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## A Stricken Soldier.

(In Memory of Rev. Thomas Lennox, C. S. C., who died  
last Sunday, aged twenty-eight years.)

ANOTHER watchman from the wall-top gone!  
Gone ere dawn's vermeil streaks had lit the day  
Of long-awaited hope when he would play  
The soldier's part, and bear aloft and on  
The blood-drenched Sign his Lord had died upon.  
At daybreak felled, his life slow ebb'd away  
Within the camp, though plighted for the fray—  
To lead the van till faint eve's embers shone.

With hands upraised as God's great chief of old,  
While brethren fought each hourly issue through,  
Intent he watched and prayed. Within his breast  
What martial spirit heaved! Our eyes behold  
The deed once done, God's see the will to do—  
His fight well fought, be his the victor's rest.

TIMOTHY CROWLEY, C. S. C.

## Some Words about Macaulay.

PAUL J. FOIK, '07.



WHO has read at least a few pages of Macaulay's "History of England," and has not been impressed by the brilliant tide of expression that characterizes it throughout? Great minds indeed have stepped into the realm of history and have made us live from the past into the present. They have prepared an elixir in which interest, unity of thought and ease of expression are made compatible with authentic and unbiased statement of facts. Just as the druggist at his prescription desk compounds an emulsion and makes the oils dissolve and mix with the aqueous fluids, that the whole may become a tasteful, nourishing substance and an excellent tonic,

so in like manner have there been literary compounders,—a Hallam, a Lingard, or a Green—who have selected the somewhat bare and disconnected facts of history, blended and relished them in a pleasing way with their own personality, that these same facts might become very palatable and easily digested. These historians have not exaggerated, but have rather endeavored to make history what it should be. Like gold purified by fire, they have come forth from the furnace of criticism with a more brilliant lustre. They are historians of the real stamp.

We can not place Macaulay in this category. He, as a historian, is eclipsed by all of these, for he displays in his writings a partisanship that is dangerous to the uninstructed reader. He describes the merits and achievements of his friends in glowing colors. They are the gods at whose shrine he worships; but his enemies he strikes down with the strength and energy of a Titan, or if he does not destroy them he makes them appear as the great Sphinx of the Egyptian desert,—a sort of tyrant to the world around. He expresses himself sometimes with such keen sarcasm and absolute certainty that he challenges any one to stand up and gainsay him. His daring boldness once led Lord Melbourne to exclaim: "I wish I were as cock-sure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything."

What then is it that makes Macaulay's history live? It is not because he has unbiased statements, for he is overpowered by passion and prejudice. He had a brilliant imagination; and here is where he stands like the huge colossus of Apollo, high above his contemporaries. But in giving full play to his imagination he sacrifices his historical reputation, and becomes Macaulay the stylist.

In his descriptions fancy carries him into wonderlands of thought and beauty, and there as a painter, with palette and brush, he executes with true masterly skill a picture so seemingly genuine that we think ourselves at his side, imbibing all its grandeur and reality. To have made fanciful imagination compatible with the dry facts of history was certainly what made Macaulay's work live until this day. It must have been the charm of his elegant narration which produced agreeableness in a subject naturally so delicate to handle, which no empty eloquence could elevate to so sublime a dignity. The author had not the poet's idea of the sublime and beautiful. The poet associates us with what is already grand, but Macaulay's grandeur was a creation of his inner-consciousness, a sort of intellectual treat for his readers.

We might suppose, and rightly too, that a pleasing style would be devoted to what is especially attractive in itself. To give a glow of life to the somewhat dull facts of history was indeed a worthy undertaking; but Macaulay did infinitely more. He made his subject beautiful, grand and sublime. An intuition led him frequently to exaggerate in order that he might give greater nobility to his thought. He had a splendor of diction which was as copious as it was rich and had none of the eccentricities of his contemporaries, De Quincey and Carlyle. If we wish to sip some of the sweetness of his honied style, let us take, for instance, his well-known historical essay, the "Trial of Warren Hastings." How vividly in this pictorial sketch does not the author describe every detail to make his narrative all the more fascinating. The scene of the trial becomes so realistic that we imagine we are there with the grenadiers, the cavalry, the peers, and the judges lined up in their robes of state. How we are filled with awe as Burke, Fox, and Sheridan are presented to us. They rise up from their tombs and live their lives over again. Our excitement overflows into emotion at the effect of their grand and thundering eloquence.

Macaulay, in his history, seems to make much of the conflicts of opposing parties. For pages he sustains this struggle, and keeps us in a perpetual state of suspense. He first produces proofs for one side, and

then even more convincing ones for the other side. He seemed enamored of contrast, and pours a very deluge of it upon his reader. He is not content to balance paragraph against paragraph, but indulges in even the minuter contrasts of words and phrases. These constant flashes of antithesis, as frequent as the lightning on a summer's night, are to some degree useful and necessary in keeping our attention and interest. But here again he betrays an artificiality, for when he contrasts most skilfully, then also he exaggerates most. The discriminating reader as he follows the pages of our author will not be filled with distrust, for he does not read Macaulay to acquire historical information. He reads him to study the effectiveness of his presentations of historical events and personages, to admire the panoramas of facts and fancies, but above all he reads him to learn something of that dexterity in writing the English language, which alone has given immortality to Lord Macaulay.

#### Ballade of Long Ago.

THE recrudescence of the Spring  
Enchains our hearts beneath its sway,  
As drifting thoughts rich treasures bring  
To lead us captive far away.  
But while our wanton fancies stray  
Midst fields where perfumed blossoms grow  
We idly think of while we may  
The golden days of long ago.

#### II.

We long to linger while we string  
The dying pearls of memories gray  
Upon a chain whose linklets ring  
With whispers of a joy's decay,  
And faintly die e'en as we stay  
To catch the echoes faint and low,  
Survivals of our mirthful play  
In golden days of long ago.

#### III.

As rolling clouds their banners fling  
Before the sun's first flashing ray  
So recollections oft upwing,  
As morn at sea, when breaks the day;  
And as the raging surf's array  
Declines, while ebbing breakers flow,  
We contemplate without dismay  
The golden days of long ago.

#### ENVOI.

Tho' present joys to us may cling  
And Life its bounties sweet bestow,  
Yet naught our heart of hearts may wring,  
E'en as the days of long ago. H. L.

## The Gift of Gifts.

TIME is a dower, both priceless and rare,  
To each mite of which no gift can compare.

To rich man or needy, to humble or proud,  
There ne'er have two moments at once been allowed.

Look not to the future, 'tis yet but a dream,  
And may not be truly what now it may seem.

Look not to the past, it is known but in thought,  
The return of no moment of which can be wrought.

But look to the present and hold to it fast;  
Let no unused instant slip into the past.

For each jewelled moment in time's golden chain,  
Whate'er way we leave it must ever remain.

