

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XXXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1905.

No. 31.

To the Eagle.

STANISLAUS A. GRUZA, '06.

HAIL! king of birds, thou winged spirit hail!
What eye can pierce thee 'neath the azure shrouds?
Thou sailest in a sea of windy clouds;
Beneath thy light the crimson world-lamps pale.
Before thy flight low sinks the nightingale;
The skylark can not reach thee in his lauds,
Nor the hoarse vulture find thy nestling crowds—
All earth beneath thee sinks, a liquid vale.
Ah! mighty eagle, would that I could spurn
The rocks that rise above the sea of life,
Cast loose my heart upon the waves of joy;
Would that my dungeoned soul might swiftly burn,
Yea, melt these hindering chains of earthly strife;
Then would I soar like thee without annoy.

The Apostle of Total Abstinence.*

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.



UP to the middle of the last century but two foreigners were accorded the privilege of a seat in our Senate House and the honor of addressing the august body of legislators assembled there. The first of these so honored was a French nobleman and soldier, the second an Irish monk. The one had business of war, the other of peace; a wielder of the sword one, a bearer of the crucifix the other. The habitual attire of the one was the glittering lace of a French gentleman, the customary robe of the other was the brown dress of the poor Franciscan.

The first was Mortier Marquis de Lafayette, hero of the Revolution, the second was Father Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Total Abstinence.

Despite the diverse occupations of these two men, there must have been some resemblance between their lives and their works to make them worthy of the same honor. So there was. We find this similarity pointed out in the writings of two of our greatest Americans. John Quincy Adams, eulogizing the former, said: "The name of Lafayette shall stand enrolled on the annals of our race, high on the list of the pure and disinterested benefactors of mankind." Anent the honor our nation had proposed showing Father Mathew, Henry Clay, one of the noblest of the many brave men that have influenced the national destiny, declared: "It is but a merited tribute of respect to a man who has achieved a great social revolution—a revolution in which no blood has been shed, which has involved no desolation; a revolution which has been achieved without violence, and a greater one, perhaps, than has ever been accomplished by any benefactor of mankind."

Not many months ago, Total Abstinence Societies the world over celebrated the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew. It was in Thomastown, County Tipperary, that the great reformer was born; his father belonged to the Catholic branch of the family of Francis Mathew, Earl of Llandaff,—his mother was a Miss Whyte. There was little remarkable about Theobald, child and boy. It is said, however, there was this somewhat singular trait in his character, that he took the rarest delight in arranging little feasts

* Paper read at a meeting of Holy Cross Total Abstinence Society.

for his young friends and presiding over them, a self-constituted *magister bibendi*. His fondness for this sort of enjoyment, in fact, later on made it necessary for him to withdraw from Maynooth to escape dismissal. Having determined, however, to live the life of a cleric and a religious, he made application to the Franciscan Capuchins, and was accepted. After his ordination Father Mathew was installed at Kilkenny, but a little later, owing to a misunderstanding with his bishop, left this place and made his residence in Cork where he lived the greater part of his arduous, self-sacrificing life. Here for twenty-four years he was Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, while at the same time he had all the labor of attending to an innumerable parish. During these long years he had opportunity to study the conditions of the Irish poor, acquiring knowledge that served him so well as a speaker in later times. By his interest in that ragged flock he won from them the love and confidence that proved so much in his favor—and theirs—during the early days of his new apostolate.

A glance at the condition of affairs in Ireland at this time may be illuminating now that we are about to consider Father Mathew making a beginning of the work with which his name will be forever associated. There were then two classes there, the poor and the poorer—the tenants and the landlords; the former class living in perpetual poverty, the latter in constantly increasing debt; these in fact were the heirlooms of Irish families, poverty and debt. It is distressing indeed to learn of the wretchedness then so common in Ireland: hunger that could not be satisfied, pain without alleviation, misery that admitted of no hope. Carlyle wrote that a third part of the Irish people had not for thirty weeks in the year as many third-rate potatoes as would give them food. In other words, nearly two and a half millions of them had no resource during six months of the twelve. What was left for the Irish father of a family in the face of such conditions?

He could not change his unfortunate condition, but he could forget it; he could not stop the moans of his starving family, but he could render himself insensible to them,—whiskey, drink; is it any wonder

the Irish, in front, I say, of such odds, were a race of drunkards? "The present was so hard," as one historian of the time has said, "the future so hopeless to less sober eyes, that they had some excuse for trying to win forgetfulness."

Such was the state of the people among whom Father Mathew obscurely labored for twenty-four years in the city of Cork. All this while he was witness to the ruin occasioned by the sin of intemperance, and his heart must have ached for stricken Ireland while it burned to help his countrymen. The notion of total abstinence of course was not original with him, though by his labors it was to be perpetuated. He preached against this ruling vice of his people, no doubt, just as he preached against their other sins; but, so far, this was all.

There was at that time in Cork a body of Quakers who had banded together in a total abstinence society. They were friends of Father Mathew, and proved their love for Ireland by urging this man of the people to join them in their work. They would give him no rest; they said it was his duty; that of all living men he was the one suited for this mission, and many like arguments. At length after much entreaty on their part and much reflection and prayer on his own, Father Mathew signed the pledge; this was on April 10, 1838, in the forty-ninth year of his life, and the twenty-fifth of his ordination.

Having once begun any work, Theobald Mathew was not the one to turn back; he immediately gave his whole being up to the cause. At once he began holding public meetings; to these the poor flocked and Father Mathew addressed them, as he had done often before, in words that carried conviction. But now he closed his talks by calling on all present to rise and join him in repeating the words of the pledge; that is to say, he never administered the pledge without renewing his own, and so, a constant testimony to the sincerity of his convictions and the earnestness of his life's purpose, he stood before his people, sworn a thousand times over to the work of fighting what he regarded their greatest enemy.

The force of his example, then, was

compelling; the high regard his people, for whose spiritual and material well-being he had already spent the best years of his life laboring, had for him contributed much to his success also, though with some of these people it was more of a tug to give up drink for him than to lay down their life for him. Other agents there were to help him along, and among these there was this circumstance which on a brighter background might appear almost amusing.

The superstition of the Irish is proverbial; fancy and religion are the elements of superstition, and the Irish have plenty of both, their minds running riot never so easily as on religious subjects. Hence it is small wonder that when these "little ones" of the Faith saw some one whom they knew to be a confirmed drunkard suddenly cut away from his old self and turn to a sober, industrious way of living, when they saw this transformation, I say, is it strange they should regard the event as a very miracle of grace? So the report spread about that Father Mathew had a "gift" to cure drunkenness; thousands who took the pledge believed, doubtless, that they could not break it, and fortunately did not try to. The word, too, got about that it was bad luck to break the pledge. Again, drunkards, after a life of reckless carousal, found themselves improved in health after they had settled down to a steady, sober living, so it was whispered about that Father Mathew could cure diseases. The rheumatic and the headachy accordingly besieged his door; Father Mathew couldn't refuse to bless them, and they went away believing themselves cured, and so they were. What with these and other causes operating together, by September of that first year Father Mathew had enlisted as many as a hundred and thirty-one thousand Irishmen, of all grades of society, under the banner of Total Abstinence.

