

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 21, 1906.

No. 26.

Pax Vobis.

☉URREXIT Christus! Nova lux, nova vita sepulcro  
Emicat, et toto regnat pax aurea mundo.  
Saepius apparet dubiis redivivus amicis  
Christus, et ingenti tristes solatur amore.  
Nunc silet, attonitis monstrans manuumque pedumque  
Vulnera, nunc loquitur, legis praecepta docendo  
Se probat esse Deum, neque iam dubitare valebunt  
Discipuli. Vivum properant celebrare Magistrum,  
Inque dies numerus, Petro duce, crescit eorum  
Qui sacra iam Fidei mysteria credere gaudent.

IDONEUS.

The Irish Bard.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.



FROM the earliest days Ireland has been a land of poetry and song. Before the time of Christ the pagan poets of the Gael wove strange stories of myth and fable into musical poems and chanted them in the halls of kings and chieftains. These poems were great in number; thousands have been destroyed by the ravages of centuries and thousands more are now being brought before the public through the efforts of the Gaelic League. Not a few of these legendary stories have been done into English verse by Aubrey de Vere, William Butler Yeats, Ethna Carbery and others, but some of these are hardly intelligible unless the reader be acquainted with that haze of mythology that hung about the early Irish life, and colored all the activities of Erin's ancient heroes. It is the purpose of this paper to examine the life of the early Irish bard

and to see how he was trained to perform his extensive duties.

In ancient Ireland the bard was looked upon as holding an official position. He had charge of the genealogies and history of the people, and he reduced the laws of the country to poetic form as the best means of having them remembered at a time when writing was little known. He had to be acquainted with every form of metrical structure—and there were very many in the Gaelic language—and be able to compose verses upon any theme that might be given him. Battles fought, wars waged, the glories of chiefs and the praise of heroes, or some wild tale where fact and fable intermingled, and giants and fairies contended in battle—all these might form the theme of the songs of Irish bards. Dressed in a long white robe and sometimes accompanied by a retinue of musicians he followed his chief into every battle, and the varying fortunes of the fight gave inspiration to his song. As the battle-line advanced or retreated he poured forth his fervent exhortation and praise; he encouraged the timid, applauded the brave and shamed with bitter satire the coward of the fray. But when the smoke of battle was gone and the country flourished under a peaceful reign, he sat next the king at table, and the great halls rang with the music of his songs, as he celebrated the glories of his sovereign—his bravery in war, his skill in the chase and his mighty wisdom in council.

The bards were given estates, and some of them received large enough salaries to live with all the dignity of princes. Colleges were established where the young poets might be trained, and by the end of the sixth century they had grown to so great a number and possessed so great wealth that one-third of Ireland was said to be

in their hands. But this wealth begot insolence, and it is related that they went about the country in bands carrying with them a silver pot called by the people "the pot of avarice" to which was attached nine bronze chains hung on golden hooks and which was suspended on the spears of nine poets thrust through the links on the end of the chains. These poets then selected some unfortunate victim, and approaching his homestead they sung songs of praise in his honor, while the nine best musicians accompanied them with harps. During the performance the unfortunate listener was expected to throw into the pot a reward of gold or silver, but if he failed to do this the poets severely satirized him, and rather than suffer the sting of these bitter verses he usually complied with their demands.

King Aedh mac Ainmirech, who reigned about the close of the seventh century, deeming the bards too great a burden upon the people determined to banish them all. He summoned a great council at Drum Ceat to deliberate upon this and other questions that concerned the public peace, and it was almost decided to send the bards out of Ireland when St. Columcille, who was a poet himself, crossed over from Iona and pleaded for his fellow song-makers. "He represented," writes Montalembert, "that care must be taken not to pull up the good corn with the tares; that the general exile of the poets would be the death of a venerable antiquity and of that poetry which was so dear to the country and so useful to those who knew how to employ it." The issue of this convention, in so far as it regarded the bards, was the reduction of their number. It was agreed that henceforth the High-King should retain in his service one chief ollamh—the highest class of bard—and that the kings of the four provinces, the chiefs of each territory and the lords of each sub-district should all retain an ollamh of their own; but no other poet except those mentioned by the council was to pursue this profession.

For this act of kindness on the part of St. Columcille the Irish bards were ever grateful, and from this time forward the "opposition between the religious spirit and the influence of the bards disappeared." But when Ireland was brought under the

power of the English government, the bards were treated with great cruelty and a price put upon their heads. They were forced to flee from the land, but the Irish minstrels who were the successors of these great bards clung to their native soil and sounded their harps in glorious praise of their country. Under Queen Elizabeth rewards were offered to all who would sing "her Majesty's most worthy praise," but such an offer could never wake a song on the lips of an Irish minstrel. He wandered over the hills singing the glories of Irish heroes and Irish martyrs, and the shame and cruelty of apostates.

"Land of song!" said the warrior bard  
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee  
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

Let us now look at the schools where the Irish bards received their training and examine the course of studies they had to pursue. The *Filés* were the highest class of Irish poets. They were divided into seven grades, the highest of which was called an ollamh. These last bards were so highly esteemed that the annalists of Ireland wrote their obituaries as though they were the chiefs of the land. The course of study the bard had to go through before he reached the dignity of ollamh lasted originally seven years, but it was later increased to twelve. After the poet had worked himself up to the grade of ollamh, which meant at least twelve years, and sometimes twenty years of industrious study, he knew, in addition to his other knowledge, over three hundred and fifty kinds of versification and was able to recite two hundred and fifty prime stories and one hundred secondary ones.

The schools in which these bards were trained, at least in which the ollamhs spent their last three years, are well described by Dr. Douglas Hyde in his *Literary History of Ireland*. He writes:

"The session of the bardic schools began about Michaelmas, and the youthful aspirants to bardic glory came trooping about that season from all quarters of the four provinces to offer with trembling hearts their gifts to the ollamh of the bardic college and to take possession of their new quarters. Very extraordinary

these quarters were; for the college usually consisted of a long, low group of whitewashed buildings, excessively warmly thatched and lying in the hollow of some secluded valley, or shut in by a sheltering wood, far removed from the noise of human traffic and from the bustle of the great world. But what most struck the curious beholder was the entire absence of windows or partitions over the greater portion of the house.

"According as each student arrived he was assigned a windowless room to himself with no other furniture in it than a couple of chairs, a clothes rail, and a bed. When all the students had arrived a general examination of them was made by the professors and ollamhs, and all who could not read and write Irish well, or who appeared to have an indifferent memory, were usually sent away. The others were divided into classes, and the mode of procedure was as follows: The students were called together into the great hall or sitting-room, amply illuminated by candles and bog-torches, and we may imagine the head ollamh, perhaps the venerable and patriotic O'Gnive himself, addressing them upon their chosen profession, and finally proposing some burning topic such as O'Neill's abrogation of the title of O'Neill for the higher class to compose a poem on. . . .

