The Gold and Blue.

Air: "My Own United States."

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

We love our country's starry flag
'Neath which our fathers died,
And through our life, in peace or strife,
It is our common pride.
But there's another banner fair
To which we'll e'er be true;
Where'er we meet with joy we'll greet
Our dear old Gold and Blue.

CHORUS.

We honor thy colors, our dear Notre Dame,
True sons we shall ever be.
In the struggle for right, 'mid the thick of the fight
Thy children shall honor thee.
O symbol of beauty, of honor and truth,
Our hearts' warmest praise is thy due;
We'll honor thy name, our dear Notre Dame,
Fair home of the Gold and Blue.

When we have left our college walls
And toss about the world
We'll hail with glee, where'er we see,
Thy banner full unfurled,
For from its folds will silent rise
Sweet memories that drew
Our voice to raise wild cheers of praise
For dear old Gold and Blue.

Christianity and Civilization.

WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.

The word civilization brings to
mind a more or less complete realiza-
tion of a certain ideal condition
of human society. This ideal is
different for individuals according to their
different opinions regarding the worth and
purpose of life and the final destiny of man.
One who believes that the be-all and end-all
of man is realized in this world will have an
ideal of civilization radically different from
that of one who believes that life here is
a great try-out for a perfect life hereafter. We
believe with Dr. Bouquillon that "Society
is a means, not an end, for its members.
Hence its highest degree of civilization is
that in which or by which it can offer to
the greatest number of its members the
greatest facilities for reaching its true
destiny. Clearly, then, if we wish to be
serious, to get at the bottom of the question,
we must start with the idea of man and
his destiny. Those who disagree at this point
can have nothing in common beyond it."

It is just here—by teaching the truth
concerning man and his destiny—that
Christianity laid the foundation of all that
is noble, true, and enduring in modern civil-
ization. It shall be my purpose to trace
briefly the changes wrought in the ancient
civilization by the adoption of Christian
ideas concerning the individual, the family,
and the state. The root idea of modern
civilization, the idea which differentiates it
from all others, is the value and dignity
of the human personality. According to the
definition of Roman jurisprudence "A person
is a man endowed with a civil status." If
a man were not a citizen he was a mere
thing, to be bought or sold, to be suffered
to live, or to be put to death, precisely as an
ox might be. From this mean conception of
personality followed the slavery of the
majority and the consequent degradation of
every kind of manual labor. Just as we
would feel degraded to be obliged to do
the work of horses, so the Greek or Roman
citizen would have felt himself degraded in
doing the work of slaves.

But Christianity taught every man that
he was created in the image and likeness
of his Maker; that he was but a little lower than the angels; that before all time he was decreed to be a fellow-citizen of the saints and a member of the household of God. The fact that the Second Person of the Triune God became man yet remained God has raised human personality to a dignity which the unaided human intellect could never have conceived. Forever after, merely to be born a child of God with a birthright to eternal bliss was to be a fact the contemplation of which placed the individual above things merely temporal. Add to the knowledge of such a destiny the belief that it can be missed only by an act of his own free will and you have the highest possible motive for right living. And Christianity offered not only the highest motives for morality, but also a definite standard and a perfect example in the life and teachings of its Founder.

The revolutionary character of this Christian idea of individual sacredness, worth, and responsibility; its utter novelty, and the far-reaching extent of its influence can hardly be overestimated. Of old, parents put to death a deformed child because it showed no promise of civic usefulness; the Christian unfortunate, because of its very affliction, became the object of most tender parental solicitude. The pagan poor were neglected, the Christian poor were gathered into hospitals, and lovingly nursed as the little ones of God.

The full triumph of this Christian first principle involved the destruction of slavery. That all men are children of a common Father, to whom they are accountable for their actions, will forever militate against the distinction between master and slave. It was impossible for men believing themselves children of God permanently to remain the property of man or to hold property in man. It would of course have been highly inexpedient for the Apostles to attack slavery directly and openly. They took the world as they found it. They exhorted servants to be subject to their masters with all fear; and masters to treat their servants with justice and charity, knowing that the Lord of both is in heaven.

Slavery was tolerated by the Church, because man's state and condition of life on earth, though of great importance, is not of first importance. But the time came when the Church attacked the institution openly. The Council of Epaone in the beginning of the sixth century ordained that “the master, who shall of his own authority take away the life of his slave, shall be cut off for two years from the communion of the Church.” In 868 the Council of Worms subjected to a two years' penance a master who should put his slave to death. Newly enfranchised slaves were protected against injustice and clothed with an inviolable sanctity. The ceremony of “manumission” was solemnly performed in church in the presence of Him before whom all are equal. Later on religious orders were formed for the express purpose of ransoming and freeing captured slaves. In all these ways the public opinion of Christendom was slowly turned against this survival of paganism. Though the struggle lasted hundreds of years, it can not be denied that the final extinction of slavery is the logical and inevitable outcome of the spread of gospel principles.

Another triumph of Christianity was the establishment of the Christian family, or, as Mr. Allies calls it, “the new creation of the true relation between man and woman.” At the time of our Lord’s ministry the social position of woman throughout the whole civilized world was more degraded and degrading than perhaps it had ever been before. “In Greece,” to quote Mr. Allies, “the woman was looked upon, not as the human creature, man’s like, and companion, but as means to an end, as an evil which could not be escaped in order that there might be house and children. Her intellectual education was disregarded; and so her influence on her husband was slight; even the rich and noble were not brought up in accomplishments which might form the charm of the home. Socrates admits that the society of the wife was the last thing sought after by the husband.”

Among the Romans the husband had unlimited liberties of divorce. Cicero repudiated the mother of his children for a rich and young bride, and then after a year’s marriage expelled her in turn. The virtuous Cato divorced his wife in order to give her to a friend. Women reckoned their ages by the number of their husbands. She was a
minor all her life, first under her husband, and if she became a widow she was subject to her husband’s relatives.

Among the Jews the unlimited use of divorce had become the scourge of the domestic life and threatened the existence of the nation. A famous rabbi records the granting of a divorce because the wife had let the broth burn. Such was the extreme laxity of the marriage bond among the people who had been taught the true relation between man and woman.

