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Where the Children Play.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07

THROUGH the cowslipped fields I wander
In the twilight's quiet rest,
When the night comes like a spirit
And the wind is in its nest;
All the meadows are in slumber
Wearied with the heat of day,
Save the field beyond the brooklet
Where the children used to play.

I have grown old and feeble,
Toiling onward through the years,
Days of sorrow spent, but sunshine
Came and kissed away my tears;
Yet in all my fleeting summers
Never was my heart so gay
As when romping through the lowland
Where the children used to play.

'Tis a hallowed spot, that meadow,
To us dreamers as we gaze
Out upon it in the gloaming
Through the evening's misty haze;
There we sported, simple children,
Care and sorrow far away,
'Tis the garden next to Heaven,
Where the children used to play.

Count Stolberg's Conversion.

FRANCIS X. ZERHUSEN, '06.



No age in all the world's history has been without its hero or strong character. It seems the manifest guidance of Providence that when the world is about to plunge itself into wilful destruction some hero should arise and put a stop to its mad rush. We may criticise and pronounce our judgment when the struggle is over; but we ought never

lose sight of those heroes who bravely stand on their own convictions and bring order out of confusion. Though the closing years of the eighteenth century were dreary, yet there was one star which shot its brilliant rays out into the almost impenetrable darkness and managed to bring the strayed hearts and minds of some men back to the path of truth. This star was Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg.

The end of the eighteenth century saw the Catholic Church persecuted in nearly all lands of Europe. Her position was one at which well-meaning men could justly be alarmed. The Vicar of Christ, the head of the Catholic Church upon earth, lived in his own country and own domain as a prisoner and an exile. Cardinals and bishops had to rely for their support on the alms of Protestants, since the Catholics were almost too poor to support themselves. Many churches and almost all religious houses were laid in ruins.

In the realm of learning, too, a great change took place. Catholic thought and opinion in matters of science and literature had lost all significance. The arbitrary systems of philosophy which had evolved from Protestantism turned men's minds and quickly upset the old order of things. Art and science, now emancipated from religion, were subjects of deep study for the most powerful and influential intellects. Pious Catholics were becoming fewer and fewer, and a pious Protestant was a rare personage. Yet some good men survived, but they had to use all their powers to escape the ravages of the age. From all sides voices were heard to declare that the hated Church of Christ could not survive. Protestant authors especially became loud-mouthed in their prophecies

about the future condition of the Catholic faith. Johann Erich Biester, editor of the *Berlin Monthly*, went so far in 1786, as to declare that in twenty years the name of Christian or even that of Christ would be a thing of the past. "The Church of Rome," said Herder, "now appears like an old ruined institution into which it is impossible that new life should enter." "The Roman faith can perhaps have a little longer life among the ignorant," said Nicolai, "but it must and will finally give way before culture and science." Goethe, that man of genius, was no less pronounced in his opinion when he said: "The time of conquest for the Catholic Church seems to me to be gone forever."

Judging from these opinions we can readily picture to ourselves the state of affairs; and if we did not know and believe in the promise of her Founder to be with her even to the consummation of the world, we should wonder that the Church was still living and more so that she was victorious. The blood of millions of martyrs could not have been shed in her defence only to see her lose the struggle some centuries after. No, she must grow stronger and stronger with every battle, and though the times seem hard and sad, yet she must gather from them some happy fruit as the sign of her victory.

It has been said that it is darkest at dawn, and so it was for Germany. The cry "Away from Rome and Popery" had produced its effect. Men were busy thinking, but on wrong lines. A calm followed this period of restlessness and disturbance, and men drifted into a sort of unconscious inactivity which was far worse than the previous state of agitation. Now the enemies of the Church could get a strong foothold, and soon the ancient faith would be destroyed. But hark! a faint cry is heard. Scarcely audible, yet it draws the attention of all. At first it creates only a slight stir, but ever swelling it comes over Europe like the voice of a thunder-storm. The cry "Stolberg has become a Catholic," is heard everywhere, and men's minds are completely taken up with it.

Stolberg a Catholic! surely it does not need a very lively imagination to picture

the sensation which these words created throughout Europe. But why should the action of one man create such commotion? Who was this Stolberg? At the time of his conversion he was one of the mightiest and most influential personages in the country. He occupied the highest posts of honor. The Duke of Oldenburg looked upon him as a brother, and among the personal friends of Minister Holmer, Stolberg found a warm place.

The thoughtful man acts only when he sees his way lying clearly before him. Stolberg's mind, however, was troubled, and that sorely, with the consideration of his children's education. Though he knew quite well that he himself would become a Catholic, he wished his children to follow him, and he was anxious that they obtain a complete Catholic education. Therefore we can safely conclude that it was only after mature deliberation that Count Stolberg decided to give up everything freely—his position, honors and rich income. Of course no one demanded that he abandon these benefits, yet Stolberg wished to make the holocaust complete.

Hard as it may seem to us to forsake a high plane of living and descend to the ranks of the poorer class, nevertheless, this was not Stolberg's greatest sacrifice. To leave his nearest and dearest relatives, especially his brother, Christian, whom he loved most tenderly, was to make a wound which would not soon heal. But the voice of God, speaking through his conscience, was still ringing in his ears, and with the courage of a great soul he followed it. Thus it is that we find him in October, 1800, taking the decisive step which brought him within the true Church of God.

We often doubt the sincerity of men's actions, but in Stolberg's case this must be entirely out of the question. "The conversion of Stolberg," wrote Frederick von Schlegel, many years previous to his own conversion to the Catholic faith, "was for Germany a most important event. It was an event which concerned each one who was in any way connected with the higher and more pressing questions of Church and State." The most important point, however,

and the one which wields most influence, is the noble personality of the convert. Stolberg's love of truth and the resignation with which he submitted to its principles were objects of admiration to honest and sincere men. "Stolberg will ever remain for me," declared Baron von Stein in 1802 writing about fanatics, "worthy of honor and respect on account of his pure love of truth and on account of the resignation with which he sacrificed much."

When praise comes from the lips of a man's persecutor we have all the reason in the world to think that there is some good in him. The philosopher Henry Jacobi was numbered among the bitterest of Stolberg's enemies. No sooner had the count become a Catholic than Jacobi was at hand with his literary torture. But truth will out, and Jacobi was manly enough to acknowledge defeat. He writes concerning Stolberg as follows: "A more beautiful magnanimity, a purer disinterestedness, a gentler and kinder spirit of forgiveness at every personal insult, more tenderness and real nobility I have found in no man's heart. And O, the heaven of love which shone out of his honest eyes!"