It is needless to say much more about the beginnings of Father Mathew's single-handed crusade; his successes in Cork were duplicated in every considerable town in Ireland. Within five years he had enrolled nearly half the adult population of the country, and during this time, too, the duties on Irish spirits fell from \$1,434,573 in 1839 to \$852,418 in 1844. Viewing such events,

Miss Edgeworth, the novelist, wrote: "It is amazing, and proves the power of moral and religious influence beyond any other example on record in history. I consider Father Mathew the greatest benefactor of this country, the most true friend to Irishmen and Ireland."

Not only among his own countrymen, however, did Father Mathew labor, and not by them alone was he appreciated. Among many notable tributes in his praise the following, from the pen of Channing, I regard as of unique worth:

"At the present moment," he wrote, "it is singularly unreasonable to doubt and despair of the improvement of society. A few years ago had we been called upon to name the country, of all others the most degraded, beggared, and hopelessly crushed by intemperance, we should have selected Ireland. There, men and women, young and old, were alike swept away by what seemed an irresistible torrent; and now in the short space of two or three years this vice of ages has been almost rooted out. In the moral point of view the Ireland of the past is vanished; a new Ireland has started into life; five millions of her population have taken the pledge of total abstinence, and instances of violating the pledge are very, very rare. The excise on ardent spirits has been diminished nearly a million sterling. History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader of this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times."

In order to come to a better understanding of Father Mathew's success it is necessary to consider the influence of his person in his work. Of his personal appearance, Thackeray, the great novelist, has given us this picture. In his *Irish Sketch Book* he writes: "On the day we arrived at Cork, a stout, handsome, honest-looking man, of some two and forty years, was passing by, and received a number of bows from the crowd round. It was Theobald Mathew.... He shook hands with the master of the carriage very cordially, and just as cordially with the master's coachman, a disciple of temperance, as at least half Ireland is at present.... There is nothing remarkable in Mr. Mathew's manner, except that he is

exceedingly simple, hearty and manly.... He is almost the only man that I have met in Ireland who, in speaking of public affairs, did not speak as a partisan. With the state of the country, of landlord, tenant and peasantry, he seemed to be most curiously and intimately acquainted; speaking of their wants, differences, and the means of bettering them with the minutest practical knowledge. And it was impossible in hearing him to know but from previous acquaintance with his character whether he was Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant. His knowledge of the people is prodigious, and their confidence in him as great."

Carlyle happened to be in Liverpool at the time Father Mathew was there, and even chanced to come upon the Irish Reformer at his work. Of this experience Carlyle wrote: "Passing near some Catholic chapel, and noticing a small crowd in a yard there with flags, white sticks, and brass bands, we stopped our hackney coachman, stepped forth into the thing, and found it was Father Mathew distributing the pledge to the lost sheep of the place, thousands strong of both sexes; a very ragged and lost-looking squadron indeed. Father Mathew is a broad, solid-looking man, with grey hair, mild, intelligent eyes, massive rather aquiline nose and countenance. The very face of him attracts you. We saw him go through a whole act of the business, do, as Darwin would say, a whole batch of teetotallers. I almost cried to listen to him, and could not but lift my broad-rim at the end when he called God's blessing on the vow these wretches had taken. I have seen nothing so religious since I set out on my travels as this squalid scene." This means a good deal, coming from Herr Teufelsdröckh.

Father Mathew's hearers agree that he was not a great orator, and yet are unanimous in saying that if one knew the man one would not be surprised at the vast power he had over his audience.

The Total Abstinence Movement was fully launched, and it was progressing beyond the farthest hopes of its humble founder. But dark days were ahead. What student of history has not wept over the records of Ireland's past; and what page in her history is sadder than the one which relates the

horrors of the famine of '47 and the two years preceding it? Sir Gavan Duffy says of it that "in the end it killed, or banished, one out of three of the population of Ireland, and left wide districts as bare of men, and the living things which thrive where men thrive, as the great desert." "The death-roll of the French Reign of Terror was trifling compared with the death-roll of the Irish famine," says another writer.

Mr. Frank Mathew, the biographer of his illustrious namesake, describes Father Mathew's attitude throughout these three long, harrowing years as follows: "To Father Mathew the victims of the famine were people whom he knew and who loved him: his followers, his friends. Those whom he knew and loved were starving to death because there was no one in the world to give them a crust of bread or the skin of a potato. He moved heaven and earth; he worked night and day; he wrote to English ministers and to Irish officials, to friends in England, Scotland, or America, begging for help or money. He organized the relief work in the South; he travelled over Ireland unceasingly; no man could have done more."

When the famine had passed, Ireland was old Ireland no longer; seldom has social revolution wrought a more radical change in the character and habits of a nation. The gaunt spectre of Ireland brooded on the site of her recent glad life. Ireland put sternly aside her songs and her stories, but instead she again took up the cup that would make

(Continued on page 512.)

On Home Grounds.

L. M. K.

Each wave put on its white-cap
And tossed within its bed.
Each frog put on his nightcap
And covered up his head.
The musk-rat sadly wrung his paw.
The spring its tears did wipe;
For the anti-cigarette law
Was running down the snipe.

To the Oriole.

WHAT, do I sleep while you are singing
Outside my chamber door?
While your clear notes to me are bringing
Message that the day's before?

While like summer heavens lightening,
When the sun is sleeping low,
Shine your tiny feathers, brightening
In the morning's golden glow.

You are happier than the waking
Of the joyful flowers of May;
As you sit on treetops making
Wreaths of song to crown the day.

Then arise I must to listen,
While you're at your music sweet,
And around my window glisten
Dewy blossoms fair to meet.

D. J. C.

When Shakspeare Failed.

• GEORGE J. MCFADDEN, '06.

Far off on the plains of Iowa, like an island in a great waving ocean of corn, lies the little town of Carthage. Like its historic namesake, Carthage was jealous of its prestige, jealous of all the little Romes for miles around. Carthage had one newspaper which ever extolled the merits of the town. It was the best place to trade; its people were more sociable; its schools were better,—yes, it even had better drinking water than any other town within competitive range—at least such was the expressed opinion of the Carthage *Leader*. So when the people of Bayfield bought a few books, borrowed a few more, placed them in a vacant little storeroom, and then published in their paper that among the many advances made by the town was a new public library, it stung the people of Carthage to the quick.

"I guess our people are just as educated, and well-read as anybody," said Dave Brotchie, a keen, little red-haired man who was proprietor of one of the leading stores. "Bayfield can't outdo us. We'll have a meeting of the townspeople, and see if we can't get up some kind of a library too."

Brotchie consulted several of the leading people of the town according as they came

into his store. All wanted the library; even old Hank Whitehead, the "stingiest" man in the county, was in favor of it.