"The students retired after their breakfast to their own warm but perfectly dark compartments to throw themselves each upon his bed, and there think and compose till supper-hour, when a servant came round to all the rooms with candles for each to write down what he had composed. They were then called together into the great hall, and handed in their written compositions to the professor, after which they chatted and amused themselves till bedtime."

The ancient manuscripts from which the examples of Irish metres have been collected are now in a fragmentary condition, but they show that there existed between two and three hundred different kinds of metres. The text-books too, which the young bards studied are gone, "and with them," says Dr. Hyde, "the particulars of a civilization probably the most unique and interesting in Europe."

### Two Sprains.

BY S. P. DANNE.

IN wanton mischief once, long years ago,  
I pushed a playmate down a brook's steep bank  
Whereon grew alders wild and sedges dank,  
Tripped by a trailing root he fell, and lo,  
An ankle sprained: then tears began to flow,  
Mine own the bitterer. With kindness frank  
He freely pardoned me the thoughtless prank,—  
Yet none the less his healing lagged full slow.

E'en thus the wrench a friend late gave my heart,  
Although forgiven fully, pains me still,  
Still throbs at times with sudden poignant smart,—  
We can not bid such aches begone at will:  
From sprain of heart as foot, beyond all doubt,  
'Tis time alone can draw the soreness out.

### The Mystery of Maroomma.

THOMAS A. E. LALLY, '06.

Having just returned to Berlin after a short hunting expedition in the wooded country, I spent the evening at the home of some friends rather than go directly to my lodgings which I knew would be cheerless on such a night. It was late in October, and the weather was such as a man in my business despises. The air was chilly and after a continuous rain all day, a dense fog had lowered over everything.

As I ascended the steps of my lodgings I grumbled to myself for not having sent word to the landlord to have my apartments ready for me. I went slowly down the long, dimly lighted corridor to my door, and automatically took the key from my pocket, when I noticed, through the glass, a light in my living room. It came from the fire in the open grate. Much surprised at seeing this I stood gazing at it for some time before I realized that there was a man in the room. It was Myer, the great detective, seated in my chair before the fire. Seeing that he was not smoking I remained outside for several minutes, for I knew that he had something of importance on his mind. As often before, I was admiring his profile which was set off to advantage by his position before the light of the grate. His black hair, high forehead, straight, regular nose and determined lips, all indeed

worthy of admiration. His chin was covered with a short pointed beard which was of the same color as his hair. As the flames occasionally flickered in the grate I caught glimpses of his piercing black eye. During all this time he had been as quiet and motionless as a statue, but he presently arose to stir the fire as I entered.

"Yes," he said after we had exchanged greetings, "I am glad you have returned. My apartments have been almost deserted since you left. I never thought I would miss my assistant so much." Lighting a cigar and handing me another, he continued: "To-morrow we have to commence on what appears to be a very interesting case at Schleswig, a small town north of here. The case offers no sign of a working clew, so the sooner we start at it the better. I saw an account of it in this evening's paper, but the only facts given were these: A young married woman was found dead in bed this morning by her maid. Some minor details were given which can not be relied upon. Here is a telegram I received about an hour ago." I read it:

"Schleswig, Oct., 30.—Come at once to Maroomma. Very important.—GEORGE NEAVE."

I handed it back to Myer and remained silent, waiting as usual for him to open the conversation on such matters, but for several minutes he said nothing but watched the smoke curl from his cigar until it was lost in the darkness above. Presently he rose, passed in front of me and went through the door leading to his apartments. When he had almost closed it after him he turned and said: "We will leave on the six o'clock train in the morning."

Any other person might have considered his manner rather gruff, but I knew him too well for that. Whenever his mind was seriously occupied he seemed oblivious of everyone around him. I remained where I was for some time listening to the burning cedar logs crackle in the grate and watching the fanciful shadows dance on the wall. The bell of a near-by clock struck twelve, and I retired with the thought of a reluctant departure in the morning.

After a two hours' ride we arrived in Schleswig, and were much surprised to find the roads perfectly dry. We were met at

the station by one of Mr. Neave's servants who took us at once to "Maroomma," an old estate about a mile from the town. It was hedged in by great pine and cedar trees and was bounded on the west by a small stream. Everything appeared so cheerful in the warm sunlight that I could scarcely realize a tragedy had occurred here and, as yet, I had no ground for such a belief.

Mr. Neave's brother showed us into a spacious room with a very high ceiling. On the walls were hung many fine old paintings; the furniture was of an antique but costly pattern; the floor was covered with heavy rugs which smothered the sound of our footsteps. Everything bore an air of past grandeur, which was not surprising, for the building had been standing for nearly one hundred years. After a few incidental remarks our host said:

"On last Sunday, the day before yesterday, George's wife retired apparently in good health. She and her husband had been entertaining friends all day and were as happy as any of them. He spent the night in town with me, and in the morning was informed by telephone that his wife was dead. The maid found the corpse with a bruise on the head as if inflicted by some sharp-cornered instrument; apart from this we have no clew whatever. My belief is that somebody gained admittance to her room during the day and hid until night, intending to commit robbery. She probably heard him and was about to give the alarm when he killed her and made his escape. She and my brother have been married but a few months, and no couple could be more devoted to each other than they were. George is almost prostrated by the affair." Walking to the door he concluded: "I have an engagement at my office this morning, so I will call George who can tell you all that I know."

He left the room and soon the young widower entered. His eyes were red and swollen and his face wore a haggard expression, showing that the shock was hard on him. He told us practically the same story as that of his brother and believed that somebody had killed her in an attempt to commit burglary. When he had finished his story Myer said:

"Now, Mr. Neave, I must ask some questions which will seem to you more or less personal, but they are absolutely necessary, so please answer them in full, leaving out no details whatever. To begin: How long have you and your wife Marie been married?"

"Nearly six months," he answered.

"Did you and she ever have any misunderstanding?"

"No, Mr. Myer, we have never had the least trouble; not even a harsh word has ever been spoken by either of us. We were always together except when I would spend a night with my brother John who is a dentist in town. He is only a step-brother, but he always thought very much of Marie and me."

"How long has your brother been practicing his profession?"

"Nearly a year. Our parents have been dead for some time, and until a few years ago John spent his time traveling until his inheritance was spent, when I sent him to college to study dentistry. Although he was of a wild nature he is as good-hearted as anyone could be."

Myer was silent for a minute then he continued: "Tell me what places, if any, your wife visited during the week preceding her death."

After a little reflection he answered: "She was at home until last Wednesday when we attended a reception with some friends in town. On the following day she had an appointment with my brother for some dental work, so we spent most of that day with him. Friday evening we spent in town, and since then she has not left the house."

At Myer's request we went to his wife's room to see the corpse which had not yet been placed in a coffin. The room was darkened except for two candles which were burning on the stand beside the dead woman. Between them stood a large crucifix and over the brass bed hung a picture of the Madonna. A priest had just left the room as we entered. There was a bruise on the dead woman's head and a long scratch on her cheek. The maid told us that the bed clothing was disordered and everything showed that she had struggled with her assassin. This was my con-

viction too, and when she attempted to call for help, he struck the fatal blow. Myer leaned over and carefully examined the wound on the scalp for some time, and we then left the room. He told me to examine the yard around the house while he would study the interior. I uttered a sigh of relief as I left the gloomy house and came out in the warm sunshine.