For the hard-pressed and persecuted Catholics Stolberg's conversion was a source of encouragement and strength in the faith. He was looked upon as the leader of a cause not yet lost, and men gathered around him from all parts of the country. A certain one of his earliest biographers writes: "The noblest of his Catholic contemporaries gathered around him. They looked upon him in this time of danger as their common centre. From him emanated many an impulse for good; far and near new reverence awoke for the Church, and for the sacred sciences which had been trampled under foot."

The very fact that a man dared to express his convictions in those disturbed times was guarantee enough that his name would live long after he had passed out of existence. Yet a more glorious work was to stand as this man's monument. In the annals of the Catholic Church in Germany Stolberg's name is written in characters of imperishable gold. The crowning work of his life was the "History of the Religion of Jesus Christ." In 1804 Canon Clemens

August von Droste-Vishering had asked him to write a historic apologetical treatise on the bible. This demand coincided with Stolberg's own personal wish to write something which he might leave to his children as a spiritual legacy. Accordingly the new convert went to work on the "History of the Religion of Jesus Christ" on December 2, 1804. Through it he hoped to bring back the young who had been contaminated and led astray by the irreligious spirit of the times.

Stolberg's great soul shuddered at the thought of the immensity and broadness of the subject he was about to treat, and he was at the point of abandoning the work when the friendly encouragement of Overberg and Princess Gallitzen wrought in him a change for the better. With renewed fervor he set to work, and no sooner had he drawn up his plan than his holy zeal increased so much that he determined without the least hesitation to include the history of the Old Testament within the compass of his work.

In February, 1807, the first volume was completed. The treatise created a great sensation everywhere, and was hailed with joy by Protestants and Catholics. It came as a last hope of a drowning man, and we may be sure that those who made an effort to attain it were rescued from destruction. In 1811 Sulzer, a certain author in Constance, wrote to Stolberg in these words:

"Your great and beautiful work is in my hands almost every day, and I confess that never have I been taught so much and so easily by another, and never before have I been so edified. It gave me a mighty impulse for literary activity, and I now make so bold as to send you the enclosed manuscript with the one request that you give me your true criticism about it."

"How many souls," wrote Frederick von Schlegel in July, 1816, "have come to a knowledge of Catholic truth through the reading of Stolberg's History of Christ's Religion will only be made manifest on that day when all will be laid bare. As often as I inquire into the cause of conversions which, thanks be to God, are becoming more numerous now, I invariably hear the

name of Stolberg and his history. "What my wife and I owe to the example and work of that man for our conversion can be mentioned there only where one thanks the Almighty in quiet devotion for His benefits, and begs His blessings upon those whom He has used as the dispensers of His graces."

Many more evidences could be adduced in praise of Stolberg and his work, but suffice it to say, that what the catechism of Blessed Canisius was for the sixteenth; what Bossuet's *Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique* and *Histoire des Variations du Protestantisme* was for the seventeenth;

what Möhler's "Symbolic" has become for the middle of the eighteenth, that Stolberg's *History of the Religion of Christ* was for the beginning of the nineteenth century. If any love and faith in the divine Redeemer remained in Catholic and Protestant circles of Germany, it was owing to the indefatigable labor and zeal with which Stolberg performed his work. And whenever the names of noble Catholic laymen are mentioned, men, who through their literary labors deserve to be called the inspirers of Catholic life in Germany, the name of Count Stolberg must ever stand among the first.

Exit Casey; Enter "Bud."

BY A. R. OOTER

THERE used to be a Casey on the diamond long ago
 About whose batting prowess all the world has come to know.
 The tossers couldn't trick him; spite of all that they could do,
 He found their in- and out-curves, with their drops and upshoots, too.
 He'd lam the twirling sphere for fair, no odds if swift or slow,
 And everywhere that Casey willed the lammed was sure to go,—
 Yes, Casey was a dandy when our daddies were but sons,
 Yet he never gemmed a single game with

Three

Home

Runs.

Skidoo, then, Mr. Casey, please go way down and sit back;
 Your record has been slaughtered by a local crackerjack.
 And, hark! ye grave directors of the Yankee Hall of Fame,
 Put up another tablet and inscribe thereon the name
 Of Sheehan—"Bud" or Jerry—it doesn't matter which,
 Provided that you place it in the very highest niche.
 His claim to such pre-eminence 'mid other sons of guns?
 Why, say! Let's put you next it. He made

Three

Home

Runs!

It was the clipper Hillsdale Nine that faced the U. N. D.
 The date was April twenty-third, and *they* were 23;
 The locals had two men on bags—there wasn't any score—
 When Jerry swiped the first one and around the bases tore:
 Twice afterwards he gave the ball a San Francisco shock
 That dug a hole in deep left field and made the Grand Stand rock.
 So exit Mr. Casey,—he has had his share of buns;
 And enter "Bud," the slugger of the

Three

Home

Runs.

A Vagabond—A Hero?

ALEXANDER W. MCFARLAND, '06.

Our town was no exception to the average small community. We had all those characters so well known in small villages, and more too; and it's surprising how they contributed to the make-up of the place. In the "fond recollections of my childhood" I have often thought of all those queer people and wished that I could live my experiences with them over again. I remember there was the woman who white-washed her stove, and another who made watch-charms out of horse-hair; besides the town drunkard, the bad boy, the reprobate, the bully and the 'tough crowd,' and very many others, all of whom were objects of more or less interest.

But the character I have in mind was a Frenchman (I say French because his name, Louie Von Retti, would lead one to think him a German, but those who knew him said that he stoutly held that he was a Frenchman). Our town was German, and the presence of a Frenchman was a curiosity to the younger people; he was the only person in the place who could be called a foreigner. I only remember him in connection with experiences of my early youth for I only understood him in his true character when it was too late. I see him now, an unkempt, ragged figure, with long hair and stubby beard. I and the rest of the young people always held him in fear and awe; indeed his dull-red visage clouded with a perpetual scowl was enough to frighten an elder person; one leg was gone, shot away in the Civil War as I afterwards learned. But what interested me most, I believe, was his odd habit of wearing a peacock feather in his hat, and to get a good view of this feature of his make-up was all that ever induced me to get close to him—by close I mean within twenty or thirty yards.

I first saw him while I was playing with a group of boys, and the cry, "Here comes Louie Von Retti!" suddenly startled me. Immediately there was a scattering in all directions, and I, not knowing why, fled too. When the boys had reached a safe

distance they shouted names at the old man and some even threw stones at him. He was a fearful-looking creature at first glance, and when I got home I asked my parents about him, but they only warned me to keep away from him, probably to prevent my teasing him. And so I did, never knowing why and never trying to find out, but always holding the man in fear.

