The Ballade of Bravery.

HARRY LEDWIDGE.

IN lilting verse the minstrel sings
The knightly strife of long ago,
And as he sweeps the throbbing strings
He chants a dirge of cheerless woe,
Regretting sore the courtly lay
Of olden bards by death long sped—
But then a voice was heard to say
Who says the olden times are dead?

'Tis true no loud defiance rings
To make the raw blood rudely flow,
But has the spirit taken wings
That brought such deeds to high and low;
And from the hasty mortal clay
Have life and spirit long since fled?
Thou owl! look round in light of day,
Who says the olden times are dead?

The ardor yet to mankind clings
Of daring deed and doughty blow,
And to the bravest still it flings
Rewards the fearful never know.
For when as once men turn at bay
Nor fear death's narrow path to tread,
As Spartans at Thermopylae
Who says the olden times are dead?

ENVOI.

The bugle's brazen clamor brings
To standards men who conquer dread,
Whose scornful question quickly springs,
Who says the olden times are dead?

The Law.*

ITAL PURPOSE, SCOPE AND MISSION.

JENTLEMEN of the Law Class:
Man's ultimate destiny is companionship with the Creator. The human mind may be trained to the realization and accomplishment of the noblest ideals, or it may be debased and turned to evil and worthlessness. Education is mental control. It is the power of creating and utilizing mental action, turning the mind into a potent agency for good, or it may be made a factor of positive injury. Study can develop the mind into a healthy, grand progressive power, or it can dwarf, ruin and destroy the talents it was intended to subserve. Law may be said to be the will of God. It has inherent authority. It is the science of correct action. It controls, regulates and is indispensably interwoven with all human affairs, and should be directed

* Lecture delivered May 13th before the students of the Law Department by the Hon. Henry Frawley, of Deadwood, South Dakota.
to the attainment of divine approval. Law has always been a subject to which writers have given profound attention, whether in the way of praise or criticism.

Goldsmith says: "The English law punishes vice; the Chinese law does more, it rewards virtue."

Carlyle thus states his view: "Laws are written, if not on tablets of stone, yet on the azure of infinitude, in the inner heart of God's creatures, certain as life, certain as death. I say the law is there, thou shalt not destroy it."

Buckingham expresses himself to this effect: "The law, to make it a mystery and a trade, may be wrapped in terms of art, yet it is founded on reason; it is obvious to common sense."

Hooker pays it this eloquent tribute: "Of law there can be no less acknowledgment than that her seat is in the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things do her homage, the lowest as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in a different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admire her as the mother of their peace and joy."

The advance of civilization conforms to, and is regulated by, the law's fixed, certain and immutable principles. In the variety of mental exploration, commercial advancement, invention's multitudinous mysteries, religion's aspirations, statesmanship's handicraft, war's despoliation, civilization in all its progressive tendencies, the law is the supreme ruler—the unflinching, positive, elemental power designed in the regulating, circumscribing and controlling of the relations of man, his pursuits, his mission to his Maker, his obligations, his citizenship. Being thus comprehensive in its range, limitless in its domain, universal in its application, its study is the highest calling to which you may turn, its practice the noblest ambition you may cherish.

Pause at the threshold of this mighty temple; ponder before you undertake or enlist in its ministry, drink of its nectar, or attempt to master its principles. It is freighted with the highest responsibilities. It requires unselfishness, honesty, zeal, searching, indefatigable work. There is no power above it; nothing below or beyond it. It is the straight way in the destiny of man. It is the handmaid of progress and civilization. It is the security of the State, the protection of the individual, the conservator of property, the fortress of the family. It is the shield and armor of the helpless, the guardian of the fatherless, and the inspiration of human activity and attainment.

Law in its practical application, growth, and development is coeval with the dawn of civilization. There are two distinct elements to be considered: the mandatory duty and the permissive mission. The first mandatory enactment was God's invocation to the beings He first created. The first violation of law was man's disobedience to the Supreme Will. Since that day, in the mysterious manifestation of God's image and likeness in man, the human creature has been His accredited agent in all His mundane works—in the light and the shadow.