Below Mrs. Neave's room there was no porch which anyone might climb and gain entrance through the window, nor could any ladder have been used, for there was a wide, even bed of black earth extending ten feet in width from the house and in length, the whole side of it. Had any ladder been used marks would have remained. Suddenly my eyes fell on a flat impression on the black soil, directly beneath a window, made by laying the flat side of a board on it. I concluded at once that a ladder had been placed on it so that the usual marks would not be left. I went immediately to Myer and told him of my discovery. He came out, and after seeing all returned without a word. He met the priest at the door and spoke to him in a low voice. I wandered through the great house, from the cellar to the attic, and found that entrance had not been forced at any place. As I passed the death chamber I saw Myer and the priest enter it and close the door after them. Finding Mr. Neave in a room near by I questioned him about the servants, but learned that they were all old and trusted, and grieved over the death nearly as much as he did. He told me four stag hounds were kept in different parts of the building at night so that nobody could move about without arousing them. The more I learned, the more faith I put in the clew of the ladder and the impression beneath the window. When I told him of it he went to see for himself. He put confidence in the idea and was so expressing himself when Myer came out and asked to be taken to the town. When he had gone we asked the priest what clew had been found, but he told us he knew nothing about it and was in the room with Myer only at the latter's request for the sake of propriety.

We were left by ourselves for several hours before the detective returned. At

noon I dined with the priest who spoke very highly of the deceased and of her husband. Late in the afternoon Myer returned and sought Neave whom he questioned:

"You told me your parents were dead, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are Mrs. Neave's parents living?"

"Only her mother, who is very feeble and does not yet know of Marie's death."

"Has she any other children?"

"No, sir," Neave answered, "Marie was the only child."

"Tell me about her mother and whether or not she is wealthy."

Neave somewhat confused, answered:

"She is very feeble and can not live much longer, so we have not told her of Marie's death. We are afraid she can not stand the shock. Never having had a son she thought much of John and me. She had considerable wealth and made a provision for both of us in her will."

"When did she make her will?"

"About a month ago," answered Neave.

"What were the provisions it made for you and John?"

"Her wealth was to be divided so that one-third would come to Marie, another to me and the other to our children. In case we had no children, that third was to go to John. Some personal property was to go to her servants and friends. She also—"

"That is all I care to know," interrupted Myer. "My part of the work is now finished."

Neave's face showed that he did not understand, so the detective continued:

"I have discovered who committed the crime. His apprehension and punishment are the duty of others."

"Who did it!" exclaimed Neave.

"Your brother, John," said Myer, coolly.

Neave's face turned scarlet and then a sickly pale. He tried to speak, but for some time was unable to control himself. Noticing this Myer continued: "When I was in the death chamber to-day with the priest I found this," holding up an irregular piece of silver bent into a cup-like shape.

"What is that?" asked Neave.

"It is what solves the whole problem," said Myer. "It is the crown of a tooth.

Your wife had this put on one of her teeth last week. Within this was a capsule made of a gelatinous substance which contained an arsenic solution, so that when this crown, which is very thin, wore away by friction with the other teeth, the capsule would have been melted by the heat of the mouth, thus letting out the poisonous fluid. This hole you see in the crown was probably made just as your wife was retiring, so that she swallowed the poison when about to go to sleep. Had it occurred in the daytime, it would probably have been at a meal when she was using her teeth, and she would have swallowed the drug unknowingly with her food, for it is almost tasteless. I have good grounds for saying your brother committed the crime, for there is no other dentist in the town. If what I have told you is not strong enough evidence this is," handing a note to Neave. "I went to his office to have a talk with him and found it on his desk." It read:

"George, I must have been mad when I did it; but it's done now, so good-bye forever. I will suffer until the day I die, so keep Myer off my track.—JOHN NEAVE."

When Neave finished reading it, his eyes wore a glassy stare while his body shivered with emotion. Myer continued:

"The scratch on your wife's face was inflicted by herself while in agony, and the wound on her head was caused by her striking a pointed ring on the bed-post. Your brother's motive for doing the deed is evident from what you said with regard to the will of your mother-in-law. Had any children blessed your home he would not have received his share of the estate. In order to secure this for himself he administered the poison, thinking it would never be known."

Neave was about to tell Myer to continue his search for John when his eyes turned to the words in the note, "keep Myer off my track." His better nature overpowered his desire for revenge, and after a steady glance at the note he said: "Well, your work is done."

ALL the trees that bear fruit are not straight.

THE future belongs to those who work best in the present.—A. E. B.

Varsity Verse.

TO A CHILD:

LOST in a thicket of blighted success,  
 Dark is my mind with despair;  
 Not a friend near me to lend a kind hand,  
 No one to whisper a prayer.  
 Over the hills like an angel of light  
 Comes thy bright form from afar,  
 Leading me back to the quiet of home—  
 Little one, thou art my star.

Tossed on an ocean of weary unrest  
 Troubled with sorrow and care,  
 Helpless and hopeless alone would I be,  
 Driven by winds of despair,  
 Save for the light that is marking my path  
 Guiding me safe o'er the bar,  
 Leading me clear of temptation's black rocks—  
 Little one, thou art my star.

Whether I make through the unbeaten wood  
 Or through the measureless sand,  
 Whether I move on the wind-driven waves  
 Or down the treacherous land,  
 Ever before me thy brightness doth shine,  
 No clouds thy splendor can mar,  
 Leading me, guiding me, ever aright—  
 Little one, thou art my star.

T. E. B.

INVITATION.

Come out in the breeze of the morning,  
 The robin's astir on the green,  
 The buds on the thorn,  
 The dew of the morn  
 Glistens with silver sheen.

The sun is a-glint on the water  
 That splashes the soft grassy shore,  
 The blue bird's a-perch  
 In the budding white birch  
 That hangs like a veil at my door.

E. P. B.

AT LARGE.

A young man who hailed from South Wales  
 In Kentucky was caught stealing nails,  
 He was locked up in jail,  
 Shredded wheat was his bail,  
 But he broke loose and now the South wails.

T. E. B.

INCONGRUOUS.

There was an old man named Tom Thomson,  
 Whose son was then also a Thomson,  
 It is funny indeed,  
 How it can be agreed,  
 He was Tom's son besides son of Thomson.

A. A. W.

√ F. T. M.

A mathematician named Rhyne  
 On a diet of surds used to dine,  
 While a lunch of light squares  
 Mixed with cube roots in pairs  
 Is a dish he would seldom decline.

The Character of Caliban.

JAMES H. GALLAGAN, '06.