Few were acquainted with Von Retti, and none knew how or where the old man lived. He was a mystery; whence he came or what he was, no one could say. Every day, however, rain or shine, he would inquire at the postoffice for a letter. About once a year he received a letter, and then the old man left the town presumably on a visit of a week or so. No one seemed interested enough to investigate his whereabouts.

The boys of the town always made him the object of cruel amusement, and as I grew older I joined them in teasing and annoying the old fellow as he passed through the streets. But never did we approach near enough for him to crack us with his cane, and often when I was alone I would go far out of my way to avoid passing him at close range. Sometimes, when greatly exasperated, he would chase us as fast as his one limb would permit, and then we would flee in a kind of joyful fright.

As I passed out of my youth I saw less of the old man and gave up annoying him. One day, however, I came upon him in a rather strange way, and I believe I learned more of him than any other living person. I was just sixteen and had gone to a picnic in a grove near the edge of a town. After dinner I wandered aimlessly into the thicker and more distant part of the woods, and as I walked along I suddenly came upon a cave-like hovel which arrested my attention. Filled with a spirit of adventure I approached the entrance. A groan from within scared me half out of my wits.

"Boy!" I heard a voice call, "boy, come here!"

Regaining my courage but ever ready to flee, I looked into the wretched hole.

"Come here, boy, I won't hurt you."

"Who are you?" I asked, for I was unable to see clearly in the dark interior

"I am only a poor old man. I am dying. My name is Von Retti and I want to tell you something."

As my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I saw the old man lying on a miserable pallet of straw. He had a fever, for his face was flushed and his eyes unnaturally glassy.

"Get me a drink of water, boy," he said, pointing to a keg in the corner. I did so and he drank eagerly, but he scarce had strength enough to hold the rusty cup to his lips. "I have been here three days unable to help myself. I guess life is about over for me. I want to tell you something so you can write and tell my brother that I am dead. I'll make my story very short. I am a victim of fate, for I can't believe that my brother acted as he did maliciously. I used to live at Memphis, Tennessee, and when the cholera broke out my brother was taken sick. I was betrothed at the time to a young girl of eighteen whom I loved very much and who loved me in return. She saw my great grief and helplessness because of my brother's plight, and offered to nurse him. Quarantine regulations forced me to leave them, and it was almost a year before I was again with my brother who was now fully recovered. Of course, I immediately went to see my betrothed who had nursed my brother to health. Imagine my grief when she confessed that she had fallen in love with my brother who knew nothing of my affection for the girl and who had returned her love.

The knowledge that the girl was now unattainable by me only increased my passion, but I loved my brother very much, and rather than wound him I decided to say nothing. I left the city a few days later. I wandered about the country doing odd jobs and trying to forget. I managed to exist, but luck was against me. Each year I sank lower in life and my small resources were eaten up. When the Civil War broke out I joined the army, caring little what became of me. In '64 my leg was shot off, and kind friends took me to my brother's home. There I learned that the girl I loved had died some few years before. I then told my brother of the love I had had for the girl who had become his wife. But as it was not his fault that I was forsaken by the girl

I freely forgave him. When I was again able to go about I came North and settled here, but I could not get enough to make a decent living. Each year my brother sends me a little money, and that keeps me awhile and I can go, too, and visit her grave in Memphis; for though she may have been faithless I still love her and now I am going to meet her. I want some one to write to my brother and tell him to join us in heaven. He lives—"

Here he gave me the address of his brother who had moved from Memphis, but in the unusual excitement incident to this experience I forgot the directions, and to this day I have not recalled them. I left the old man and ran to town to get a doctor, but before I returned to him he had died—owing, the doctor said, to exposure and lack of proper care. Strange to say the annual letter from his brother never came after his death, so there was no way of determining the brother's whereabouts.

Extremes.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.

The following letter appeared in a Sunday edition of one of our great American dailies.

"EDITOR WOMAN'S PAGE:—My choice of a husband is explained in the brief outline which follows: He must be tall, very tall; for I am short, very short,—and I believe in extremes. Also a fortune-teller has told me that my husband will be tall and fair, and I am dark. When I meet him I shall know him, and it will simply be another case of Mr. Raffles, for I shall simply corral and lasso him.

"He must be kind and amiable for I am the opposite. He must be of quiet and sober mien, for I am lively and of laughing countenance. He must be slow for I am always on the run. He must be a Republican for I am a Democrat. He must be a gentleman for I am not.

"I believe that most of the troubles of married life are due to the similarity of natures of the people concerned, and that there would be more happiness in the marriage of two persons if they represented the extremes of disposition. I believe in

extremes in all things; I believe that if a man has a good hat he should have good shoes also.

I have spoken.

ELENOR MAY."

The next day the writer of the above received this letter:

"MY DEAREST ELENOR:—At first it may seem somewhat impertinent for me to address you with such a familiar title, since we have never met, but like yourself I believe in extremes. Only in this one respect do I resemble you.

"You say you are short. I am very tall—six feet two and a half inches is my height. The fortune-teller told you right when he said your husband would be very fair for I am very fair. You say the man you will marry must be kind and amiable for you are the opposite. I have always been reproached for being too indulgent. He must also be quiet and of sober mien for you are lively and of laughing countenance. I am of a quiet disposition and my countenance is usually grave, a result of deep thinking in which I delight to indulge. I am a Democrat, but I am slow, and I am sure that I can convince you that I am a gentleman. The frank and easy tone of your letter has captivated me. You now have me lassoed, and it only remains for you to corral me. Feeling assured that I am the man you are waiting for, and knowing full well that you are the only person who can make life happy for me, I await your summons with expectancy. Hoping that we will be soon able to meet in person, I remain,

Your most fervent admirer,

WILLIAM WALLHIDE."

They met and were delighted with each other. They saw no reason why the wedding should be delayed, so an early date was set.

After everything had been decided upon to the satisfaction of both, the bride-to-be looked wistfully up into the eyes of her intended husband and said sweetly: "I suppose, William, you have a fortune to share with me, for you know I am very poor and you must be the other extreme."

The "usually grave" countenance of William grew graver as he walked home that night, and he longed for the lone nickel which would pay his car-fare.

The Fates against Iowa.

Gee! it's great
To think
We fairly walked away
In the debate with Iowa;
But then
Look at our men,
And you'll agree
With me
That we can beat,
Hands down,
Whatever team
May choose
To come to town.
There's our big Clotho
Holding the distaff,
And Gee!
You can't but see
Our little Lochesis
Who turns
The spindle round,
And the third Fate
Great
In debate,
Who with the shears
Divides the slender thread,
And lo!
Poor Iowa
Dead.