"People are gittin' high-falutin notions these days; but if Bayfield can have a library, I guess we can have one too," he declared with positiveness when the subject was broached to him.

So one evening in the middle of June, the public-spirited people of Carthage came together in the school-house. Several of the business men and farmers pledged themselves for sums ranging from two bits to five dollars. Harry Parsons, the first mayor of the town, gave ten dollars; and credited with this amount his name stood out in monumental solitude.

After much argument, then, it was decided that some kind of an entertainment should be gotten up to help along the good cause. Arrangements for this affair were left to the young people who thereupon got up a separate meeting to make plans for it.

Bertha Wolfe was made chairman. Bertha had just been graduated from a prominent university in a distant city; and by unanimous consent she was the leader.

"Has anyone any suggestions to make?" she asked as she took her place, with a business-like air, at the teacher's desk. Mr. Tomkins, the village teacher, a pallid young man with dark, shining hair, then arose.

"Now of course what we want to do is to raise money. Now, I think we could have an entertainment. Many of the school-children know good pieces that they can speak. We can drill them on some dialogues. Pat Dowd, I know, will help us with his orchestra, and perhaps Fred Weise will do some sleight-of-hand tricks for us, between whiles. On the whole, I think we could have a very fair entertainment. However, I should like to hear from some one else."

Several concurred in his opinion and much reference was made to Fred Weise whom they said knew "many good tricks." But Fred sat there and answered never a word. Lately it seemed to Fred as if he had been ostracized from society in general. At any rate his life was lonely, he thought. Before Bertha Wolfe went away to college she and Fred were close friends. When she returned in vacations he still went occasionally to see her. When she came home after grdua-

ation, Fred went to make his first call. He and his sister went over to Wolfe's one Wednesday evening.

"My! I expect Bertha will have a lot of things to tell us," said Fred to his sister as they left home.

"Yes, I can just see her—how she will come out to meet us, and we will do well if we get home before twelve o'clock."

But Fred and his good sister were mistaken. As they walked up the green lawn in front of Mr. Wolfe's house, no Bertha came dancing out to meet them. True, she came to the front door. She merely shook hands with Ida and to Fred she said, "Good evening, Mr. Weise."

"Mr. Weise"—that was a new one on Fred. Before she had always said to him: "Why, Fred, I am just delighted to see you." It put a damp cloth over the conversation. Ida tried to tell Bertha some of the current gossip, but Bertha, while trying to appear interested, did not receive it with unbounded enthusiasm.

In fact, Bertha was thinking of something else, as she had been of late—of how she was to improve her town, how to raise its ideals, how to instruct its people. The words of the commencement orator whom she had heard but a few days before kept ringing in her ears:

"What your university has done for you it is yours to do for your country. It is your duty to impress your hopes and ideals upon the people with whom you come in contact."

The great problem in Bertha's mind was: "How shall it be done?"

Fred and his sister went home early that night and both were much surprised.

"Why, I never saw Bertha so cool," said Ida, on their way home.

"She certainly is quite an iceberg," said Fred, who was quite content to let the subject drop, and quickly called his sister's attention to how pretty the nights were getting.

But to return to the young people's meeting. The village teacher wanted an entertainment—nothing short of that would satisfy him. Many of the others shared in his view. Pansy Vauble wanted a basket social; but when one of the other girls remarked that Pansy advocated such an

affair because young Doctor Merryman, of Bayfield, got her box the last time, poor little Pansy blushed and did not attempt to bring up her plan again. Bertha Wolfe was not at all in favor of the entertainment; and the basket social was still further from her mind. "A Shaksperian reading would be the best thing to instill culture into the minds of these people," thought she. And to make matters easy she remembered reading in the newspaper of the day before the advertisement of the *Star Lyceum Bureau* of Chicago, who furnished "readers and speakers on application." So Bertha stood before the young people of Carthage and proceeded to give them her plan. Not many were in favor of it.

"We'll have to pay the man, won't we?" inquired Billy Brotchie, who in point of business ability took after his father—at least everyone said so.

"O yes, certainly!" said Bertha; "we shall probably have to pay him fifty dollars; but the proceeds will go to the library fund. Then we would have an entertainment of which we could be proud, and not have to listen to the children speak nursery rhymes, and watch Mr. Weise's stupid tricks."

Upon this remark everyone laughed—just as people always do when they see a person of conceit and rank bluntly humiliated. For the past three years Fred Weise was the entertainer of the town. Everyone knew what truly wonderful things he did. The time was when Fred took Bertha Wolfe to nearly every party in town, and now came the fall—Fred and his devilish arts were relegated to the garret of inutilities by the pretty and learned Bertha.

So it was fully decided to have a Shaksperian reading. This was advertised in bold type in the *Carthage Leader*: "Great entertainment in town, June 30. Professor La Rue of Chicago will read thrilling scenes from "Hamlet" to the people of Carthage and vicinity. All come. Admission, 75 cents."

"This is the costliest show that ever came to Carthage in my day," Hank Whitehead would say to the people with whom he conversed. "But I guess from the way that Wolfe girl says he's a great show—worth every penny of it."

The young people often laughed among

themselves at how Fred Weise was taken down.

"I don't care, I don't think she ought to have said that in a crowd—the spiteful thing. Maybe her great Shakspeare man won't be such a pleasure to us," pouted Pansy Vauble to a few girls and boys who happened to be visiting at her home one evening.

Well, at last the day of the entertainment came, and with it Professor La Rue. He was a tall man, about thirty years of age, with a sad, thin, dramatic face. Brotchie and Mr. Tompkins met him at the train, and brought him to Mr. Wolfe's. Of course Bertha could talk to him, and he would think there were at least some educated people in Carthage. In conversation he slurred his "r's" and talked a great deal about being in New Yo'k and his trip to Eu'ope. But strangely enough he refused to talk on Shakspeare. Bertha tried several times to ask him some critical questions, but he ever evaded them. At last by way of explanation or apology: "I got over talking on scholastic topics, when I left the dramatic school. It's not professional," he said.

Bertha blushed and scrupulously avoided scholastic subjects for the rest of the day.

At last the evening came. Soon the main street was literally blocked with the buggies of the farmers, who came in from the surrounding country to hear the much-heralded La Rue. Billy Brotchie was selling tickets in the little box-office.

"Please, have your change ready. It'll save time," he kept calling through the grated window to the eager throng.

After supper Professor La Rue begged to be left to himself. About 7:30 instead of going in the stage door he approached the ticket office from behind. He came up to Billy and said curtly:

"Pardon me, but if you would have the kindness to pay me now it would save me much trouble to-morrow."

Billy was only a boy with the officiousness characteristic to one of his age. It seemed fine to Billy to have a chance to pay the great reader, so he handed Prof. La Rue his fifty dollars.

"I'll get a receipt from him to-morrow," thought Billy, when the professor had gone

without even giving him time to ask for a receipt, and he again began to shove out the tickets to the restless people waiting outside.