In reading Shakspeare one is perpetually struck with the poet's wonderful knowledge of human nature. In one play he represents for us a mob of uneducated citizens, ready to go whithersoever a leader may choose to take them; in another play he places before us a noble old man, generous and kind, the victim of cruel and ungrateful daughters. Again he gives us a noble young man seeking to avenge the death of his murdered father and to dethrone a usurping king of a haughty and vacillating character. Thus he portrays for us all the different stages of life from the humblest to the most exalted and dignified. But in "The Tempest" we come in contact with two entirely new characters, the like of which, perhaps, is not seen in any of his other plays. These characters are Ariel and Caliban.

Ariel is a spirit imprisoned by Prospero, and is willing to serve this banished duke, if only at the end of a specified time Prospero will set him free. He is a noble character, always bent towards what is good, and always shunning what is evil, although he is ready at all times for sport and innocent tricks. He loves his master and is willing to suffer great torments rather than see the duke injured in any way. He has no definite human form, but yet just enough human nature about him to let us know how he would act or feel towards his fellow-men if he were human; and we can not but have a tender feeling towards a creature who is so loving, kind, faithful, and dutiful towards his master.

The other preternatural character in this play is Caliban, who is the direct opposite of Ariel, both externally and internally. He has a weak mind, a bad character, a grumbling spirit, and is always ready to work some injury to the duke, as is shown in the scene where he meets the drunken boatmen, and is willing to deliver Prospero into their hands, and ready almost to sell his soul for a drink of liquor, as he very pompously sings:

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy  
 True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

As Ariel is the most graceful of creatures, and possesses a beautiful form, so Caliban is the most awkward, and is greatly deformed. Then too, we can not justly expect him to be much better than he is, since he had the witch Sycorax for his mother, and the devil for his father. He was banished from Argier for his pranks and tricks, and sought refuge in this isolated island. He was reared in solitude, a prey to his brutish impulses, and is justly called by Schlegel a half demon and beast, half goblin and savage. He is a mere animal, resisting all active employment, and having no taste for good food. He is all wickedness, born to be a slave, although he is continually grumbling when in subjection. Education had little or no effect upon him, for when Prospero found him a mere brute living on the island, he captured him, tamed him, and tried to instruct him in the rudiments of knowledge. He succeeded in teaching him to speak; but education is not for such a nature as his, as he very plainly tells the Duke:

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is I know how to curse.

He used his speech only to curse and malign his benefactor; he could not appreciate kindness, and could be brought into subjection only by chastisement; he kept company with men only as a brute and could not learn to love them. The bottle of liquor was far more attractive to him than Prospero's lessons, and he preferred the company of drunken men to that of his noble benefactor.

Prospero obtained mastery over him, as Caliban afterward complains, and took the island from him, but only that he might escape the violence of the savage, and he justifies his action by trying to humanize him. We may, however, overlook much of the uncouthness and savagery of Caliban who had much less to attract him to mankind than Ariel, and who at last acknowledged to Prospero his bad behaviour and promised amendment.

THEY live long who live best.

IF you are good, were the whole world to say you are bad, you would still be good.

INTO the dove-cot geese never fly.—A. E. B.

### Baseball vs. Science.

FRANK T. MAHER, '08.

The bell rang for the last afternoon class, but a group of students still lingered on the steps of Science Hall as if reluctant to change the outdoor freshness for the confinement of the class-room and the pursuit of some dry scientific subject. They were discussing the living questions of the day—not the elections nor the trust reform, but the Senior Hop, the year book and the baseball team. Though they carried biological text-books under their arms or in their coat pockets their conversation was not of genera or species. Far more interesting to them were speculations on the outcome of the morrow's game. Baseball was in the air, and almost everybody seemed glad of it; the exception was "Old Shannon," as the biological professor was playfully termed by his not over-fond students. He was a German born and bred and a true disciple of the old school whose creed had ever been that play and amusement are essentially an evil. The professor saw in baseball only a crazy game fit for wasting time that could be spent much better on the noble study of science. Needless to say, his pupils and he differed widely on this point. Though they found interest and amusement in observing the birds and flowers discovered in the course of a walk through the woods or along the river, nature mummified and preserved in dusty books held little attraction for them. So they lingered daily outside the class-room and talked baseball.

One of them had special cause to linger. It was Harland, who, though the idol of the students and their champion in the box, was no favorite with "Old Shannon." The professor blamed baseball for Harland's dullness in the class-room, and all the ill-feeling he had for the game itself he transferred to Harland as its most enthusiastic exponent.

Harland had little to say to the crowd around him; he was gloomy and sour; the bi-monthly "exams" were only a few days off, and it was customary for Harland



to look gloomy and sour just before "exams." His showing in class was ordinarily poor, but this year it was worse than ever before, especially in "Old Shannon's" class. He bitterly reflected that unless he could qualify with the necessary average he would be dropped from the team; and another such mark in biology as his last one would make his suspension almost certain. The greeting of a belated fellow-student aroused him from his gloomy thoughts:

"Hello! Harland, old man! Going to pitch to-morrow's game?"

"Yes," replied Harland, brightening; and, yielding to a happier mood, he took a shining new ball from his pocket and began to toss and catch it.

"Fellows," demanded the newcomer of the others, "did you ever see Harland without a ball about him somewhere? Why even at the swell hop last Easter I noticed a bulge in his coat pocket which on examination proved to be a new Spalding.

"Well," responded Harland to the laughing crowd as they filed into the class-room, "if 'Old Shannon' does not handle me pretty gently this 'exam' you will have a beautiful chance to see me without a ball in my hand for some time to come."

The professor lost no time in starting class; he had a sharp, brisk way of putting questions which, with his serious treatment of delinquents, assured fair work in his class. When the hour was about half over he stopped in the course of his lecture and took a small box from the floor. Undoing the fastenings he lifted out a small wire cage that contained half a dozen wiggling, squirming snakes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "here are some specimens, some very interesting ones for our work. They were sent to me from India by a friend of mine, the renowned Dr. Luigi Grossman. But I see that he neglected to remove the fangs of that vicious old fellow in the corner, so until he can be attended to we will make no investigations."

The professor placed the cage upon a shelf back of where he was sitting, and taking up another topic of the lesson, began a lively quiz. The boys could pay but little further heed to the snakes, for "Old Shannon" was jealous of their attention and, too, his bald head, bobbing energeti-

cally backward and forward, gave them but a poor view of the cage.

Suddenly in the midst of a sentence the professor stopped short and a silence fell upon all. The boys quaked in anticipation of the "call down" that was about to descend upon some poor unfortunate who had allowed his thoughts to wander beyond the precincts of the class-room.

"Harland," said the professor in cold, measured tones, "what have you there in your hand?"

"A-a ball, sir," stammered Harland as if waking from a deep reverie.

"You are a miserable idler," shouted the professor in his wrath, "and you deserve to be thrown out of the class."