G. J. F.

## The Original Plot.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

"Say, Johnson, take that foolish smile off your face, will you? or else tell us what it's all about. I don't see how on earth you can afford to smile to-day of all days of the year when that monthly theme is due in English, and Prof. Mathews not likely to die of heart disease before class time."

"Five thousand words—original plot—and be dramatic," was the woeful summary from another member of the crowd.

But Johnson's face still continued all smiles and serenity.

"Ye gods!" chimed in a third speaker, "I haven't been able to look cheerful for the past week, let alone smile. I've filled two tablets full of rot and haven't got anything yet that resembles a passable story; and Mathews is so strict that nothing passes but what is perfect. I'd like to see Poe, or even old Shakespeare, try to write for him. Did you say, Johnson, that you got your story?"

"Sure! Don't I always get my monthly theme?"

"No, you 'don't always.' Last month you worked the infirmary dodge; and the month before you handed in one of Carey's old stories that he wrote several years ago; he told me so himself."

For a moment Johnson's face saddened

with a look of injured dignity. Then the broad smile came back as happy and as tantalizing as before. He bared his head to the rushing breeze, threw out his chest and filled his lungs with the exhilarating air. He was walking along a little in advance of his companions with a brisk swinging step that betokened high spirits and utter freedom from care.

"Isn't it a glorious morning, boys? How bright the sun dances on the lake, and listen to the birds sing. This spring breeze is full of poetry."

"Well, say! we're talking short-story and not poetry. Didn't you come around last night looking as glum and sour as I feel this morning and tell me you hadn't written a line? And I guess nothing short of a genius could concoct a plot and write it out since then."

"Correct, Burns, old boy. Your remarks would do credit to Aristotle. I *did* make that statement last night, and I *do* believe that a man who would satisfy Mathews' requirements in the course of one evening *would* be a genius in a small way."

"And you got your theme last night?"

"Sure! as I remarked to Dickson a while ago. You are determined to force me into the unpleasant position of showing up as a genius, but then, unpleasant positions is all one gets from one's friends nowadays."

"How did you do it, Yonnie?"

"By burning the midnight oil."

"O bosh! Your light was out at ten."

"Well, my sceptical friends, if you know more about this matter than I do, why do you ask me?" And for the next three minutes of their walk back to the hall they could get nothing out of Johnson except his smile and optimistic remarks upon the weather. Their curiosity could not bear the strain, so they stopped short and keeping time to Burns' gesticulations chorused solemnly—

"We — believe — in — Yonnie — Yonson," according to college prescription.

"Now, Johnson," said the leader, "there's a wholesale apology for you. Now tell us your formula for solving the short-story problem."

Johnson rolled a cigarette leisurely, lighted it, and took two or three puffs before his explanation was forthcoming.

"You remember," he said at last, "what Prof. Hughes told us last year in psychology about subconscious activity? How you could set your brain at night like an alarm clock and depend on it for results? Well that sounded great, didn't it? Everybody I noticed went in for subconscious activity. 'It works while you sleep,' they said, 'and you can get your classes in the nighttime and go fishing all day.' But somehow or other the idea didn't seem to materialize. Nobody went fishing except on Thursdays. Subconscious activity was a valuable cipher with the key lost. But I didn't give up the idea altogether, for somehow I felt sure that it would amount to something, and now I believe that I am in a fair way to make it pan out. Last night I went to bed at ten o'clock—as Burns there said awhile ago—with a terrible headache from worrying over that story. Well, say! what do you think! I *dreamed* the greatest story with dramatic incident, unique plot, characters and details all perfect; why it was just like reading one of Poe's tales. I woke up and spent pretty near half the night writing it out. If Mathews thought he'd flunk me in English this term he has another guess a-coming."

The ejaculations that followed were full of wonder and excitement:

"What! *Dreamed* a story! Well, talk about luck!"

"Say! what's your brand, Johnson?"

"Let us down easy, old man. But, say, was your story really a good one?"

"Yes, it's a bird; it's something along the line of Poe's stories. I think I'll enter it in Collier's contest as soon as I get it back from Mathews."

"Well, say, what was it like, anyhow?"

"Well, it was about—about—let me see. It was like one of Poe's stories anyway. Oh yes! here it is, I guess: a barbaric king has a beautiful daughter who falls in love with a young officer of her father's court who is below her in station. The old king finds out their love affair and resolves to let the gods decide the fate of the young man. So he assembles the people, and puts the young officer in the arena facing two doors; behind one door is a beautiful lady, and behind the other a ferocious tiger. He *must* open one door and receive either a lady,

wealth, and rank, or a terrible death. The princess whom he loves is in the audience, and she has found out which door hides the lady and which the tiger. When her lover approaches the doors, she motions him to one of them. Which comes out—the lady or the tiger? Isn't that a cracker-jack?"

Surprise, wonder and amazement showed on the faces of the crowd—Johnson thought it was admiration. "Whew!" was the whistled ejaculation from Burns when he recovered. Dickson saw the funny side and sat down to laugh. The others did various things to show how much the story moved them, but somehow the emotion seemed not so complimentary as Johnson expected.

"Say, I didn't mean that story for a joke!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with it anyway?"

"It's a great story, Johnson, old man," said Burns, "a fine story; if it wasn't Stockton would never have written it. Why, you chump! Mathews himself read that to us less than a month ago."

"Johnson, you're too innocent for plagiarism," cried one.

"Better try bank-robbery," came from another.

Johnson had an empty look on his face where the smile had been, and his jaw hung two inches below its proper anatomical position.

"Hold on," he said as soon as he recovered from the shock, "I guess I got mixed up a little bit. But you can't expect a fellow to remember perfectly what he does and thinks when he's half awake. I got Stockton's story mixed up with mine because they are both along the same line; anyone who has had twenty days of psychology will tell you that's reasonable."

"Well, if that wasn't your story, what was?" persisted Brown.

"I don't remember all of it, but the plot was much the same as that one of Stockton. O yes, I've got it now. It was about an old farmer who lived all alone except for a hired man—" Once more his face was blank and he scratched his head vigorously.

"Be careful, Johnson!" This and the laughter of his companions roused his ire.

"Do you fellows mean to insinuate that I've been faking? Can't you see that there is nothing wonderful in my forgetting a

set of ideas that came to me in a dream, especially since I got up from a sound sleep to write them down, and was so sleepy before I finished that I have no notion how or when I got back to bed? This morning I was so tired I couldn't move, and my wrist was almost lame. I thought that I ought to stay in bed till breakfast time, but the prefect couldn't see it that way. He hustled me so much for morning prayer that I couldn't take even the slightest glimpse at my story, but there was my manuscript a foot deep on the floor, and the last four or five sheets lay on my desk. If you don't believe what I say, just come up and I'll show it to you."

