed her.

Chambers, with the fire of jealousy raging within his breast, turned his back upon the pair and strode away, forgetting that he had come there to meet his chum. And then that note! Chambers kept within the bounds of propriety in the few words he wrote her; but he gave her to understand that she wasn't the only girl that a good-looking college student could win.

Chambers was growing desperate. On the morrow the great game with Lexington for the state championship was to be played on Beverly Field. Chambers vowed that he would play his hardest, so as to show her what a hero she had lost. Perhaps he—well if he did break his neck she wouldn't care anyway, so what was the use of doing that. Better to win laurels in the game, to cover himself with glory, to become the idol of the whole college, and then to walk proudly past her, and not even condescend to look at her. Chambers was young, and the loss of his sweetheart was a sore blow to him; so we must excuse him for what he did a few moments later. Besides, the sophomore didn't know that Coach Bolton and Captain Dickson of the football team were on their way to his room; nor that they would enter without knocking, and come upon him with the flask to his mouth.

"Chambers!" exclaimed Dickson, as he caught sight of the sophomore, "what are you doing?"

"Can't you see?" asked the youngster, brazenly. "Good stuff; want some?"

"Mr. Chambers," interjected the coach sternly, "put that whiskey away."

"That's what I'm doing," said Chambers; and the fellow drained the contents of the flask.

Coach Bolton looked at Chambers, then at Dickson, who had sunk limply into a

chair, overcome by Duke Chambers' strange behavior.

"Chambers," said the coach, his voice quivering with the passion he could scarcely control, "you'll not play in to-morrow's game: Bingham will take your place. And if we lose," Bolton paused to emphasize what followed, "the whole college will know whom to blame for the defeat."

Bolton turned on his heel and left the room, and Dickson, after first giving the reckless sophomore a look which made Chambers feel like a criminal, followed in the wake of the angry coach.

"I don't care," muttered the cause of it all, as he kicked off his shoes and prepared to retire. "I'll show them that they can't run me."

If he didn't care, why was it that he dreamed that he had scored the winning touchdown on Lexington, and groaned aloud when he awoke and remembered what had happened? "Oh, no! he didn't care."

It was the evening after the game. Chambers again sat before his fireplace with a far-away look in his dark eyes. If only she—wasn't that her face which seemed to be smiling up at him from the yellow flames in the fireplace? And— No he wouldn't answer that rap on his door if the fool, or fools, rapped all night. Why couldn't they let him have a few moments' rest?

"Oh rap, and be darned to you," muttered Chambers, as the peremptory knocking continued.

"Mr. Chambers," called a voice from the outside, "please open."

Chambers grudgingly complied, and almost jerked the door off of its hinges.

"What d'ye want?" he growled, as the visitor strode past him.

"I want you—your name's Chambers, isn't it?" The other without waiting for an invitation from Chambers, seated himself in the chair which the sophomore had vacated.

"Well, the nerve of the fellow," Chambers grated between his teeth.

"Were you speaking?" the other said, as he warmed his hands. "Beastly cold, isn't it? Draw up here; I want to talk to you."

"Thanks," rejoined our sophomore.

"Say," he continued. "I like you—nit (under

his breath). You're a breezy sort of a fellow, aren't you? I would like to have the pleasure of meeting you—in an alley."

"Beg pardon; I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Gilbert, Jack Gilbert—What's the matter?"

"I know you," Chambers almost snarled as he glared at the cool individual in his best chair. "I saw you yesterday morning and—"

"You've got the best of me— Oh! I remember, at the station, you mean?"

"You were embracing the girl to whom I am engaged," Chambers continued, his voice quivering with passion. "And you kissed her—"

"No one has a better right," laughed the other. "She's a daisy, I tell you, and you are a lucky—"

"Right before me—"

"And you became jealously angry and wrote her a note—"

"That's none of your business! Say, you know what I'm going to do? I am going to give you the worst licking you ever had in your life; that's what I'm going to do to you.

Gilbert looked up at the irate sophomore and laughed aloud.

"Don't do it," he said. "Sit on a cake of ice and cool off." And then Chambers was upon him, and Gilbert, scrambling to his feet, made haste to defend himself.

Five minutes later, Gilbert, sitting astride the prostrate form of the vanquished Chambers, said:

"Chambers, you are an addle-pated fool; and I'm not sorry I had to thrash you. And let this drift into that noddle of yours: I'm her uncle."

Chambers meekly asked if 'her uncle' would let him up if he promised not to fight any more.

"Didn't I ever tell you that Jack Gilbert was my uncle," Alice asked, as she snuggled up closer to the sophomore—which she had a perfect right to under the circumstances. Chambers first answered in the negative; and then did the very same thing that any ordinary man would do, with a pair of blue eyes looking up at him from underneath silken lashes, and lips parted in a smile—he kissed her, and forgot all else besides.

The Home Coming.

THOMAS A. GARVIN.

I was staying at Mr. Blank's. His daughter Pearl, who was away at college, was coming home to spend the holidays. To tell the truth I was anxious to see Pearl, yet, in a way, I feared to meet her. I was the district school teacher and arrived at my boarding place after Pearl had left.