Scarcely were the words uttered when a surprising change came over the culprit; he caught his breath, his eyes glittered; his grip on the ball tightened, his arm flew back and came forward like a flash; something white and round shot like a bullet through the air straight at the professor's head. Those in the room gasped in astonishment, but even as they gasped they understood. The rattler had managed to get through the trap-door of the cage, and was reaching over the professor's shoulder with its wicked fangs scarcely an inch from his neck. There was a crack as the ball struck the wall. The professor jumped to his feet, saw the open cage and the big rattler writhing on the floor with its head crushed flat, and realized that he had been saved from a fearful death by the dullard baseball player.

"Maybe Harland won't have a cinch with 'Old Shannon' now," remarked one boy to his companion on the following afternoon as they talked over the event on their way to the baseball field.

"Yes," replied his companion, "and maybe we won't have a cinch for the pennant with Harland to pitch for us all season. Say, but you should have seen 'Old Shannon' this morning getting a season ticket and a Spalding's Guide-Book at the office. He's a red-hot convert to baseball, and before the season's over you'll see him on the bleachers shouting till he's blue in the face."

KNOW what thou art and care not for what thou art deemed to be.—A. E. B.

# 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, April 21, 1906.

## Board of Editors.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06

CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, '06	JOHN F. SHEA, '06
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	JOHN M. RYAN, '06
THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	JOHN C. MCGINN, '06
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	LEO J. COONTZ, '07
CORNELIUS HAGERTY, '06	EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07
WALTER O'DONNELL, '06	ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08

—Theodor Leschetizky, the famous music teacher of Vienna who counts Paderewski and Mark Hambourg among his very cosmopolitan pupils, says of American students that, accustomed to keep their faculties in readiness, their perceptions are quick, and they have considerable technical skill, but to balance this statement he adds that perhaps they study more for the sake of being up to date than for the love of music.

—The *Literary Digest* quotes some figures from the *Detroit Free Despatch* which show that humorous literature as a money proposition pays well. George Ade's income from his writings amounts to \$150,000 annually. This is a far greater sum than Dickens, Thackeray and other illustrious novelists ever received. Some fifteen years ago George Ade was working for \$5 a week, and now he earns \$400 a day. But he does not depend upon his signature for this salary. He is a sincere worker with the infinite capacity of taking pains, and this is, in great part, the secret of his extraordinary success and the strongest hope of those who would wish to reach an equal standing in the literary field.

## The Founder's Monument.

May third, the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, will witness a very interesting ceremony at Notre Dame. On this date will be unveiled the bronze monument which the friends and alumni of the University have erected to the memory of the late Very Reverend E. Sorin, C. S. C.

The pedestal, which is made of the best Vermont granite, was put in place some time ago and is declared by everyone to be a splendid specimen of the stone worker's art. The statue, which was modeled by the celebrated sculptor, Ernesto Biondi, will, we are sure, attract more than ordinary attention. It represents our Founder as he appeared when he was wont, in years gone by, to greet students and friends on their arrival at Notre Dame.

We shall give in an early issue of the SCHOLASTIC a picture of the monument for the benefit of our readers, and we venture the prediction that all will be pleased therewith. Contributions towards the monument fund have come in from all quarters. The following is a list of those sent by old South Bend friends of Father Sorin and the University:—

Studebaker Mfg. Co.....	\$1000.00
First National Bank.....	500.00
James Oliver.....	250.00
Joseph Oliver.....	250.00
John Ellsworth.....	250.00
George Wyman.....	200.00
Mrs. Maud Coquillard.....	200.00
Hering & Murphy.....	100.00
Meyer Livingston.....	100.00
Dr. Boyd-Snee.....	100.00
Dr. J. A. Stoeckley.....	75.00
Mr. P. O'Brien.....	50.00
W. R. Baker & Co.....	50.00
E. C. McDonald.....	50.00
Dr. J. Berteling.....	50.00
South Bend Engraving Co.....	50.00
Gabriel Summers.....	50.00
South Bend Tribune.....	50.00
Wenderoth & McGill.....	50.00
Frank Toepp.....	25.00
McErlain & Jackson.....	25.00
Senrich & Co.....	25.00
Moses Livingston.....	25.00
Leo Eliel.....	25.00
A. C. Cleis.....	25.00
Shidler Bros.....	25.00
City Roller Mills.....	25.00
Indiana Lumber Co.....	25.00

George Clarke.....	25.00
Thomas Millea.....	25.00
Dr. W. A. Hager.....	25.00
South Bend Fruit Co.....	25.00
Staley & Robinson.....	25.00
Michael Hastings.....	25.00

We give the names of those only whose subscriptions have been paid. A number of others have promised to contribute, and we shall take pleasure in recording their names in a future issue of this paper.

The letters that have accompanied the subscriptions bear eloquent testimony to the esteem in which Father Sorin was held by all classes, and more especially by the old students. The following two letters are samples of many others that might be given. Their writers sent in unsolicited subscriptions.

ELGIN, ILL., Sept. 4, 1905.

THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

DEAR SIR:—It has lately come to my notice in the newspapers that a movement has been started to erect a statue to Father Sorin, Founder of the University.

I was a student at Notre Dame for a very brief time in the winter of 1846-'7, and though I never afterwards met Father Sorin, I remember him with admiration and love; and I therefore enclose my check for twenty-five dollars to assist in preserving the memory of a great and good man.

Respectfully yours,

THOS. S. WALLIN.

BELÉN, NEW MEXICO, Sept. 20, 1905.

VERY REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

DEAR FATHER:—Enclosed you will please find my check for one hundred dollars. I should like to give all I have for a statue to our dear Father Sorin.

Very Respectfully yours, an old student,

JOSE E. CHAVES.

Both these letters have deeply touched the committee having the monument in charge, and have been especially gratifying to the authorities of the University. Mr. Wallin's letter, coming as it does after an absence of sixty years from his *Alma Mater*, is not only a high tribute to the memory of Father Sorin, but the best possible indication that Mr. Wallin's heart is in the right place. We sincerely trust that he will be able to be present at the celebration on the 3d of May. Mr. Chaves—José we always called him—was for many years a popular student in the Minim Department, and was always a great favorite of Father Sorin's. José, too, as he well knows, is always welcome at Notre Dame, and we shall be

especially glad to meet him on the 3d prox. Lack of space prevents us from giving the list of old students and friends, outside of South Bend, who have contributed to the monument fund; but we shall take pleasure in putting this list in a future number of the SCHOLASTIC, when once the list is complete.

Many who have not yet sent in their contributions have signified their intention of having a part in the erection of the monument to Notre Dame's Founder, and we trust that they will find it convenient to send in their contributions, if not before the statue is unveiled, at least as soon thereafter as may be. Promptness in remitting will materially aid the work of the committee, and enable us to give, at an earlier date than would otherwise be possible, a complete list of the friends and admirers of Father Sorin and his work.

---

The Philopatrians

---

That enterprising and enthusiastic body of students, the Philopatrians, rendered their annual entertainment in Washington Hall on Easter Monday.

For years the record of this organization has been one of excellence and talent. From them have sprung the stars of our University dramatics. With the true American spirit of zeal and perseverance these Carrollites have set an example to the student body, and have made themselves worthy of the admiration they have received.