Brotchie's hall had been prepared for the occasion. Several new lamps, which burned and sputtered and gave the place a strong odor of gasoline, were hanging from the ceiling. The room was completely filled with chairs. On one side of the stage was a large picture of George Washington, and on the other a likeness of William Shakspeare, one which the Baptist minister said "he just happened to have."

By a quarter of eight the hall was well filled and everybody quiet and expectant. It was then that little Georgie Brotchie came running up to his father and whispered:

"Pa, that man left."

"What man, Georgie?" asked his father.

"That Shakspeare man—he went away on the cannon-ball train."

"O no, Georgie, you must be mistaken."

"No, sir-e-e, I saw him git on it," remonstrated Georgie excitedly. In order to satisfy himself, Mr. Brotchie went up on the stage to look for the professor, but no professor was there. Then he went into the ticket office.

"Billy, did you see anything of the professor lately?"

"Yes, pa, I paid him about—"

Billy did not finish his sentence, for his father grabbed him by the collar, led him to the stairway and with a kick sent him tumbling down the stairs—Dave Brotchie was mad.

"This is all that d—n girl's fault," he said between his teeth. "D—n the girl; d—n her foolish notions; d—n the university. I'll go and tell her now that that man is gone with his crazy, fool speech."

Brotchie spoke to Bertha and soon they were both with Georgie behind the curtain—Georgie repeated his story.

"Really, Mr. Brotchie, I don't know what can be done," she said nervously, trying at the same time to keep up an appearance of bravery, though she was almost ready to cry with vexation.

"Well, only for you he wouldn't have been here—there's your—your fool college notions," said Brotchie bitterly.

The people in the audience were becoming

restless, and a wave of cheering passed over the room. Bertha stood for a moment in silence and then hurriedly whispered something to Georgie, who ran out and soon came back with Fred Weise.

"O Fred, the reader has gone away. Can't you perform to-night? Do some of your sleight-of-hand tricks. O Fred, they will be fine," said Bertha, imploringly.

Fred's first impulse was to tell her some unpleasant things. But then she looked so pale and helpless,—her blue eyes were so beseeching, that he hesitatingly answered:

"Why, I haven't my things here."

"Well, run for them, won't you, Fred? and Mr. Brotchie will tell the people while you are gone."

In the audience the Bayfield boys were giving cat-calls. They would yell in a chorus: "What's the matter with Shakspeare," and answer: "He's all right."—"Who?"—"Why, Shakspeare."

In the midst of this the curtain rustled slightly and out from behind it came Dave Brotchie.

"This man who was going to speak to-night left. I don't know why; but according to my way of thinking he's a rascal. So we're going to give you a home-talent entertainment," he announced briefly, after a painful pause.

At first a great stillness came over the people. Then they seemed to regard it as humorous that the great man had deserted them, and they clapped and cheered. And while they were still cheering Fred Weise was on the stage throwing cards away and having them come back to him. Fred pulled whole wardrobes out of men's hats; broke apparently strong chains with the ease of a giant; and turned sawdust into corn. The people cheered and whispered to one another:

"Blamed, if that isn't pretty good."

He practically outdid himself; and at the close of the entertainment Mr. Brotchie, manager of Brotchie's Hall, came out on the stage; this time to announce:

"If anyone isn't satisfied they can stop at the ticket office and get back their six bits." But nobody stopped. Meanwhile Bertha was behind the wing, and when Fred had exhausted his stock of illusions and the curtain fell, she was the first to grasp

his hand and whisper in a voice that thrilled him:

"O Fred, you did gloriously! How lovely it was of you to perform for us at all."

Fred walked home with Bertha that night, and she told him what her ideas had been—how she had meant to spread culture and learning; told him of the commencement oration, and all.

"O I was a big dummy! Excuse me, Fred, for being so stupid. I thought the people could be made better, but they're real good just as they are."

And Fred standing by Mr. Wolfe's front gate promised Bertha a great many things; promised never to say anything about the Shaksperian entertainment, and to be sure and come over the following Sunday evening.

On his way home, Fred could hear the whip-poor-wills singing, and catch the perfume from the roses. Everything, he thought, looked very beautiful bathed in the soft bright moonlight. At the corner of Main Street he met Billy Brotchie limping along.

"Fine night, eh, Billy?" said Fred.

"Yes, a good deal finer than I feel," said Billy with an air of injured dignity.

Cupid's Darts.

(Anacreon, Ode xxvii.)

THE mate of her who love inspires
 Was wont before the Lemnian fires
 To mould from glowing steel the darts
 Which Cupid speeds to mortal hearts;
 Then Venus every shaft would dip
 In honey, sweetest to the lip;
 And little Cupid, last of all,
 Would tinge the darts with burning gall.
 'Twas here that Mars of battle fame
 Straight from the field of fight once came,
 High brandishing his warrior's spear,
 Scarce deigning Cupid shafts a sneer;
 Said little Cupid with a smile,
 "You do not know without a trial
 What grievous pain my darts can bring."
 And Mars received the little thing.
 Alas!—He saw sweet Venus near.
 She smiled, and Mars, unknown to fear,
 Succumbed to love, and with a groan
 He cried: "O Love, take back thine own."
 But cruel Cupid answered "Nay,
 That dart is thine, with thee 'twill stay!"

W. F. C.

Retrospection.

—
 JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '07.
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The cool evening breezes come slowly over the hills and fan the leaves as they rustle in the gathering shades of night. It is the hour of twilight. Gradually the sun sinks behind the treetops, and the twitter of birds, hopping from branch to branch in search of their nests and little ones, ceases.

All is silence while I walk down the densely shaded lane. Musing, I gaze at the scenes about me, and the distant tones of a bell strike upon my ear. Clear and strong come its silvery notes. 'Tis the vesper hour, and the bell from the little church tower down in the valley is ringing out the Angelus. What a depth of meaning that sound conveys to a person. As I walk on alone it recalls to me past struggles, and rouses my slumbering fancy.

It carries me back over the early years when the redman and his squaw lived in most primitive fashion beside the streams, and the bison roamed wild on the limitless plains. It brought to my imagination the years of toil and hardship before that bell was heard to utter its first note; when the land was overspread with wild forests, and the prairies stretched for miles and miles before one's vision with no habitation of civilized man within sight; when the Indians held their war-dances, or smoked the pipe of peace about the camp fire.

Then came the black-robed monks who ventured far into the wilds, into the midst of savage tribes, bearing the Gospel of Christ and wearing the Cross as their emblem and guide. What struggles they encountered in a strange land, and what joy filled their hearts as they beheld erected a little chapel, with a cross pointing heavenward, and heard again, as in their home-country, the sound of a church bell calling the faithful to service. And then the churches which sprang up, and religion with civilization advanced; the savage giving way to the unrelenting hand of the white man.