This was the position of woman and the family when Augustus attempted to place his mighty empire on a solid footing. The cultured Greek and the pleasure-loving Roman shrank from the arduous duties of marriage and the rearing of families. The childless rich man was courted and petted by a fickle people; what was this powerful monarch to do? The old Roman virtues which had made her the mistress of the world were gone, and their very mention was a reproach to his generation. Who would even allude to Lucretia in the court of Augustus? He did all he could. He made laws against celibacy, and such laws are the best evidence of national decay. Their necessity proves an awful state of morality and misery.

But there came into this decadent civilization a new creative force—the Christian conception of the family. The right relation between man and woman was secured in the indissoluble unity and inviolable sacredness of the marriage relation. Here, indeed, was the foundation on which states might be built. It became the foundation of Christendom, and will forever be the corner stone of enduring states.

Woman was now what God intended her to be: man’s companion, friend, and equal; the sharer of his joys and sorrows; his spouse for time and eternity; the creator of his home; the educator of his children; and, next to God, the object of his tenderest affection.

Besides establishing the right relation between man and woman, Christianity taught the right relation of man to man, of man to the state. In Greece and Rome man existed for the state, and had no rights which it was bound to respect. “They knew no higher good than the good of the human commonwealth, and its extension and government was the highest result of the virtue which they contemplated. Man had in himself no intrinsic value which could outweigh or vie with this result.”

In the Christian conception the state exists for the good of its members, and it must be obeyed when commanding within its sphere, for there is no power but from God. Yet the individual has certain inalienable rights upon which the state may never infringe, and among these are the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and the right to teach the knowledge of God. For maintaining these rights millions of individuals have been tortured, imprisoned, thrown to wild beasts, and killed in a thousand most cruel ways. The battle has waged from the beginning, and will perhaps continue to the end of time.

Sometimes the state has encroached upon the Church and thrust upon her unworthy ministers who disgraced her; sometimes the state has been of real service to the Church, as in the case of Pepin and Charlemagne. At other times the government of the world has been wielded by the Papacy, because there was no other power with sufficient intelligence, virtue and courage to command, as in the time of Pope Nicholas I. Each power is supreme in its own sphere: the Church in things divine, the state in human things. “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s and to God the things that are God’s,” implies this truth. The difficulty arises in determining the things which are Cæsar’s and the things which are God’s. This conflict may be interminable, since human nature is what it is; yet Christianity makes civil government sacred because it comes from God; and at the same time makes individual rights inviolable because the individual is the child of God.

A Magdalen.

CHARLES L. O’DONNELL, ’06.

WITH eyes made strong a space she firmly gazed Upon the full-fired Sun of blazing noon; Then looked upon the darkened earth, amazed That all its beauty should have fled so soon. Unsafe the ways she long had walked secure, False every precept she had reckoned right, And all the glare of sense, ah, how impure To her soul’s eyes, drenched with the Living Light.
The Night of the Storm.

THOMAS A. CARVIN.

Sterling enjoys an enviable position in the centre of the corn and wheat belt of southeastern Kansas along the winding course of the Arkansas not many miles from the city of Wichita. It stands upon the west bank, the whole country sloping gently down to the stream. As a result it receives the full breath of the damp eastern breeze sweeping unbroken across the vast prairie. Upon the west is a double row of baby-mountains which tempers the harshness of every western gale and shuts off the rays of the departing sun well-nigh half an hour before his mission is completed, giving those poor inhabitants more night than day.

Were you to have visited this town fifteen years ago and taken a seat upon the railroad water tower on the river bank, you would have noticed close to the railroad track a square, two-storied hotel with scarce a trace of daint, the weather boarding warped and full of holes, through which the bats and sparrows streamed in sportive play; in front, near the moss-covered sidewalk, an old sidling lamp-post that, no doubt, years ago brightened the way for weary or drunken travelers seeking shelter for the night; and but a few rods from the hotel a low, flat-roofed red building with two barred windows and a single door. Here poor Jack Murphy spent many sluggish nights during the season that Dr. Bellcamp was the acting druggist, selling whiskey and quinine according to law.

As you sit upon the tower surveying the general contour of the country before you, let me introduce to you Bobby Jones the joker, his red, curly beard always parted in the middle, Billy Ball, the city marshall, and Silas Warren, the grocer. Any evening this distinguished set might be found in Silas' grocery store nominating presidential candidates, criticising the action of the governor, or scoring the village school-teacher for inflicting some trifling punishment upon their children.

A singular thing about Sterling is that it had no church; no priest to speak words of comfort to the dying, or bless the wedding feast; no Sunday-school children to mock the birds in song or play.

Such were the conditions when Dr. Patton settled down to practise in Sterling fifteen years ago. The doctor was a man of medium height, square shoulders, well-built body, intelligent look,—in short, he was handsome. But he was also very poor. His office was an old frame building with no worthy mark to call the eye save the doctor's shingle reading thus: "Dr. Patton, Specialist."

Time passed on. Winter came. The cruel giants of the north were tearing the elements asunder, causing turmoil and confusion, rain-storm and snow. The doctor was not yet fully accustomed to his new life. His mind stole back into the past and freshened a thousand memories of his college days, or explored the future, erecting air castles with one thought only to see them torn down with another.

It was a cold stormy night in February. The freakish wind in seeming madness grumbled, rushed, twisted, as if running down some deadly foe; again lying in wait to ensnare or entice him. The doctor sat by the hearth smoking his pipe. "Was there ever such a night?" thought he, and he pulled his chair up closer to the fire. The rats and mice above his head fought, squealed, and rattled back and forth. The grunty pug dog upon the floor crouched closer to the blazing hearth, folding up his ears to catch the music of the sparks as they chased each other up the flue in cracking madness. The smoke from the doctor's meerschaum pipe rolled in winding columns from the bowl.

Still the snow fell fast and played about the corners of the house to the rhythm of the wind. The elements were furiously contending,—a thundering roar as if some wild and famous horsemen had rushed together clashing steel and breaking helmets; a low and wailing moan as if some noble spirit in passing from the wounded body was lamenting it in bitter tones.

The clock upon the mantel struck eleven, and the doctor shrugging his shoulders nestled himself more comfortably into his rocker. Before long he was asleep,
while the noise of the storm was a lullaby in his ears.

