MR. THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK,
Laetare Medallist, 1905.
New Life.

WHEN the winter time is over
And violets bloom in the dell,
And the kine go deep in the clover,
Love-songs the bluebirds tell.

When the light of the moon is beaming
Far over the rippling lakes,
O with joy are our light hearts teeming
As the spirit of spring awakes.

The Lætare Medallist of 1905.

Thus far in the history of the
Lætare Medal—Notre Dame's
supreme distinction annually
conferr'd upon a conspicuous
member of the Catholic laity
in America—recipients of the
honor have stood for eminence in some
specific field of literature, science or art,
or for notable achievement in the sphere of
broad philanthropic effort. Without at all
lowering the standard of excellence origi-
nally fixed as the minimum upon which she
would set the seal of her highest approval,
or University turns this year to a field of
human activity hitherto neglected in the
bestowal of her Mid-Lenten tribute, and
chooses her medallist from the commercial
world. Any one of the larger sorts of
legitimate and honorable business is unques-
tionably, in our day, a vocation offering
ample scope for the most varied intellectual
powers, furnishing a splendid test of the
righteousness that is based on
religious
motives, and exercising a widespread
influence, beneficent or otherwise, through-
out the community in which its functions
are performed. Among hundreds of notable
Catholics engaged in business in these
United States, Notre Dame takes especial
pleasure in signaling one whose name
is synonymous with spotless integrity,
unblemished honor, and the highest sense
of religious duty; a Catholic whose influence
is uniformly exerted for the uplifting of
younger neighbors and the betterment of
his fellow-citizens generally; a benefactor
whose hidden charities are largely in excess
of what is credited to his public generosity;

a faithfully consistent son of the Church and
a zealous promoter of every religious work;
an illustrious representative, in short, of
all that is worthiest in the ideal Catholic
business man,—Thomas B. Fitzpatrick of
Boston.

Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, New England's
leading Catholic merchant, is the senior
member of the firm of Brown, Durrell & Co.
of Boston and New York, the largest
wholesale dry goods house of its kind east
of Chicago. He was born in the small town
of Grafton, Massachusetts, Dec. 17, 1844.
His early years were spent on his father's
farm near Hopkinton. Many a morning the
stars were still visible when our future
merchant accompanied his father and older
brother into the field, where they spent the
day digging out stumps or cultivating the
soil. It was also a practice of the indus-
trious youth to collect berries from his
neighbors and travel by night with his
wagon load to the Boston market, a
distance of some forty miles. This was the
school of industry that prepared him for
success in after life. His education was begun
in the district school and finished in the
village high school of Hopkinton. He made
the most of his opportunities, and was gradu-
ated with distinction—the first Catholic boy
to receive a diploma from the high school
of Hopkinton. His proficiency in English
composition secured him the honor of vale-
dictorian of his class.

At eighteen, young Fitzpatrick came to
Boston, where he began his apprenticeship
in the dry goods business. We are told that
he started on the lowest round of the ladder,
and worked at first for two dollars a week.
The acquaintance which he formed with
another boy of his own age, Oliver H. Durrell,
grew into a strong friendship. During their
spare moments, and on their way to and
from the store, they talked of their plans
for the future. Both young men advanced
rapidly. In 1865, Mr. Fitzpatrick accepted
a position as a travelling salesman for the
Mason, Tucker & Co. Wholesale Fancy
Goods. He worked for this firm seven years,
confining his travels to New England terri-
tory. After the great Boston fire of 1872
the old firm of Brown, Button & Co. was
re-established under the name of Brown,
Durrell & Co., with Mr. Fitzpatrick as a
third member. He held an equal interest
with his two partners. Fortune smiled on
the new concern, and it soon won its way
in Boston business circles as one of the
foremost houses in the dry goods line. These
three gentlemen started into business with
small capital, but with great ability and
persistent application. Temperance, integrity
and industry always win in commercial life;
and the members of the new firm, notably
the subject of this sketch, possessed these
qualities in an eminent degree.

To-day Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick is one of
Boston's most prominent Catholics and best
known business men. His zeal for religion,
his thorough knowledge of affairs, his
administrative ability, his untiring energy,
and the facilities afforded him by wealth
and position, enable him to achieve untold
good for his fellow-men. His name has of
late years been identified with all the great
Catholic philanthropic movements in Boston.
He was largely responsible for the establish­
ment of the Working Girls' Home on Union
Park St., in charge of the Gray Nuns. He
is a director and one of the chief supporters
of the Working Boys' Home. He gave the
site and most of the funds for the Boston
Cottage at the Catholic Summer School,
Plattsburg, N. Y. As president of the Boston
Catholic Union, the most prominent Catholic
social organization of the city, he was
instrumental in providing a stately building
for that society. He has long been one of
the main props of St. Mary's Infant Asylum.
He contributed generously to the Catholic
University, Washington, D. C., and was the
originator of the proposal to secure one
hundred annual contributors to that institu­
tion. For a number of years he was treasurer
of the Irish League. His support of the Irish
Constitutional struggle for over twenty
years is well known. In labor, time, and
money his contributions to that cause have
been estimated at many thousands of dollars.

The particular esteem and universal
recognition which the Laetare Medallist of
1905 enjoys among his fellow-citizens may
be gleaned from the fact that at the banquet
on the occasion of Archbishop Williams'
Golden Jubilee, attended by Cardinal
Gibbons and Archbishop Satolli, Mr. Fitz­
patrick was chosen to deliver the address
of the Catholic laity.

He was one of the founders of the Newton
Co-operative Bank, of which he is now
vice-president. He is also president of the
Union Institution for Saving in Boston.
The good he has effected by his work in
these co-operative banks is incalculable. His
efforts along this line have made many
poor families the owners of comfortable
homes which otherwise they would never
have possessed.

Every public issue bearing on the good
of the community receives Mr. Fitzpatrick's
careful consideration and hearty co-opera­
tion; but perhaps the greatest work of his
life has been, and continues to be, the active
part he takes in promoting the welfare of
young men. He has always shown a
deep interest in this portion of the com­
monwealth, particularly, as is natural, in
those of his own race and creed. He is
assiduous in procuring suitable positions for
them and lecturing to them in Catholic
associations on some such subject as
"Business as a Vocation." He has spared
neither money nor energy to better the con­
dition of young men and to give them a
start in life. He knows from experience the
royal road to success in business. He knows,
furthermore, that, if woman is the heart,
man is the head,—the pilot appointed by
God himself to guide the family barque of
society; hence his special interest in the
young man. There are in Boston to-day
scores of successful business men who owe
both their first step and much of their
subsequent progress in life to the positive
assistance and unfailing encouragement and
advise of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

The justness of his views as to what con­
stitutes real success in the commercial world
and the high sense of responsibility which
he deems it congruous for every business
man, in the larger sense of that word, to
entertain, are well set forth in the following
quotation from an excellent paper con­
tributed by Mr. Fitzpatrick to Donahoe's
Magazine a few years ago.