One night as we were talking over school matters, Mr. Blank said to me:

"Yes, some young uns are dumb and some are smart right from the start. Now Pearl, that's our girl, that's away to school,—next youngest to Esther there, she was allers a crackin, good scholar. She used to drive into town when she went to the high school, and many's the time the old professor told me that there wasn't a grade in school as could hold her."

"How long has Pearl been going to school?" I asked.

"Two years," he replied. "She wrote to us and said she was in the soopomore class this fall. The other day, wasn't it Esther, she wrote and told us a lot of blamed fool things them soopomores are a-doin'. Told of 'em carryin' old skunks around till you couldn't stand the smell of 'em. I wrote to Pearl and told her, if the girls got to doin' crazy things for her not to mind 'em but to go ahead and study her books."

"She works quite faithfully I suppose," I declared.

"Yes, but she's not the same little girl she used to be when she drove to the high school. Lord, it takes a sight o' money for her now."

The night was cold when Pearl came in and her cheeks were red. She kissed her mother and sister and then sat down by the fire to talk. The blush left her cheeks and they were pale. She had a bit too much forehead and wore glasses which were fastened to her blouse with a small golden chain. Finally she said:

"Mamma, I am surprised that you let father come after me in that old hog wagon. I was nearly jolted to death, and I know my skirt was ruined by that horrid old seat."

"It was an ordinary wagon, dear. He wanted to fetch a few groceries," said her mother, mildly.

After supper Mrs. Blank and Esther cleared away the table and Pearl came into the sitting-room.

"Papa, why don't you put on another coat? That old duck jacket is awful. Still it puts me in mind of something humorous. It is the kind the boys wore the night they had the 'scrap.'"

"What scrap do you mean, Pearl? You didn't hear about old Pete Johnson havin a fight the night he was drunk" said Mr. Blank.

"No, papa—that's perfectly frightful—no. I was referring to a 'melee' the college boys had." The old man grunted. Pearl continued:

"Papa, I would explain to you what I mean but you are so ignorant—no I mean you do not understand classifications and you would have to meditate a long time before you could comprehend."

Mr. Blank did not seem to like this very well. Pearl went into the next room and got her satchel, opened it, and laid four or five nicely bound volumes on the table; she began to read one book and soon seemed to be deeply interested in it.

Soon Mrs. Blank and Esther came in from the kitchen.

"What are you reading, darling?" asked her mother.

"The Satires of Juvenal,' mamma, Latin compositions. They are very fine," said Pearl.

Then a knock came at the door. Mrs. Blank opened the door and Stella and Nora Greer and Effie Douglass came in. They were laughing and seemed to be jolly. Soon one of them said:

"Pearl, play a piece for us."

"Very well," said Pearl as she went to the piano. "I have a German composition here. I think it is sublime." After she played it they all agreed that it was very nice.

"Pearl, we are going to have a party for you down at the Jenkins," said Nora Greer. "Jim Knox is going to fiddle, and we are all going to have a good time."

"Do you know the one-step?" said Pearl; "it is the latest craze."

"Goodness, no!" said Stella; "we can't

round dance at all. Sam Jones said he'd teach us to waltz down to Jenkins's if they had good music."

"Well," said Pearl dryly, "I shall go if I can. Still I shall have a good many little things to do during vacation. I intend to write a theme in English, 'Balzac Compared with Dante.' I'm not sure that I can go."

The girls left. "Goodness" said Pearl, "but those girls are crude and uncultured."

"Two Years Ago."

ROBERT BRACKEN, '07.

They were standing on the lawn, just outside the club-house. The moon was shining upon her face, and he could not help seeing how beautiful she was. She stood there unconscious of the picture she was making; stood looking at the lady in the moon, and wondering, as everyone does, what she was doing up there alone. As she turned to look up at him, he remembered that she had looked just that way two years ago; yes, it was two years ago to-night, and he had almost forgotten. She had that same white wrap over her shoulders, and looked just as she did now.

He remembered they had danced a waltz and had come out here to see the moon; he would always remember it, remember how she looked. The moon was the same, shining directly upon her face and making her appear the more beautiful. She was the same; and,—well, so was he. Glancing toward the lighted windows in the club-house, he remembered he had done that on the other night; he was conscious no one was in sight. Looking quickly in every direction and seeing no one, he turned and "grabbed," that is the only word, "grabbed" her in his arms.

They had been married nearly two years, and it was two years ago to-night they became engaged.

O'CONNELL was a victorious revolutionist, who had changed a people's destiny without blood or crime, leading them safely through the stormiest agitation the world has seen.—*Lord O'Hagan.*

"The Man Who Was Different."

LEONARD J. O'BRIEN.

Mrs. Arthur Lacrosse had a son, and if any other woman ever had one, Mrs. Lacrosse did not know it. And anyway, no one could have a son who equalled Mr. Arthur Lacrosse Jr. Was not his mother one of the Van-Schmidts of Germany; and you know what Van-anything means? Had not her ancestors arrived shortly after the Mayflower? Had not—no matter the rest—but understand she was different. True, Mr. Lacrosse was only a man—spelled with a capital; but that was due to his having married Miss Van-Schmidts, the present Mrs. Lacrosse.