"Sure," said the crowd, and a rush was made for Johnson's room. Jones reached the door first; he opened it, but stopped short at the threshold; an excited "Ah!" escaped his lips as he glanced at Johnson's desk; on the floor was a pile of manuscript and four or five sheets were on top of the desk, beneath a pen and an ink bottle. Evidently a genius, mushroom like, had sprung up among them in the night.

The other boys passed Jones and were eagerly examining the manuscript. A shout of wonder brought Jones to their side. There stood each with several of the sheets in his hand and his face a picture of puzzled surprise. Up and down the sheets and on both sides ran continuous, irregular scrawls such as might be made by a baby, or by a man fast asleep. Besides these lines there were no words or characters of any description. In the same instant the meaning of it all flashed upon everybody. With shouts of laughter the visitors threw themselves on the bed, on the chairs, on the floor, rolling and tossing in their wild hilarity; *they* did this—that is all but one. Poor old Johnson stood at his desk staring stupidly at his manuscript; his happy smile was gone and he looked like the man felt when he found out the brick wasn't gold.

"Oh! oh! oh!" chuckled Burns from the bed, "is that what you're going to send to Collier's, Johnson?"

"Don't forget the key when you hand that in to Mathews," advised another.

"O Yonnie Yonson!" chuckled a voice overflowing with laughter, "you've built yourself a monument as lasting as Wash-

ington's if not quite so desirable."

There was a rush of feet outside and three prefects burst in to quell the riot. They put the visitors out in a hurry, but Dickson lingered for a parting shot:

"Subconscious activity seems to have taken quite a slump, eh! Johnson?"

"Get out of this room, and get out in a hurry if you don't want to be thrown out," roared Johnson, cramming his precious manuscript into the waste basket and turning on his tormentor.

"Gently, gently, Johnson!" said Dickson backing towards the door. "You haven't got time to throw me out, for you've got to copy that story, you know." Then with a quick jump he dodged a shoe and landed outside the door, and staggered down the hall in a fit of laughter.

When the monthly themes were called for that afternoon in English class a goodly number of students had only excuses to offer. They knew the penalty—to spend an entire recreation day in the study-hall, yet strange to say they did not look nearly so "blue" as they ought to; on the contrary their eyes were twinkling with fun, and they were constantly suppressing bursts of laughter. It was a mystery to Professor Mathews, but not to Johnson who was among those that handed in excuses.

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### My N. D. Girl.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

MY N. D. Girl your brow is bright,  
The autumn gold is in your hair,  
Your childish eyes flame pure with light  
And you are wondrously fair;  
Each smile that plays about your face,  
Each little ruffled silken curl  
Adds beauty to your simple grace  
And makes you dear, my N. D. Girl.

My N. D. Girl, the days are nigh  
When other lands stretch out to you,  
No more beneath our Hoosier sky  
You'll wave your colors gold and blue;  
But ever in your heart you'll hold  
A tender love none can unfurl—  
Hurrah the Blue! Hurrah the Gold!  
Dream of your youth, my N. D. Girl.

## Into the Valley.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09.

As I turned the corner where stands the little blacksmith shop, a mile east of the University, the sun was just sinking behind the wooded knoll at my back. The ring of the anvil told me that the blacksmith's day of labor was not yet ended. By the low of cattle standing at the bars of the barn-yard gate I knew that milking time was near. Now and then a farmer passed me on his way home from Saturday marketing. The dusk of evening curtained his rig from my vision long before the rumble of the wagon in the distance ceased to reach my ears. The cackle of chickens trying to get comfortably settled on their roost; the clank of chains on the harnesses of the horses returning from the field; the noise of the busy pump, which was laborously pouring its stream into the trough for the thirsty stock; the many other vesper sounds; and then, too, the peculiar fragrance of the evening air; the breeze that gently wafted odors from the farm wife's kitchen where the evening meal was cooking, and all the other charming features of this part of the day, caused me to feel rather well satisfied that I was forced to take my walk at this particular time. I almost decided henceforth to always walk in the evening.

Still there is one disadvantage to this part of the day. The dusk of evening seems to give additional courage to some dogs, dogs that are already bold enough. Now I knew every dog along this road. With some of them I had become quite friendly; with others I had not, for they showed no inclinations except hostile ones. They were willing to get close to me, but not familiar with me. Although they showed their displeasure when I passed the homes of their masters, yet they never attacked me openly.

As I reached the top of the hill upon which lives one of these rigorously dispositioned creatures, I was unpleasantly greeted by his appearance in front of the gate of his master's yard. Although disagreeably cross in daytime, he had never overstepped the propriety that dogs are bound to observe toward harmless passers-by. When I was

directly in front of the house he crouched down upon his haunches as though ready for a spring. The glare of his eyes and exposed white teeth could plainly be seen, even though the dusk of evening had almost become the darkness of night. He sprang toward me from where he lay. I jumped the ditch which runs along the side of the road and started to climb a telephone pole. I was only about a yard above the ground when the dog arrived at the base of the pole. He sprang at me and as he did so he grabbed me by the foot, pulling off my rubber. He sprang a second time and got the other rubber. He then made a third attempt, but this time I was quite out of reach. It was considerably more difficult for me to climb now than it would have been had I my rubbers on to enable my feet in adhering to the post. Nevertheless I at last attained the top.

The dog having failed to get me in three jumps took to eating my rubbers. After eating the first half of the first rubber, he licked his chops and began to stretch his neck. Remarkable, I know, but nevertheless that dog reached up the pole toward me and lessened the distance between me and himself by one-fourth its original length. Unable to reach any farther, he took to eating the other half of the rubber. After finishing that he licked his chops again in preparation for the second stretch. Remarkable as it may seem, nevertheless this stretch enabled the dog to decrease the distance between himself and me by another fourth of its original length. Unable to reach any farther he took to eating the first half of the second rubber. After finishing it he licked his chops in preparation for the third stretch. This time, wonderful though it may appear, he again decreased the distance between us by one-fourth its original length. Unable to reach farther he took to eating the last half of the last rubber in preparation for the final stretch.

There was only one wire on this telephone line, consequently their being no crosspiece on the post for me to sit upon, I became quite tired clinging to the pole like a squirrel. I readily appreciated my precarious position. For since the dog had lessened the distance between himself and me by three-fourths its original length by

eating three-fourths of my rubbers, it followed most conclusively that by eating the last fourth he could easily grab me with his teeth and drag me from my perch. So I decided to move. But how and where? I snatched a bottle of vaseline from my pocket, spread its contents on my coat sleeves, swung my arms over the wire, and began my rapid descent into the valley.

The dog, which had not quite finished his last half of the last rubber, perceiving his prey escaping, left the rubber and started in hot pursuit down the vale.

My descent became so rapid that I felt as though I were going down into the valley of death. At first I had no difficulty in passing the posts. I just simply changed arms when I came to one of them, and went right along without being hindered in the least. But now I was changing arms about as fast as I could, and I still continued to go faster. I had no means of slowing up except by letting loose of the wire, and that meant sudden death, for I would be dashed to pieces on the ground. I was moving fully at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I could not hear the baying of the dog, for the air switching past my ears in my rapid flight deafened me. I could not see him, for I had all I could do to watch the poles and change arms.