If the bell sounding in the distance could speak what tales could it not tell; tales

of the many generations it had seen pass within the portals of its sacred home. Alone amid darkness and gloom it is the silent witness of joy and sorrow, of tears and happiness. Now it rings in the gladness of recent nuptials; again it is shrouded in the grief of a sorrowing family. A happy couple, in the bloom of youth and heyday of life, march up the aisle to receive the priest's blessing upon their marriage day; and with the well-wishes of joyful relatives and each silvery note of the bell, a quiver of joy throbs through their hearts.

Then my thoughts wander to another scene, where the faithful on Christmas Day are gathering adoring the new-born King. From mansion and cabin the bell summoned the worshippers long before the sun had streaked the eastern heavens on that cold winter day. To everyone of those people the sound of that bell was dear. How many had heard its notes when first led into the church by fond parents, and as they grew from childhood to manhood and womanhood, still loved and respected its cheerful call?

For each the church bell had some significance. Some remained within its shadow and founded new homes, while others strayed abroad from the family hearth; on one Fortune had smiled most sweetly, while another had given his all to God, and each ringing of the church bell found him robed in holy vestments at the foot of the altar.

But joys are fleeting, and tears and sorrow take their place, and as I walk on another scene presents itself. A slow, solemn procession wends its way along the road, and a black casket is carried within the church. Again the march is taken up, and as the procession goes on, the bell recalls to the mourners the sting of death. Gathered about a grave are sorrowing relatives and friends while a near and dear one is being consigned to his last home where always and ever the notes of the bell will float above his lonely mound. This night, however, it is the vesper bell, and drawn on by the cheerful call, as the shadows thicken, I hasten my footsteps and take my place within the church beside the praying people, while my spirit is borne on the wings of prayer out of the sphere of earthly cares.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, May 29, 1905.

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—The past week was brightened by the presence at Notre Dame of the Most Rev. Alexander Christie, D. D., Archbishop of Oregon City. Few men who have arrived at maturity have succeeded in retaining their youthful spirits in so remarkable a measure as His Grace, and in consequence he is a prime favorite with the students of the University. His "talks" are eagerly looked forward to, and are as long remembered as they are thoroughly enjoyed. During his visit the Archbishop spoke—all too briefly—to the upper-classmen in the Brownson dining-room after dinner on Tuesday, and in the afternoon he delivered an impressive address to the Seminarians. Needless to say, the professors enjoyed the visit of His Grace even more than the students. The friendship and sympathetic interest of such as he are among the most encouraging and comforting experiences of the conscientious educator. May His Grace long be spared to radiate sunshine and strength!

—*Bothsides*, a fledgeling journal of intercollegiate debating published by the Debating Council at Harvard, devotes the first four pages of its April number to the Notre Dame-Oberlin debate. It presents the briefs of both teams in full, together with a complete

bibliography on the question discussed. A picture of the Notre Dame team is given prominence as frontispiece to the issue, an honor the University appreciates and of which she feels her representatives are not wholly undeserving. The truth of Sir Roger de Coverley's observation, "Much might be said on both sides," which gives the magazine its name, has been attested for the second time this year by Notre Dame's double victory, supporting the affirmative and the negative sides of the question of Compulsory Arbitration. Columbia is, so far as is reported, the only other college in the country that has had a similar success. Both of Notre Dame's debates, it might be remarked, were held on the enemy's ground; and the question discussed, though it had been debated extensively in the colleges, had never before allowed a victory to the negative. It seems like rooting with a raw throat to add much more to what has already been said in these columns for this year's debaters; yet we can't help remembering the depths out of which they brought us; how they turned what looked to be a time of famine into a very year of plenty; not only have they kept the ground their predecessors here fought for, but they have raised our eagles where the shadow of our former heroes never fell. They deserve another cheer, even though it be a husky one.

They have fought and they have won
In thy name, Notre Dame;
They have worked, their work is done
To thy fame, Notre Dame.

—When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that strange and mysterious novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he hardly realized that his inventive genius had produced a "leading case" for the criminal lawyers, who grasp at all opportunities and resources, even though these be the outgrowth of a dream. For many years the plea of insanity has proved effective against the evidence of the prosecuting attorney; but its force is now on the wane, and this resort is now almost fitted for the Osler cure. Hypnotism, also, has produced good results for the defendant; but the juries are learning to know that it, too, has passed its years of usefulness.

The shrewd lawyer, however, will always find some means of puzzling the less active minds of those who give the verdict of life or death. The jurymen are now confronted with the dual personalities, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The former is innocent, harmless, and honest; the latter is guilty, cowardly, and a menace to humanity. How shall the jurors decide? Will they hang the good Dr. Jekyll because the infamous Hyde is guilty? In this case it were best that they forget that it is preferable to let ten criminals escape than that one innocent man should die.

The Elocution Contest.

The Elocution Medal is one of the most coveted honors and generally provides a most spirited contest among the students of Notre Dame. This year was no exception. Although the entries this year were unusually few, yet for the young men who won their way into the finals we have nothing but the highest praise.

The contest, which took place in Washington Hall last Wednesday, was a splendid elocutionary exhibition. In the preparatory division, H. W. Hilton, who won first place with the comical narrative of "The One-Legged Goose," was clearly the best of the entrants. His negro dialect and the ease and naturalness with which he handled his characters were refreshing.

L. A. Williams in "The Soul of the Violin" had the most difficult piece in the division, but at that he acquitted himself admirably, especially when he was required to speak low and tenderly. J. L. Weist in Eugene Field's "Just Before Christmas" was so unfeignedly boyish, and impersonated the injured youngster with such a natural fidelity as to call forth rounds of applause. J. McD. Fox must not be forgotten, for his rendition of "Parrhasius and the Captive" would have done credit to young men twice his age.

In the collegiate division the winner was not so hard to pick, though the contest was by no means a "walk-away" for William Jamieson. Mr. Jamieson essayed a difficult task in "She Wanted to Learn Elocution," which was by far the most complicated selection of the entire program. His Irish dialect and his interpretation of

the Shaksperian quotations were the most praiseworthy features of his recitation.

Henry M. Kemper gained many a laugh with his humorous rendition of Mark Twain's "Interviewer." Mr. Kemper's work was an agreeable surprise to many of the audience, and gives great promise of future success. Joseph A. Sheedy displayed good vocal quality in "The Moor's Revenge," and his gestures were appropriate and well timed. James L. Brady's recital of "The Polish Boy" was marred by one fault, his lack of clear tone, for otherwise his interpretation, stage-presence and gesticulation were very good.

Much more might be said in praise of the young men individually, though that is totally unnecessary after their showing on last Wednesday. There is, however, another man whose work, though not so evident, must yet receive full recognition. To Prof. Karr we accord due credit for the skilful training and careful preparation of the participants, who were all members of his elocution and oratory classes. For so young a man, in his short time at Notre Dame, Professor Frederic Karr has indeed accomplished a good deal, and in such a manner as to call for nothing but the highest praise.