T. E. B.

Sappho and Her Home.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Along the coast of Mysia, and slightly north of the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna lies one of the most picturesque islands ever washed by the waters of the blue Ægean; a home of song and of sunshine, which, between the years 700 B. C. and 500 B. C., had produced more personages associated with some marked advance in literature than any other district of Greece.

This island, known to the ancients as Lesbos, and having Mytilene for its chief city, is now called Metilin which name was given to it in the Middle Ages. Its climate is perhaps more delightful than that of any other island of the Ægean; the breezes and the sea temper the heat of summer, while the winter is exceedingly mild and enjoyable. Here upon the mountains the wild grapes vie with the olives, and the wheat is rocked to and fro by the breezes that blow from the sea. Here in this home of light and happiness were born Lesculus

the cyclic poet, Terpander, Arion, Hellanicus, Pittacus, Alceus, and Sappho, the tenth muse, whose fame rivalled that of Homer,—he being the poet, she the poetess.

Of the personal history of Sappho little is known. She was the daughter of Scamandronymus and Cleis, of whom we know nothing save that the epistle of Sappho to Pharon, ascribed to Ovid, says that her parent died when she was six years old. What parent this was is doubtful, but it is supposed that it was her father. The period in which she lived can not be certainly fixed, though she must have lived about the end of the seventh and the beginning of the sixth centuries B. C. We are told that one of her brothers Charoxus who was engaged in the wine trade between Lesbos and Naucratis in Egypt fell in love with a courtesan named Doncha and, surnamed for her beauty Rodopis, whom he freed from slavery and upon whom he squandered his property. Sappho wrote an ode on this in which she satirized and rebuked him severely. Another brother was public cup-bearer at Mytilene a fact for which it was necessary to be εὐγενής (of high descent) so that we may suppose Sappho to have been of good family. But whatever may have been her rank makes little or no difference in estimating her true worth; and Sappho is incomparably the greatest poetess the world has ever known, being styled by different writers "The tenth muse," "The flower of the graces," "A miracle" and "The beautiful." While in other places in Greece the women were subject to strict discipline and were confined wholly to household tasks, in Lesbos they mixed freely in public affairs, and even paid more attention to culture and refinement than the men. Thus when a great poetical literature sprung up, the women were among the foremost writers and scholars of the day and competed for the prizes. It was this spirit that inspired Sappho who, we are told, wrote nine books of poems, though only two fairly complete poems and a few fragments remain.

In Sappho we have a model of the true artist and true poetess. She must have seen in nature all that was delicate and beautiful. What sights must have reached her eyes when she ascended the mountains and looked out over the Ægean; what

fancies must have occurred to her, and how she must have admired "those dark violet billows with their white edges down below, and those graceful fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver and break and spread and shroud themselves and disappear into a soft mist of foam." She must have seen in nature many things which lay hidden from the majority of the people of her day, for we are told she was a great admirer of nature. Still when we read her poems we find her greatest ones are not of outward things, but are the expression of her inward feelings. She weaves in the moonlight her dreams, which are of the finest texture. "With an intensity that makes one almost shrink back from her burning words, she furnishes thoughts as exquisite and graceful as pictures formed by the fancy in the wreathing flames of the evening fire," and as we listen in awe we think we are learning all about her, yet when she finishes we are surprised to find how little she has told us.

It has been a question among scholars whether Sappho was pure enough to be an adornment in any home or base enough to disgrace any society. But why suspect evil in her when we know scarcely anything about her? Why are there so many people always suspecting evil and ever ready to cast their opprobrious stone. Though Sappho has been represented in Attic comedy as an immoral woman, the truth appears to be that she was not a woman utterly given up to vice and distinguished for her immorality among the corrupt people, but that she was as good or even better than the standard of her age. This seems clearly indicated by the epithet ἀγνα (chaste) with which Alceus addressed her. Again when we consider how Socrates was caricatured by Aristophanes, we see no reason for believing anything portrayed by the early comedians. On the other hand, many men have spent much time trying to prove on supposition that Sappho was a model of purity and virtue. Both extremes seem equally as bad. She was an Æolian, and, like the rest of the Æolians, it is reasonable to suppose lived in the luxuries and enjoyments of the day. I see no reason for going further since we have no proof.

Of the two poems of Sappho that remain, the following translation of the first serves to show its nature.

Immortal, bright-throned Aphrodite,
Hail daughter of Jupiter fair;
Oppress not my heart I entreat you
With burdens of sorrow and care.

But hearing my voice, hasten hither,
Give heed though I call from afar,
And leaving the house of your father
Make ready your glittering car.

Then quickly the fluttering sparrows
Their beauteous burden shall bear,
As away o'er the meadows they wander
Their light wings afloat on the air.

How quickly, sweet one, do they bring you
Who smiling with lips divine ask:
"What has happened?" Why do you call me?
Your strong heart desires some task?

Whom do you desire to love you?
Pray tell me! who, Sappho mocks you?
For though he now shuns you, believe me,
To-morrow he'll turn and pursue.

Though now he refuses your presents,
Soon will he give riches in turn;
Though his heart now is cold and unfeeling
To-morrow love's flame bright shall burn.

Then come, noble goddess, and free me
From punishments harsh and severe,
Refuse not my heart's lone desire,
But pity, my queen, and give ear.

Alceus once addressed Sappho in her own epithets, "Violet-wearing, pure, soft-smiling Sappho, I would fain tell thee something but shame restrains me." Sappho's reply amounts to this:

If aught of good, if aught of fair
Thy tongue did wish to speak,
No fear need dash thy glance aside,
No shame need flush thy cheek.

Determined.

THOMAS A. HAMMER, '06.

"No, I don't believe in determinism, and it is impossible for me to understand how any sane man can. It is all bosh. A man has no will of his own; he must follow a strongest motive; you will as soon convince me that black is white." With a triumphant wave of his hand Mr. Ethics dismissed the question as settled. His friend, Mr. Motive, let the subject drop, but from the smile which played about his mouth one could easily see that he wasn't quite finished

with Mr. Ethics yet,—and he wasn't.

Next day, Mr. Ethics was invited to Mr. Motive's for the evening. The candles smoked, and the men, laughing and joking, were just taking another drink when Mr. Ethics was startled, so much so, that he put down his glass untasted.

"What was it?" he asked.

"My sister," replied his friend, "she is quite a vocalist, would you like to meet her?"

Of course, Mr. Ethics consented and the two walked to another part of the house.

Now, Miss Motive was one of those creatures with sunshine in her hair and sunrise in her eyes and sunset on her lips, just such a person as we often hear of in poetry but seldom meet in real life. Well, Mr. Ethics was human, and besides he was young and foolish and he couldn't dodge all that sun; the result was he was struck.