As law has for its object the welfare of the individual and the security of the State, it behooves us as its ministers to understand thoroughly its precepts. There is no study in analytical reasoning and research equal to the study of the law. There is no pursuit that has a higher purpose, a loftier aim, or a more exalted aspiration. A jealous mistress the law has been termed. It has also been called an unyielding, arbitrary master. It has likewise been named the magic light, the unerring monitor, the matchless ruler of the universe. In order correctly to understand and profitably to study the law your minds must be obedient to discipline, your habits must be wisely formed, and you must have a thorough appreciation of the dignity of this great profession. Theory and practice, knowledge of the history of civilization, the history and relationship of man to man, tribe to tribe, the dawn of civilization to the trained Grecian intellect, and Roman prowess in comparison with Roman ethics, must pass in review before the mind in order that you may understand the philosophy of those axiomatic truths interwoven with the rules, customs, statutes and ordinances that distinguish this magnificent science.

I would first require of the student who
aspires to the knowledge of law a mind reasonably stored with elemental truths, a heart pure, a will obedient, scrupulous honesty, disinterestedness, unselfishness, ceaseless, zealous application. Every book you read, leaves emblazoned upon the intellect its impress and produces a resultant force. It may be years before you are able to apply the principles acquired. Nevertheless they are a fund which will become a profitable asset in the discharge of professional duty. We can not all become classical scholars. Neither can we become a Hume, Carlyle, Gibbon, Burke, Webster, Russell, or a Charles O'Connor, but we can all acquire a reasonably fair, accurate conception of the growth of society, its concomitant kinship of era to era and epoch to epoch, in its wonderful growth, through which the law has developed into an applied science. It has been stated that a knowledge of belles-lettres is indispensable to the correct study of the law. We may not be able to concur in regarding this as a mandatory or essential equipment. A sound mind, is the corner stone and indispensable requirement of a lawyer. A tree receiving the rays of the sun from a given direction is attracted that way. A mind that pursues only one particular line of study becomes dwarfed. True study means diversified study. True development means comprehensive, symmetrical cultivation. True attainment is not necessarily attended with a diminution of any power.

It was Coke, I believe, who said: "Were I to select the students upon whom the destiny of my country should securely depend, I would select only those to enter the great profession of the law—men robust in manhood, selected similarly to the allotment by the Romans of their gladiators. I would select perfect physical prowess, unstinted, undwarfed mental aptitude."

Could we always obtain the finished product we might concur with Coke in his selection; but as all growth is the result of gradual, ceaseless, acquisition, all knowledge the resultant of thoughtful, careful, earnest study, comprehensiveness in the growth of the mind is the thing essential. Hence you are not required to devote your entire time to the perusing of axiomatic truths, the golden principles you trust in the future to apply. You are given time for the study of history, the study of the natural, political and mental sciences, the study of literature in all its phases, the study of biography, the growth of commercial relations, the elements of citizenship, and the like, so that you may be equipped to fulfill efficiently the duties to be assigned to you.

For a practical study of the law is recommended the perusing of the great books which chronicle those grand principles that grew imperceptibly; principles that found their authority in custom; principles that were garnered, conserved and transmitted to us by the great legal alchemists whose monuments mark the highways of history in the past. You may not have an opportunity, you may not be so situated or constituted as to avail yourselves of the opportunity, even if presented, to become familiar with the labors of the great lawyers who have transmitted to us the results of their investigations, their reasoning, their conclusions. In a general way, however, their teachings may be found in the reports and text-books.

Within ten years from the date of your graduation, each of you will have attained, in the estimation of the profession, to the position you qualify yourselves to occupy, for within that time your minds will have taken a given trend, your latent powers will have become manifest, the application of your strength will have been determined, and the tendency, efficacy and power of your minds will have become measured.

It is well to take our text from the Declaration of Independence as the initial point from which our research may commence with reference to our American jurisprudence. At that time we became an independent and sovereign power. We adopted the British common law, so far as applicable to our new conditions, as our common law, as the rule which should govern and control our duties. Since then our law has taken color from its environments and form from our needs. It has adapted itself to the requirements of social, political and business development.