PREPARATORY DIVISION

- Music.....N. D. U. Orchestra
- "Parrhasius and the Captive".....N. P. Willis
J. McD. Fox.....
- "The Soul of the Violin".....Margaret Merrill
L. A. Williams
- Scene.—A dingy attic-room in a wretched tenement—
A man stands by the table lifting a violin from
its case.
- "Just before Christmas".....Eugene Field
J. L. Weist
- "The One-Legged Goose".....F. H. Smith
H. W. Hilton

COLLEGIATE DIVISION

- "The Polish Boy".....Ann S. Stephens
James S. Brady
- "She wanted to Learn Elocution".....Anon
Wm. D. Jamieson
- "The Interviewer".....Mark Twain
Henry M. Kemper
- "The Moor's Revenge".....Epes Sargent
Joseph A. Sheedy
- Music.....N. D. U. Orchestra

JUDGES

- Professor Sherman Steele,
- Professor Martin J. McCue,
- Professor Thomas J. Dehey.

(Continued from page 504.)

existence bearable through the bleak years ahead. The Total Abstinence cause was lost, and Father Mathew was heartbroken.

I pass quickly over the remaining years of his life. He never despaired but continually worked on, using all his remaining energy to kindle again the fires that had burnt out. "His followers," says a biographer, "now were the wreck of his following; his power the echo of his past strength. He was still called the 'Apostle of Temperance,' but he was an apostle whose mission was over." It was at this time that he visited the United States and received the honors alluded to at the opening of this paper. Of his sojourn here, the following report is given:

"Father Mathew, since his arrival in New York, has visited twenty-five States of the Union, has administered the pledge in over three hundred of our principal towns and cities, has added more than half a million of our population to the long muster-roll of his disciples, and in accomplishing this praiseworthy object has travelled thirty-seven thousand miles, which, added to two voyages across the Atlantic, would make a total distance nearly equal to twice the circumnavigation of the globe." All this by a man "over sixty years of age and shattered by disease."

On his return to Ireland he settled down to die. His labors in the cause of Total Abstinence had involved him in enormous debts, debts that were to be liquidated only by his death. These were dark days, his biographer says; he was a prey to melancholy, for he saw that his power was gone. "He saw the people dying, and could not help them; the curse coming again on Ireland and he could not keep it off. It was martyrdom to be forced to look on helpless. He looked on his past with great humility and bitter self-reproach." "If only I had taken up the work of temperance sooner! If only my motives were always pure in the sight of God—no man can be pure in the sight of God!" These and such like expressions were habitual with him. Father Mathew died on the 8th of December, 1856. His last act was to lift his hand to make the sign of the cross on the heads of some poor drunkards who, at the last

hour verily, had rallied back to his side. He was buried in Cork, and fine monuments have been erected to him in many lands.

Father Mathew holds a place unique in history. As far as I can discover, he was the first to come forward as the life-sworn champion of the cause of Total Abstinence, and I believe he is yet the only one who has so exclusively devoted himself to that work. Further, I know of no other benefactor of mankind who lived to see his labors so speedily crowned with such brilliant success and as speedily consigned to the ranks of seeming failure. Most men are spared that. If few see the harvest, fewer still live to see the bleak barrenness of the fields after the golden grain is taken in, and the bleak stretch of winter before the ground knows fruit again. Lafayette, on his last visit to our shores, marvelled and rejoiced at the growth and development of the land he had befriended, and when he died the land of his hope was growing steadily in power and renown. Not so, Father Mathew; he died feeling that he had failed. But was it failure?

The nearest answer we can make to this question is, look at ourselves, then consider the present flourishing condition of Total Abstinence everywhere. Never was there greater reason for rejoicing among the followers of Father Mathew. But even were this not so; suppose the cause to have perished with its preacher, the fact of millions of pledges taken, millions of crimes uncommitted, would stand to Father Mathew's everlasting glory, proving success of the truest sort. If he had done no more than give emphasis to the Total Abstinence idea, he would have done a great work. But the work he has done, who will tell its importance or measure its far-reaching consequences? Thousands of Americans in this land to day, prominent in politics, in business, in medicine, in jurisprudence, in every profession, some of them high even in the sacred offices of the Church, boast this much of their ancestors, that they knelt at the feet of Father Mathew and swore themselves to Total Abstinence for life. Millions of Irishmen so pledged themselves; their children's children shall reverence his name.

PURDUE, 9; NOTRE DAME, 2.

We lost the first game of the State Championship series to Purdue last Friday by the score of 9 to 2.

Captain O'Connor, who has been laid up all year with a bad knee, played his first game and everyone enjoyed seeing him once again at his old position on third base. He showed all of his old-time form, and if we have him the rest of the season we can be relied upon to pick up and play better ball.

O'Gorman started the game for us, but was wild, and, although he allowed them but two hits, while he was in, he passed four men and hit one. Burns then went in in the fourth and pitched a good steady game, though Purdue touched him for six hits.

Passed balls were responsible for the greater number of Purdue's runs. Sheehan certainly had an off-day, and did not catch up to his usual form.

Rodenbeck was the artist for Purdue and we got nine hits off him; but even though we out-batted them, we could not win.

Our two runs came in the second inning. O'Neill, first up, got a hit; Perce sacrificed, putting O'Neill second. Waldorf hit, Welch fanned, and Sheehan hit to short-stop, who "booted," scoring O'Neill and Waldorf.

Purdue scored one in the first, one in the second and three in the fourth. In the eighth, Burns passed the first, the next one hit, the next reached first on the fielder's choice, Palmer going out at third; the next two hit, and four runs came in.

Waldorf was the star "striker" for us, and made three good clean hits.

Purdue	R	H	P	A	E
Gaetje, c. f.	2	1	4	0	1
Cook, 2 b.	0	2	5	4	0
Keefe, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Palmer, 1 b.	0	1	11	0	0
Witte, c.	2	1	5	1	0
Miles, s. s.	1	0	1	4	1
Bird, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Holder, 3 b.	2	1	0	3	0
Rodenbeck, p.	1	0	0	5	0

Totals 9 8 27 17 2

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2 b.	0	1	3	4	0
O'Connor, 3 b.	0	1	4	1	1
Stopper, 1 b.	0	1	8	2	0

O'Neill, s. s.	1	1	4	2	0
Perce, r. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Waldorf, l. f.	1	3	1	0	1
*Welch, c. f.	0	0	2	1	0
Sheehan, c.	0	1	4	2	1
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Burns, p.	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	2	9	27	17	5

Two base hit—McNerny. Passed balls—Sheehan, 8. Bases on balls—Off Burns, 2; off O'Gorman, 4; off Rodenbeck, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Gaetje. Struck out—By O'Gorman, 2; by Burns, 2; by Rodenbeck, 2. Double plays—O'Connor to Shea to McNerny. Umpire, Burton.

*Monahan batted for Welch in the ninth.

**

NOTRE DAME, 6; DENNISON, 1.

Notre Dame defeated Dennison, in the cleanest and fastest ball game played here this year, by the score of 6 to 1.