About the time of which we speak Mr. Ethics had been advised by his doctors to take plenty of fresh air and to bask in the sun as much as possible. He took their foolish advice, and went yachting and driving and autoing; and always—sunshine—sunrise—and—sunset went with him.

One evening after they had known each other for some time they went out autoing, and very opportunely the machine got out of order on a rather quiet road, a good distance from home. After about fifteen minutes' labor, Mr. Ethics decided that there was no use trying to repair the machine, so they both sat down to wait for an ice-wagon which they knew would pass on its way to the city, and to which they would be allowed to hitch their crippled auto.

"Don't you think it time we knew each other better?" began Mr. Ethics, after they had been seated for some time. "Let me call you something, anything but Miss Motive."

"O very well, call me S," replied the maid sun-burning.

"Ah, S," whispered the man, "sunshine, sunset, sunrise—all three in one."

"No," said the maid meekly—"Strongest." Then after a pause she continued: "Don't you think you had better become a determinist? You can not follow your Strongest Motive any more if you do not."

The ice-wagon came along just then, and Mr. Ethics is now determined in almost everything he does, by his Strongest Motive.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—On Friday evening, April 27, Notre Dame defeated Iowa University, in one of the most interesting contests ever witnessed in Washington Hall. Both teams were heart and soul into the work, and delivered their speeches with an earnestness and vim that held the attention of the audience to the very end. A detailed account of the debate will appear in the May 5th issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—“Exit Casey: Enter ‘Bud,’” which is printed on another page of this paper, is an admirable example of what real Varsity Verse ought to be. Teeming with college spirit and full of local coloring, it is interesting and amusing to all. But this is the result of earnest effort, and if we want to fill our Varsity Verse column with this kind of work it requires perspiration as well as inspiration.

—The juvenile readers who last year mourned the death of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge have suffered another great loss in Mrs. Adeline Dutton Train Whitney. Mrs. Whitney, who lived to the great age of eighty-five years, wrote her last book at the age of eighty. She is well known to every

reader of juvenile stories and her books have always had that healthy freshness about them that puts spirit and manliness into the young heart. “Mrs. Whitney devoted herself,” says the Rochester *Post Express* quoted in the *Literary Digest*, “to much the same field as Miss Alcott and made an almost equal reputation. The happy, guileless world of children was her field, but, unlike Miss Alcott, her personality did not permeate her books. She was aloof from her characters. Miss Alcott was a child herself in her simplicity and camaraderie. . . . Mrs. Whitney was a distinguished exponent of a school of juvenile fiction that can never become extinct.”

—The spontaneous and almost instantaneous answer to San Francisco's cry of distress brings home to the world another of America's great traits. Nowhere else in all this world would an appeal call forth such a generous response. Money-worshippers we have long been stigmatized, but show us the cause worthy of assistance, show us a people in distress, and Americans will show the world how much they love their money. It was this spirit that guided our fathers in the past, that from present indications guides our country now, and that every true American hopes will always be the guiding star of our country.

—Apropos of rooting, last Thursday's game showed two things: first, that we can root and, second, that we don't know when to root. There was plenty of rooting, we are glad to admit, and, on the whole, it was well-timed and counted mightily. By saying that we don't know when to root we refer to that agonizing eighth inning when bleachers and Grand Stand, together with their energetic leaders, held their breath and shuddered as though they were looking for an earthquake. That isn't the rooting spirit at all. Then, if ever, was the time to encourage the team. But the men behind the horns—this is not knocking the band, for they delivered what they had—and the men behind the megaphones got a paralyzing case of cold feet in a vocal way. The issue of the game was almost a just judgment on the rooters.

College-Bred Students in Public Life.

In recent magazine articles the subject of college-bred men, their increasing numbers, and their participation in public affairs, brings home to us again the ever-prominent conviction that the status of the new century demands a higher finished product of education in every pursuit of industry and profession.

The fact that the stage is fast becoming the meeting-ground of college graduates, where lines are read with good voice and pleasing gesture by men with imaginative and classical minds trained in collegiate branches, is a good omen for the histrionic art. Interpretation and action must, therefore, be higher, purer and nobler; its patrons also proportionately perfected in taste and desire.

Another sign of improvement in public life is the new turn in politics among college students. This has been recently emphasized by the organization of the Intercollegiate League of Civil Clubs. Hitherto political clubs in the colleges generally exhibited their usefulness in torchlight processions; but the new organization has for its purpose a deeper study of municipal government, encouragement of participation in civic affairs and a more thorough study of sociology and kindred subjects, which has already prepared so many students for practical work in municipal circles. The last Jerome campaign in New York, as an instance, owes much to the services of college-made men.

That college life is steadily merging into the life of the American world is no longer a doubt. Unlike fifty years ago, the majority of young men to-day have the opportunity of a college education open to them. It is not unreasonable to hope, therefore, that within a very few years the college-bred man will be found in every position of social, civic and industrial life. That such an organization as the Intercollegiate League, if conscientiously and morally backed, will be a great help in solving political problems is a certainty. We may well look for a service to municipal democracy in America similar to that rendered by college students to the English Parliament.

Athletic Notes.

Waldorf gave the South Bend fans another chance to go home grumbling on Friday. In a close game "Bumper" trimmed the Greens 2 to 1, and his victory gave Notre Dame the series. This is the first practise series we have won in several years, and already the rooters can see the Indiana Championship coming to Notre Dame.

Waldorf got in some bad holes especially in the third inning. The first three men up hit for two singles and a two bagger, but he rose to the occasion and retired the side without one run.

Alderman, the ex-Notre Dame pitcher, pitched against his old team-mates and proved to be the hardest thing they have been up against this year. Murray's hitting was the feature.

SUMMARY.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Francis, 3b.	1	1	2	1	2
Conners, 1b.	0	2	6	0	1
Richardson, c.	0	3	8	0	0
Trouteman, r. f.	0	1	4	1	0
Kuehn, ss.	0	0	0	0	0
Grant, 2b.	0	1	1	3	1
Alderman, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	2	0
<hr/>					
Totals	1	8	24	7	4
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, 2b.	1	0	0	2	0
Shea, ss.	0	1	3	4	1
McCarthy, r. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Murray, c.	0	3	7	0	0
Farabaugh, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Stopper, 1b.	0	1	11	0	0
Brogan, 3b	0	0	3	4	1
Sheehan, c. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	2	0
<hr/>					
Totals	2	5	27	12	3

Two base hits—Murray, 2; Richardson. Struck out—By Alderman, 8; by Waldorf, 7. Bases on balls—Off Alderman, 1; off Waldorf, 2. Passed balls, Richardson. Hit by pitcher—Farabaugh and Francis. Umpire, O'Shaughnessy.