Arthur Jr. was raised with the idea, deeply imbedded in his mind that he was different; he had been put on this earth for a purpose, to serve not only the multitude, but the world in general. As to his calling, it was yet unknown. He had one, and in course of time everyone would know him.

It was hard and in a way cruel, but Arthur must go to school, and to the common high school with others. Private teachers could be had, but he would begin, as all great men, at the bottom. Arthur was out of place in the high school, the rest of the people there, the others, were not agreeable to such a temperament as his, and it was advisable to take him from the common school and send him to a university. The great question then arose: where should Arthur be sent to school? Harvard and Yale were good, so were many others, but it was not the good ones Mrs. Lacrosse was looking for; she wanted the best. The best was found, and Arthur was sent. His picture appeared in the *Lu Tri County Press*. A whole column was given to his past record and to what he would do. He was to "Be," everyone knew that; the only question was "What?"

From time to time, glowing accounts came home of the doings of Mr. Arthur Lacrosse Jr. "Arthur was an athlete. He did not make the football team; not that he was not good enough, for he was on the order of such men as Poe and Savage, and many other great men. The trouble

was the coaches did not understand his style; they could not see that he was right and they were wrong. His professors saw at once that in him they had a "find," a man who would some day do them credit; whom they could lean back in their chair and say: "Arthur Lacrosse? Why that man was in my class; I knew he would one day be heard from." Regarding the society life of the university, Arthur was the "bore." No gathering was complete without him; he was an absolute necessity to insure the success of a dance, or party, or whatsoever it might be. Matrons with marriageable daughters courted his company. He could not walk down College Avenue without meeting some of the fairer sex who insisted upon smiling upon him, and infringing upon his good will and also his time. Most everyone knew him; and those who had never enjoyed that honor—for of course there are some who are forever being unjustly treated by the gods—did all in their power to get on the list so that they might say: "Arthur Lacrosse who was over last evening said so and so."

Arthur was a popular man, not only at home and in the University, but throughout the country. Never did the mail man come without bringing a *billet doux* for him. Never did the express man arrive without bringing a box for Arthur. And such boxes, no one ever saw. Only briefly is it possible to describe them; but such a large box containing salted almonds, green pea turtle, au Maderia, baked white fish, golden cucumbers, pomus spiral, fried spring chicken, a la Maryland, new green peas, fillet of beef, larded a l'animal, cardinal punch, senior salad, en season, ice-cream and strawberries, assorted cake, imperial cheese, crackers and roast pork, not forgetting cigars and tobaccos of all kinds. Such as these and even more did he receive. Who they were from no one knew, but everyone had an idea. From some men the honor to dine with means much; but the man who was so lucky as to dine with Arthur Lacrosse was indeed in rare good fortune.

In the university in which Arthur was acquiring the knowledge which would one day make the world stare, there were men, as there are in all schools, who were "bad," who went to theatres and played cards,

and worse than all, who stole boxes sent by fond mothers and sisters. No one had ever dared to steal a box belonging to Lacrosse; he was different, and they knew it. But one morning the university awoke to find itself confronted by a most thrilling tale: some one had broken into Lacrosse's room and taken a box which he had received the night before. Everyone was astonished and awaited developments. What would Lacrosse do? That was the question everyone asked.

Arthur Lacrosse was different and he proved it. The ordinary man would have reported his loss to no one, but would have declared vengeance and awaited his chance. Not so with Arthur. He did not consult a common faculty member, he went directly to the President of the University and there made known his loss. He explained and proved his assertion and must have satisfaction. Satisfaction was his, and he must have it. He set a price upon the box and demanded instant payment. Oh, he was different, and now everyone knew it. Ten dollars he must have, and ten dollars he would have. The demands of such a man had to be attended to. Agents were employed, and in course of time the thieves were found. They were made to pay for the box, and were cut from the list of Arthur Lacrosse.

Then it was that people knew him; they saw now he was different. His reputation was made. He was now known as "Lacrosse the Cad," Lacrosse this and Lacrosse that. He may have been popular before, but after the box episode he was the most talked of man in school. Everyone forgot that he was "Arthur Lacrosse the Different." He was now not even the ordinary Lacrosse. People forgot he was the college "butterfly;" they forgot he was an athlete; they forgot he was the man who was one day to do their school honor by his learning. In fact, they forgot as best they could all about him.

Should you go down to the university to-day and wait until four in the afternoon, you would see a young man shuffle down the Avenue, his hands deep in the pocket of his "peg tops" and his eyes on the ground. Ask anyone who he is, and they would shudder and say with one breath.

"Ten Dollar Arthur." Come on, let's move."

The Man in a Load of Hay.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '07.

Jim Ainsworth drove onto the scales in front of Mr. Lewis' feed store in the little burg of Martinton.

"Four thousand pounds, Jim. Mighty good load for that little team," said Lewis.