And first of all, what is business success, and by
what standard shall it be measured? Is it by the
amount of money a man makes, regardless of the prin­
ciples and methods employed and the character of the
man engaged in it? If it were, then the art of doing
business could no longer claim an honorable place in
the great pursuits of life.

The business man, by the very nature of his calling
is necessarily an important factor in the composition of the community, and is accordingly as responsible to society for the influence he exerts in it as he is to his customers for courteous treatment and honest dealings. So general is his sphere and so broad the field of his operations, that he comes in personal contact, almost daily, with individuals of all ages and stations, and it is reasonable to assume that the result of this contact must be healthy or otherwise. He buys, he sells, he measures, he weighs, he superintends storehouse and counting-room, insurance and banking, and it is his manner of doing these things, as well as the financial result of his services and investments, that determines whether he is a successful business man or not. First among these qualities (necessary for success in business) I would mention honesty, temperance, and industry.

If charity in itself—the mere giving of alms—be a holy and wholesome thing, what shall we say of thoroughly well-regulated charity? Mr. Fitzpatrick's charity has always been thoroughly well regulated. To quote his own words: "Here let me say that I believe the sphere of true charity is often misunderstood. In the minds of many it consists simply in giving alms to the needy, helping mendicants and the like. This is only one of its functions. It has a broader and grander meaning than could be expressed by even this worthy part. True charity means an unselfish service of man to man. Thus every human being comes under its sway. It is a greater charity to show a man how to earn his living than to give him alms. Teach a man to be self-supporting and he will be self-respecting."

There is another phase of this great man's work which should not be forgotten,—the giving "in secret." For while some estimate his charitable and philanthropic contributions approximately at one hundred thousand dollars, "The Story of the Irish in Boston" remarks: "The many charitable, generous and kindly deeds of Mr. Fitzpatrick will never be known." He is verily a living example of industry, honesty, integrity and success in the world of commerce, a true patriot, a fervent Catholic, a perfect Christian gentleman. His motto is: to influence a just and economical use of greater resources for the benefit and happiness of the many.

Such a man is Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, the Lactare Medallist of 1905; such is the solid foundation of charity upon which he has constructed for himself "a house not built with hands, everlasting in the heavens."

Pope Leo XIII.

---

James J. Corbett. *

---

When the world was pagan, great men were looked upon as gods. After their death temples were raised in their honor, and sacrifices were offered up to them. This admiration for genius and reverence for virtue is not limited to pagans, it is inborn in every human heart. Christianity, which has but purified this veneration, teaches that Christ was a person of flesh and blood like ourselves, and that among men the noblest personalities are nearest akin to this all-perfect Man. In every human creature there is much beauty, goodness and power—the image and likeness of the Deity—and this is why all are stirred by brave deeds and charmed by lofty characters; but only in the great does this spark of the Divinity shine forth. We look upon noble men with boundless interest and undying admiration, because we see expressed in them what lies hid within ourselves. Every nation has its heroes, but I am not going to tell you of the great men of any one people. There is a small band, a galaxy of the few greatest, the exemplars for every nation and for every age, the inspirers and guides of all, a few around whom each generation gathers for its own enlightenment and ennoblement; and among these immortals indebted humanity places Pope Leo XIII.

I do not praise him because he was the high priest of our faith. The highest praise given him has come from those without. At his death non-Catholics and even non-Christians, forgetting the high position he had held in the Church, which many of them opposed and hated, and thinking only of his remarkable genius and of his lofty personality, united with Catholics in mourning over his bier and in calling him Leo the Great. The unbelieving Castelar has declared that the nineteenth century has produced only two great men—Napoleon Bonaparte and Leo XIII.; and Spuller, ex-minister of the French cabinet, has well said: "To enemies and friends, Leo XIII.

---

* Through mistake in last week's issue the authorship of "The Power of the Papacy" was credited to Mr. Corbett, whereas it is the work of John E. McGinn.
stands on the pinnacle of human greatness.”

The ninety-three years which show the life period of Vincent Joachim Pecci are full of wondrous beauty; but it is my purpose to consider chiefly the twenty-five glorious years of his pontificate. The first eight years of his boyhood were spent among the romantic hills of Carpineto, under the fair sky of Italy. Early he received the best education the age afforded, and finished his university studies with the highest honors, far excelling his brilliant companions. If his talents were remarkable, his virtue was heroic; for when the cholera swept across Rome, this nobly-born youth devoted his time, his labors, and even exposed his life in caring for the victims. After his ordination to the priesthood he was sent as delegate to the papal province of Benevento, which was overrun by brigands, and within fifteen months he purged the district of lawlessness. The feat was so striking that the king of Naples sent him congratulations; and when it was reported that Monsignor Pecci was fatally sick, the people, who rightly looked upon him as their liberator, marched bareheaded and barefooted through the town supplicating heaven for his recovery. Gregory XVI. sent him to Perugia, where the people were torn by civil strife, and within five months he brought order out of chaos. It would be interesting to follow him in his visit to London, and during the three years he spent in Belgium as Nuncio. Step by step he rose in religious dignities, until finally he reached the summit of the lofty mountain—the Chair of St. Peter.

His work during this period falls naturally under three divisions. We see him first, a Father to all men and a lover of human kind; secondly, the Scholar of a great scholastic era; thirdly, a Statesman. We know how great his love was for all men. This was clearly shown in his efforts to promote Christian unity. Through his labors all the churches have been drawn closer together. But apart from religion, there is not a people that have not received from him tokens of love. Let me give but one instance: When from St. Petersberg there came forth an edict expelling the Jews from sections of Russia, Leo made an appeal to the czar, saying that he would regard any leniency shown them as a personal favor to himself and a service to humanity. Although up to that time the Russian government had rejected all petitions in behalf of the Israelites, at Leo’s appeal the persecution ceased.