Of a sudden I began to go more slowly. I went still slower, I looked back across the valley over which I had just come. The dog, evidently discouraged by the rapidity with which his prey increases the distance between them, had given up the chase. I could see the big creature by the light of the moon, which had just risen, slowly wandering back toward the farm-house on the hill.

By now I had come to a complete standstill. I had not only slid down the hill into the valley, but I had gone more than half way up the hill on the other side. I slipped down the pole at which I had stopt. To my surprise I found myself entire even after such an adventure. I was only "out" a pair of rubbers, and I noticed that the friction of the wire on my coat sleeves had burned holes through both of them even though they were greased.

I have not yet heard whether or not the dog's neck resumed its original length.

Varsity Verse.

SPRING.

O'ER sunny lawns and walks, o'er field and height  
Where now the peaceful warmth of summer rests  
The crystal snowflakes fell. All earth was drest  
In nature's spotless robe of virgin white.  
Anon through cloud rifts shone the sparkling light  
Of the winter sun. As evening came the West,  
With silver-mounted clouds strewn o'er its breast,  
Grew dull and grey as nearer came the night.  
But now the fields stretch green on ev'ry side,  
And as they meet the distant heavens blue  
The colors mingle in a deeper shade.  
See, on the trees the rip'ning buds abide  
The April rains. All nature once anew  
To welcome Spring is gorgeously arrayed.

R. J. C.

SORROW.

In silence long she knelt and prayed,  
No word fell from her lips;  
Her heart, her fragile form arrayed  
In sorrow's dark eclipse.  
Her face looked toward the hazy sky,  
She strove in vain to speak,  
A teardrop glistened in her eye,  
Then glazed her pallid cheek.  
I marveled that a maid so fair  
Life's sorrows dark should know,  
And ventured near, mayhaps to share  
Some portion of her woe.  
Anon, her sorrow rent the air,  
She spoke in angry frown.  
"Another Sunday—still I wear  
My last year's hat and gown."

J. J. B.

THE BOY, THE PLACE, ETC.

A naughty small boy in Racine  
Drank a jar of benzine.  
It did him no harm  
Until he grew warm.  
Since then he hasn't been seen.

F. X. C.

MY SONG.

The song I sing  
Is a song with a ring;  
A song of our boyhood pleasures.  
The days of old,  
In those days of gold,  
Let us laud in tuneful measures.  
Those days were best,  
For we lived with a zest,  
And all our moments were teeming,  
With interest new  
When our life was true  
And pleasure through pain was beaming.  
But one by one  
Have those moments gone,  
And with them our boyish laughter;  
But why weep more  
For those days of yore  
One's life but begins hereafter.

G. B.

## Homer on the Umpire.

Sing, ye scribe, the wrath of the umpire, the destructive wrath which sent countless woes on the well-uniformed Giants and sunk many brilliant stars into oblivion, making them a prey to bleacherites and a feast for sporting editors. For nine innings his wrath descended upon the spike-wearing warriors, but in the tenth, a three-bagger being offered as a sacrifice to Father Chadurck, the shepherd of the players, his resentment was appeased. But the will of the wide-ruling arbiter was being accomplished.

He was enraged from the time when the loud-resounding bell called the mitt-clad contestants from their low-backed benches, and the far-shooter took his position on the slab. The gleaming-eyed batsman failed to offer a sacrifice to the man on first, and the crafty baseman completed a double play, thus striking dismay into the hearts of the sun-tanned rooters. For five runless innings the battle languished, but in the sixth the curve-hurler smote the batsman on the thigh, and when the next man drove a two-bagger to right the stands rocked with the shouts of the lusty-voiced fans. But an evil fate hovered over them, for the next two batsmen misjudged the slants of the far-shooter, and the third offered an easy chance to the deep-playing short-stop.

From that time on the offerings of the mighty south-paw were unsolved, and the rays of the dying sun, slanting across the chalk-lined diamond announced the approach of black night. Despair began to seize the hearts of the excited throng when two men, straight and broad as to the shoulders, were fanned in the tenth; but hope rekindled when the next batsman invoked four wide ones from the speedy box-artist, and then Mercury-like glided down to the second station. An unbroken silence settled over the countless multitude as the fearless captain, the scourge of umpires, failed to connect with the first two offerings, and spat upon his grimy hands for a final effort. A crash, like unto the thunderbolt of Jove, broke the deathlike stillness, and the tiny sphere sped skyward toward the fence of wood to the northeast. The battle was won and the will of the far-ruling umpire had been accomplished.

J. B. K.

## The Girl in Blue.

MICHAEL L. MORIARTY.

It is a "real" day in spring, one of those days which at school, one hears referred to as "great;" baseball has full sway, and the interest aroused in the game is as lively as can be imagined to exist among ten or twelve hundred college men, represented by a first-class team. The game to-day is particularly significant, in that it happens to be a great factor in deciding the championship. Of course the man in the baseball suit, known far and wide as a varsity man, stands out conspicuously in the limelight. He is the idol of the undergraduate, the pride of his associates, and the ideal of the ladies. You swell up with pride as your team trots onto the field, and with shoulders well back and hair nicely combed you are ready to make a name for yourself and your school. Dexterously you juggle the eyes of your friends as you pass the grandstand, but you become immediately charmed with the eye of the clever Girl in Blue. The ghost of a smile which suddenly flickers over your face is pleasantly reflected in the countenance of the fair rooter.

After a few moments of practice you pass to the bench allotted to the visiting team, and the same welcome smile seems yours. As the umpire shouts "Play ball," you rush to your position in centre field vaguely wishing for some way to distinguish yourself. It does seem as if you get plenty of work, and of course it would be next to impossible to make a slip. After each inning it becomes a habit to look for your recompense from the Girl in Blue.

Can it be possible? Fifth inning and no score? Stepping to bat with a man on second and two men out, your clever bingle allows your men to score. It would indeed be difficult to decide which you most enjoy, the run resulting from your hit or the sight of the handkerchief fluttering from the hand of the Girl in Blue. Every chance is easy to-day, and the only reward looked forward to is the smile from "your" end of the grandstand. As the game progresses you trot into the middle garden, inning after



inning, trying to conceive a plan to meet her after the game. Things must certainly come your way, for each new glance and smile by far eclipses all former ones. Ah! the ninth inning is at hand and by your own work the score shows up 1-0. What a hero you have suddenly become! This is their last "bat," and notwithstanding that they have two men on bases and but one out, you are ready to dash off your glove and rush in to await your chance in your own particular episode. Horrors! what a swat! The ball is sailing directly your way and on a dead line, less than four or five feet above your head. Very picturesquely you back slowly up, awaiting what will perhaps put a climax to your glory. Alas! alas! the ball keeps to the same line and over your head she is suddenly lost. The vision of the score-board reading 2-1 against you arises before your dim eyes. As you rush in from the field rather downhearted, a deep blue background looms up before you. The thought, horrible as it is, instantly flashes over your mind:

"Dare I—how can I ever face the—Girl in Blue?"