"Well, I alars did pride myself on bein' a good loader," replied Ainsworth, as he started to drive off the scales.

Hold on a minute, Jim, don't you hear that sort a moanin' sound in the hay?"

Jim listened; and to his surprise he did hear the same peculiar voice and it seemed to be in the load.

Walker, the Blacksmith, came up just then, and he was convinced by the same strange sound that some one was buried in the load. It was not long until a dozen citizens had gathered about the wagon and each one was conjecturing the cause of so queer a noise. Hoag, the butcher, said that it sounded to him as though a calf was under the hay. Styles, the poultry dealer, said he thought a chicken had been accidentally covered while the wagon was being loaded. Some of the young men who had just arrived upon the scene wanted to unload the hay.

"No, by gum, you won't," said Jim, "I guess when I load hay I know mighty dum nigh what's in it. If there's a calf or a hen in this yere load, it's nobody's business but mine. Who't be dunce enough to put a calf in a load o' hay; and how under the sun d'yer think it cu'd get in by itself? I can tell yer durn well that there ain't no man in it 'cause there wan't nobody about when I was loadin'."

The curious women, retired farmers, who do nothing but sit about the blacksmith-shop or in Brown's store telling stories and looking for news; all the boys and shop-keepers in the town had gathered in front of Lewis' feed store. The moaning voice grew more pitiful than ever. Everyone in the crowd could hear it. Jim heard it, but he said that he was very sure it was not in the load. The crowd wanted the hay unloaded. Ainsworth undertook to drive on, but the

people about his wagon were so numerous that he could go no way without driving over them, as they refused to move.

"Ain't that the queerest thing you ever heard of?" said Mrs. Hatton.

"Funny them men don't know enough to unload the hay," responded Mrs. Morse.

"Mr. Ainsworth won't let 'em. He says he knows there ain't nothing in the load," replied Mrs. Graves.

"That old dunce don't know nothing; he wouldn't know whether he covered up a man or not," said Mrs. Morse.

"No, and if you ever saw him as mad as I did once and if you heard the swearing he did, you wouldn't doubt but what he got mad at his hired man and buried him in the hay on purpose," put in Mrs. Whitney.

The smothered, moaning sound was still being heard every now and then; at times it was loud, and then again it slowly died away. Presently three men came out of the hardware store with pitchforks, and after some little argument they persuaded Ainsworth to let them unload the hay. Before he gave his consent he made them promise to reload it. They started to pitch off the hay very carefully, picking apart each forkful that nothing might escape their sight. The crowd watched every move of the men with eager eyes. At last the three men came to the bottom of the rack. They piched off the last spear of hay. Nothing was found. The town folk stood with open mouths in amazement until their attention was called by a man, who, from the second story window across the street, announced that he would give an entertainment that evening at eight o'clock in the town hall. The cards which he tossed to the crowd bore the inscription:

"Professor A. J. Skidmore, Ventriloquist;" and the professor did prosperous business that night in Martinton.

WHEN the rest of Europe was wasted by barbarous hordes and overspread with darkness and ignorance, Ireland was the sure refuge of literature and scholarship.—*Pius IX.*

SPARKLING gems of genius,—imagery, poetry, and fancy—all form a wreath and a circle of glory around the fallen fortunes of Ireland.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

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—"There is no North to-day, nor any South;" for the bloody battles of the Wilderness, the fearful slaughter of Gettysburg, and the pathetic tragedy of Appomattox are almost forgotten. Eighteen years ago when President Cleveland authorized Adjutant-General Drum to return to their respective states, the Confederate battle-flags captured during the Civil War, his action aroused such a storm of protest from press and people that he reluctantly had to countermand his order. To-day there is exhibited a remarkable change of sentiment, for both houses of Congress have adopted a resolution which is in effect the same as that advocated by President Cleveland in 1887; and this time only one dissenting voice is heard, that of a petty newspaper, which prides itself on being consistent in its prejudices.

Eighteen years ago Senator Foraker, then governor of Ohio, opposed the return of the standards, and to-day his voice concurs in the unanimity of the senate on the same subject, while not so long ago he brought himself forward as the author of a bill which provided for the government to mark the graves of Southern soldiers buried in the North. A great war has united what a great war sundered. Sectionalism is forever banished, and the spirit of national brotherhood dominates. Since we are and

ever hope to be one nation, why should not these tattered memorials of their sons' devotedness and self-sacrifice and courage be denied the Southern states because they arrayed themselves on the losing side, while their Northern brothers flaunt in their faces the fruits of their victories? The return of the captured standards may perpetuate the memory of a bitter civil strife, but what of that when regret, and tears, and tenderness have supplanted that pride and bitterness of heart which once marked their possession.

—The captains of industry have long endeavored to solve the question, "Who is best fitted to perform the duties of an employee?" Is it the college man or he who began his apprenticeship as an office boy, or the like? No one can but admire the self-made man that has steadily advanced from a humble position to the highest office in his department of work. He merits much praise; for to climb a ladder of swords, as he must, is no easy task. But these men are so few that we must agree with President Butler of Columbia University when he says: "The self-made man is either a genius or an accident." Geniuses are rare nowadays, and lucky accidents do not often occur. The employer desires the man whose mind has been carefully trained. He realizes that there are greater possibilities in the graduate who is not only more refined, but gifted with a quicker perception.