The grand Rabbi of Germany, called “the Pope of the Hebrews,” sent to Leo an ancient Bible ornamented with costly gems as a token of the esteem and love which Jews all over the world felt for His Holiness. To his enemies he was the good Samaritan. After the battle of Adowa, Menelik captured several thousand Italian soldiers, and despite the protests of King Humbert, they were about to be reduced to slavery. The powers refused to interfere. Leo used his personal influence and they were freed. Cardinal Lavigerie was intrusted to bring about the liberation of the African blacks. How well he succeeded! The burning letters which Leo kept sending him had filled him with zeal to accomplish it. In Brazil five millions of human beings were in slavery. Leo lifted up his mighty voice and they became free. You praise Lincoln and call him great because he was instrumental in the emancipation of four million slaves. Far be it from me to lessen honor and esteem for him! But Leo, directly and indirectly, has freed seven millions of human beings, and that without having shed a drop of blood, and without leaving behind any vexing race problem.

Many love to study him in his poems, from the one he wrote as a boy of twelve to that one which he dictated shortly before his death. Others seem never to tire extolling his epoch-making encyclicals, which, for their elegance, purity of style and profundity of thought have so attracted men. Some think that mankind is most indebted to him for his great apostolate of education within the Church: How strenuously he labored to instill into the hierarchy his enthusiasm for higher education! He is great who founds a university, a fountain-head of life, where men may drink of wisdom and be filled. Let us do homage to Leo, the founder of three universities—Freiburg, Ottawa and the Catholic University of America. At Louvain he created the school of scientific philosophy, and in the Vatican he fitted up one of the largest and best-equipped observatories. Leo stood for progress. The
desire for truth was the great passion of his life; and actuated solely by this motive he threw open to the scholars of the world the secret archives of the Vatican. Those priceless treasures that had there been piled up and hidden away during the past centuries, he placed at the disposal of the world of learning. He has done everything to render less difficult historical research, and a great historian has said: "Through Leo's initiative history will now be rewritten."

The nineteenth century has gone down in history as the age of great statecraft. Towering above all the statesmen of that century stands Leo XIII. Before his accession to the pontificate, the Papacy had passed through one of its greatest crises. History tells us that during the closing years of the reign of the illustrious Pius IX., the Papacy seemed to be nearing its destruction. The anti-Christian societies, which had united and combined their forces, made a mighty effort to sweep Catholicism off the face of the earth; and so well planned was the attempt that the very foundations of the Church seemed to have been shaken. Her enemies proclaimed her downfall: "The Papacy is destroyed! The Church is dead!" The Piedmontese Vandals despoiled Pius IX. of his temporal power. The prisoner of the Vatican could see from his window, floating over the Quirinal, the hostile flag of a throned power whose dominant note was hatred for him, whose dominant policy was the destruction of his Church. Through the influence of its godless statesmen, almost every nation was unfriendly. In Germany, in Russia and in Switzerland, Catholics were oppressed. To add to all this the Church was torn by schism. Germany had her Döllinger, France a Loyson, Italy a Curci and Switzerland her schismatic priests. In Germany Bismarck was making every effort to destroy Catholicism, and the famous "May Laws," which proclaimed the supremacy of the state in matters of religion, were put in force. Large numbers of the clergy were shut up in prisons or banished. But what need to dwell on the sad effects of this cruel law? When the storm was at its highest Pius IX. died, and men said: "There will never be another pope;" but the cardinals met in catacomb-like secrecy and elected Cardinal Peci, who had already attained the venerable age of sixty-eight. Immediately upon his accession he began by his masterful diplomacy to open up friendly intercourse with the nations; and through his unrivalled tact Russia ceased her barbarous treatment of the Catholics, and the Swiss persecution, which had lasted fifteen years, was brought to an end.

Leo's greatest political achievement was his victory over Bismarck. I will not dwell on Leo's patience and tact: how he kept on in his wise and skilful policy until Bismarck's "iron will" was broken and the May Laws repealed. So kind was the victor that he won also the love and confidence of all Germany, and even of Bismarck himself. In the end the "Iron Chancellor" was forced to admit that the May Laws were a blunder, and that the greatest living statesman was Leo XIII.

A weighty dispute had been going on between Germany and Spain about the Caroline Islands, and war was imminent. But at Germany's request Leo sat as arbitrator. His settlement of this quarrel is unique in history, for though the dispute was one most difficult to decide, he solved it with such remarkable fairness that never has a word been heard against his judgment either in Spain or Germany. So great was the admiration evoked by the august personality of Leo that the states of the world vied with one another in paying him honor. With the exception of the Shah of Persia and the kings of Italy, every great ruler has gone in person to the Vatican to offer homage to Leo.

Such was the prodigious and manifold genius of this truly great man. More remarkable still will his achievements appear when we consider that the seat of his exalted mind was a body continually racked by much physical pain. He slept hardly at all. During the long years of his pontificate, the first four hours of each day were given to prayer—to communing with his God; and every midnight this venerable man looked out from a window of the Vatican and blessed the sleeping city; and every day from a still more exalted eminence he looked out upon the world and blessed the whole multitudinous family of men.

O Leo, how appropriate has been thy title—Lumen in Cælo! Thy light, which for
ninety-three years shone with such great brilliance has given forth a lustre which will forever remain undimmed. The pride and glory of our generation is no more. Upon his tombstone indebted humanity may well write the words of the poet: "Here lies one 'upon whom every god hath seemed to set his seal, to give to the world assurance of a man.'"

Leo has passed away, but his memory and good deeds endure. At his grave the human race still stands hushed and awed—profoundest tribute to his moral grandeur.

---

The Elixir of Life.

RICHARD BARRY.

On the outskirts of the city stood a house somewhat apart from the others. It was surrounded by an old board fence well covered with showy advertisements. At one end of this fence was a gate which groaned and squeaked as the wind swung it back and forth. The path that led to the front door was overgrown, with grass and the whole place was utterly desolate. But on entering one would at once see that outward appearances were deceptive, for in the far end of the room could be seen an old man seated at a table in deep thought. His hair and beard were ragged and everything about him wore a look of untidiness and neglect. The tables and shelves of the room were studded with bottles and phials of every size and shape, and over all the dust lay an inch thick.