Waldorf pitched for us and let Dennison down with three hits. The second man up in the first inning knocked out a three-bagger; but from that on until the last inning no one connected safely. In the ninth it threatened rain every minute; Waldorf was rushed to finish the game, and as a result they got on him for two more safe ones. He struck out eight men and manfully pulled himself out of a tight place twice. This is his first year, and for a man with little or no experience he has plenty of nerve and is cool and collected at the most critical times. Not only is he bound to make a wonderful pitcher, but he is one of the best batters on the team.

Cooke caught his second game here, and showed that he can be relied upon to develop into a good back-stop. He played a good, steady game and in another year ought to be one of the most valuable men on the team.

Our scoring started in the first inning after two men were out. Stopper reached first on an error by short-stop, and O'Neill came up and hit one square on the nose for a home run, putting the ball against the left-field fence, the longest drive made here this year. We scored another in the fourth, two in the seventh and one in the eighth. Welch, the first man up, got a hit in the ninth; Waldorf sacrificed; Welch stole third; Shea flew out to short; Cooke hit and Welch scored.

Dennison scored their only run in the ninth. Webber, first up, hit; Roulebush hit to McNerny, who failed to handle the ball cleanly, putting Webber on second and

Roulebush safe at first. Chambers came up next and hit, Webber scoring. Porter came next, and McNerny booted another, redeeming himself a second later by going out in right-field to back up Perce, getting the ball and throwing Roulebush out at the plate.

Dennison	R	H	P	A	E
Webber, c.	1	1	5	0	1
Roulebush, s. s.	0	1	2	3	1
Chambers, 1 b.	0	1	9	0	0
Porter, 3 b.	0	0	2	4	0
Allen, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1
La Rue, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Anderson, 2 b.	0	0	2	3	1
Taylor, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Wiley, p.	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	1	3	24	13	5
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2 b.	0	1	0	7	2
O'Connor, 3 b.	1	0	1	2	0
Stopper, 1 b.	2	1	15	0	0
O'Neill, l. f.	2	3	1	0	0
Perce, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Welch, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Shea, s. s.	0	2	0	3	1
Cooke, c.	0	1	9	0	0
Totals	6	9	27	15	5

Two base hit—O'Neill. Three base hits—Roulebush, McNerny. Home run—O'Neill. Passed balls—Cooke, 2. Bases on balls—Off Waldorf, 1; off Wiley, 2. Struck out—By Waldorf, 8; by Wiley, 4. Umpire, Shafer.

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WISCONSIN, 3; NOTRE DAME, 2.

We lost to Wisconsin Thursday in the best ball game played here this year, by the score of 3 to 2. We lost, yet we did not lose, but were robbed, purely and simply. The score should have been 2 to 0 in our favor, and would have been, had not Yates, the third man up in the fifth inning, been called safe at first when he was out by at least two feet. Up to his hit, which was a hit only because he was called safe on an infield drive, Burns had allowed them but one hit. Yates knocked a slow one to McNerny, and it took a bad bound just as he reached for it; but he gathered it, and threw to first in time, and the runner was called safe. Johns, the next man up, got a clean hit and put Yates on third. Johns stole second; Pearsons came next and got a two base hit, scoring two runs. Lewis, next up, got another hit, scoring Pearsons. Then Edding went out from second to first. Wis-

consin's runs were all scored after two men were out, and all due to the bad decision, putting Yates safe on first.

Our first run came in the third. Burns, first up, got a hit. Cooke sacrificed, putting Burns on second. McNerny hit and Burns went out trying to make third on the hit; McNerny stole second. O'Connor put a fast one down the third base line, and McNerny scored. We scored again in the eighth. Stopper came first with a hit. O'Neill sacrificed, putting Stopper on second. Waldorf flew out to third. Perce hit and Stopper scored. Shea hit putting Perce on third, where he was caught off the bag and went out.

Burns pitched for us and as usual put up a first-class game allowing seven hits, and striking out five men. Shea and O'Connor made the sensational plays of the day. Shea jumping into the air and stopping a fast drive which he dropped but recovered in time to catch it again, and O'Connor picking up a fast one on a dead run and throwing the man out.

We played in hard luck all year, and when we go out and put up a game of ball that would beat any team and then lose because of a bad decision we surely have a kick coming for we outplayed and outbatted Wisconsin, and won fair and square, but were robbed, simply robbed and no other word for it.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2 b.	1	1	0	5	0
O'Connor, 3 b.	0	1	2	2	0
Stopper, 1 b.	1	2	17	0	0
O'Neill, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Waldorf, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Perce, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Shea, s. s.	0	1	1	4	0
*Burns, p.	0	1	0	2	0
Cooke, c.	0	1	5	3	0
Totals	2	8	27	16	0
Wisconsin	R	H	P	A	E
Pearsons, l. f.	1	3	5	0	1
Lewis, 1 b.	0	1	8	0	0
Edding, c.	0	0	2	1	0
Cummings, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Brush, 3 b.	0	0	3	6	1
Henderson, 2 b.	0	1	4	0	1
Holtz, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0
Yates, r. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Johns, p.	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	3	7	27	10	3

Two base hit—Pearsons. Passed balls—Edding. Bases on balls—Off Burns, 2; off Johns, 2. Struck out—By Burns, 5; by Johns, 2. Umpire, Pickett.

* Monahan batted for Burns in ninth.

Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, God in His infinite power and wisdom has taken to Himself the brother of our fellow-student and hall-mate, George Lechleitner, be it

Resolved, That in behalf of the students of St. Joseph's Hall we, the undersigned, extend to him our sincerest sympathy in this his sad hour of affliction.

P. M. Malloy
Frank A. Zink
V. A. Parrish
Leo T. Powers
C. H. Johnson—*Committee.*

* *

In behalf of the class of 1907, we, the undersigned, desire to hereby express and extend our sympathy to James D. Jordan, our friend and classmate.

Edward J. Kenny
Varnum A. Parrish
J. Leo Coontz
Robert L. Bracken—*Committee.*

* *

Whereas in His infinite mercy and goodness God has seen fit to call to a heavenly reward the father of our friend and hall-mate, James D. Jordan:

Be it resolved, That in behalf of all his friends and the members of Sorin Hall, we, the undersigned, extend our heartfelt sympathy to him in this time of bereavement.

George J. McFadden
John C. Gaul
Thurman P. King
Clayton C. Golden
Stephen F. Riordan.—*Committee.*

Personals.

—Mrs. F. Kuhn visited her two sons, Henry and Ferdinand, last Friday.

—The Rev. P. A. Neville of East Bloomfield, New York, spent a few days visiting Father Corbett and friends at the University.

—Lou J. Dunning and Bertrand "Lefty" Inks of Ligonier, Ind., remembered here as students of some years ago, were welcome guests at the University last Sunday.