His four years at college have not, as some have maintained, been wasted. Even though it be necessary for him to commence on a lower round of the ladder than that on which the non-graduate stands, it is but a question of a short time till he shall have passed the untrained laborer. The collegian can see and more quickly eliminate, the obstacles which bar the way. We do not say, however, that the ambitious, self-made man is doomed to be relegated to the sweat-shops; but his chances are daily being diminished by the increasing demand for the college graduate. From the present outlook one might venture to prophesy that he who shall in the future be able to boast of being a self-made man shall be admired far more than his predecessors.

Henry James' Lecture.

Notre Dame was singularly honored last Tuesday by the presence of one of the greatest literary geniuses in the contemporary field of English literature, a man of perhaps unequalled influence in the world of letters. Mr. Henry James rewarded our eager anticipations, when, in his enviable style, he delivered a lecture on his personal appreciation of the celebrated French author, Honore Balzac. Mr. James, as is well known, is an analyst of rare power and a psychologist of wonderful ability. He loves to study individual traits of character and special states of mind, reading into them and stating his own impression in as realistic a manner as possible. In view of this fact, what then may we suppose was his peculiar sensation on beholding before him an eager and attentive audience, which numbered not a few students, busily engaged in jotting down notes as the lecturer proceeded in his reading? No doubt it puzzled the novelist to see so many of his auditors absorbed in filling their memorandum books with data that might serve for equally inexplicable purposes. Woe to those who came in the capacity of reporters to achieve their private ends unmindful of displeasing their entertainer, for few persons have a greater abhorrence of newspaper men than has Mr. James,—an attitude which is amply verified, not only by his portrayal of such characters in his late novels, but also by the experience that befell the journalists who were bold enough to aspire to a professional interview. Being so disposed towards the servile newspaper-gatherers, it must have quite overawed him to confront such a formidable host, if such he considered it. But no; the active pencils of the ambitious collegians could not be hostile to such an instructive speaker. Instead they betokened a sincere appreciation of all that was said, and gave open testimony that the pleasure of having met a genius of Mr. James' type will not easily be forgotten.

To return to the lecture. In a lengthy introduction the speaker pointed out that Jane Austen, with her cheery and tender moods, was the logical forerunner of Balzac; and at the same time he brought Thackeray,

the acknowledged English master-novelist, into a comparison with his Frankish rival, showing how Thackeray shamed the intelligence of his readers by minutely sifting every mood and every motive, while, on the other hand, Balzac flattered them by leaving the simple things to be inferred. The lecturer then took us through the shifting scenes of his hero's life; how, after he once found his feet, which did not take place until he had reached the mature age of thirty, he labored unceasingly and with a passionate love for his work, until at the age of fifty death claimed this worn-out, weak, little man. Mr. James compares Balzac to the leader of a company of soldiers, and whether they are ahead of him or behind him the men of his craft look to him for guidance and inspiration.

The lecture in its entirety was a most admirable one; and the glowing descriptions spoken in a low but pleasant voice by the novelist burned themselves into the very souls of his auditors. Mr. James has done more than recreate an enthusiasm for Balzac, he has opened to the students of Notre Dame a new field of fictional literature, and brought before them the works of a man and a master-novelist, and that man is himself.

 Final Debating Contest.

When the present scholastic year began and we were forced to realize that our former polemic champions had left our ranks, it became a matter of no little concern to know who would have the honor of representing Notre Dame in our third annual contest with Oberlin. This question was all the more worthy of the consideration it has been given because our past record as debaters has been one of uninterrupted success. All who ventured to compete with a team from Notre Dame had to bow in submission and acknowledge an honorable defeat. Actuated by an honest pride we boldly assert that the same college spirit which inspired those who have preceded us courses through our own veins and prompts us to preserve with religious veneration the unsullied reputation of the Gold and Blue. In pursuance of this noble aspiration an unequalled interest has been displayed from

the very beginning of September in the line of debating, and the work of preparing for that final contest which would confer the much-coveted laurels on the successful competitors. Through the zealous activity of Professor Reno, which has never flagged though sorely tested, it was early announced that Oberlin chose to debate the following question: "Resolved: That labor and capital be compelled to settle disputes through legally constituted boards of arbitration," on which subject Notre Dame was to support the affirmative. Fully confident in the ability of his students Professor Reno succeeded in arranging for a debate with De Pauw University on the same question leaving to us the opposing side. Thus, unlike former years, there was offered a twofold opportunity of making either one or the other team, and to crown the honor attendant upon being a representative debater was the handsome Studebaker prize of seventy-five dollars to be divided among the first three contestants. No further stimulus was needed to spur our men onward to exert their utmost efforts in behalf of themselves and their *Alma Mater*. That they did labor with vim and enthusiasm goes without saying, for the obstinate efforts made by each individual of the unusually large number who entered could not have escaped the attention of anyone. It was more or less essential to the development of a good team that there be a plentiful supply of material to choose from, and in this respect the most sanguine expectations could not have been disappointed. Though, as a matter of course, all who enlisted their names could not be chosen, yet by their individual exertions they forced their rivals to still greater efforts, thus bringing to light not only a latent talent but also an indomitable vigor without which disputants are often at a total loss. Hence, in multiplying difficulties for the victors, all contestants contributed their quota to the formation of the best possible trio.