Suddenly a shout pealed out in the roadway, and the doctor, rubbing his eyes, hallooed “Who’s there?” The familiar voice of Jack Murphy responded: “Say, is this where Murphy lives?” Jack had just returned from Bellcamp’s, where he had been treating a severe cold with the druggist’s quinined-whiskey, and had lost his way. Patton, cursing the “fat lobster” for disturbing his nap, fell back again into his slumbers, thinking, as he dozed off, that he would rise presently and retire. Soon again he was asleep, dreaming the happiest little incidents, clasping his hands—his lips even smacked—as if some cherished hope or ambition was just about to leave his grasp; again he was frowning and moving uneasily, perhaps he was robbing the grave of Mother Naneek, who had died of some unknown disease, and was battling with the spirit for the mastery of the body; now his eyes were open, staring ghastly into space, perhaps the angel of the better man taking liberty to look about to secure some new and stronger vantage point.

The clock now told twelve. The doctor was yet asleep. The storm raged loudly on—no abatement whatever.

In the outskirts of the village, in an old weather-beaten frame building which allowed the wind and storm to rattle through its cracks, lived a family named Dixon. The father had now been dead three years. All that remained were the mother,—weak, sickly, unable to work—and two daughters, Bessie, seven, Beatrice scarce nineteen. On this particular evening at well-nigh midnight, a tall girl, stately, but poorly dressed, closed the door behind her, and tucking an old red shawl around, her trudged towards the doctor’s office.

Shortly after midnight the doctor was aroused from his sleep by a sharp rap upon the door. It was repeated before the drowsy doctor had time to rise from his chair. On opening it he saw a young woman standing beyond the step, the wind circling snow-clouds about her, which every now and then gushed suddenly into the doctor’s face.

“Good-evening,” spoke the physician, with an important air.

“Good-evening. Are you the doctor?” she hurriedly asked.

“Yes, madam.” With a curious air, he said: “Come in, it is mighty cold to stand outside.”

Beatrice slowly stepped inside and took a chair near the door, her hand still clutching the shawl at her throat.

For a moment the doctor eyed her: her face was motionless and pale, her eyes of a searching blue beneath their heavy arching brows; her mouth was wide, and her lips were tightly compressed; her voice was weak; her breast uneasily rose and fell. Unconsciously, she shifted her feet as her hand twitched nervously at the shawl.

“Well, what’s the matter? Anything I can do for you?” began the doctor.

“O Doctor, can’t you help me? My mother is dying and my little sister is very sick,” she almost shrieked, as her voice broke into a sob.

“Why, what seems to be the matter?” queried the doctor.

“For weeks past my mother has been sick. We had hardly anything to eat—no wood to make a fire—no comforts at all. We can not pay you, but I know you will come?” she murmured brokenly, as she wrung her hands and looked pitiously toward him.

“Never mind that. I’ll go with you, at once,” said the doctor as he pulled on his great fur coat and took up his satchel, and both hurried out into the night and the blinding snow.

When they reached the house, Beatrice led him into a dingy, poorly-lighted room. The doctor went to the bedside and there was Mrs. Dixon dead; and close beside her, clinging to the dead mother in childish affection, was Bessie, pale and weak; her brown, curly locks scattered loose upon her pillow.

“As for your mother,” said the doctor, stroking his face, “she is dead. All we can do is to restore your sister who is not sick but hungry.” Patton gave her the usual medical assistance, and calling Beatrice aside told her that he would see that they were provided with food till Bessie was fully restored to health; and that he would return in the morning and prepare a burial.
for her mother; then he hurried away. He came at eight o'clock the next morning and finding Bessie to be improving nicely began to prepare a burial for Mrs. Dixon. As Bellcamp was both druggist and undertaker, he was by special request of Dr. Patton early on the scene, and by ten o'clock had the body ready for burial.

As there was no minister in the town, the doctor was selected to fill his place, and with bowed head and downcast eyes the man of medicine knelt at the grave of a poor unfortunate widow and prayed for the first time in years.

All the while the villagers looked on with awe-stricken curiosity, and from this very moment regarded the doctor as a far greater personage than ever before: he was their counselor in business, their comfort in sickness, their minister in death.

After the funeral the doctor called upon Beatrice and her sister, on several times. The neighbors were kind to them and carried on the work of helpfulness that he had begun. Toward spring he received an invitation to go on a hunting expedition with a few old college chums and when he returned he observed that the house in which the Dixons had lived was vacated.

"I suppose they have gone to friends somewhere. Somehow I always thought they were refined—more so than most of the people here"—mused the doctor, as he went on his way.

After about five years in Sterling, the doctor thought that he would like a larger field for practice; some place where he would come in contact with the great masters of his profession, and a larger number of cases. He accordingly accepted a position in a hospital in Butte, Montana, much to the regret of the people of Sterling, and left them with their prayers and best wishes. He acquired great fame as a surgeon in the hospital, and soon everyone sought the services of the great doctor who was always so kind and cheerful.

He was no longer an amateur, and the days that he sat in his office in Sterling waiting for practice seemed like a far-off dream.

One evening Dr. Patton was invited to attend a ball given by the society people of the place. The great ball-room was gorgeously decorated; one end of it seemed to fade away into woodland; thousands of lights hung from the gilded chandeliers; and the vast crowd of gaily-dressed people gave the place a brilliant appearance.

The doctor during the evening saw a lady whose countenance attracted him; he thought that he must have seen her before, then dismissed the idea as a fantasy of the imagination. Nevertheless, he sought her acquaintance, and when they were introduced they said to each other almost simultaneously:

"Were you ever in Sterling, Kansas?"

Then while the others were dancing to the low, soft rhythmical music, Doctor Patton and Miss Dixon sat apart in a cove of flowers and she told the doctor her story.

"My father was a wealthy senator. There was great speculation in those days in Butte, and he invested all his wealth in a mine. It proved worthless, and soon after father died, poor and discouraged. Then there came a siege of hard times—such as all mining towns occasionally experience—food was high and money was scarce, and mother had to leave. She took us to Kansas. God only knows the hardships we went through. Well, one day after my mother's burial I received a letter from a distant relative saying that the mine my father had purchased had been reclaimed and was very paying, and that Bessie and I were the sole heirs. Before we left Sterling we went to bid you good-by, but you were not at home at the time."

They sat in silence for a moment. The cool mountain breeze wafted softly through the window. Without lay the great busy city of Butte—its long, lighted streets fading away into the mellowness of the summer night. Beatrice again broke the silence:

"O this is fine, doctor. How very different from that most terrible night that I came, a beggar, to your office in Sterling."

"It was an awful night," said the doctor gravely, "but we will forget all those troubles of the past. We will see a great deal of each other here, shall we not?"