The old man was examining a liquid of some sort which was contained in a small phial. He carefully tasted some of the liquid and the effect was startling. His eyes seemed to recover some of the brightness of youth, his form seemed to grow more erect, and when he spoke his accents were no longer cracked and broken but clear and melodious. Something seemed to have possessed his soul, for he cried out in ecstasy:

"At last! At last I have discovered the secret! All the efforts that I have made during these long years are at last crowned with success, and my fame shall now resound all the world over. Not only will this discovery bring me riches and fame, but it will bring back the golden days of youth to me and my beloved Emily. It was for her sake that I toiled on so earnestly, and now how glad she will be and how happy I will make her when I restore to her cheeks the blush of girlhood."

Having thus expressed himself the old man took another phial similar to the one which contained the much-valued potion, and measuring out one-half of the liquid poured it into the empty phial. He then tightly corked both bottles, and taking them with him hurried into an adjoining chamber where sat an old woman. Her face was wrinkled and her hair was snowy white. She was bent forward, her right elbow resting on her knee, and her hand supporting her chin. She was rocking to and fro, all the time crooning some old song, entirely unconscious of the things about her, so that when the old man entered she seemed not to notice. He was flushed with excitement and his voice quavered as he shouted:

"Emily! Emily! I have at last found that which will make us both young and happy and bring us wealth in abundance. Here in these phials is contained a potion which if we drink will bring us back over the long, weary years and leave us young and happy once again."

But the old woman heeded him not; she still rocked to and fro and crooned away as if nothing had disturbed her. He pleaded with her but all to no purpose, and then in a final effort to arouse her attention he drank off the contents of one of the phials. A startling change immediately took place. The unkempt hair and beard fell from his head and face. His head was now covered with a thick shock of curls and the warm blood of youth glowed on his cheek. But there was also another change brought about. It was his utter forgetfulness of his life-long companion. She was now entirely forgotten, and the draught meant for her was now eagerly swallowed by himself.

How well it fulfilled its purpose may well be imagined when the form of the robust youth was seen to grow smaller and smaller until at length it became a little mite. Its smothered cries seemed to keep tune with
the old woman's crooning, and presently it crept from under the pile of clothing it had but lately worn.

Thus it lay cooing and crowing at turns and the old woman constantly droning forth her senseless wailing when the landlord came to collect his monthly dues. He was much surprised at seeing these examples of the extremes of youth and age. He went immediately to inform the police of what he had seen.

Both the child and the old woman were taken to the county hospital. There the child was tended to by the nurses, but despite all efforts it grew smaller. The old woman too was fast losing consciousness, and one bright morning they both passed away, the child vanishing into a speck and the woman overcome with the burden of years. The elixir of life killed where it should have cured.

---

A Hare in the Balance.

J ohn M. Ryan, '06.

Charles Edgren, the only son of a very wealthy banker, had been given by his father a large tract of land in the northern part of France. This land was not only fertile and rich but contained immense woods on both sides of the River Maine. Here Charles with several companions was accustomed to spend his vacations. The woods abounded in game of all description and the river was especially favorable for fishing. Every sport was open to the boys; and Charles in all but one surpassed his companions. He could dive from higher ground, out swim, run or jump all competitors. In fishing and riding he was unanimously accorded precedence. Hunting alone was his weak point. In this each and all without effort could defeat him. Although he had the best of rifles and equal opportunities he had never been able to shoot either a squirrel or hare. He would practise for hours at a time and have the target distance almost perfect, but when he shot at either hare or squirrel with a fair chance of their escaping he invariably missed. This ill-success was a source of great amusement to his companions, and they often told him that the hare knew his footsteps and the squirrel recognized him a hundred yards away.

One vacation evening Edgren had become separated from his chums, and, empty handed as usual, was walking slowly homeward, when suddenly there came to his ears the terrified tones of a woman mingled with the noise of a barking dog. Edgren hastened toward the spot from which the voice proceeded, and on arriving at the road beheld a strange sight. A stranger immediately changed everything. The dog stopped his gambols to gaze an instant at Edgren and his rifle before he skipped quickly down the road. The young lady straightened up, her fears gone in an instant. Edgren struck by her exceeding beauty was for an instant bewildered, but quickly recover-
ing himself volunteered to accompany her to her home, a favor which was most graciously accepted. This chance meeting, together with the fact that their fathers were old chums, made the young people friends, and soon put a different meaning to Edgren's frequent trips to his country home.

Long before it was announced that Mamie Labricle and Edgren were engaged, his friends had made her acquainted with his skillful marksmanship, and she too teased him, asking him in the presence of a large gathering for the first hare he would shoot.

Mamie's consent to marry him caused a change in the careless disposition of Edgren. The easy-going, pleasure-hunting young fellow of former days now suddenly appeared anxious to settle down. He urged and coaxed Mamie to hasten the marriage, but she always had some good excuse for delaying it. One evening he was more pressing than usual, and received an answer that left him in a strange dilemma, for she told him unless he should bring her, within twenty-four hours, a hare killed by his own shot he must wait eight months to marry her. In vain Edgren begged, expostulated and raved. She declared that he deserved this punishment, and would only promise to marry at his date should he succeed. Edgren tried to drop the hare question entirely and set an earlier date; but even this she would not grant. If he did not bring the hare, whether he attempted to shoot it or not, he must wait. Forced to accept a condition his own impatience had caused, Edgren soon hastened home to prepare for a supreme effort. All night he tossed and planned while hoping and praying for success.

Before daybreak he was up and had breakfast. Determined if possible to win an early bride he entered the woods with the first light. In vain he stole upon the hares, for just as he was ready to shoot something always frightened them away. About nine o'clock a hare bounded high in the air after he shot, but when he arrived where it was last seen there was no trace of it.

Swiftly the morning and afternoon wore away without a single bullet taking effect. With the sun just setting despair at last conquered his will, and Edgren turned despondently homeward. But fate had not deserted him yet. Edgren had hardly gone one hundred yards when he saw coming toward him a poacher carrying a live hare under his arm. With a bound all hope returned, and he hastened forward to hail the successful hunter. Joy, it is true, had conquered despondency, but despair immediately vanished joy. The poacher was an unsuccessful rival for Mamie's hand and bitterly jealous of Edgren's success. Driven by necessity, however, Edgren asked to buy the hare.

"Buy it, for what?" asked the poacher.

"Do you think I'm trapping game to sell to you so that you may tell her you caught it? Not much. You can not buy this one."