While it may be said that duty to your neighbor, duty to yourselves, duty to the State, duty to God, is the acme of human endeavor, yet must we consider the materia
forces protected by law in the wonderful advancement of our commercial pursuits, in delving into the earth for its hidden treasures, in reclaiming from the sun its coloring power, in making the lightning a docile agency. In this ceaseless evolution new principles of law will be evolved and new canons of man's obligation to man and his duty to the State enacted. With the lapse of time the mysteries of science and art will become better understood, and new maxims find place in the domain of equity. Nature in all her ramifications goes back to fundamental principles. As granite is the production of quartz, feldspar and mica, as certain indestructible units in the material world govern all its products, so in the intellectual world and the province of law we must turn to elementary principles as units of measurement, and follow them in all their differentiation. To do this and apply these principles will become your duty.

The first canons of law refer to the relations of man to God, to his neighbor and to the State. The next step brings us to the contractual bond in human affairs. That being true, you will understand that the study of probative principles, leading to a correct exposition of the contractual duties, is one of the essential, fundamental studies of the law. Proof is primarily an evidential fact when it tends suitably to the establishment of a fundamental principle, relevant and material, because primarily it aids the mind in arriving at a proper solution of the particular proposition under consideration. There is no branch of the law more essential for the successful practice of the profession than a correct and comprehensive study of the principles of evidence. To know what is permissible, potent, material or relevant to sustain or rebut a given contention is one of the branches which you should undertake zealously to study and knowingly to apply.

Science is relationship known; effects from understood causes. One deals with it in the equation of antecedent to consequent. In its domain we look for the correct application of fixed mathematical or mental principles. Physical science involves composite, self-evident truths. Mental science deals with the upheavals and evolutions of the mind. The mind is an invisible, subtle agency by which perceptions are measured and gauged, sensations analyzed, and results differentiated. The mind determines, measures, evolves, directs and creates the expressions which we desire to have understood. Hence it is the director of matter. Material existence is regulated and controlled by our mental volitions. The mind is the medium through which the soul communes with God. He who understands the relation of the planets to one another, the air, the light, the flowers, the grass, the leaves, the trees, the golden grain, all the material manifestations of an unseen, directing influence, is enabled consciously to appreciate the wonderful handiwork of the Creator. And he who understands the history, philosophy of the law, the reason why and the exception, has measured the unit rule in man's relationship to his fellow-man, to his God and to the State as truly as may be discerned in the mathematical equation the rigorousness of the sine and the co-sine, or the equation of a straight line.

(To be continued.)

The Lion of Seeger.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09.

Seeger is a little town of about 1800 inhabitants. Small shows visit the place quite frequently. But it was seldom that Wallace, Ringling, and the like, came to Seeger, and when they did it was the biggest event of the year. The country folk for miles around would flock to town to see the circus. The inhabitants of the village itself displayed equal interest in the occasion. Everybody in the neighborhood got enthused and work of all kinds was suspended. For days afterwards, lions, tigers, elephants, clowns, and acrobats still loomed up in the forefront of the imaginations of these simple folk. Circus talk displaced political discussions in the corner grocery. On this particular occasion the circus gave only an afternoon performance. It was during the evening following this afternoon that the lion of Seeger did his mischief.

"In here, Doctor," said Mrs. Mill in a tone that clearly indicated her distraction, as she led the physician into the chamber where
lay her husband in an unconscious condition

"How did this happen?" asked Dr. Steagle.

"O, a lion attacked him. Will he—Doctor, will he live?"

"Why of course he'll live, woman. Now don't get all wrought up. Be quiet. He's only stunned a little. He'll be all right in an hour or so," said the doctor as he examined the patient's condition. "But tell me more fully how it all occurred."

The wife of the unconscious man was now a little more composed, since she had been assured that her husband would survive.

"Well about twenty minutes ago Arthur heard a noise out in the barn. He thought the horses were kicking and started for the stable to see what was wrong. He hadn't got more than little ways from the house when I heard an awful thud as though some one had fallen on the cement walk.