But that's easy; for she is not even looking your way!

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### The Murders at Parma.

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There stands at the end of a long avenue in Parma the statue of a priest. The spot is a lonely one, and when I visited the city I was cautioned by friends not to go near the statue after dark as it was dangerous. Upon further inquiry I received the following information: "Two murders had occurred near the spot; both men shot in the head. The intention was robbery as the clothing and the absence of valuables in each instance gave evidence of."

Being on a visit to some friends for a few days the thought came to me that I might as well take a turn at my old game, having the material at hand. The murders appealed to me in a peculiar way at first. If one observes, in conversation, whether it be casual or not, somewhere it matters not where a phrase, or the odd utterance of a word, a glance, a tone or even a slight gesture, will set a person to thinking, and sometimes, though not often, to weaving.

So it was in this particular case, 'both shot in the head.' This being so, was it not more than probable that the person who shot the first, shot the second also,—for several reasons: at the same spot, while

dark, in the head, robbery—all these being plainly evident. With this information I began. 'These men were visitors in the town; were good, honest, upright men, spending a week in Parma which is a beautiful summer resort; were smokers, suffered from indigestion; and, I might add, had good teeth.' Now to prove these statements took some time as I had to work alone.

First they were visitors.

A person is seldom murdered for small sums of money, and townspeople seldom carry large sums about their persons. They were shot in the head; a lighted cigar is a good target. Parma is a summer resort; true, many odd characters go there, but certainly none more odd than the wealthy bachelor, troubled with indigestion, who seeks the night air without a companion, smoking a cigar to ease his troubled organs. Good teeth all users of tobacco in any form have, especially men of means. By careful questioning I found these facts to be exactly as I have stated them, especially the fact that they were smokers which enabled me to proceed in the following manner. Next day, which was the fifth morning of my visit, I called up the chief of police and told him that if he would send two policemen to Harrins' Billiard Hall at the corner of West and Third Streets they would find two men playing pool at the first table they came to, one of whom would look surprised when he noticed the policemen, and who would find excuse to quit playing as soon as convenient and try to leave the room without attracting attention. My instructions were to arrest him as soon as he made this move. All transpired as I have said, and the murderer lies waiting behind the bars for trial.

After I had gotten my last proof concerning the murdered men. I walked out to the statue. Upon careful examination I found what I was looking for—a hole near one of the feet about the size of a quarter. I then went to the monument dealer who had charge of the erection and asked him if he remembered the name of the person that quit working for him soon after the statue was erected. He gave it to me together with his address. This was all. The result of my locating the man was his arrest. I saw him in his cell a few days later and told him to tell all as I had been through his trap. He told it as follows: "I seen the hole in the statue when we set it up, and I thought it was a good scheme; so I got some pals and we dug a tunnel from a bush about fifteen feet away up to the statue."

The statue was hollow inside, as it was cast in bronze and showed the priest with cassock on.

J. C.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Death of Father Lennox, C. S. C.

The passing away of the Reverend Thomas Lennox, C. S. C., at his home, Cornwall, New York, on the night of April 7, was deeply felt here by the many friends of the beloved young priest. Father Lennox was only twenty-eight years old, and but nine months ordained. He had studied and taught at St. Laurent College, Montreal, before he became a religious of the Congregation of the Holy Cross (Province of Canada) in 1902. To fit himself worthily for the all-absorbing interest of his life he studied with characteristic energy in the department of Sacred Sciences at St. Laurent Collège, and at Laval University, Quebec. In 1905, to complete his theological studies he was sent to Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C. On August 2 of last year he was ordained priest at Notre Dame, and was destined to labor among us. But the fatal consumption shortly set in and overruled all human designing. With a heroism born of his noble nature, Father Lennox resigned himself to the inevitable. The bracing air of the Adirondacks did little to arrest the alarming progress of the disease. It was but as a last fight for life that he left us a

few weeks ago to spend the spring at his home on the Hudson.

Death at any time is a sad event; but when death means the taking away in the morning of life while the consecrating oils of the priesthood are still fresh in the hands of the victim, then, if ever, death is an affliction. Still the thought is comforting, "Not length, but depth is life's dimension true." The death of Father Lennox, though early, was not untimely. We join with the many who loved the young priest in expressing our sincerest sympathy to the venerable father and family of him we mourn. *R. I. P.*

—In another part we have given some word concerning this year's Dome. The Dome is a year book; a chronicle of the happenings at Notre Dame during the year '06-'07. The '07 Dome. It is published for Notre Dame men by Notre Dame

men. As a bit of artistic work we believe it compares most favorably with any college year book of its kind, or any other kind; for really there are few year books that have come to our notice of distinctly the Dome kind. There is humor and narration, art and Notre Dame information in it. If you are a student, an alumnus or a friend of Notre Dame, you cannot afford to be without the Dome. Early in May it will appear, and we hope to see it receive a hearty welcome. As we said, you should have a Dome, we ought to say you *must* have a Dome.

Take one home with you, and when you have read it and thought over some of the old happenings brought up again to you, you will be glad you bought one. Your mother, your sister, and most everyone interested in you will be interested in the Dome; for it is not an objective bit of work done by the board, but it is *you*. We believe that there is a pleasant surprise in store for all men who get a Dome. But, laying aside all this, and the pecuniary idea that you will "get your money's worth," there should be another reason for packing in your suit case a Notre Dame Year Book; the year book of your year, of your games won or lost, of your victories and defeats. Get a Dome!

## Seumas MacManus.

On Thursday, April 4, we again had the privilege of listening to the famed author and lecturer from Donegal, Seumas MacManus. This gifted writer and brilliant conversationalist—for Mr. MacManus makes no attempt at oratory—was with us three years ago, and charmed his hearers then, as well as convulsed them with laughter, by his delightful discourse on the wit and humor of his people. The subject of his recent talk was on the "Fairy Tales and Folklore of Ireland." In these no people are richer than the Irish. No one could better unfold the hearts of the simple peasant people of Donegal and Inver Bay than did Mr. MacManus. Under his masterly power of portrayal the existence of these "gentle folk," as the Irish peasantry love to call the nymphs and fairies, become almost real. On the following day he gave an informal lecture to the collegiate students of English on the poets of Ireland. He varied his discourse by reading one or two of the best poems composed by the persons of whom he spoke. His own poetic abilities rendered his readings doubly interesting and appreciated. In his conversation, Mr. MacManus is genial, interesting and unaffected. He deeply loves his people, and his principal charm, obviously, is that he is part of the life he so well describes.