—Mr. Louis B. Beardslee, student of '95-'98, made a brief visit to old friends on his way to St. Paul last Sunday. Mr. Beardslee goes from New York to the saintly city to assume the office of Assistant General Manager of the Merchants National Mutual Fire Insurance Company. His remarkable success, while only the fulfilment of the promise of his college years, is a

source of pride and pleasure to all at Notre Dame.

—From an interesting article entitled The "Celt in Art," published in a recent issue of the *Boston Republic* we clip the following extract:

"Power O'Malley is rapidly coming to the front. He is from Indiana, and like Ade, when an amiable old lady observed that such bright young men come from Indiana—'Yes, and the brighter they are the quicker they come.' If cleverness be the test O'Malley must have left Indiana very young! He is a graduate of Notre Dame University, and, in artistic work of Philadelphia Academy of Design. He is a brother of Professor Austin O'Malley whose 'Bits of Colored Glass' were charming bits of wit and wisdom served to the readers of the *Ave Maria.*"

—Visitors' Registry: R. F. Mahony, Providence, R. I.; E. Frossard, Podunk, Indiana; A. Ellard, Oshkosh, Wis.; John J. Hayes, James Young, Wm. Williams, South Bend, Ind.; Fréd Marney, Kankakee, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kercher, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McBride, Pittsburg, Pa.; Ira S. Smits, South Haven, Mich.; James V. Maher, Miss Catherine McKeon, Pittsburg, Pa.; Joseph Mullin, Urbana, Ohio; Edmund Kralling, New Braunfels, Texas; J. J. Corby, St. Joseph's, Mo.; Miss Alice Murray, Patterson, N. J.; Marie J. Corbett, Marion, Ind.; Clare L. and Frances C. Boof, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Annie M. Logan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. George Peters, Shelbyville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Imel, River Park, Ind.; Mrs. B. A. Rohn, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. H. Spain, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. William Stackhouse, New York; J. R. Camden, G. F. Graves, L. M. Lang, C. D. Wall, H. Ealleman, Purdue; Miss Helen Sexton, John Sexton, Mrs. Arthur Hauxhurst, Arthur, Erle, Paul, W. S., and Ralph R. Hauxhurst, Mrs. A. S. Roe, Chicago; George Hill, East Chicago; Frank Dignan, South Bend, Ind.; Lew J. Dunning, Bert Inks, Jack Oths, Ligonier, Ind.

Local Items.

—Preparations are nearly completed for a debate between Mike Hastings, the former gardener, and Frank, the present incumbent. A lively contest is promised. Louie Ack will be sole judge. The question to be discussed is: "Are the Irish better horticulturists than the Germans."

—Last Saturday afternoon the graduating class of the Law class betook themselves to South Bend to have a group photograph

taken. The members of the class posed in cap and gown; the Dean, Colonel William Hoynes, together with Professors Steele and Hubbard being also in the group.

—Holy Cross Hall won from St. Joe Thursday morning by a score of 8 to 6. Mr. Hagerty's batting was the feature of the game; while Mr. Donahue at second and Mr. McGinn as catcher also played well for Holy Cross. Malloy's fielding was the best work done for St. Joe. The score by innings was:

St. Joseph—	0	0	1	3	1	1	0	0	0
Holy Cross—	0	1	2	0	1	1	1	2	*

Batteries—Quinlan and McGinn: O'Flynn and Murphy.

—The deluge record of forty days and forty nights bids fair to be outdone by some of the amateur weather-makers of Sorin Hall, for whenever the rain happens to stop, these gentlemen take it upon themselves to keep the good thing going by precipitating pitchers full of the liquid upon the luckless unfortunates who tempt danger by sitting on the steps underneath the classic canopy recently erected in front of the hall.

—The students of Sorin Hall received a scare the other day when a piano-wagon backed up in front of the building, but through the diplomacy of several public-spirited citizens the van-men were sent away empty-handed. The pleasure derived from the cheering strains of the instrument during the chilly evenings of the past week speaks eloquently for the wisdom and foresight of the gentlemen who render such a signal service to the members of the Hall by helping to retain one of their principal sources of amusement.

—Last Thursday the members of the Philopatrian Society held their annual picnic at the old camp grounds near the "Little Brick School." All the requisites for a gleeful time were present: seventy-five laughing, jolly boys, an abundance of eatables, and buckets of rain—what else would a Carrollite desire—unless it were more rain? When they had gotten outside of all the meats, strawberries, ice-cream, etc., etc., that they possibly could, they laughed at the envious drops that spattered and chattered in their vain attempts to join the company within; and their risibilities ceased only with their return home.

—The return dance given by the Faculty to the students of Brownson Hall in the gymnasium on the evening of May the 11th was a very enjoyable affair. It will long be remembered by the Brownsonites as the happiest event of the scholastic year. The only hitch to an otherwise happy evening was the absence of our Reverend President, Father Morrissey, who was kept away on account of the heavy rain. The decorations completely transformed the big 'gym.' Gold

and blue drapery hung everywhere and was set off by variegated streamers. The north wall was made very conspicuous by the Brownson 'B.' The Faculty's cosey corner was easily the most artistic bit of decoration. The seats arranged in a semicircle and overhung with Japanese lanterns made it all that the word cosey implies. The music, which was rendered by the Brownson Symphony Orchestra, was of the best, and received many enthusiastic encores. As a fitting climax to the close of a very enjoyable evening light refreshments were served in the smoking room.

The Brownsonites wish to heartily thank the Faculty and all who contributed to the success of the dance.

—Last Sunday the Water Wagons and the Highballs clashed in the tenth game of the Big Four League series. The game was by far the most interesting of the year, because of the small number of errors made. Both pitchers appeared in the best of condition with their new pink neckties. Hermann for the Highballs kept the lonely hit secured off him well scattered, while the Captain of the Water Wagons was retouched for several. Wagner behind the bat was a dead ringer for "The man in the Iron Mask."

Honors were about even up to the fifth, when the Highballs opened up—a new bottle of pop. Harbin (Col.) managed to knock a home run, but was nailed at first. Joyce, being somewhat of an artist drew a base. Next came M. Miguel Marquiz. With tears in his eyes and a chew in his face, Mike compressed the atmosphere three times in rapid succession. With two gone the Highballs in desperation circulated a petition to have some one bury the ball back of the clubhouse. Rousseau stepped up to the plate amid sighs and groans. Strange as it may seem he tapped out a Lone Star State Leaguer over second. Hudson knocked a very high foul which it is supposed some one caught, retiring the side.

In their half of the fifth the Water Wagons cut the ropes of Hermann's balloon. At an elevation of three hundred feet it was found that at least one Water Wagonite was perching on each of the three sacks. While some one applauded, with both his mouth and the bases full, the Water Wagon Captain stepped up to bat. He tried hard, but the best he could do was to crack out a hot smile to centre-field. Mob violence was threatened him, and it is feared he might have suffered except for the soothing presence of J. Mendty Dubbs.

After the fifth the Highballs scored almost at will. Amid showers of congratulations the Water Wagons left the field. Very few teams have the distinction of never finishing worse than second best in a game.