* *

NOTRE DAME, 18; KALAMAZOO, 0.

Perce started Notre Dame after the State Championship last Saturday by defeating Kalamazoo College by the score of 18 to 0. He gave them one lonely hit and struck out fifteen men. In the eighth inning G. Kinnerley sent a slow one down to Shea who fielded the ball clean, but was in a hard position to throw, and before he could recover the runner reached first. Perce

allowed but three men one inning to force him, except in the fifth and the seventh. In the fifth he hit one man and gave another base on balls.

The game as a whole was hardly a good practise game as the visitors were out-classed in every department of the game. Farabaugh got the first home run of the season out of what should have been a single or a two bagger at the most.

SUMMARY.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, 2b.	2	0	0	2	0
Farabaugh, 1. f.	2	2	2	0	0
McCarthy, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Murray, c.	3	2	15	2	0
Stopper, 1b.	4	2	7	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, c. f.	2	2	1	0	0
Shea, ss.	3	1	1	1	2
Perce, p.	1	0	0	3	1
Totals	18	9	27	8	3
Kalamazoo	R	H	P	A	E
G. Kinnerley, p., r. f., 1. f.	0	1	1	4	2
Vanneter, c.	0	0	7	2	2
Smith, p., 1. f., r. f.	0	0	0	0	2
M. Kinnerley, 1b.	0	0	10	2	1
Clark, p. 1. f.	0	0	1	2	1
Post, 3b.	0	0	2	0	1
Osborne, 2b.	0	0	0	1	0
Cooley, 2b.	0	0	2	2	0
Kinney, ss.	0	0	0	0	3
Johnson, cf.	0	0	1	0	2
Totals	0	1	24	13	14

Home run—Farabaugh. Three base hit—Murray. Struck out—By Perce, 15; by Clark, 3; by Smith, 1; by Kinnerley, 3. Bases on balls—Off Perce, 1; off Clark, 7; off Smith, 3; off Kinnerley, 5. Passed balls—Vanneter. Hit by pitcher—Bonan (2); Murray, Brogan, Post, Umpire, Alderman.

* *

NOTRE DAME, 17; HILLSDALE, 0.

"Young" O'Gorman pitched the second game and tried to duplicate Perce's trick against Kalamazoo. O'Gorman gave Hillsdale one hit and issued one two free rides, hitting one man and giving one base on balls. The "Old Man" had everything, and kept the visitors at his mercy in every inning. Two men reached first and one got around to third, being made a present of second and third by Sheehan and Farabaugh, each contributing an error. "Jerry" Sheehan got a home run the first time up to bat, and to prove that it was no mistake he got two more. The last time he rounded third base that all-day smile of his broke out, and

it is there yet. Murray hit one far enough to enable him to travel around the bases twice, but his exercise gait took him to third base and he rested until some one brought him in. Nine runs were scored in the third inning, the team batting clear around, thirteen men in all facing Walroth before the third man out.

SUMMARY.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, 2b.	3	0	3	4	2
Farabaugh, 1. f.	3	2	1	0	1
McCarthy, r. f.	1	1	1	0	1
Murray, c.	3	2	5	0	0
Stopper, 1b.	2	3	16	0	1
Brogan, 3b.	0	0	1	3	0
Sheehan, c. f.	4	3	0	0	0
Shea, ss.	1	0	0	4	1
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	0	6	0
Totals	17	11	27	17	7
Hillsdale	R	H	P	A	E
Meyers, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Walroth, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Hogan, ss.	0	0	0	4	0
Sheppard, 1b.	0	0	13	0	2
Rowe, 2b.	0	0	1	1	3
Bissland, 3b.	0	1	0	1	1
Alger, c.	0	0	8	0	0
Knapp, rf.	0	0	1	0	1
Reynolds, lf.	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	0	1	24	10	8

Home runs, Sheehan, 3. Three base hits, Murray and Stopper. Double plays, Shea, Bonan, Stopper. Struck out, by O'Gorman, 5; by Walroth, 7. Bases on balls, off O'Gorman, 1; Walroth, 1. Hit by pitcher, Sheehan, Sheppard. Umpire, Alderman.

* *

ILLINOIS, 12; NOTRE DAME, 9.

We all are wondering how it happened. All that we can distinctly remember is that up to the beginning of the eighth, the score stood 6 to 2, and it looked that for once Illinois were going to get theirs, and about all that remained to be done was trying the cover on the bag and walking away with the game. When Perce went out at the beginning of the fatal eighth, everyone allowed him six more men to toss to, and then we were going to the Gym and tell just what kind our "Willie" Perce was when it came to pitching baseball. And to get back to the beginning, during the first seven innings Perce had everything, and was pitching the game of his life. One clear hit was made off him in seven innings, Pope beating out another one to short which

was pretty lucky. Two hits in seven innings and everything going his way when the fireworks started.

What happened to the same "Mr. William," our big promising pitcher who held South Bend Central League to two hits and who gave Kalamazoo one hit and struck out fifteen men in the eighth, was "things" we all remember. We had enough bad luck in that one inning to last the whole team a full season and save a few unlucky days out of 1907.

In all, fourteen men batted in the eighth and twelve men walked into and around that same Mr. William. After the visitors had scored ten runs, "Young" O'Gorman went in and stopped them. Without even warming up, O'Gorman went in and pitched good ball for the inning and a half he played. He stopped the terrible onslaught and allowed but three men to face him in the last time around.

Our "Long captain" McNerny played for the first time this year, and put up a great game with his bum mit. His hit in the fourth inning was as good as four any other time. Two men on bases and he met it on the nose for two scores.

The eighth started with an error, Brooks reaching first on McNerny's error. Demmit hit, then Dickie flew out to Sheehan, and as yet everything was quiet along Cartier Field. But Mr. Carrethers got a bingle, Pope got another. Snyder drew a free ride. Byers got a hit, and the slaughter was on. Juul hit, Brooks hit, Demmit came up again and landed on one for three bases. Everybody hit and everybody scored. Carrethers hit a hard drive to Brogan, and it looked as if he would stop them, but he dropped the ball. Then Bonan contributed by dropping a fly, and McNerny finally threw Pope out at first. In that one inning Illinois got seven hits, one base on balls, three stolen bases, and we helped with three errors.

Concluding the obituary let it be remarked on the way passed, Notre Dame has some baseball team, and Willie Perce is the same pitcher, and we will show them yet. We have hitters, as proved by our 13 bingles to Illinois' nine, and the Indiana Championship is coming to Notre Dame, and that is a good hit any time.