## The '07 Dome.

Senior Day is past, but senior activities have not by any means ceased. The Dome is the next item of interest on the Senior's program. The question has been asked repeatedly during the past few days: "When will the Dome be out?" Arrangements have been made with the publishers to have the book ready for sale on or before May 1st. Most of the proof sheets have already been corrected, and the press is now turning out the finished product. The Dome will consist of more than three hundred pages of interesting matter, and will undoubtedly compare favorably with any of the Year-Books published by the big universities.

The *Wit and Humor* Department is filled with spicy reading and will cause many a hearty laugh.

The engraving has been done by one of the best engraving houses in the United States, and their work is fully up to expectations. The editors are especially elated over the taste displayed in the arrangement of the printing, which is the product of the *South Bend Tribune Publishing Co.*

The choice of reading matter and drawings is in keeping with the fine appearance of the book. All of the classes are written up individually, and every hall receives its share of prominence throughout the book. There are several special features which will interest all alike.

In their endeavor to place on the market a book which will be a credit to the school, the editors have expended much labor and money. To offset their expense a large circulation will be necessary. It is hoped, then, that every student will purchase at least one copy. The managers will solicit subscriptions in the various halls during the early part of the week; so let everybody be prepared to subscribe when they call. Several hundred letters will be sent out during the coming week to members of the alumni and old students. The managers of the Dome have made arrangements at the Students' Office to have the books charged on the bills, if those who subscribe desire that in preference to paying cash for the books. Then there will be no excuse on the part of the students for refusing to co-operate in making the Dome of '07 a success from every point of view. Once again, subscribe to the Dome!

## Death of Dr. Charles Berthaud Combe.

Dr. Charles Berthaud Combe died at his home in Brownsville, Texas, on March 31, aged 70 years. Dr. Combe was a distinguished member of the medical profession, a man of fine culture, and a typical Southern gentleman of the old regime. His sons Frederick, Charles, Frank and Joseph have all been students of the University. To them the SCHOLASTIC extends sincere condolence and assurance of prayers. R. I. P.

## Notes from the Colleges

Illinois is sending a track team to the Philadelphia meet; the student body is defraying the expenses of the squad by making an individual tax of 50 cents per student.

\* \* \*

The swimming team of the Chicago University holds the western championship. The Midway school is of a certainty strong when it comes to contests athletic.

\* \* \*

Indiana has followed the example of her sister(?) school, Purdue, in the matter of spring practice for her football candidates. It may be a significant fact to Indiana footballdom to know that Sheldon boys requested not only the freshmen but also the four-year men to report for practice.

\* \* \*

We clip the following baseball gossip from the *Purdue Exponent*: ". . . . It seems like the Irish (Notre Dame) will be our most serious opponents for championship honors and should give other western teams a run for their money."

We beg to say in this connection that we are of all things serious, and this is not really so incompatible with our social disposition when spoken of as opponents.

\* \* \*

Minnesota won from Illinois in a debating contest last week. The vote of the judges was two to one. The subject was municipal ownership of street car lines—a subject, it may be said, which at the present day is very much discussed, as much misunderstood, and its advocates quite as humorously cartooned.

\* \* \*

The legislature of Minnesota has prohibited *High School* frats. This is not strictly a college note, but then it is such a rare good bit of news to the college man of fratish propensities, and such a display of legislative common-sense, that we couldn't quite pass it over unmentioned.

\* \* \*

George W. Woodruff, football coach at Illinois University four years ago, has been

appointed assistant Attorney-General by President Roosevelt. This is another evidence of Teddy's strenuousness. To Elbert Hubbard it may look like an oil-water experiment, but to us it appears to be a mixture of good stuff with better stuff with a resultant of "Rex" quality.

\* \* \*

Northwestern and Indiana are to come together in a dual track meet at Evanston May 18.

\* \* \*

Some of the eastern college baseball results were as follows:

Fordham, 3; Princeton, 1.

Pennsylvania, 7; Georgetown, 1.

Holy Cross, 19; Amherst Aggies, 7.

Harvard, 11; Vermont, 6.

\* \* \*

The Chicago *Maroon*, the daily organ of the University of Chicago, devotes nearly its entire editorial section to an arraignment of certain lecturers and magazine writers who commit the unpardonable offense of referring to the Midway School as the Chicago University instead of the University of Chicago. It points out the fact that no one would think of saying the University of Pennsylvania or the University of Yale. The distinction is finely drawn, we think, and we have a religious contempt of meaningless and empty constructions. Chicago University as a name, seems to us to convey a right impression of the school so designated. Besides, there is the old story of the man "under" the coat and the fellow "in" the coat, and, too, "Wills'" bit of philosophy on the perfumed rose, to soothe the ruffled spirit of the daily editors.

\* \* \*

They had a regular old-fashioned Pochantus-Smith bowwow at Carlisle the other day, when a number of the American braves received evidence of their improved civilization in the shape of "sheep-skins." The brass drum was pressed into service. "Sola mi," chanted by twenty circling warriors, and Indian life in general, lived again with as much enthusiasm and evident enjoyment as it was by the feathered redmen of our forests, many years ago. Well, who of us is there that doesn't relish the idea of being a "boy" again? P. M. M.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

## FLOTSAM, JETSAM AND LIGAN.

Not only lawyers, but writers and speakers generally, may well heed the advice of Judge Story, as couched in the following lines:

"Be brief; be pointed; let your matter stand,  
Lucid, in order, solid, and at hand;  
Spend not your words on trifles, but condense;  
Strike with the mass of thought, not drops of sense;  
Press to the close with vigor, once begun,  
And leave—how hard the task!—leave off when done.  
Who draws a labored length of reasoning out,  
Puts straws in line for winds to whirl about;  
Who draws a tedious tale of learning o'er,  
Counts but the sands on ocean's boundless shore.  
Victory in law is gained as battles fought,  
Not by the numbers, but the forces brought."

\* \*

Simeon Draper, a former collector of the port of New York, once sent a constituent to President Lincoln, with a letter of introduction. Shortly afterward he received the following note:

SIMEON DRAPER, ESQ., Collector of the Port of N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your friend —— called upon me when he arrived in Washington and presented your letter. As I have no influence with this administration, I sent him to Chase. Chase told him to go to the devil, and he came back to me.

Yours truly,  
A. Lincoln.

\* \*

In *Leeper v. Bates*, 85 Mo. 224, are these remarks: "He was sometimes despondent, and one of his daughters heard him threaten to commit suicide. A witness once heard him swear while trying to button his shirt-collar; but it will not do to regard this as a symptom of softening of the brain."

\* \*

Mr. Dallas said in one of his speeches—"Now we are advancing from the starlight of circumstantial evidence to the daylight of discovery; the sun of certainty has melted the darkness." To which Curran retorted, "When a man can not talk sense, he talks metaphor."