Edgren argued and begged, but it was of no avail. He offered double, treble, even ten times the value of the hare, but always received the answer "No." At last he grew desperate, and threatened to have it whether the poacher was willing or not. This brought his rival to terms, for he was a coward at heart and feared Edgren might carry out his threat. He too was well aware of Edgren's poor marksmanship, and he cunningly contrived a plan by which he was enabled to take advantage of it.

"I will give you the hare for five dollars, on one condition," said he.

Eagerly Edgren demanded what it was. 

"You must take the hare and fasten it so that it can not escape. Then stepping back ten paces shoot it. If you hit it in three shots you may take it home as yours; but in case you miss you must promise to let me go unmolested with it and the five dollars!"

Edgren thought for an instant, and then agreed. He paid the money, received the hare and tied it with a string to the limb of a small tree near by. Taking careful aim from the required distance he fired and missed. Angered because the poacher laughed he loaded his rifle and again aimed, this time long and carefully but the bullet went wide. The third shot was equally deliberate and was instantly followed by two cries: one of triumph, the other an instant later of dismay. The hare dropped upon a sharp-pointed stick which pierced its heart. The falling hare caused Edgren's triumphant cry, but that of dismay came from the poacher who saw the shot had missed the hare only to cut the string.

March.

Wind-wed anew is the earth,
Rain-fed the hidden seeds,
Spring with the springtide's birth,
Store for our winter's needs. C. L. O'D.
Too many people are prone to ignore the physical, moral and intellectual good that comes from the proper observance of Lent. Least of all do they see the benefit physically which is derived, although the wise regimen of diet and freedom from social worry during the Lenten season are established on well-defined hygienic principles. The month of March is the most trying period of the year, for our bodies are then striving to accustom themselves to the sudden change from the rigors of winter, when the physical and mental activities have been taxed to their limit, to the milder weather of a freshening springtime. What wonder then that coming as it does at this season of the year Lent should so help us in the process of "training down" physically and mentally. Moreover, as a writer in the Chicago Chronicle observes: "Walt Whitman talked about visiting with his soul. Lent is peculiarly a good time for this visit. There is leisure for communion with self." Herein lies the moral value of Lent. It affords us a chance for meditation; to recall the past and think of the future; to do penance and resolve on amendment. Let us then enter into the spirit of the holy season with more earnestness and with the secondary purpose of achieving the physical as well as the spiritual good to be obtained.

—The question of success or failure has ever been, and will continue to be, a topic uppermost in the mind of every man from the self-made millionaire magnate down to the humble and indigent laborer; though it especially recommends itself to the college man because he has spent, or is spending, so many of the best years of his youth in preparation for its solution. Our magazines and newspapers have spent much time and gone to great lengths in discussing the matter and giving the opinions of many men qualified to know. Whether it was prejudiced cynicism or a sincere love of truth that dictated the penning of these symposiaums every man must decide for himself; but the fact remains that they created anything but a favorable impression. Therefore, doubly interesting is the result of the editor of Bradstreet's statistical work on the subject.

According to his finding the proportion of failures in the business world is really less than one per cent. His figures extend over a space of many years. He thinks that most of the new enterprises were begun by men who failed in other lines. This statement has furnished a peg whereon is hung much editorial comment relative to the proverbial "Yankee" pluck, the "never say die" which characterizes and ennobles the American race; for if a man in this country fails in one occupation, his faith in the multitudinous other openings presented to him is in no whit shaken; while on the other hand he is "never too old to learn," and, figuratively speaking, would halt at the edge of his grave to embark in a new scheme which seemed to him to promise a larger income than it had been his previous good fortune to enjoy.

Of course these figures refer only to success or failure in the world of business; but then that is the only kind of success that is relative and capable of just judgment. Nevertheless, though this moral success, this triumph of conscience is the highest, and the noblest and the purest end to which we can aspire, yet the material success may not be neglected; and it is in this regard we declare there is good reason for every young college man to feel confident of success, or that if he does fail in his first attempt that failure will not be permanent.
Death of William Seton.

Fortified by the holy Sacraments of the Catholic Church, of which he has always been a most humble and devout member, Mr. William Seton of New York, and the illustrious representative of the Setons of Parboath, Scotland, departed this life on Wednesday, March 15, in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. This distinguished gentleman was born in the city of New York on January 28, 1835, and was one of the first students of Fordham, and later of St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Maryland. After travelling extensively through Europe, Mr. Seton returned to the United States, and having studied law for three years passed the state bar examination and was admitted to the practice of his profession. The Civil War breaking out just at that time, he answered President Lincoln's earliest call for volunteers, and became first lieutenant and afterward captain of the Fourth New York Regiment. In the battle of Antietam he was conspicuous for his bravery, being twice wounded on that bloody field. Having recovered from the effects of his injuries he was appointed a captain in the Sixteenth Artillery and served under Grant in the campaign against Richmond. The close of the war marked for him the beginning of a life of study and literary occupation; the fruits of which time he embodied in several works of fiction, the most notable of which are: "The Romance of the Charter Oak," "The Pride of Lexington," and "Rachel's Fate, and Other Tales." A poem of his entitled "The Pioneer" won the admiration and praise of William Cullen Bryant.

In a few years he abandoned the world of fiction in order to devote himself entirely to the study of Natural History. By his lectures and his writings he did much to popularize the discoveries of the Natural Sciences, for he put them in clear and interesting English and freed them from ultra-technicality. Mr. Seton was a member of the Loyal Legion and an LL. D. of Mount St. Mary's College. Mother Seton, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States was his grandmother; and he himself was a brother of the late Colonel Seton and of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Rome, who undoubtedly knows more about the Eternal City and its antiquities than any other living person. From such illustrious connections, then, comes Mr. William Seton, who has so unselfishly bequeathed his valuable collection of family heirlooms to the Bishops' Memorial Hall of Notre Dame; for among these treasures is a unique original portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which that unfortunate princess gave to one of Mr. Seton's ancestors; a dagger dating from 1334, together with some quaint snuff-boxes and ivory miniatures of several members of the famous family. To his many friends among the Faculty of the University, to hear that he was dead was indeed sad news; but their heartfelt sorrow is tempered, as is that of his bereaved family, by the knowledge that through his exemplary Christianity he triumphed in death even more gloriously than he had ever done in life.

The Story Beautiful.