Beatrice nodded assent, blushing as she did so, for intuitively she read the hidden meaning of the doctor's words—and, as future events proved, she read correctly.
The Reign of Peace.

(Horace, Odes IV, 15.)
I would have sung of wars and strife,
But Plicebus chided me
Lest I should set my little sails
In the Tyrrenian Sea.

Your age, O Caesar, has restored
The crops within the field,
And carried back the standards bright
That Parthians fain would shield.

Your age has closed the War God’s gates,
Free from all strife are we;
Foul crimes have given place to arts,
The strength of Italy.

It has increased the Latin name.
Thy fame abroad has spread
From eastward, where the sun awakes,
Down to its western bed.

While thou art master of affairs
No war shall shake our peace;
Hatred, which sets unhappy states
At variance, shall cease.

Not those who drink of Danube deep
Shall break thy laws forever,
Not Getae, Seers, nor Persians false
Nor those from the Don River.

Then let us both on festivals
And common days rejoice,
And ’mid the gifts of Bacchus gay,
Let each one raise his voice.

Thus having first invoked the gods
Like our great sires we’ll sing
Of Troy, Anchises, valiant chiefs,
And Venus’ fair offspring.

Chaucer’s Diction and Tenets.

HENRY M. KEMPER, ’05.

William the Conqueror and his followers by superior forces and armament defeated Harold’s brave little band at Senlac in 1066. They ruled the vanquished and maintained their rule not only by right of conquest but also by the administration of superior laws. Proud of their military and judicial supremacy the invaders for many generations held aloof from the villein class in language and customs. Though Norman traits influenced the official, military, social and clerical population; the conquerors—never exceeding a quarter of a million—had to combat a patriotic, conservative people fully eight times as strong in numbers. Class antag-
onism and native pride divided the people into two streams which for a century and a half ran proudly in their separate courses, and then, with the loss of French lands and succession, reunited in one clear channel. England awoke to find herself a nation. The dread with which Ormins and Layamon scrupulously shunned French words gave way to an almost complete reconstruction of our language; from being synthetic it became analytic. The inflection of nouns, adjectives and verbs ceased; final vowels were changed; some consonants became softened, prepositions became more numerous, and French words were more freely employed—all combining to give our tongue a marvelous power, grace and elasticity. In poetry, metre and rhyme substituted alliteration and accent. Its freedom was restricted by conventional rules and tempered by classical models.

Chaucer found in England a confusion of dialects, and by his towering supremacy made his own, that of East Midland, the immediate source of our literary wealth. He is, therefore, rightly regarded as the father of English poetry. True, he is criticised for his wholesale French adoptions; but, when all is said, he did no more than stamp words of current usage with the stamp of eligibility, giving a literary value to the spoken diction of his time—a process that has and ever will continue to be approved. This is the more pardonable in Chaucer inasmuch as he was influenced by French customs as a soldier and diplomat; took from its literary storehouse the first sources of his poetic inspirations and early translations; and owed his readers, by virtue of his popular subjects, a language that was familiar to them. “In compass, flexibility, expressiveness, grace and all the higher qualities of poetical diction,” says Mr. Marsh, “Chaucer gave his dialect at once the utmost perfection which the materials at his hand would admit of.”

Chaucer, who was a devoted son of the Church, was fond of reading and writing entertaining stories, ever striving to make his characters as true to life as possible; but, if necessary, suiting popular prejudices to the taste of his readers and the needs of his “purs.” That he wrote for a large audience is evident from the choice of his subject,
his characters and manner of treating them.

It seems to have been rather fashionable in the contemporary history and literature to expose the shortcomings of the Church's dignitaries. Walter Mapp satirizes the clergy in his *De Nugis Curialium*, somewhat as had been done in the *Land of Cockaygne*. Langland, who had been prevented from further ecclesiastic promotions on account of his marriage, expresses his prejudice concerning Church and State in a moody allegory. Wycliffe brought to a climax the discontent of the peasants which had been fomented by war, taxation, the Black Death and labor disputes. At a very imprudent time he tried to shake the authority of Church and State by applying to them feudal methods. Those of his "poor priests" that survived till the Lancastrians ascended the throne were given the alternative of recanting or suffering legal burning at the stake.

When Chaucer was in his prime the Church was in its Babylonian captivity at Avignon, and England being then hard pressed and asserting the Pope's civil dependency on the French government, rejected her feudal vassalage. At the same time the anti-clerical party deprived many ecclesiastics of government positions, just as fifty years previous the latter's donations had been curtailed by the Statute of Mortmain. The Franciscans and Dominicans were founded only the century before Chaucer, and considering the high ascetic standard they have set to the present day, they could hardly have sunk to such a low level as he portrays them. Whether the poet's monk, friar, and pardoner are realistic or not, they form a striking contrast with the exemplary characters of the priest and of the nun. Today Chaucer is best remembered as he was drawn by Occleve with a rosary in his hand and invoking the Blessed Virgin:

Moder, of whom our joy gan to spring,
Be ye mine judge and eke my soules leech!

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**Crust.**

Young Baker was raised in the East,
And was brought up on flour and on yeast.
He was well-bred, you know,
But he came West with dough,
And there loafed, though they needed him East.

**The Return.**

THOMAS E. HURKE, '07.

A LITTLE blue-eyed maiden
Tripp'd o'er a grassy field,
Soft did the gentle herbage
Beneath her footsteps yield.

Upon her arm a basket,
A smile 'upon her face,
She hummed a song of May-time
With thoughtless, childish grace.

She went into the city,
As merry as a lark.
The day burned out, the shadows fell,
She came not back at dark.

Sun after sun arose, and shone,
And burned to twilight grey,
And from each dying orb there fell
The ashes of the day.

And now to-night a lady faint
Comes stepping o'er the lawn,
Her eyes no longer shine with joy
Her beauty now is gone.

The city dust has soiled her brow,
The smoke has dimmed her eyes,
She longs once more to be alone
Beneath the country skies;

To hear the robin in the brake
Spilling in melody
The joys within its throbbing breast,
Beneath the greenwood tree.

And in the silences; between
These happy, ringing lays,
In fitful fancies summon back
The hopes of other days.

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**"The Test."**

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

He loved the girl and would marry her;
but his father said "No," and that settled it—at least for a time.