It's a great game, baseball. And some one

always loses; this time it was Notre Dame; the next time it will be somebody else. So keep on rooting, and we will go home and tell about "our team," and "our same big Willie Perce."

SUMMARY.

Illinois	R	H	P	A	E
Vondergrift, 3b	0	0	2	1	1
Brooks, 2b	2	1	0	2	0
Demmit, c. f.	2	2	2	0	0
Dicks, ss.	1	0	2	3	0
Carrethers, 1f.	2	1	0	0	1
Pope, r. f.	2	3	1	0	0
Snyder, 1b.	1	0	10	0	1
Beyers, c.	1	1	9	1	1
Juul, p.	1	1	1	4	0
Totals	12	9	27	11	4
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, l. f.	2	3	1	0	1
McNerny, 2b.	2	2	0	6	1
Farabaugh, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Murray, c.	1	2	3	0	1
Stopper, 1b.	0	0	19	0	2
Brogan, 3b	1	1	0	3	1
Sheehan, c. f.	2	4	2	0	0
Shea, ss.	0	0	0	4	0
Perce, p.	0	0	0	1	0
O'Gorman, p.	1	0	0	1	0
McCarthy*	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	9	13	27	15	6

Two base hit—Murray. Three base hits—Pope, Demmit. Home runs—Murray. Wild pitches—Perce, Juul. Umpire—Clark. Struck out—By Juul, 9; by Perce, 3. Bases on balls—Off Juul, 3; off Perce, 3.

* Batted for Brogan in the 9th.

**

Following is Notre Dame's baseball schedule:

- April 21—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame
- " 23—Hillsdale " "
- " 26—Illinois " "
- " 28—DePauw " "

- May 1—Northwestern at Watertown.
- May 2—Beloit at Beloit.

- " 3-4 Minnesota at Minneapolis.
- " 7 Rose Polytechnic at Notre Dame.
- " 10 Purdue at Notre Dame.
- " 11 Nebraska at Notre Dame.
- " 12 Beloit at Notre Dame.
- " 14 Indiana at Bloomington.
- " 15 DePauw at DePauw.
- " 16 Wabash at Crawfordsville.
- " 17 Purdue at Purdue.
- " 18 Illinois at Champion.
- " 21 Albion at Notre Dame.
- " 23 Nebraska at Notre Dame.
- " 25 Indiana at Notre Dame.
- " 26 Wabash at Notre Dame.
- " 30 Minnesota at Notre Dame.
- " 31 Minnesota at Notre Dame.

- June 4—St. Viateurs at Notre Dame.
- " 6-7 Ohio Wesleyan at Notre Dame.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Last Saturday in Moot Court the case of George Henderson, administrator of the estate of Thomas Swift deceased v. Augustine Swift was brought up for trial. The counsel consisted of C. C. Golden and F. J. Pryor, F. J. Hanzel and A. B. Oberst. Judge Hoynes presided.

Statement of Facts.

Augustine Swift had a fond and indulgent father who was the owner of a large mercantile house in South Bend. In 1892, when Augustine was in his 15th year, the old gentleman sent him to a famous school in the East, directing him to study the classics until graduation and then to take up the law.

The aspiring youth soon found that on the road to popularity at the institution he was attending the pace was very rapid. But this did not disconcert him. He said to his schoolmates "You can't pass me. My name is Swift!"

Soon he became conspicuous in the social functions of the town, in college games and fraternal societies, in balls and theatrical entertainments, in sports and cards, in regattas and horse-racing, and the like. His expenses proved a heavy drain on the old gentleman's bank account, ranging as they did from \$2500 to \$5000 yearly.

Four years passed—the allotted time for graduation—and although the young man had ponies and coaches in goodly number, yet it was evident even to himself that he would fail in the final examination. To spare his father, mother and relatives that humiliation he became conveniently sick and returned home.

A month afterward he entered upon the study of the law, but soon found this to be far more difficult than the studies he had been pursuing.

Lacking in steadiness of application and the purpose and enthusiasm of scholarship, he soon turned his back upon the law. He stated frankly to his father that he did not consider himself adapted for the profession and preferred something within the scope of his talents. Continuing, he said: "I see the need of reformation in my habits. I have seen enough of life, I can say freely,

to know that frugality and hard work are the indispensable bases of true success, and I turn from the past with feelings of disappointment, mortification and regret. I am ready now to move to and live on the farm in Clay Township that you presented to me on my 21st birthday. I am, however, in debt. I owe about \$900 to different persons. In saying good-bye to my former associates in spendthrift habits I must, as a man of honor, pay and settle with them. But possibly \$300 of the amount is due to merchants and hotel-keepers who credited me with things I needed. If you will be good enough to loan me for a year the \$900 necessary to pay my debts, I shall have a much lighter heart in facing the new duties that now confront me."

The old gentleman responded: "Augustine, I am delighted to hear you speak in this way. The sentiments you have expressed do credit to your head and heart. I am becoming old and feeble. For the last three or four years my business has been falling off and my income is certainly a third less than when you went to college in the East. Yet I will loan you the \$900 you ask."

He gave his check for the amount and took the promissory note offered by Augustine. He supposed evidently that his possession of it would tend to make the young man more frugal and industrious and serve as a protection against further importunity for money.

Augustine did not prosper on the farm, and the old gentleman had to give him \$700 additional before the year passed.

In a tone of sadness the father expressed his disappointment, and Augustine said: "Father, you remember that you have a note of mine for \$900. If that were out of the way and I had clear sailing I would have twice the courage and energy I now possess. I am sure that I would be self-sustaining then and soon able to help you. If you agree to cancel that, I agree never again to ask you for a cent and to place myself as soon as possible in a position to help you substantially."

"All right," said the father. "That suits me. Depending upon you to adhere to that

promise, I agree to cancel the note. In view of this agreement, surely, you will not again ask me for money." And the young man faithfully fulfilled his agreement.

The father died, however, on the 3d of January, 1905. The administrator of his estate found among his papers the note for \$900. It had not been canceled. Augustine declined to pay it and he now brings suit for the amount.

Opinion.

This case is based upon that of *White v. Bluett*, 23 L. J. (Exch.) 36. Although the facts are somewhat different in general outline, yet they come within the same principle and lead to the same conclusion. In that case a son had been in the habit of importuning his father for money, claiming that relatively more had been given to other members of the family than to himself. His complaints and demands had become annoying, and when one day he said to the old gentleman, "If you will not ask me to pay that note of mine I agree not to ask you for any more money," the latter promptly answered, "Very well, I agree to that. Do so, and you need have no fear of the note!" The father died soon afterward. He had failed to destroy the note, and the executors found it among his papers. The son refused to pay it, and the executors sued. The stated agreement was set up as a defence. In regard to this defence Baron Parke said: "Is an agreement by a father in consideration that his son will not bore him to be considered a contract? Fudge!" Chief Baron Pollock and the other judges took the same view, deciding that the executors had a right to recover on the note. And so in this case. The absence of a legal consideration for the promise made by the father prevented the formation of a binding contract, and the plaintiff is entitled to recover.