Last Wednesday afternoon we had the rare treat of hearing Father MacCorry in his illustrated lecture, "The Story Beautiful." The title of the lecture but vaguely expresses the grandeur of the subject as handled by this eminent Paulist Father. The story of the life of Christ can never fail to be interesting, but seldom has it been portrayed with more intensity. This zealous priest has not only ransacked the art galleries of Europe in order to procure copies of the very best paintings for his 'slides,' but has also covered almost the entire field of English literature on the life of Christ in order to perfect his theme. The result is a grand triumph on the lecture platform, as was plainly testified by the prolonged applause of the students.

The speaker has a very pleasing voice, and although the house was in complete darkness his every gesture and facial expression was made perfectly visible by means of a small calcium light. His method of delivery was very dramatic, perhaps a little too much so, and he broke forth with volcanic power over the injustice that condones a man and condemns a woman fallen in sin. But this fiery speaker could also make the chords of sympathy vibrate, as was demonstrated in his description of
“Hoffman’s Virgin in the tomb.” According to press comments, “Father MacCorry’s effort is quite beyond anything of the kind attempted on this side of the Atlantic.” It is perhaps the nearest approach to the “Passion Play” of Oberammergau, and it brings us back with a thrill of realism to the scenes enacted nearly two thousand years ago.

**Book Review.**


Those who are accustomed to expect something good whenever Anna T. Sadlier offers a new work will in no way be disappointed with “The Red Inn of Saint Syphax.” To the young readers who are already well acquainted with Miss Sadlier’s great ability as a story-teller this work will especially appeal. The fact that the scene is laid in Brittany during the French Revolution gives it first of all the war setting which is a charm in itself. Added to this we have the plotting, narrow escapes, deeds of bravery and loyal devotion. There are few authors indeed who could present with such vividness the mock trial “where we have the tragedy and crimes of those awful days without the repugnance we are accustomed to feel; or the wild ride to escape in the “Revolutionary Tumbril. The mysterious power of the Vendean leader, Jambe d’Argent, which makes him unconquerable, and the love and self-devotion of the Breton peasants show the author to be a close student of character and lend a delightful charm to the story. It is thoroughly interesting, wholesome and cleverly written. In reading it one finds himself hurried on with an irresistible eagerness, and the end comes all too soon.

**Athletic Notes.**

Notre Dame won the dual meet last Saturday afternoon by the score of 66 to 47. It was the first meet held here this year, and it was all the “rooters” could ask for. Every event proved to be a close and interesting contest.

The quarter-mile run and the relay were the sensations of the meet. Kasper set a wonderful pace in the quarter; and when Keefe and O’Connell started their sprint it was certain that a fast quarter was to be run. Keefe won in 55 flat and O’Connell finished a few feet behind him.

In the relay O’Shea’s run clinched the event for Notre Dame. He ran second; and starting at least five yards behind his man caught him, and finished about five yards ahead of him. O’Connell made a great sprint, and when Keefe took up the last quarter it was all over but the shouting; and the spectators had witnessed one of the best relay races held here in years.

Draper as usual was the star of the meet and won 23 points for his team. He won the 40-yard dash and the 40-yard high and low hurdles without being pushed in any of them. In the low hurdles he equaled the world’s record, and came within one-fifth of a second of it in the high. The shot put also went to him, and without any practice he won second in the high jump.

Reed of Wabash had an easy time of it in the mile and two mile run, running as he pleased in both. At no time did anyone else have a look in, and Reed made his own pace and finished to suit himself.

The 220-yard dash proved to be an exciting race from start to finish. Donovan won his heat in fast time, and Sparks of Wabash took his heat with ease. When the two came together in the final a good race was assured, and it came up to all expectations. Sparks won in 24 3-5 with Donovan a good second.

Scales’ work in the meet was far better than anything he had done last year, his running in the hurdles being of high order. He will prove a valuable successor to Draper. Scales won second in the low hurdles and third in the high and also won third in the high jump. Evans’ injured leg did not give him a chance to show his real worth. His leg has been troubling him for some time and he was in very poor condition to enter a meet.

Keefe and O’Shea ran a good race in the half mile, Keefe running second, although he should have done more; for he is better than a 2:07 man, but the fast pace in the quarter took all the steam out of him. O’Shea’s run gave all kinds of promise. This
was the first meet he was ever in, and from
the manner in which he handled himself he
promises to make as good a half-miler as
the famous Uffendell—who at one time was
Notre Dame's star.

The meet as a whole proves that we have
track men, and that there is no reason why
we should not have a track team that could
compete in any meet in the West. Captain
Draper can now point his men for the meet
with Michigan "Aggies" to be held in
Lansing, Mich., on May 6; and judging from
their work in the meet against Wabash, we
will send a team up there which will make
the "Aggies" "go some" to beat. Bracken
surprised himself and everyone else by going
10 feet in the pole vault.

**ENTRIES.**

40-yard dash—Draper, Notre Dame, first;
Sparks, Wabash, second; Guthrie, Notre
Dame, third. Time, :04 4-5.

440-yard dash—Keefe, Notre Dame, first;
O'Connell, Notre Dame, second; Diddle,
Wabash, third. Time, :55.

One-mile run—Reed, Wabash, first;
McKinny, Wabash, second; Paupa, Notre
Dame, third. Time, 4:57.

Shot put—Draper, Notre Dame, first;
Guthrie, Notre Dame, second; Spaulding,
Wabash, third. Distance, 39 feet 8 inches.

High Jump—Pierce, Wabash first; Draper,
Notre Dame, second; Scales, Notre Dame,
third: height, 5-5¼.

220-yard dash—Sparks, Wabash, first;
Donovan, Notre Dame, second; Lally, Notre
Dame, third. Time, :24 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Draper, Notre Dame,
first; Andrus, Wabash, second; Scales, Notre
Dame, third. Time, :05 2-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Draper, Notre Dame,
first; Scales, Notre Dame, second; Bracken,
Notre Dame, third. Time, :05 1-5.

880-yard run—Thornell, Wabash, first;
Keefe, Notre Dame, second; O'Shea, Notre
Dame, third. Time, 2:07 1-5.

Two-mile run—Reed, Wabash, first;
McKinny, Wabash, second; Powers, Notre
Dame, third. Time, 11:47.

Pole vault—Bracken, Notre Dame, first;
Miller, Wabash, second; Guthrie, Notre
Dame, third. Height, 10 feet.

Broad jump—Pierce, Wabash, 1st; Bracken,
Notre Dame, second; Evans, Notre Dame,
third. Distance, 20 feet 11½ inches.