Ira Reuterdahl was a fine lad of good appearance, and hailed from an old Dutch family of some prominence. At the age of twenty-five he finished school, where he had taken a collegiate degree, and later studied
law. His rise in the legal profession was rapid, due to his own individual efforts, and not through any "pull," as is sometimes the case with young men of such prominent family connections. He was out of school only two years, nevertheless, some of the oldest legal advisers of the town of Hamston, in eastern New Jersey, trusted him implicitly, and prophesied a bright future for him. He had not lost a single case, though some were seemingly hopeless and often defeat stared him in the face. His father was rightly proud of his boy; but this did not in any way interfere with his attitude in regard to Ira marrying Miss Smith. The older Reuterdahl did not like the girl, but why no one could learn. The Smith family were well known throughout New Jersey, respected and beloved by all with whom they came in contact.

The ire of Mr. Smith was somewhat aroused, since Mr. Reuterdahl objected to the match, so much so as to consider it a direct insult to his family. Ira with difficulty prevailed upon the girl's father not to give vent to his feelings, since such a thing would destroy all his chances of ever claiming the girl.

"Father will think it over and all will be well," he told Mr. Smith; but that gentleman was not as confident as the young man.

Ira was deeply in love, and decided that sooner than marry some one else he would live and die a bachelor. To run away and get married was too low and base a proceeding for one of his character; the thought of doing such a thing never even entering his mind. Nor would he marry the girl, though he loved her ever so dearly, unless his father gave his consent. The mother was in favor of the match, and tried to prevail upon her husband to sanction it; but the latter was firm and would not yield. Son and mother begged and pleaded for almost a year, and finding that the question annoyed the father without changing him they desisted, and the matter was dropped.

Ira, however, did not forget about it. He became morose and never went out at night unless called away on business. His father and he often played cards until close onto midnight, but never a word of the match was mentioned. Finally, he decided to try once more, though he knew it was of no avail. If he could but find out what his father had against the girl, then he would have something to work upon. They were playing cards as usual one night when Ira leaned forward and said abruptly:

"Father, will you give me no chance at all? Make some sort of a proposition and I shall bother you no more. I love the girl more than words can tell, and without her I shall never be happy. Propose a plan or at least tell me why you do not like her. I have been all that a dutiful son could be, and all I ask in return is a little consideration."

The father was affected by the honest words of his boy, but he was not to be so easily moved, and called to the mother to come downstairs. Her appearance was the signal for his answer. His voice was steady and his tones deliberate as he addressed his wife:

"Ira has pleaded with me to allow the match to take place. He has begged so earnestly that I shall give him one chance. My proposition is this: Ira, you and I will play a game of whist. If you win you may claim the girl and marry her with my consent; but if you lose, the girl is lost to you forever. All pleading will be useless and the question must never be brought up again."

For a long time the lad sat in silence. His head rested between his hands and he was the picture of despair. At last he replied in a voice fraught with emotion:

"Father, consider what you offer. You treat a heart as though it were a mere lottery. What you propose is a mockery. We play cards for a heart? That can never be. If I win, your consent would be worthless to me; if I lose, I would be unhappy all my life. If I entered into such a project, I would prove myself unworthy of the one I love. No, father, I can not accept such a proposition. I have a chance, but this I forbear. My—"

"Enough," cried Mr. Reuterdahl. "The girl is yours." Then turning to his wife he said with a knowing smile: "It was hard on him, but he stood the test well and the girl may be sure of a worthy husband."
—During the week the University was honored by a visit from the Right Reverend Edward O'Dea, D. D., of Seattle, Washington. With Bishop O'Dea was the Reverend Felix Verwilghen, of Vancouver, the Reverend gentlemen being now on their way to Rome.

—Owing to lack of space we were unable to publish in this issue a detailed account of the ceremonies accompanying the formal presentation of the Lectare Medal which took place in Boston last Thursday night. The recipient of the honor, Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, has already been fully sketched for the readers of the SCHOLASTIC; therefore, next week we shall endeavor to print a full account of the function together with the presentation address of our Very Reverend President, Father Morrissey, and the reply of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

—Some time ago in these columns we discussed a plan which aimed at the publication of a book of Notre Dame songs. The alumni and student body were asked to take a hand in the matter and contribute parodies or original compositions; Notre Dame poems that could be set to the music of old popular airs, or to music of their own composition.

The responses have been discouraging and the contributions comparatively few. Now, why is this? It is not because of the absence of talent among the sons of Notre Dame. Past performances eliminate such a possibility. But is it because that talent is latent or unused? Such indeed would seem to be the case. If so, what then is the cause of the lack of enthusiasm in this venture? True it is that men are always distrustful of the novel, or the exotic. "Be not the first by whom the new is tried" still survives to the stinting and damnation of pioneer movement. Let us consider, however, whether this is entirely a new step—this dream-ship in which we have freighted our hopes. Other colleges have embarked in similar enterprises, and other colleges too numerous to mention, have succeeded. Notre Dame is as well qualified to undertake and as well prepared to make a success of this work.

And taking a closer view of it. The power of song is proverbial. There is no better way of arousing and sustaining enthusiasm and loyalty than by truly typical and really representative college songs; songs that express the spirit, and melodies that characterize the atmosphere of a school. Above all, the work is not near so hard as it would seem. It is well within the average collegiate and, we dare say, even the preparatory student. Then why not make a try? There is a lot to be gained and nothing to be lost. There is the chance of indicating self in one's own eyes by doing some really praiseworthy work and manifesting that manly loyalty which cheerfully accepts the secret individual drudgery for the sake of the general good. Let this appeal not be fruitless. The enterprise is a serious one and requires serious thought, and such we know it has and will receive, for surely there are some of our alumni who have carried away with them many tender and refreshing memories which they are clever enough to translate into rhythmical verse, and some of our students to whose heart poetry lies close enough to inspire them to sing the praises of their Alma Mater. Those who are interested in this matter, which should be a concern to every reader of this paper, are cordially invited to write to the Faculty Board of Control—Box 57, Notre Dame, Indiana.
The Senior Law-Class Banquet.