\* \*

In the recent case of *Jacobs v. Jacobs* (Iowa) 104 N. W. Rep. 489, it appears that one of the parties had, before attaining to his majority, accumulated from the sale of newspapers a fund of more than \$25,000. An explanation of this astounding feat is

to be found in the name of the acquisitive genius, which is Moses Jacobs.

\* \*

In *Paxton v. Woodward* (Mont.) 78 Pac. Rep. 215, it was held not to be libelous *per se* to say of a school teacher that he was "noted," although the word was used in an invidious sense; or that he has done more damage and less good than any other teacher" in a particular district; or, referring to his application for a position as teacher of the district school, that "this district knows when it has had enough, so it turned the gentleman down;" since none of these things can be said to impeach him in any of those qualities which are essentials of an accomplished school teacher. But it would be libelous to say falsely of him that he is "a common liar."

\* \*

In *Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. v. Howle* (Ohio) 68 N. E. Rep. 5, the court says: "A judge in charging a jury should so evenly balance the scales of justice as not to indicate by a wink, look, shake of the head, or peculiar emphasis which way the verdict should go. When a case is to be submitted to a jury at all, it should be impartially submitted, and if the court feels that the case is so clear as to require an indication from him, he should direct a verdict, and then his action can be easily reviewed in a higher court; but if he gives a charge that looks fair on paper, though in fact distorted by his looks, attitudes, emphasis, winks, and rolling of the eyes, an unjust result is often attained, which can not be corrected in a higher court."

\* \*

The attitude of the courts regarding hearsay evidence calls to mind a chapter in the quaint fiction of Rabelais, in which the adventurer reaches the country of Tapestry, and finds "a diminutive, monstrous, misshapen old fellow called 'Hearsay.' His mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts. However, he chattered, tattled, and prated, with all the seven at once, of different matters and in divers languages. He had as many ears all over his head, and the rest of his body as Argus formerly had eyes, and was blind as a beetle and

had the palsy in his legs. About him stood an innumerable company of men and women, gaping, listening, and hearing very intently. So that those men of happy memories grew learned in a trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious things, the hundredth part of which would take up a man's whole life, to be fully known—every particular word of it by hearsay."

\*  
\*  
\*

A newspaper which exploits a dubious reputation for wit and humor says: "It has been a long, a toilsome, even a desperate search to discover the patron saint of the bar. Yet at the end he has been discovered. He is St. Yves-Hélori, born of a gentle family in 1253, at the Breton manor of Kaer-Martin, died at Lohanec in 1303. His studies were pursued at Paris, at Orleans, and finally at Rennes, where he entered official life, eventually being transferred to Tréguler. The earnestness of his pleading the causes of the widow and the unfortunate earned for him the honorable surname of 'the advocate of the poor.' Bishop Alain of Bruc raised him to the priesthood and designated him rector. From that time on he consecrated himself to the service of the poor. He was canonized in 1347 in the pontificate of Clement VI. at Avignon. 'The tribe of lawyers have assumed him for their patron,' is the mischievous comment of another Breton lawyer of a later epoch, M. de Kerdanet. The same authority assures us that St. Yves is the only lawyer known to have attained to the honor of being canonized. About him has grown this legend: Dying, he presented himself at the gate of paradise in a train of many nuns. Of these St. Peter demanded: 'Who are you?' 'Nuns.' 'Enter then; heaven is full of your sisters.' Then addressing himself to St. Yves: 'And you?' 'Lawyer.' 'Come in; we have never had till now a man of law.' St. Yves found his way in, but a day arose when there was a pettifogging inquiry into his title deeds, and the effort was made to expel him from paradise. 'I will not resist,' said the saint; 'but it is necessary that service of the writ of my expulsion shall be made upon me by a bailiff.' Needless to say, the legend concludes, they were never able to find a bailiff in heaven. In the breviaries of Vannes and of Rennes is found this fragment of a hymn in his honor:

"Sanctus Yvo  
Erat Brito,  
Advocatus  
Et non latro,  
Res miranda  
Populo."

### Athletic Notes.

After a four days' heated discussion between the weather-man and Captain Waldorf and Manager Grant, the baseball men finally won out, and on Thursday started with the big leagues and opened the baseball season at Notre Dame. The season was to have opened on Monday, but Monday the diamond was covered with water from Sunday's rain. Tuesday it rained, Wednesday it snowed, but on Thursday the weather-man gave up. He had used every assortment he had, and he was too good a sport to begin all over at the start. So on Thursday afternoon when the two pennant winners were battling in Chicago and St. Louis, the Champions of Indiana and the South Bend hope-to-be champions of the Central League started the ball rolling on Brownson diamond.

NOTRE DAME, 6; SOUTH BEND, 4.

The game was not so bad either, and the few shivering fans that dared pneumonia by standing around on the Brownson campus watching the players in the endeavor to keep warm, got their money's worth—it didn't cost anything, for the Varsity won the opening game by the score of 6 to 4.

A certain Mr. Eckner took upon himself, by request, we presume of Manager Grant, the task of tossing the frozen ball to the college boys, and had a "brain storm" attack which beat him in the first inning; by issuing free rides to first, dropping the ball among the ribs of a couple of battles, and by being touched for three hits. After that he settled down and pitched a real creditable game. By agreement the game was to be but seven innings; and when the last man went out, the players made a mad race for the hot-water showers, while the fans rushed to the steam pipes. Captain Waldorf and Perce allowed the leaguers but four scattered hits during the entire seven innings.

Curtis did not get a chance to try his wing, but judging from the manner in which he slammed the ball around in practice before the game he has some whip, and the ambitious boys who try to steal on him will be "sure killed."

"Bill" Perce was the heavy hitter of the day, getting two safe ones and one of those a double. Kuepping and Boyle put up a good game around second and short. McKee pulled down a couple of hard drives in the field, and all in all, the new men on the team did all that could be asked of them. From a Notre Dame view-point the game was good; giving every indication of another winning team. A few mistakes were made, a little bad head-work being noticeable once or twice, but in general Capt. Waldorf's men showed up well and started right.

South Bend did not score until the last half of the seventh. And then, aided by a pair of errors, two hits and a couple of poor plays, they ran in four runs. Mr. James Leroy Keefe of Sioux City was the "Umps," and he performed perfectly. So much for the beginner.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	1	1	0	0	1
McKee, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Brogan, 3 b.	1	0	0	4	0
Farabaugh, 1 b.	1	1	6	0	0
Curtis, c.	1	0	6	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	1	1	2	0	1
Dubuc, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Boyle, 2 b.	0	0	4	2	1
Perce, p.	0	2	0	1	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>3</b>
South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Ryan, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Coningar, 1 b.	0	1	6	0	0
Tieman, 1 f.	0	1	1	0	0
Hayworth, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Crukshank, 3 b.	1	1	0	2	0
Sinnaro, ss.	1	0	2	1	0
Grant, 2 b.	0	0	3	2	0
Weston, c.	1	0	3	0	0
Eckner, p.	1	1	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>0</b>

Three base hit—Tieman. Two base hits—Perce, Farabaugh, Kuepping. Struck out—By Eckner, 3; by Perce, 4; by Waldorf, 1. Bases on balls—Off Eckner, 4; off Perce, 2; off Waldorf, 2. Passed balls—Weston, 2. Umpire, Keefe.