Relay Race—Keefe, O'Shea, O'Connell and
Kasper, Notre Dame, first.

**Captain Draper, running under the colors
of the C. A. A., won more points than any
one man in the big Illinois Athletic
Club Meet held in Chicago Tuesday night.
He competed against the very pick of the
West, men whose reputation have gone from
cost to coast, and beat them. In the low
hurdles, Draper won from such men as
Catlin of Chicago, twice a conference winner
and "touted" as the best hurdler the West
has ever produced, and Baily of Y. M. C. A.
In the shot put with five feet handicap he
won second, defeating "Coe, the king of
the putters in the East." Not satisfied with
this he won third in the high hurdles.
Catlin of Chicago and Steffen of the First
Regiment ran a dead heat in the high
hurdles, with Draper a close third in
:08 flat.

This is the third big indoor meet Draper
has been in this year, and in everyone he
has proven his ability as a track man. In
Milwaukee in the M. A. C. games he won
first in the low hurdles, second in the high,
and second in the shot put. In St. Louis he
won second in shot put; and running from
the scratch in the low hurdles and dash, he
finished third in the dash, and was unplaced
in the hurdles. Down there scratch men
started not on the scratch but behind it,
a scratch man having but very little chance
to win. Again Tuesday night he met the
best men in the country in the biggest
indoor meet ever held in the West. Indiana
was well represented in the meet; as Verner
of Purdue, running for the C. A. A., ran a great
race in the mile from scratch, and Barclay
from Indiana University won the event with
48-yards handicap. Draper was easily the
best, and it seems no matter where the
meet, or who the company, it always ends:
"Draper of Notre Dame was the star."

**Corby Hall defeated South Bend Y. M. C. A.
here Saturday night by the score of 28 to
14 in the fastest basket-ball game played at
Notre Dame this year. Corby's team-work
was the best of the year and Hermann's
playing was brilliant. "The game of his
Captain O'Connor is hitting the ball better than last year, and besides having the work of coaching a green team is playing exceptionally good ball. The diamond on Cartier Field has been skinned about ten feet behind short stop and a steam roller has been used on it, and we will now have one of the fastest diamonds in the West.

“Chick” Antoine, last years’ catcher, visited here over Sunday.

The track meet with Michigan “Aggies” is to be held on May 6, in Lansing, Mich., instead of at Notre Dame.

### Athletic Gossip.

“The newspapers will have at least one ball-player in the field this summer. D. G. Alderman, a reporter for the Bee, has signed with Topeka in the Western Association. Alderman is a left-hander, and has played at Notre Dame, when he twirled for the crack college team. He has been doing night police ‘stunts’ on the Bee all winter.” —Omaha Daily News.

“W. A. Phelan touts Ruehlbach, the Notre Dame pitcher, drafted by Chicago, as being one of the best twirlers in the country. Nothing could beat Notre Dame with Ruehlbach in the box, and during the summer he pitched in the Missouri Valley League under the name of Lawson. Then he went East and pitched for independent teams. Players who have batted against him say he is a “wonder.”” —Louisville Journal.

### Personal.

—Rev. Charles V. Lamb, S. J., of Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., was the guest of the University during the week.

—Mrs. J. C. O’Connor of Delph, Ind., recently visited her son John in Sorin Hall.

—Mr. J. W. Wankrauship, ’83–’85, with his wife paid a short visit to his old friends at the University this week.

—Visitors’ Registry:—Misses Hannah J. Berghoff and Agnes Kaspar, Chicago; Mrs. Fanny C. Rucker, Independence, Missouri; H. F. Hudson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. B. F.
Springer, Trinidad, Colorado; Mrs. George M. Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana; Mr. Joseph F. and Miss Dorothy Beh, Harlan, Iowa; Mrs. R. Brenneck, Somonauk, Illinois; Mrs. A. Weilema, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Mrs. Anna Dougan, Mrs. Estelle Kimmel, Mrs. Lucy Finley, Niles, Michigan; Mrs. Margaret Smith, Chicago; Mrs. Edward Austen, Miss S. Simpson, Pokagon, Mich.; E. J. R. B. Roach, Frothingham V. MacLean, Baltimore, Maryland; Mrs. Orville Curtess, Mrs. Frank Lamb, Buchanan, Michigan; Rev. Joseph B. Hill, Chicago; Miss Nellie M. Parks, Mrs. C. S. Austen, Mrs. J. Mears, Mrs. C. C. Bowman, Mrs. W. C. Hobbs, Miss Snyder, Mrs. H. H. Hutchinson, Mishawaka, Indiana.

Local Items.

—"Keep off the grass."
—A fair exchange in suit-cases is no robbery.
—A meeting will be held in Sorin some time next week for the purpose of electing a baseball captain and a captain of the crew.
—The Philopatrians of Carroll Hall will entertain the students of the University on Tuesday afternoon by staging a comedy in Washington Hall.
—The hand of the artist has again manifested itself. Through the efforts of their genial director the members of St. Joseph's Hall can now boast of as impressive an alumni photo collection as can be found anywhere in the University.
—The prospects for a good baseball team to represent St. Joseph's Hall in the Inter-Hall series this year are very bright, the entire infield of last year being in good shape for this season. There are plenty of candidates for the outfield positions, and all are showing up well.
—The early spring weather is appreciated by all the Halls. Reading-rooms, smoking-rooms and the gymnasium have been deserted, and the baseball diamonds have claimed their former frequenters. Nines have been organized in all the Halls, and close contests may be expected when the Inter-Hall series begins.
—St. Joseph's lake is lower this year than it has been for a long time. Many surmises have been made as to the cause, principal among which are, the lack of rain, and the removal of a vast quantity of ice during the winter. If the latter reason is the cause of the great decrease it would be advisable to prohibit the cutting of the ice, for in time it would despoil the beauty of the lake.
—Preparations have already begun for the building of a porch for Sorin Hall. Upon the erection of the scaffolding many remarks of regret came from the members of the water-throwing brigade. Others, who thought of the peace and comfort they could enjoy in the good old summer time, smiled and expressed themselves in this wise: "Ha, ha, ha! good joke. Ha, ha, ha."