In pursuance of a time-honored custom here at Notre Dame the graduating class in law held their annual banquet last Wednesday evening. At 7:30 p. m. the members of the class were all gathered together at the Oliver Hotel, in the Turkish parlor, from which they were forthwith summoned to partake of the sumptuous feast prepared for them. In addition to the members themselves Hon. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, and Professor Sherman Steele were present as guests of the class, cheerfully lending their expansive fund of jest and anecdote to the furtherance of the sociability and good-fellowship so prominent throughout the evening. Much to the regret of the class Reverend President Morrissey was unable to attend, so that extra effort was required of each man to make up for the loss of his cheering presence. The enticing viands loosened the tongues of the erstwhile silent lawyers, as the feast progressed amid sallies of wit and peals of merriment; the genial Dean's glowing account of his multifarious and picturesque experiences as one of the nation's gallant defenders, way back in the '60's, distracting attention from that tightening sensation about the waist-line—the coffee and cigars being reached just as the valiant Colonel Hoynes was charging upon the strongly entrenched Confederate position in the battle of Prairie Grove. It was in this battle that the Colonel was wounded, and the company sat in breathless suspense while he himself graphically narrated the events leading up to the injury that came so near to cutting off their beloved dean in his youthful vigor. But he lived through it all, and after participating in the siege of Vicksburg, there was a momentary hush while the photographer took an enduring record of a scene which shall remain in after years a pleasant memory to those who sat and supped at the class banquet of the law graduates of 1905.

The flash in the pan, however, spontaneously illuminated minds made drowsy through a sense of appetite well satisfied and wits hitherto dulled by preoccupation; so that Dean Hoynes, acting as toast-master, very opportunely began the feast of wit and wisdom by calling on Daniel L. Murphy, through Mr. Steele, for the toast "Our Dean." In a few but heartfelt sentences, Mr. Murphy expressed in as warm a manner perhaps as words were capable of, the high respect and esteem of the class for their learned master and their appreciation of his unselfish interest in them and his unceasing labors to promote their welfare; and to this Colonel Hoynes responded in that cheery, that kindly, that paternal way which has so endeared him to his classes, and, in fact, to all who know him.

Edward H. Schwab next touched upon "The Class" in a fitting and apt manner: For his associates he had no extravagant praise, and in that he sounded the keynote that had been so evident throughout the career of the organization of the graduate lawyers of 1905—they have lent themselves at all times to honorable, simple and straightforward action, never to weak vacillation or tawdry display. Mr. Schwab certainly brought credit to his class.

"The University" furnished a pleasant theme and plenty of material for Earl F. Gruber, who dwelt with student loyalty upon the natural beauties and virtuous actions of our Alma Mater, betraying a filial love for the place of such intimate associations and environments as "dear old Notre Dame."

It would have been impossible to have chosen one more full of his subject or better fitted to handle "The Law" than John J. O'Connor, who so well recognizes her as a jealous mistress. "Ignorance of the law excuses no one;" but Mr. O'Connor had no occasion to offer such an excuse, for his tribute to that all-important subject showed a past-master's knowledge and appreciation of "The Law."

Beyond doubt, the hit of the evening was William J. Mahoney's "Infants, Lunatic, and Married Women." It was to be expected that even he should see in the subject probably more than enough for any one man's natural life; for "to be kept in the straight and narrow path by day and forced to walk the creaking floor by night leaves one but little time to consider the unfortunate lot of the lunatic." But being free from such unnatural restraints and inharmonious...
surroundings, the versatile wit found occasion to dwell at some length on each. The evening's entertainment would have been incomplete had the toast-master overlooked Professor Steele, who was called upon to say a few words. His intimate association with Colonel Hoynes, and with this, the first law class graduated under his supervision and instruction, afforded him special opportunity to maintain his firmly established and widespread reputation as an after-dinner speaker. His sincerity toward the Colonel and the class, and his cheerfully buoyant view of the future of the individual members of the "first and dearest class graduating under him," were a delight and an inspiration to each and everyone of his auditors.

The members of the class who had not hitherto spoken were next called upon, and they responded with appropriate words of good-fellowship; and with the closing remarks of the last speaker, the company rose with one accord and drank (water) with a right good-will to the long life and continued health of Colonel Hoynes. Thus ended, perhaps, the most successful banquet ever given by any class at Notre Dame; and in the wee small hours of the morning, the tired, happy banquetors sought rest and sleep, but only dreamed and lived over again the pleasant events of the night of the 1905 Law Class Banquet.

Cuban Students' Banquet.

Last Saturday, May 20, marked the third anniversary of Cuba's independence. That day was indeed noteworthy for the appropriate way in which those students of the island republic who are now attending Notre Dame celebrated the event. Early Saturday afternoon the Cuban Club, en masse, proceeded to South Bend, where, after having had a group photograph taken, they spent a pleasant afternoon. In the evening at 7:30 every member of the organization assembled in the parlor of the Oliver Hotel. From the parlor it was only a step to the dining-room, where an excellent and elaborate banquet had been provided.

The choice menu set before the young men was the next delightful feature of the celebration. It was indeed a meal worth sitting down to. But all good things must have an end; though this had far from an inglorious termination; for, truly, the eloquence and wit which followed the feast quite equalled it in choiceness and satiabiliy.

Virgilio P. Reyneri, who is this year president of the organization and presided as toast-master, opened the after-dinner program with an eloquent commendation of the work done by the members of the Club in upholding the honor and sustaining the unblemished reputation of their native land. Judging from the present and the past he declared himself safe in presaging a bright and successful future for their organization, which is, as yet, in its infancy.

Juan Perez M. de Oca next took it upon himself to touch the cheerful vein of humor which has ever been noticeable in his countrymen. His wit must have reached the right spot, for time and again he was rewarded with delighted laughter; though such success is not to be wondered at since Juan's jocosity is proverbial.

Francisco T. Toba of Mexico, who was the guest of the evening, next rose to express his gratitude for the honor done him in thus making him one of their number on this eventful night. He spoke of the cordial relations which have always existed between Cuba and his own country. His apt and feeling remarks served to increase the high esteem in which he has hitherto been held by every member of the club.

At the close of Mr. Toba's speech Arturo T. Simon recited on original poem in Spanish; interpreting in a truly poetical way the emotions awakened in him by the very thought of Cuba and the sight of Notre Dame. His effusion met with genuine and appreciative applause.

Joaquin H. Medrano then proceeded to laud his fellow-members for the splendid spirit of patriotism which they had exhibited on so many occasions, and especially on the present one. In closing he exhorted them to be ever mindful of their distant but beloved native land.

Eladio G. Suarez spoke at some length on the kinship of spirit which binds Cuba to the United States—love for the precious boon of liberty. His words found a ready lodgment in the minds of his hearers, for
he indeed expressed the sentiments of every member of the club.