A Page's Notes

The house convened at the usual hour Wednesday, with Speaker Reno in the chair. The tariff bill was up again with the Parrish amendment. The author of the amendment told the house why the bill needed fixing, and tried to show that his method was the only remedy for it. Zink thought the original bill needed fixing too, but he just didn't fancy Parrish's way of doctoring it. He seemed to think that our steel

industry needed more protection than would be afforded by the amendment. His sentiments concerning cotton cloth were about the same. He proposed a couple of amendments to fix things to suit him, but was unable to push them through. Then Kennedy, Brainy, made a right good speech concerning gold and silver watches. He said that American watches were so much cheaper in Europe than they were right here in our own country that an American intending to buy a watch could save money by going over to Europe after it. He then offered some kind of amendment whereby gold and silver watches would be admitted free of duty. But that was also lost.

That representative from Oregon by the name of McKenna had the hardest time you ever saw trying to find out whether Zink's and Kennedy's amendments were in order. The speaker at last convinced him that they were.

Then came the original amendment. It was moved and seconded to vote on the thing as a whole. Saley objected to voting that way, and just to humor him the speaker said that the amendment would be voted on one article at a time. Somebody would call for a division of the house every time after the chair had rendered his decision. The house was pretty well divided during the amendment, but notwithstanding the fact the decision of the chair was upheld in every instance.

Then finally after carrying the amendment the bill was brought before the house in its original form. The speaker asked Derrick if he didn't ask to be heard on the bill. The representative from the little state said he didn't know that he had, but *it had*; he begged the house's pardon for doing so. Then the representative from Oklahoma got up to talk on the bill. He talked and talked until it was nearly time to adjourn. That's one trouble with him, he never knows when to stop. He talked so long that before he got through Gushurst had gone to sleep; Boyle was reading a novel, and the rest of the members were either napping or reading the newspapers. Then after Parrish finally did stop, Schmid from Missouri began. Gushurst got a few words in between the two speakers. Everything Schmid would say Benz would say, "I don't believe it." It didn't make much difference, Schmid went right on. When Schmid had finished delivering a good speech in favor of the bill, Parrish moved the previous question in hopes of running the bill through, while the house was favorably impressed with it; but Zink jumped up and said: "Hold on there, I want to talk on that bill." So the question was left over for the next meeting, and the house adjourned.

## Personals.

—President Cavanaugh is spending the week in Washington, D. C.

—Word has been received from Clarence Sheehan who left suddenly last week. He is playing with the Sioux city team.

—The student body welcomes the return of M. J. Shea, '04, to the University. Some months ago Mr. Shea was called home because of the illness of his father. We are glad to be able to announce the improvement in Mr. Shea's health, and also to see M. J. with us again.

—The *Five Hundred*, the official organ of the Knights of Columbus of Ohio, recently published an elaborate souvenir edition. It abounded in valuable historical matter, and was richly illustrated with cuts. Perhaps the most valuable single contribution, however, was the report of the splendid address delivered by Mr. John C. Shea before a recent gathering of the Knights. Mr. Shea is a rising young attorney of whom the University is very proud.

—Visitors' registry for the week:—Major and Mr. J. P. O'Neill, Fort Logan, Ark.; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cockran, Elkhart, Ind.; Harris P. Freece, Salena, Utah; Reverend Rutland A. Gleason, S. J., Santa Clara, Cal.; Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., San Francisco, Cal.; Pearl O. Pomeroy, Erma K. Herbert, F. P. Schumacher, A. E. Barron, W. O'Keefe, Chicago; C. J. Bryant, Ishpeming, Mich.; G. A. Nelson, Chesterton, Ind.; Walter Dignan, Toledo, O.; C. W. Murphy, Anderson, Ind.; B. D. Herron, Mt. Vernon, O.; P. McNally, Belgium.

—The SCHOLASTIC takes pride in chronicling the recent success of J. H. McConlogue, for many years a student of the University, at present one of Iowa's most prominent attorneys. In the recent city election, Mr. McConlogue was chosen mayor of Mason City, Ia., by an overwhelming majority. As President of the Iowa State Bar Association, a position held for three terms, Mr. McConlogue has won considerable distinction; his name has been constantly associated with important movements in church and politics. The election of Mr. McConlogue for so important a position as mayor shows he enjoys the confidence of his party, and the respect of the citizens of his home city. The SCHOLASTIC joins in offering congratulations.

## Local Items.

—The debating team of Holy Cross Hall is working hard for its coming debate with Corby Hall. The members of the team are Messrs. Mathis, Herbert and Wenniger. All these are clear thinkers and good talkers. Owing to the withdrawal of Mr. Mannion Mr. Wenniger becomes the leader of the team. He is without doubt one of the best "prep" debaters at Notre Dame, and it was largely through his efforts that Holy Cross defeated Corby in their last debate.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting Thursday, March 28. Mr. James Daly was admitted to membership. The debate, Resolved: That, life imprisonment should be substituted for capital punishment, was upheld on the affirmative by Messrs. Barsaloux, Beeson, and G. Washburn; on the negative, by Messrs. Howard, Garvey, and Depew. Both sides had good arguments, but the powerful speaking of Mr. Depew drew the decision of two of the judges for the negative. Messrs. O. Fox, Kanaley and Malloy were the judges. After the debate they very kindly addressed some instructive remarks to the Society. Professor Schwab, Funk and Mr. Diskin, who were guests of the evening, also gave interesting talks.

—Many of the teachers attending the institute in South Bend last week visited the University. The headquarters for the ample corps of volunteer guides seemed to be the library. The alacrity with which these courteous volunteers equip themselves with knowledge and information concerning the various objects of interest about the place, and especially concerning the many relics and antiquities of our library, was remarkable. Jim Keefe, assisted by Os. Maguire, who is authority on anything like social manœuvring took a party of four teachers through the place one afternoon last week. They explained with elaborate details all the relics and curiosities. Keefe had the history of every article in the library right on his tongue's tip, and what he told was really interesting. Yet one might have been led to wonder whether what Keefe related was history or his story. "This coat of armor," said Keefe, addressing the party of teachers, "was worn by Julius Cæsar. There's a dent on the left side that was made by a javelin hurled by Pompey." Ten minutes later Toban stood in front of the same coat of armor and explained to a party of one, "There's a coat of armor that was worn by Napoleon in the battle of Bunker Hill." Thus did the worthy guides at Notre Dame relate much of interest to the school teacher visitors.