Their program this year was not a departure from the precedent already established, and so we were treated to an afternoon of real pleasure. No doubt the greatest praise is due Prof. Frederick Karr who besides teaching his classes in oratory and elocution found ample time to train the young students in this line of work. With Brother Cyprian as a leader, we could not have but expected something good from his energetic efforts.

Noticeable was the new scenery which was used for the first time, and we must compliment our stage directors for the effectiveness displayed in the several scenes.

The program was made up of two parts: a Drama in one act and another in five.

The first, "Until the Rising of the Moon," is the work of Maurice Francis Egan. It was a pathetic story and well rendered. A case of heaping coals of fire, in which the hero is injured by Captain Tom Crawford, but when Captain Tom was placed in his power he returned only good for evil. E. C. Clear as Captain Edward Arden was very good and was well supported by L. Symonds and the rest of the cast.

"The Prince and the Pauper" made up the second part of the program. In it H. R. Symonds and J. L. Weist took the leading rôles, and their efforts were the subject of very favorable comment.

H. W. Hilton, who has been seen before with the Philopatrians, was the same amusing character in his part of Miles Hendon, the big-hearted hero. Jim Fox as Mad Sam was quite effective.

The other members of the company did well and are entitled to the greatest amount of praise. Especially deserving of comment are the younger members who executed very well the difficult minuet in the second act.

When we consider that each year the Philopatrians lose some of their star members and that they are made up entirely of Preparatory students we can not help but admire the result of their earnest efforts. They deserve our congratulations.

THE PROGRAM.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

(A Drama in Five Acts.)

Cast of Characters.

Edward, Prince of Wales.....	H. R. Symonds
Tom Canty, the Pauper.....	J. L. Weist
Henry VIII., King of England.....	C. P. Devett
Earl of Hertford, Lord Protector.....	E. L. McDermott
Lord St. John.....	H. S. Warren
Prince Godfrey, Cousin of the Prince.....	J. R. Tomlinson
Page to the Prince.....	J. F. McIver
Court Physician.....	T. B. Roberts
Miles Hendon.....	H. W. Hilton
Servant to Hendon.....	W. W. Rice
John Canty, Father of the Pauper.....	G. E. Washburn
Sykes, Uncle of the Pauper.....	C. F. Reilly
Dan Canty, Tom's Brother.....	R. N. McDowell
Yokel, a Vagabond.....	B. Landon
Mad Sam.....	J. M. Fox
Humphrey Marlow, Whipping Boy.....	T. J. McFadden
Anthony Gorse } Guards	C. D. Murray
Hugh Gallord } Guards	J. P. Gormley
Messenger.....	B. Roe

Dancing Pages

and

Court Jesters

- Ashton V. Byrne
- Paul V. Byrne
- L. S. Dillon
- Thos. A. Byrne
- W. C. Foley
- J. B. Gallart
- C. H. Jones
- J. J. Lee
- J. F. McIver
- J. M. Olston
- F. F. McIver
- L. G. Rempe
- B. Roe

Courtiers, vagabonds, etc., by members of the Society.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

- Selection from "The Umpire".....J. Howard
- Selection from "Wonderland".....V. Herbert
- Selection from "The Burgomaster".....Gus Luders
- Selections from "Me, Him and I".....Max Hoffman
- March—"Nora Floradora".....W. O'Hare
- March from "The Rollicking Girl".....W. T. Francis

UNTIL THE RISING OF THE MOON.

(A Drama in one Act. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D.)

Cast of Characters.

Captain Edward Arden, U. S. A.....	E. C. Clear	
1st Soldier, U. S. A.....	C. Kelley	
2d Soldier, U. S. A.....	R. Payne	
Captain Tom	Crawford's Tigers disguised as U. S. Soldiers	H. O. Dierssen
Sentinel		J. G. Sexton
Ted, the Drummer		L. Symonds

The Senior Hop.

"Under the folds of the garnet and grey  
Merrily glided the hours away."

On last Monday evening the senior hop was held in the upper hall of the gymnasium and the result was another star in the bright escutcheon of '06. For weeks the energetic seniors had planned and worked with the sole object in view of exceeding all previous class hops, and as nothing is impossible to '06 their plans had a glorious consummation. The toil and work was all forgotten, and sweet indeed was the reward when fair eyes sparkled as they entered and "Glorious! wonderful!" and "O dandy!" escaped in profusion from delighted guests.

The hall was beautifully decorated in an original and artistic manner. Gold and blue was used to decorate the walls and galleries, and was the predominating color scheme of the hall. Pennants of the different colleges were scattered over the walls and their bright colors added to the gaiety of the occasion. The most striking decorative effect was secured by the erection of a large canopy over the south window which was constructed of garnet and grey, the class colors, and served as a delightful retreat.

for the weary dancers. The stately folds of the immense curtains were drawn back, and the numerals '06, in colored electric lights, shed a beautiful lustre over all, making the whole effect one of almost oriental magnificence.

Another beautiful, cozy corner was built in the northeast end of the hall and was tastefully decorated with college posters and sofa pillows in profusion. Over the north window was the large American flag presented by the class to the University, and the outline of incandescent lights that was placed around it made it one of the most beautiful and conspicuous decorations in the hall. Dancing began promptly at 8:30, when from behind a beautiful bower of palms and gold and blue bunting, the Mattes Orchestra dispersed the sweet strains of "Forbidden Land." Twenty-four dances with liberal encores filled up the delightful program of the evening. During the intermission ices were served, and throughout the entire evening a bowl of delicious punch reposed beneath a small canopy decorated in class colors. The punch and refreshments were in charge of Messrs. Evaristo and José Battle, and to them the highest praise is due for the smoothness of arrangement which contributed in such a marked degree to the success of the evening.

Many distinguished guests favored the class by their presence during the evening. The Rev. President, Fathers Crumley and Regan were present for a time. Among others present were Mr. T. Dart Walker, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Schwab, Loretto, Pa.; Misses McNerny and Murphy, Elgin, Ill.; Misses Lally, Julia and Helen Beck, Michigan City; Miss Virginia Craft, St. Louis; Miss Kelly, Messrs. D. J. O'Connor, Robert Lynch and many others from South Bend and St. Mary's.

The patronesses of the dance were Mrs. Dr. Berteling and Mrs. Dr. Stoeckley.

Athletic Notes.

SOUTH BEND, 2; NOTRE DAME, 7.

We won the third in a full nine-inning game by the score of 7 to 2.

Perce and Waldorf pitched for the Varsity, and between them allowed the Greens five

hits. Captain McNerny stole home in the last of the third, and while sliding into the plate was spiked on his left hand and will be out of the game for some time. Three stitches were taken in the injured hand, and it is hoped he will be able to get into the game against Illinois on the 26th. The Varsity is playing good ball and are starting right for the championship.

SUMMARY.