The regular program being now at an end, there was a general call for impromptu addresses; and all agreed, as with one voice, that if every annual banquet in the future could be as successful as the one of '05, the Cuban Club of Notre Dame need have little fear but that they would be abundantly glorified, eulogized, and envied.

After the banquet the members retired to the parlor where Jose P. Gallart struck up on the piano the familiar strains of the Cuban national hymn, and the whole company with joy exultant in their hearts and the thought of their dear island home in mind sang as they never before had sung. Then in honor of their guest they rendered the Mexican national air with a feeling almost equal to that which characterized the preceding tribute to their native land.

The student members of the club present at the banquet were: Virgilio P. Rayneri, President; Juan Perez M. de Oca, Joaquin H. Medrano, Jose P. Gallart, Eladio G. Suarez, Arturo T. Simon, Miguel J. Marquez, Manuel G. Rubio, Marcelino G. Rubio, Santiago P. Ansoategui, Guillermo Gowrie, Francisco T. Toba (Mexico.)

**MENU.**

- Caviar canape
- Consomme en tasse
- Radishes Chiles renienos Olives
- Planked whitefish Con mantequilla
- Cucumbers Pommes bordure
- Sweetbread patties with mushrooms
- Green peas
- Cuban punch
- Roast young turkey Cranberry sauce
- New potatoes New asparagus
- Chicken salad
- Ice-cream with strawberries
- Assorted cake
- Neufchatel cheese Wafers
- Coffee.

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**Athletic Notes.**

**WABASH DEFEATED BY NOTRE DAME.**

Wabash, who thought they had the Baseball Championship and gave us a game for practice, met with a most deserved defeat last Saturday, for we won handily by the score of 6 to 3.

We made our first run in the first inning, O'Connor scoring on O'Neill's hit. In the second we scored two more. Perce, first man out, knocked a slow one to the pitcher and was an easy out. Shea reached first on an error to third base; Welch came next and reached first by an error of the second base man, scoring Shea. Welch went to second on the same play and went to third on a passed ball; Cooke drew a base on balls. McNerny drew the same; O'Connor flied out to centre; Welch scored on the fly.

In the fourth we scored another. Shea hit, stole second; Welch hit, stole second, putting Shea on third; Cooke fanned. McNerny drew another base on balls; O'Connor went from short to first, scoring Shea.

In the eighth we scored two more. O'Neill flied out to left; Waldorf struck out; Perce hit, Shea hit, and Welch hit, scoring Perce and Shea. Wabash scored one run in the second, third, and seventh.

Waldorf pitched for us and let them down with four hits. They were well scattered, and he surely pitched a good game; fielded his position well and is developing into a good man. He has all kinds of nerve, a good head, and will make one of our best men in another year.

We played first-class ball, and are now playing the kind of baseball that wins games. The last four games have shown wonderful improvement, and the State Championship will surely come our way if we continue playing as we are.

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**Wabash**

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**Notre Dame**

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**Totals**

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Northwestern, 3; Notre Dame, 8.

We evened up with Northwestern yesterday for the game we lost to them a few weeks ago by soundly trouncing them to the tune of 8 to 3. We started in from the beginning to win; and Northwestern did not have a "look in" at any time. Their three runs were the result of errors and misplays by us, and luck is all that saved them from a shut out. We scored in every inning up to the seventh. In the first McNerny reached first on an error by Dubois, but was caught between first and second and went out. O'Connor got a hit, stole second and scored on Bugee's wild throw to second. Stopper was an easy out. O'Neill flew out to centre.

Waldorf started the second with a drive which looked good for a home run, but Eiler speared it with one hand and cut off Waldorf's chances. Shea flew out to third. Welch hit, went to second on an error by Weinberger, reached third on a passed ball, and scored on another error by Weinberger, Cooke getting to first safely as a result of the same misplay. Cooke stole second and then third. Burns drew a base on balls; McNerny hit, and Cooke scored. O'Connor flew out to third.

Stopper came up first in the third; reached first on an error by Leischman; went to second and third on an error of Bugee's. O'Neill reached first on a fielder's choice. McNerny got to first on fielder's choice and walked. Welch started the fourth with a hit, then stole second. Cooke fanned. Burns went to first, Welch scoring. McNerny struck out.

O'Connor reached first in the sixth on an error by Dubois, stole second, and in running over the bag wrenched his knee again, and was compelled to leave the game, McNerny running for O'Connor. Then Stopper got to first on fielder's choice. McNerny went to third, but went out a moment later trying to steal.

O'Neill got to first on fielder's choice, McNerny beating the ball home. O'Neill stole second, and Warldorf hit, O'Neill going to third. Shea then got to first on fielder's choice, O'Neill in turn beating the throw home. Shea went out trying to steal second. Welch flew out to centre. In the sixth Cooke drew a pass; Burns sacrificed him to second; Perce flew out to centre. Cooke went to third on a passed ball. Phalen threw to Dubois trying to get Cooke who was taking a big lead. Dubois fumbled and Cooke scored on the throw; McNerny then flew out to second.

Bugee scored for Northwestern in third inning, getting to first on a hit, to second on a passed ball, to third on an error of O'Connor, and home on McNerny's bad throw to the plate.


Northwestern
Barker, r. f. 0 0 0 0 0
Weinberger, 2 b. 1 0 6 5 3
Dubois, 3 b. 1 1 4 0 3
Leischman, s. s. 0 0 2 3 1
Eiler, 1. f. 0 1 2 0 0
McGowan, c. f. 0 1 3 1 0
Phalen, c. 0 1 2 4 0
Horn, 1 b. 0 0 4 2 0
Bugee, p. 1 1 1 2 2

Totals 3 5 24 17 9

Notre Dame

Barker, r. f. R H P A E
McNerny, 2 b. 0 1 0 4 1
O'Connor, 3 b. 2 1 2 0 2
Stopper, 1 b. 1 0 11 2 0
O'Neill, 1. f., 3 b. 1 1 2 0 1
Waldorf, r. f., 1 f. 0 1 1 0 0
Shea, s. s. 0 0 2 2 2
Welch, c. f. 2 3 0 0 0
Cooke, c. 2 1 8 2 0
Burns, p. 0 0 1 3 0
Perce, r. f. 0 0 0 0 0

Totals 8 8 27 13 6

Passed balls—Phalen, 1; Cooke, 2. Wild pitch—Bugee, 2. Bases on balls—Off Burns, 2; off Bugee, 2. Struck out—By Burns, 8; by Bugee, 2. Double plays—Horn, Dubois, Weinberger. Umpire, Burton.
Although the chances are against our winning the State Meet held in Bloomington to-day, we nevertheless expect to get more points than we have in the past two years. If Draper’s injured ankle will permit him to do himself justice we can count on him to carry away the largest number of points made by any one man in the meet. He has been unable to train properly for the meet, due to his injury; but allowing him the use of it on Saturday he will win more than his share. Scales will spring a surprise in the high hurdles, for the “dopesters” are not counting on him, and he is running the high fences in good form and fast time. Coad, who has been out of training for some time, started in a little over a week ago, and can be counted on for points in the hundred and two hundred and twenty.