—The majority of the students were very sorry to find at the meet last Saturday that a few students had adopted an ungentlemanly method of rooting. Such men would please many if they would either stay away from the contests in the future or refrain from hissing or hooting at an opponent. Every team likes and desires sportsmanlike rooting and a great deal of it; but neither a home team nor a visiting team benefits by rowdism. Let those few take heed. A fair chance to all and encouragement to your own side!

—The two first Minim track-teams, captained by Yrisarri and Cavanaugh, held an indoor meet last week, and so evenly matched were the teams that neither could win supremacy over the other, and both sides left the track with 32 points to their credit. The best work in the meet was done by Roe who ran the hurdles in fine form and captured more than half of the points won by his side. His work in the meet easily establishes him as the best of the Minim track men. Peel, Cavanaugh and Yrisarri also did well. On the same day the second team held a meet in which Captain Heeb's men easily defeated those led by Roberts. The final score was 48-29. The best work was done by Kesselhuth and Cotter.

—Through the untiring zeal, energy, efforts, etc., of Thomas A. Hammer and John F. Shea, a musk-bag diamond has been laid out on the Sorin Hall grounds. These philanthropists wish to acknowledge their indebtedness and gratitude to several of the civil engineers who assisted them in their work. Practice will begin as soon as some one succeeds in appropriating a ball from an unsuspecting Minim. The first game is to be played Saturday evening, April 15. The sport will commence at 7:00 p.m. sharp. The president of the Buttinskis will pitch the first ball. Tickets for reserved seats on the Sorin Hall roof-garden are now on sale. These cool refreshing seats should be all sold by the time set for the opening, as the self-elected officers promise a very close and exciting game. Bring your umbrellas as the weather is always threatening in the vicinity of Sorin—especially in the region of the roof-garden.

—One of the latest organizations is the Boomerang Club. The following officers were elected on account of the ability manifested by them: Charles de Lunden, president and coach; Waldorf Astoria, assistant
coach in dodging, and Joe Bucke (resigned),
official chaser. The first practice was taken
March 24. On this occasion one of the
weapons of suicide left on a hurried trip to
the East. Inhabitants of Germantown are
thereby given warning to be on the look-out.
—The St. Joseph's Literary and Debat­
ing Society held their regular meeting last
Wednesday evening. The program opened
with the debate: "Resolved, That the Pres­
ent Tariff System is the best that can be
devised." The affirmative side was upheld by
Messrs. J. V. Cunningham and W. P. Galligan.
The negative was supported by E. P. Cleary
and J. W. Sheehan. The House acted as Judge,
and their decision was in favor of the affirm­
ative. The oration on "American Poets" by Mr. John Dempsey was well prepared and
enjoyed by all. Mr. Malloy sustained his
reputation as an elocutionist in his rendition
of "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Mr. Par­
rish's impromptu speech on "The Stability
of Our Constitution" showed him a very
ready speaker. A motion was made to
adjourn and was carried.

—A large and noisy bunch of fans saw the
Colts do it. They handed the Juniors a bunch
which they could not untie and win the
game in the tenth inning by a timely slug
by Herne. "Pertoot," the captain and man­
ger, officiated in his old position at short,
and played with all of his old-time form,
missing every ball but one. The other son
of Ogle County held down third, and his
position is secure. The remainder of the
team was made up of green men, but all
give promise of being ball missers. "The
Golden Grail" in centre field knocked four
long fouls and made one difficult stop, the
ball flying within three feet of him, but
calmly putting out his hand he speared it
and the runner was out. Denis Shelden in
the right garden pulled down three long
drives which would have been home runs,
but for him getting his paw in the road.
The new pitcher was the sensation; the
rooters sang loud and often "Ain't he a
Dream" and "He Looks Just a Little Differ­
ent than are the Rest to Me." But he fooled
them, and only nineteen hits were made off
his delivery.

Captain "Pertoot" will make a cut in a
few days, and only the men who have proven
their ability to miss everything coming their
way will be kept.

John Bun, except the Ogle County Twins,
is the only man who has his position clinched.
He has proven beyond a doubt that he is a
losing man on a losing team, "Pertoot",
cautions him time and again not to over
exert himself—and he didn't. Not John, but
his heart, is bad, and any gait faster than
that of a snail would cause irritation of the
ragus fibre. Do not miss the next game, all
come out and watch "Pertoot" lead the
Colts on to defeat—or just on.

—When Colonel Oberst and John Bun had
their grass cut and Hank Simon had recov­
ered from his St. Patrick's Day celebration,
the Corby braves, after a strong plea on the
part of Joe Buckley, concluded that the
baseball season had arrived. Buckley had
been up to Bertrand the week before in
consultation with the editor of the Bertrand
Eagle on the said subject, and had convinced
that head-light of knowledge in the most
inductive methods of reasoning that Quig
O. D. was the natural successor to Joe of
automobile fame. For that and other state
reasons, he proposed the plan to begin the
work of the league. Year after year, six, to
be accurate, the widely-known "Ragtails"
and "Rudy Jays" have lost games on the
campus. But now all is changed; the guiding
spirit of the league, J. Pierpont O'Relay, has
deserted. However, let it not be inferred
that he seeks fame in any other league,
neither has he been called to the Happy
Hunting Grounds,—simply, he is not in the
game. If his new business duties in Toledo
permit, he will come here to witness the
annual clash of the "Ragtails" and some
team in the "Big Four."

This year many new faces will grace
the league. "Little Eckie" will lead the
"Truck Wagons" on to defeat. His team
will be made up of new men, but rest assured
the games will be lost the same as usual.
Joe Buckley, the debater, who held a position
on the bench with the bats for the Elgin
Standards will do the heavy work behind
the plate, and in consequence the failure of
the team is a certainty.

"Bennie from the South," assisted by
"Smush Dick," will captain the ungrainy
"Highballs," and the success of that team in
defeat is also assured. The old captain of
the "Ragtails" will captain the "Water
Wagons," and that is enough. They always
lost.

The "Red Pops" will be capitained by a
man who has been playing ball in Central
Illinois under the assumed name of Geo.
Brennen, and that team is also a sure loser.
A strong and timely lot of "hitters" they
will all be, and losing games can be witnessed
free of charge every Thursday morning.
Miss these games and you are foolish. Never
has anyone had the chance to see so many
high-class ball-tossers who are so bad that
they are good. "The Man Who Made
Milwaukee Famous," is an attraction
offered at every game, and he, along with
the game itself, should be enough. Come
and see them, and bring your friends who
are strong with the hammers—the only
league in the world where every team loses
and no one wins.