	R	H	P	A	E
South Bend					
Tieman, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Richardson, c.	0	0	6	0	0
Conners, 1b.	1	0	10	0	0
Francis, ss.	0	1	2	4	1
Johnson, 3b.	0	1	0	2	1
Trouteman, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Grant, 2b.	0	0	2	4	2
Schaffer, p.	0	1	0	0	0
Telinde, p.	0	0	0	4	1
Guhl, p.	0	0	1	1	1
<b>Totals</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>6</b>
Notre Dame					
Bonan, r. f.-2b.	0	2	3	0	2
McNerny, 2b.	1	0	2	3	0
Farabaugh, l. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Murray, c.	0	0	8	1	0
Stopper, 1b.	1	1	9	1	0
Sheehan, c. f.	2	1	0	0	1
Brogan, 3b.	2	1	2	1	0
Shea, ss.	1	0	3	9	0
Perce, p.-r. f.	1	2	0	0	1
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>5</b>

Double plays—Shea to McNerny to Stopper (2), Francis to Grant to Conners. Base on Balls—Off Perce, 1; off Waldorf, 2; off Schaffer, 1; off Guhl, 2. Struck out—By Perce, 1; by Waldorf, 2; by Schaffer, 1; by Telinde, 1; by Guhl, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Shea. Umpire, O'Shaughnessy.

\* \*

On Saturday, the 14th, the first game, which was to have been played in South Bend, was called off because of the bad weather.

\* \*

SOUTH BEND, 5; NOTRE DAME, 7.

On Easter Monday morning the Varsity won again, defeating the Greens by a score of 7 to 5.

The Score	R	H	E
South Bend—0 0 0 4 1 0 0	5	4	6
Notre Dame—1 0 2 1 0 3 0	7	8	5

\* \*

SOUTH BEND, 7; NOTRE DAME, 1.

South Bend won one on Tuesday. In a seven-inning game the Greens defeated the Varsity by the score of 7 to 1.

Captain McNerny is still out of the game and Shea stepped on a nail and injured his

foot and was also out of the line-up, so the team represented a patched-up affair. Birmingham has been compelled to leave school because of sickness, which makes "Jerry" Sheehan the busy man in centre field. "Young" O'Gorman blew up in the air in the third inning and Waldorf went in the box, Murray going to second. And when the bee ended, South Bend had seven and we had one. O'Gorman showed all kinds of speed and had everything—but control.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	2	1	4	0	0
Francis, 3b.	1	2	1	0	0
Conners, 1b.	1	0	9	0	0
Tieman, c.	2	1	5	0	0
Trouteman, r. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Kuehn, ss.	1	1	1	2	1
Grant, 2b.	0	0	1	6	0
Ferris, p.	0	1	0	2	0
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	1	0

Totals	7	8	21	11	1
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, ss.	0	0	0	2	0
Perce, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Farabaugh, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
McCarthy, c.	0	1	5	1	0
Stopper, 1b.	0	0	11	0	0
Sheehan, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	1	0	1	2	0
Waldorf, 2b.-p.	0	0	0	3	0
Murray, 2b.	0	0	0	2	0
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	0	2	0

Totals	1	3	21	12	0
--------	---	---	----	----	---

Two base hit—Francis. Three base hit—Farabaugh. Struck out—By O'Gorman, 2; by Waldorf, 3; by Ferris, 3. Base on balls—Off O'Gorman, 2; Waldorf, 2; Moffit, 3. Hit by pitcher—Murray. Wild pitch—O'Gorman. Umpire, O'Shaughnessy.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday the South Bend fans saw "Willie" Perce from Notre Dame give their leaguers as nice a trimming as they will get this season. A full nine-inning game, and we won by the score of 2 to 1.

Perce allowed them three scattered hits and pitched a game good enough to win at any time. Shea and Brogan shared equally in fielding honors, Brogan cutting off a sure hit by making a one-hand stop, and Shea doing the same had a much harder chance. "Loud" McCarthy was there with the stick getting two singles.

Summary.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	1	0	0	1	0
Francis, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0
Conners, 1b.	0	1	12	0	0
Tieman, c.	0	1	11	0	0
Trouteman, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0

Kuehn, s. s.	0	0	3	3	1
Grant, 2b.	0	0	1	3	0
Telinda, p.	0	0	0	3	0

Totals	1	3	27	11	1
--------	---	---	----	----	---

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, 2b.	1	1	2	3	0
Waldorf, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Farabaugh, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
McCarthy, c.	0	2	8	1	0
Stopper, 1b.	0	0	11	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	1	1	3	1
Shea, ss.	0	0	1	2	1
Sheehan, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Perce, p.	1	1	0	2	0

Totals	2	5	27	11	2
--------	---	---	----	----	---

Struck out—By Perce, 7; by Telinde, 8. Passed balls, Tieman. 3 base hit, Tieman. Umpire, O'Shaughnessy.

\* \* \*

SOUTH BEND, 8; NOTRE DAME, 7.

South Bend won another on Thursday. Up to the eighth inning we had the game put away apparently safe, the score being 7 to 3, but in the eighth South Bend got on O'Gorman for two hits, and when Waldorf went in the bases were full and no one out. The Greens got another off him, and ended the inning with five runs.

O'Gorman showed his best form so far this year. He has the spit ball working well, and in eight innings allowed but five hits. His control was good and he is rapidly rounding into shape.

Waldorf did not have a chance to do anything but save the game, and it was asking a lot from one man. No one out and the bases full with the team on the run.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l. f.	0	0	4	1	0
Anderson, c. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Francis, 3b.	1	3	1	2	0
Conners, 1b.	2	1	7	0	1
Tieman, c.	2	1	8	0	0
Trouteman, r. f.	2	2	1	0	0
Kuehn, ss.	0	0	1	1	2
Johnson, 2b.	0	0	1	0	0
Guhl, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Nelson, p.	0	0	0	1	0

Totals	8	8	27	6	4
--------	---	---	----	---	---

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, ss.	2	1	5	1	0
Brogan, 3b.	2	0	0	1	1
McCarthy, c.	1	1	6	0	0
Murray, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Farabaugh, l. f.	1	1	2	1	1
Stopper, 1b.	0	1	9	0	0
Keeffe, 2b.	0	0	1	3	0
Sheehan, r. f.	0	2	3	0	1
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals	7	8	27	7	3
--------	---	---	----	---	---

Bases on balls—Off O'Gorman, 1; off Guhl, 2; off Waldorf, 1. Wild pitch—Waldorf. Two base hits—Francis, Conners. Struck out—By O'Gorman, 4; by Waldorf, 1; by Guhl, 4; by Nelson, 3. Hit by pitcher—Keeffe, Murray. Umpire—O'Shaughnessy.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

## IN RE BROWN'S ESTATE.

Recently in the Moot Court the case founded on the appended statement of facts came up for trial. Judge Andrew Anderson of South Bend presided, with Edward J. Schwab and Terence B. Cosgrove arguing for the appellant, and Gallitzen A. Farabaugh and Clayton C. Golden sustaining the appellee.