Keefe and O’Shea will run in the quarter and half, and can be relied upon to gather some points in both those events. Although Keefe is not in as good condition as he might be, he will nevertheless make anyone who beats him “go some.”

O’Connell, who was forced to give up track work, due to ill health, will be missed, for he is a game little man and has plenty of speed.

“Bill” Donovan will run in the two twenty and quarter, and as he has been showing up well lately he can be relied upon to make those who beat him “hurry.”

Guthrie and Dick Donovan with Draper will take care of the weight events, and we are sure to have our share of points in three events. Draper is without a doubt the best shot-putter in the state, and also holds the state record for the discus; and Donovan is throwing the discus in good form and will surely win a place. Guthrie is putting the shot close to forty feet daily, and if he can do as well in the shot-put he will net some thing for us.

Lally who won third in the hundred and two-twenty in Lansing a few weeks ago, will run in the same events Saturday, and we may be sure Lally will do all he can to bring the much-coveted banner to Notre Dame.

Guthrie and Scales are doing over twenty feet in the broad jump, and the former can do twenty-one without very much trouble, so we count for some points in this event also.

On the whole the team is much better and stronger than last year, and they will at least make a creditable showing, even though they do not win. The Notre Dame entries are:

100-yard dash—Draper, Coad, Lally, Donovan.
220-yard dash—Coad, Lally, Donovan.
440-yard dash—Coad, Lally, Donovan, Keefe, O’Shea.
½-mile run—Keefe, O’Shea.
120-yard high hurdles—Draper, Scales.
220-yard low hurdles—Draper, Bracken.
Running high jump—Scales.
Running broad jump—Guthrie, Bracken.
Pole vault—Bracken.
Shot-put—Draper, Guthrie.
Discus throw—Draper, Donovan.

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Captain O’Connor’s wrecked knee proved not to be so bad as was expected, so that he will be back again in the game by the time the team starts on the trip.

—Mr. George W. Lowrey (student ’77-’78) is another old Notre Dame boy who is meeting with great success in the mercantile world. He is now extensively engaged in the grain business in Lincoln, Neb.

—The many friends at Notre Dame of Mr. Louis C. M. Reed (Litt. B. ’00) will be pleased to learn that he is doing well in the town of Mafeking in South Africa. In a recent letter to Father Morrissey he said in part: “South Africa is not the ‘Darkest Africa’. I always thought it was, and I meet many Americans in my travels. The first man I met in South Africa was a Notre Dame man (Francis W. Stevens) who was a student in 1895, I believe. He is South African Secretary for the New York Life and lives at Cape Town. Recently while up in Rhodesia at Salisbury, near the Congo Free State, I met an old mine prospector who was at Notre Dame during Father Sorin’s time and spoke of his college chum, Mr. Pinkerton, and others whom I know only by name.”

Mr. Reed is remembered particularly on account of his many excellent contributions to the SCHOLASTIC. He has the best wishes of Notre Dame for success in his far-off home.
Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom and mercy has called to an eternal reward the father of our friend and hall-mate, Paul Kelly, be it
Resolved, That in behalf of all his friends and the members of Brownson Hall, we, the undersigned, tender him in his late bereavement our heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

J. C. Quinn  
J. J. Scales  
J. W. Kelly  
A. J. Cooke

Local Items.

—Now that the porch is completed the shower-baths are next in order. It is to be hoped that the students will not have to wait much longer.

—June 1, Ascension Thursday, shall be celebrated with its customary impressive ceremonies. A large class will on that morning receive their First Holy Communion.

—Never since the days of Eddie Hammer's tame crow has Sorin Hall seen such an interesting natural specimen as the derelict "bozine" who drifted in for a brief call last evening. He did not stay very long, though he did amuse an appreciative audience while he chose to remain.

—Old Sol has finally loosened up and given the water in the lakes a pleasing temperature for the bathers. The natatorium, which has been the source of so much enjoyment during the cool weather, shall soon be forsaken; and those who feel the necessity of knowing how to swim, as well as the ones who live in water, shall keep the waves on St. Joseph's lake a-rolling.

—Last Wednesday morning the senior collegiate class invaded South Bend in a body with the dire intention of having a group photograph taken of themselves in cap and gown. According to reliable witnesses the deed was accomplished without much bloodshed and practically little shooting.

—There are more baseball teams and there is more real sport in St. Edward's Hall than there is in all the other halls together. There are ten teams in this department; and each is striving for championship honors. Besides this incentive the winners of each victorious team will receive gold medals. Some remarkable exhibitions of good baseball may be seen on their campus. The teams are evenly matched, and hence the contests are exciting to the finish.

—On Tuesday, May 30, Decoration Day will be impressively celebrated. After a memorial High Mass at eight o'clock that morning, the following program will be rendered down at the flagstaff:

My Country............................................N. D. U. Band  
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address..........................W. D. Jamieson  
Star Spangled Banner....................................Audience

Poem..............................................Clarence Kennedy Address............................................Captain J. J. Abercrombie  
Raising of the Flag

Decoration of graves of deceased members of G. A. R. P.  
Nearer my God to Thee................................N. D. U. Band

—Some time ago it was announced in these columns that there would be a grand opening of the Mush Bag League. Owing to many unexpected occurrences the first game was never played. The ringleader has jumped all contracts and joined a state champion's team. The second important and necessary evil to the game has gone to the races. He is no longer Tom Ase; he is Commodore in the "but" crew. The third and least important personage, Major Goatinski, spends the greater part of his busy moments on his bicycle. With these three important factors out of the game, reorganization is well-nigh impossible. Vandalia Kid may yet infuse some spirit and waste energy into the followers of the sport.