After a semester spent in diligent research regarding the *pros* and *cons* of the question at issue the students returned to college fully prepared to enter upon the preliminary try-outs. These, when once begun, followed one another in rapid succession, and needless to say, grew more and more interesting as

they neared completion. It was only last week that all but eight had gradually been stricken from the list, and that with no feeble struggle. On this octette, then, depended the all-important selection of an invincible trinity! Speculation was rife as to who would be the prize-winners and who would be our debutants for De Pauw. It was an argument in which most every student engaged because it so nearly and dearly concerned his College.

All conclusions were held in abeyance until Thursday, the decisive day. What that day had in store no one knew; but everyone was fully aware that it directly interested himself, and so none could be detained from attending the exercises. Colonel Hoynes by virtue of a long-established custom was, of necessity, the presiding moderator.

The judges appointed to pronounce their grave decision, no less weighty than many a one which their professional career calls for, were: Mr. Chauncey V. Fassett, Mr. Arthur L. Hubbard, and Mr. Sherman Steele. Patrick Malloy, as first affirmative, began the discussion in a manner that predicted an exciting two hours' contest. His colleagues, if such they may be called, for team-work was not insisted upon, were, in order of succession: T. P. Cosgrove, C. L. O'Donnell and J. C. McGinn. The negative side was upheld successively by W. J. Donahoe, C. J. Hagerty, E. P. Burke and W. A. Bolger. After each competitor had delivered his speech, consisting on the average of ten to twelve minutes' duration, the rebuttals were given in exactly the reverse rotation commencing with the last affirmative and concluding with the first negative. Every debater had been loudly applauded; opinions on their respective merits varied widely. Throughout the entire contest the audience was held spellbound, wrapt in the closest attention to every argument of the speakers. Not one of the listeners but was thoroughly informed of the advantages and disadvantages resulting from compulsory arbitration. This intelligence, however, was of but minor importance when weighed with the intense desire of knowing how the debaters ranked in order of merit. No sooner were the judges' figures computed than Col. Hoynes hastened to declare the result to the breathless assembly. With the naming of each victor loud

cheers arose, manifesting a general accord-ance in the selection of the contestants. The list as finally read showed the victorious to be graded as follows: 1st, W. A. Bolger; 2d, T. P. Cosgrove; 3d, P. M. Malloy; 4th, W. J. Donahoe; 5th, C. L. O'Donnell; 6th, J. C. McGinn; 7th, C. J. Hagerty; and 8th E. P. Burke. To the first three, therefore, belong the Studebaker purse, giving to each respectively forty, twenty, and fifteen dollars. Messrs. Hagerty and Burke will each accompany one of the teams to serve as alternate and assist their colleagues in preparing refutations to whatever objections the opposing team may offer.

Of all the debaters, Mr. Bolger has had, perhaps, the most experience, though this was extremely limited. None that saw him on the last occasion battle so bravely against Kanaley and company would have then thought that this year he should captain our team. But the reward was well merited. Bolger is a refined speaker; without being too personal he drives his argument home and clings steadfastly to it; no sophistry can make him relinquish it; as he himself says, his opponents may try to minimize his arguments, may try to get about them as best they can, but they can't do away with them.

If speculation was at all indulged in concerning the issue of this contest it was particularly so in the case of our new-comer, Mr. Cosgrove. The splendid showing he made in the preliminaries more than sufficed to fill his bitterest antagonists with respect. It is only the exceptional new-comer who has the good fortune of making our team; but Mr. Cosgrove did it and that without much ado. His method of procedure was a very novel one and none the less logical. He laid down an indisputable proposition as the major premise of a simple syllogism, and expended all his efforts on proving the validity of the minor. Having done this it merely remained for him to deduct the self-evident conclusion. If these be his tactics at Oberlin it will make his opponents look sharply to their logic, if not wholly bewilder them.

St. Joseph's Hall has thus far maintained its enviable record of sending one or more of her students to represent the excellency of her literary society, for Patrick M.

Malloy has proved himself worthy of being a member of our first team. This is Mr. Malloy's first year of public speaking, and his recent triumph, coupled with his splendid showing in the Oratorical Contest, places him foremost in the ranks of our public speakers.

To the successful contestants we wish to offer our congratulations, and to all the assurance of our ardent support in the coming trials. Notre Dame places all hopes in her men, and remains confident that when they meet the representatives of Oberlin and De Pauw she will have ample justification for taking pride in the work of her sons.

Prizes for Economic Essays Second Year.