* * *

In pursuance of Dean Hoynes' suggestion the students of the Law Department recently adopted a system of self-government for the purpose of maintaining good order in the lecture room and library. A committee of five is chosen from week to week to enforce these rules. Those selected for the coming week are Messrs. Bracken, Brogan, Brown, Cunningham and Davis.

Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, God in His infinite goodness and wisdom has seen fit to call to Himself the sister of our hall-mate and friend, John B. Moran; and

Whereas we heartily sympathize with him in the great loss he has sustained, therefore, be it

Resolved that we, the undersigned, in behalf of his companions and friends in Corby Hall, tender him our sincerest sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

S. O'Gorman

T. H. Nabers

J. G. Brogan

J. C. Quinn.

Personals.

—Mr. Jeremiah Clifford, student '96-'98, is on the staff of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

—Mr. Joseph E. Corby (Law '98) is now a member of the law firm of Eastin, Corby and Eastin, St. Joseph, Mo.

—WINAMAC, IND.—Henry A. Sties, an attorney of this city, is a candidate for the democratic nomination of appellate judge for Northern Indiana. He is a graduate of Notre Dame University.—The *South Bend Tribune* (April 24).

—Mr. W. Shea (Litt. B., '02) has been appointed intern in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. The appointment is a much-coveted one for the exceptional clinical advantages it offers. Mr. Shea stood first on the long list of young physicians who underwent examination for the appointment.

—In a letter just received from an alumnus living in Chicago, Dr. Douglas Hyde is quoted as having said after his return from the Pacific slope: "Notre Dame is the ideal university of America." Dr. Hyde was disappointed because time did not permit another visit to our *Alma Mater*.

—George Lowrey of Lincoln, Nebraska, a Minim of '76-'78, paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater* last Tuesday. Mr. Lowrey is in an extensive grain business. It was a great pleasure for him to see old friends and to revisit the scenes of what he called the happiest days of his life. Before leaving he made an address to the Minims. He dwelt especially on the immense growth of the University, on the evidences of progress and prosperity on all sides, and advised the young gentlemen of St. Edward's Hall to make good use of the golden days they spend at Notre Dame. His earnest words were received with applause.

Local Items.

—What a swell room.

—Look out for the air ship!

—I say he didn't—don't contradict me.

—If Sheehan be now but in the "Bud," what will he be when he blooms?

—That rooting was all right, all right. Let's have some more of it this afternoon.

—Doors are being placed in the archway that leads to the bath-rooms in the basement of Sorin Hall.

—The gophers have come out. It is amusing to watch the little boys in front of Corby Hall catching them for pets.

—The birds are building nests around the dome these days. Have you laid claim to a place on the subscription list of the "Dome?"

—It is probable that the Lætare Medal will be formally conferred on Dr. Quinlan immediately after Commencement. The function will be under the auspices of the Catholic Club of New York City.

—The orators for the Collegiate Commencement Exercises on the evening of June 13 are: Messrs. Eugene P. Burke, Thomas A. Lally and Cornelius J. Hagerty. The valedictory will be delivered by Mr. Alexander McFarland, and Mr. Charles L. O'Donnell will read the class poem.

—Inter-Hall League Standing:—

	Won	Lost	Average
Holy Cross Hall	2	0	1000
Brownson Hall	1	0	1000
Corby Hall	0	1	000
St. Joseph's Hall	0	2	000
Sorin	0	0	000

—Shea is at work on a new musical extravaganza for Bosc, "the Kentucky Nightingale." The central figure in the drama is a black cat, and in the execution of the plot many hair-raising effects are promised. Work is being rushed on the scenery and costumes, as Bosc is to perform on the road.

—It has been formally announced that, beginning with this year, the Law School of the University will have its own Commencement, with its own Bachelors' orations and its own Commencement address. The Exercises will be held on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 13. The orators have not yet been selected.

—A letter from Texas brought the pleasing intelligence that the Rev. Dr. Trahey, who was compelled by ill-health to remove to the big State, is rapidly growing stronger. In spite of the disagreeable weather prevalent there lately, Dr. Trahey has already gained in weight. His presence has been greatly missed at the University.

—Among those who have promised to be present at the unveiling of the Sorin Monument and the final interment of the ashes of Father Badin, is the venerable Bishop McClosky of Louisville, Ky. Father Badin held the powers of Vicar-General in the diocese of Louisville as well as in those of New York and Chicago. Bishop McClosky is perhaps the oldest member of the hierarchy in America and was at one time President of the American Catholic College in Rome.

—On Sunday, April 22, Holy Cross Hall defeated St. Joseph's Hall on the Seminary campus, in the first inter-hall game of the season, establishing a ratio of 16 to 1. Team-work was the feature which especially marked the home nine, while the lack of it was costly to the men from St. Joseph's Hall. Quinlan pitched a good game, allowing only three hits, while Baer and Callicrate were hit freely. Messrs. Hagerty and Quinlan made the opposing fielders work hard to prevent their long drives from rolling into the lake.

—Among the Notre Dame people whom the San Francisco disaster rendered especially anxious, was the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., of the *Ave Maria*, whose two sisters were residents of the devastated city. Father O'Neill was unable to secure any news by telegraph, and was growing particularly worried when on Wednesday he received a letter from his sisters, assuring him of their safety. The letter was written on Friday, the 20th, and it speaks well for the P. O. department of the stricken city that it bears the San Francisco postmark of the 21st.

—The Holy Cross baseball team stilled the spirits of the Corbyites on last Thursday morning, when with two men on base in the last inning and the score four up Mr. Hagerty drove a hit to deep left field which shut off the sunshine from the Corbyites. The game was an exciting one from start to finish; twice both teams had two men on base and only one out; twice Quinlan and Monahan were invincible. But the inning came for Holy Cross and with it the batter. Monahan threw a pretty one over the plate which Hagerty met, and the ball started for Corby Hall, it was picked up by a fielder before it reached Corby, but Cunningham had crossed the plate and the game was over. Both teams played fine ball, neither side had won or lost until the last ball was pitched. Cunningham played a star first base for Holy Cross and Quinlan's pitching was superb. Monahan pitched well for Corby, while the Mc's and O's held first and second down in fine shape.

Two base hits—James and Joseph Quinlan, McCoy. Umpires—McNerny and Perce.