*Statement of Facts.*

John Brown, in the year 1890, made a will by which he gave all his estate, both real and personal, to three trustees. He directed that the trustees should pay to his wife, Jane, all the net incomes, rent's issues and profits of his estate, of whatever nature the same might be, for and during the period of her life. The testator died October first in the same year that he made the will, and his wife survived him ten years, dying December first, 1900. The will was duly probated. The trustees took possession of and managed his entire estate during the life of his wife, Jane Brown. It was further provided in the will that on the death of the wife the trustees were to divide the estate into five equal parts, giving one-fifth to each of the three sons, and one-fifth to each of the two daughters. At the time of the death of Mr. Brown he owned fifty thousand dollars of the capital stock of the Eagle Manufacturing Company, which was worth par. The business of that corporation was extremely profitable, and for five years after the death of Mr. Brown the trustees received annually on November first, as dividends, an amount of money equal to ten per cent. of the face value of the stock. A large surplus accumulated.

Five years after the death of Mr. Brown the corporation made a stock dividend, giving to each stockholder an amount of stock equal to ten per cent. of the original amount, thereby doubling the stock of the company, making the stock \$100,000.00, on all of which an annual dividend of ten per cent. was paid to the trustees on November first each year except November first, 1900. On the first day of October, 1900, the Eagle Manufacturing Company made another stock dividend of ten per cent., the effect of which was to give to these trustees

\$100,000.00 more of the capital stock of the corporation, making \$200,000.00 their total of such stock, on which no dividend had been declared. During the life of Mrs. Brown the trustees had paid her only what she required for her actual necessities, the total amount of payments to her being \$500.00 each year. On the death of Mrs. Brown an administrator was appointed who, of course, was entitled to all of her estate, and he demanded of the trustees that they should assign to him all of the stock dividends that had been made, and account for all cash dividends made either on the original stock or on the stock issued as dividends. The trustees and four of the legatees of the state claim that the stock dividends were not income. On the other hand, the administrator of Mrs. Brown's estate claims that the stock dividends represented the profits, and were really a part of the income of the estate, and that Mrs. Brown was entitled to all those stock dividends and all cash dividends paid thereon, and he brought suit against the trustees to compel them to transfer to him all of the stock issues as dividends, and to pay and account to him as administrator for all cash dividends that the trustees had received either on the original stock or on the stock that had been issued as dividends.

## OPINION.

After going into the question of stock dividends at some length in his opinion Judge Anderson decided that the profits in this case must be regarded as forming part of the *corpus* of the estate rather than income, and to this end he awarded the judgment to the trustees, and assessed the costs against the executors of Mrs. Brown.

\*  
\*  
\*

At a recent meeting of the Law Debating Society the following officers were elected. President and Moderator, Dean Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, C. C. Golden; 2d Vice-President, G. A. Farabaugh; Corresponding Secretary, A. B. Oberst; Recording Secretary, S. F. Riordan; Treasurer, T. B. Cosgrove; Critic, M. J. Brown; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. F. Healy.

## Personal.

—The Very Rev. Father Français, Superior-General, C. S. C., and Dr. Morrissey, after a week's visit at Holy Cross College, Washington, left for New Orleans. They will visit the colleges of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in New Orleans, Texas, Oregon and Wisconsin, and expect to reach Notre Dame by midsummer.

—We take exceptional pleasure in noticing the appointment of Mr. John Neeson, C. E., '03, to the position of Ass't. Superintendent of Bridges in Philadelphia and county. There were many other competitors in the field, and the fact that John received the highest average in the examination for the office is an honor to Notre Dame and a great credit to the young alumnus himself.

—Mike Powers, Notre Dame's old catcher, who is receiving the benders for the Philadelphia nine, paid a visit to Father Burns and students at Holy Cross College, Washington on Easter Sunday. He presented the glove he used in last year's champion series (Philadelphia vs. New York) to Mr. Farley who intends to send it to Notre Dame to grace the walls of the trophy room in the Gym. Mike is also a journalist, using his spare time to prepare short articles for the Philadelphia papers.

## Local Items.

—Keep off the grass.

—Is Sorin to have a baseball team? If so they should get busy.

—Found.—A ring and some money. Apply to Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., Brownson Hall.

—Found.—A gold class pin marked C. L. 95 D. A., N. D. U. Call on William Byrne, St. Edward's Hall.

—The Rev. John T. O'Connell, pastor of the Church of St. Francis De Sales, Toledo, Ohio, will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon June 10. Father O'Connell is a man of fine culture and enjoys national reputation as a preacher.

—The Debate with Iowa University next Friday is an important event in the college year. Iowa has a strong team and comes to us strengthened with a brilliant record in debating, but unless the SCHOLASTIC misses its guess they will be astonished at the quality of the men they will meet on the field at Notre Dame. The common impression here seems to be that our first debating team would be a match for anything that treads the boards in the country.

—Navigation was opened last Wednesday

night when the boat club got together at the Oliver and strengthened itself by a good feed for the activities of the present spring. The rowing commenced next morning, and now the blue is split with shouts of "stroke! stroke!" at early dawn. The indications are that the crews this year will be a little heavier than hitherto, but in spite of this fact they will probably establish new records. The interest they show in the work assures this.

—The Philopatrians enjoyed an excellent spread in the new banquet hall at the Oliver last Thursday at 1 p. m. The menu was varied and appetizing, and the Philopatrians on their part displayed considerable enthusiasm in the proceedings. After the banquet, brief, very brief, addresses were made by Messrs. Jay Qualey, George Devitt and Wilbur Rice. The President of the University closed the pleasant event by some words of compliment and of serious advice to the members of the society.

—This year marks the golden jubilee of the entrance of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco into Notre Dame as a student. In a letter received at the University the Archbishop hoped to visit Notre Dame by way of a jubilee celebration, and would unquestionably have done so were he not halted in Chicago by news of the terrible calamity that came upon San Francisco. The SCHOLASTIC assures His Grace of the cordial sympathy of all at Notre Dame in the grief that has come to him.

—At one of the late meetings of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, an interesting preliminary debate was held to choose two teams to represent the society in its debates with the St. Joseph Society. There were thirteen who contested, of whom eight were selected to compose the teams. The decision of the judges, Professors Deahey, Schwab and Funk, resulted as follows: A. Blum and J. Young tied for first place; G. Sprenger and C. Rowlands tied for 2d; E. Clear, 3d; D. McDonald, 4th; P. Depew and J. Condon, tied for 5th place.

—Brownson Hall has again given evidence of the prevailing congenial spirit of its members. This time it was in the nature of a social gathering in the reading-room Easter night. The Brownson Hall faculty and students were present and Mr. Donovan presided. The program was both interesting and instructive, the readings of Messrs. Clear, Williams and Blum surpassing expectations. Brothers Hugh, Alphonsus and Aiden very ably upheld the faculty part of the program. Messrs. Maguire, Gushurst, Rowlands, McDonald, Springer and Depew contributed their share of wit and humor, which helped to make the evening a very pleasant one.