The following was recently received from Professor Laughlin of Chicago for insertion with the object of securing competitors from Notre Dame.

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate an examination of the value of college training for business men, a committee composed of

Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman;

Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University;

Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan;

Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Clark College, have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx, of Chicago, to offer again in 1906 four prizes for the best studies on any of the following subjects:

1. To what extent, and by what administrative body, should the public attempt to control railway rates in interstate commerce?

2. A just and practicable method of taxing railway property.

3. Will the present policy of the labor unions in dealing with non-union men, and the "closed shop," further the interests of the workingmen?

4. Should ship subsidies be offered by the government of the United States?

5. An examination into the economic causes of large fortunes in this country.

6. The influence of credit on the level of prices.

7. The cattle industry in its relation to the ranchman, feeder, packer, railway, and consumer.

8. Should the government seek to control or regulate, the use of mines of coal, iron, or other raw materials, whose supply may become the subject of monopoly?

9. What provision can be made for workingmen to avoid the economic insecurity said to accompany the modern wage-system?

A First Prize of One Thousand Dollars,
and

A Second Prize of Five Hundred Dollars
in Cash

are offered for the best studies presented by Class A, composed exclusively of all persons who have received the bachelor's degree from an American college in 1894, or thereafter; and

A First Prize of Three Hundred Dollars
and

A Second Prize of One Hundred and
Fifty Dollars in Cash

are offered for the best studies presented by Class B, composed of persons who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. No one in Class A may compete in Class B; but anyone in Class B may compete in Class A. The Committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of \$1000 and \$500 to undergraduates, if the merits of the papers demand it.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and not needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the year when the bachelor's degree was received, and the institution which conferred the degree, or in which he is studying, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1906, to

J. Laurence Laughlin, Esq.,
University of Chicago,
Box 145, Faculty Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Athletic Notes.

In the largest track meet ever held by the Central Association of the A. A. U., Notre Dame finished in fourth place. We had only one man entered, Capt. Draper, who was easily the star of the meet.

"The individual honors of the meet were won by W. A. Draper from Notre Dame, who started in three events and won eleven points. In the seventy-five yard high hurdles Draper ran second, thereby winning three points. In the low hurdles, the distance being the same, he simply romped over the line an easy winner and added five more points to his total. Not satisfied with this, Draper went into the shot put and finished second to Rose," says the *Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Draper was entered in the seventy-five yard dash, and would undoubtedly have won a place. When the entries were called Draper was putting the shot in the farther end of the building, and did not hear his call, hence did not answer. When he was informed of the last reading, he made every effort possible to be allowed to compete. But the rulings of the A. A. U. are such that if a man does not respond to his call he can not compete, we thereby lost points which we should have had, as Draper, outside of Hahn, the Western Champion, was easily the best man entered in the sprint.

The work of Draper puts him on a level with the very best men in the country, and next Saturday night when he goes to St. Louis to compete in the M. A. C. games, we can rest assured that he will again do honor to his school and again prove his ability as an athlete.

The meet in St. Louis is to be a handicap meet, and Draper will likely be a scratch man in every event he enters, thus putting him at a disadvantage; but the man who wins over him will be an athlete who can be proud of his victory, even though aided by a handicap. He will enter the forty-five yard low hurdles, the forty-five yard dash, and the shot put.

James Keefe will enter the one thousand yard invitation run and also the six hundred yard dash. Keefe has trained faithfully and will make the man who wins from him "go some." In the six hundred yard, he will

likely be scratch man; and as those who enter in the thousand-yard invitation, are considered equally good men, he is likewise put on scratch. In both events, Keefe has a good chance, and we may be sure he will uphold our reputation in track athletics.

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The Varsity baseball squad has taken its first outdoor practice this week. All the out-fielders have been on the campus, and although the weather has been anything but ideal for baseball, yet the men are handling the flies without any trouble. Our out-field will be made up of entirely new men this year, and only hard work can make it equal to the one we lost when Salmon, Shaughnessy and Kanaley dropped out. The men trying for the out-field are working hard, and those showing the best form at present are: Welch, Fansler, Stopper and Evans.

This year the strength of our team will be in its team-work; individual work will count but little, and our main strength will lie in the fact that every man will know just what every other man is going to do. The infielders are working hard to learn the signals and acquire all the knowledge necessary to make a team work as a unit. Not alone will the catcher know the kind of a ball the pitcher is going to throw but every man on the team will get the signal; in-fielders, and even the out-fielders.

Boston's wonderful baseball team which has won the pennant in the American league for the past two years, won it, not because of its individual "stars," but because the team worked as one man. That is the kind of a team O'Connor is trying to make for Notre Dame.

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The infield which early in the season appeared to be an easy matter to decide upon is becoming more puzzling every day. Once that can be solved Captain O'Connor believes his hardest task will be done. The fight for positions is sure to make our in-field a good one, and when it is once picked we will have an infield equalling any in the west.

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In the last week Tobin has shown a wonderful improvement and should he advance at the rate he is going now we will have

the makings of another Ruehlbach on our pitching staff. Tobin is developing speed, control and confidence and has a curve which fools them all. On Thursday in batting practice he fanned seven men.

Behind the bat, Cook is doing exceptionally good work. With steady consistent practice, Cook will soon develop into a star catcher. He receives well and has an extra good arm, sending the ball to all the bases fast and hard. The men who at first appeared better than Cook will now have to do some hard work to retain their predominance.

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The whole squad will be out doors in a few days and then a better line can be had on all the men. Once outdoor practice is taken up the men get in the game better and develop much faster, hence in the course of a few weeks an improvement will be noticed, when Capt. O'Connor picks the team. If hard work and true spirit have anything to do with the making of a baseball team, we will have one of the best in the country.

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The first track-meet of the season will be held one week from to-day, on March 25. Manager McGlew has completed arrangements with Wabash, and we meet them in the Notre Dame Gym one week hence.

Wabash held Indiana to a low score about a month ago and has a well-balanced team. They have no particular "stars" in any event, but have a team that is strong in all departments, both field and track, and promise to give our stars plenty to do. This will be the first meet of the season and everyone should turn out and "root" for our men. A few years ago Notre Dame boasted one of the best track teams in the country; then we had the spirit that makes winning teams. Now because we have fallen a little below the standard in our track athletics is no reason why the spirit should fall in accordance. Keep the spirit up and the team will come up with it. Draper is working the men hard and will enter a team against Wabash that will at least fight for every point, and that is the manner in which track meets are won. We have no "quitters" on the team and when they enter their first event next Saturday night, you may be sure they will go in to win.

The team will be mostly made up of new men, but with Draper and Keefe of last year's team we will have an entering list that will do credit to the school, and do all in their power to win in our first meet of the year, March 25. On May 6 we have an outdoor meet with Michigan Agricultural College. The meet will be held on Cartier Field, and will be the first outdoor dual meet held here for some years. This Michigan team is the best of the colleges in the state, having won the state championship for the past two years. We will then have had our meet with Wabash, and know exactly what our men are capable of doing, and should therefore enter a stronger team in this meet than in the Wabash meet. We have used the excuse that lack of track meet at Notre Dame has caused the spirit to die, now we will have the meets and hope that the spirit will revive. It takes spirit to win in any kind of athletics, and from now on we expect the students to come out and do their part for our teams.

Athletic Gossip.

In the meet held in Milwaukee last Saturday night, Leroy Sampse of Indiana University set a new mark in the pole vault. The indoor record had been 11 feet 1¾ inches. Sampse won the event at 11 feet 3 inches, and in a try for a record cleared the bar at 11 feet 6 inches, giving him the world's record.

"Giant" Rose broke his own world's record Wednesday at the C. A. A. try-out for the big I. A. C. meet, which is to be held on March 28. Rose put the 16lb shot, 50 feet and 1 inch, beating his old record by 1 foot 5½ inches.

Arthur Duffey, the Georgetown sprinter, has lost two races in Australia and won one.

Hearn, Purdue's "star" distance runner, has been compelled to drop athletics on account of throat trouble. Hearn was one of the best men in the country, and it is a pity that he must drop out and make way for men who are by no means his equal.

"Dr. Powers of the Philadelphia is a handy man to have around a ball team. He can pull a tooth, set a leg, prescribe for any ill

baseball flesh is heir to, take a turn behind the bat, and then sit down and write about it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Powers was at one time catcher and captain of Notre Dame's baseball team. The above goes to show we can turn out men who are not only baseball players, but as they are called "handy men to have around."

R. L. B.

Local Items.

—The St. Joseph's Athletic Association held a meeting on Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a baseball team for the coming season. Leo F. Powers was elected captain, and measures were immediately taken to raise funds for the equipment of the team. Much enthusiasm was shown at this meeting, and as soon as the ground is in fit condition, the captain expects to have a large number of candidates in the field. This is the first year in the history of St. Joe Hall that an association of this kind has been formed, and if its success up to present date counts for anything, we may predict for it a prosperous future.

—It will be a most pleasing announcement to all who have ever been members of Corby Hall to learn that the zealous director, Father Corbett, has entered upon the task of forming a complete collection of the photographs of past and present Corbyvites. The co-operation of all those concerned is kindly solicited in order that this welcome undertaking may be crowned with success. At first view this work might seem to present many difficulties, but all misgiving should cease with the assurance that Father Corbett has successfully achieved a task which, in point of duration, offered ten times as many obstacles. Moreover, it would be needless to allude to the artistic transformation he has brought about in the remodeling of St. Andrew's Chapel—a deed that will always testify to his worth, bestow honor upon his co-laborers and continue to endure as one of the jewels of Notre Dame. But greatest of all his testimonials is his career as Prefect during which brief period he cemented the most cordial relations between himself and his students, and so endeared himself to them that they would very reluctantly suffer any other director to substitute him. It is, therefore, a matter of little surprise and all the more gratifying that it is he who should now institute in his Hall this memorial collection. That this picturesque gallery might be complete it is desired that all who have ever had the pleasure of being a Corbyvite will find an early opportunity of sending their photograph to Father Corbett.