"Some way or other I had a kind of feeling that one of those wild animals they had at the circus was loose and had attacked my husband. I was afraid to go out at first, but then I remembered having heard that wild animals were afraid of a light, so I started out with the kitchen lamp in my hand toward the barn. There lay Arthur on the sidewalk. No lion or any other creature around. I suppose my lamp scared the thing away. I asked him what happened. He tried to talk but couldn't at first. At last he managed to say 'lion.' Then I knew all. I called to Mrs. Baldwin, who lives next door. She came rushing over. I asked her to get her husband so we could carry Arthur to the house, but her husband wasn't home. Then we mustered up all our strength and succeeded in walking Arthur into the house ourselves. After we got him on the bed, I asked him again about what happened, but he couldn't say a word; he became completely unconscious. Then I sent for you to come.”

"He doesn't seem to be very badly hurt," said the doctor. "He has a scratch there on his neck, and quite a bump on the back of his head where he fell on the walk. That seems to be the extent of his injuries."

"Is his skull fractured, Doctor?"

"Not at all. He's just stunned a little I told you. He'll be all right in an hour or so."

In the meantime, while the doctor and the wife were caring for the injured man, Mrs. Baldwin had spread the news of the accident all around the neighborhood. In thirty minutes, all the men and boys of Seeger were out hunting the lion. Those that couldn't get guns had axes, scythes, anything available for a weapon. Information of the lion's escape was sent to the circus. The town was scoured high and low, but nowhere was the animal found. Several of the large dogs of the town nearly lost their lives because of their close resemblance to the hunted creature.

After the search had been going on for about two hours Jim Hall, leader of one of the parties, gathered all the lion hunters about him on the corner by the barber shop to organize the crowd and have a little system to the chase, as he said.

"We never can catch that ar lion, fellows, if we don't do the thing right. This here ramblin' around town without any order ain't doin' a bit a good."

Jim divided the crowd into parties of five or six and gave each party instructions. Then just as they were all about to proceed in their systematic way, as Jim termed it, and continue the chase, Mrs. Baldwin's son Rany was seen coming up the street on the run. Something was evidently wrong, for Rany, because of his over-abundance of fat, seldom ran. The crowd waited to hear what news he might be bringing. When he reached the corner, he was completely out of breath and could not speak for some seconds. Everyone in the crowd could tell by Rany's attitude that he had some important news to impart, and all awaited anxiously for him to begin.

"Well, come on. Speak up, Rany. What's the news?" said Hall.

"Why, Mr. Mill come to all right."

"Pshaw, that ain't much news. We all expected that," said one of the crowd.

"Well, I ain't done yet. Can't you wait a minute," continued the boy. "When Mr. Mill did come to, Mrs. Mill began talking to him about the Hon and telling him how the whole town was out looking for the creature. Then Mr. Mill he looked kind a funny, and his wife didn't know jest how to take him. She thought maybe he hadn't come clear to. Then she said: 'Why, didn't you tell me it was a lion that did it, when I found you lying on the walk?' Then Mr. Mill he said: 'No, I didn't say lion, I said line.' Then Mrs. Mill said, 'Well, lion, that's what I said.' Then Mr. Mill he got kind a mad and said, 'No, no, no, that damn clothes line that your wash-woman forgot to take down to-day.'"
Varsity Verse.

THE PIRATES.

They sing the glorious loves of old
When buccaneers rove to the veering breeze,
And spreading white sails to the veering breeze,
They were hurried along fierce and bold
By insatiable thirst for ruddy gold.

They tracked the galleon which swiftly flees
As a deer from wolves through the forest leas
Till the treasure lay in the pirate's hold.

To-day the freebooter sits in his chair
And studies quotations that rise and fall,
But he reck no more of the people's prayer
Than the pirate pitied the sobbing call
The prisoner gave as he stepped on air
And plunged to death in a roaring squall.

A HEART'S THROB.

When the swallows southward fly
Over oceans wide
And you've faded from side
To your home on high—

When the swallows southward fly
In bleak November—
Think you that they could remember
If perchance they'd try?

When with all the angel throng
Your soul shall have met,
Filled with joy and heavenly song,
Will you remember yet?

RONDEL.

I long to swiftly soar
Above the empty sky
To realms unknown before
To all save you or I,
And there bewitched to lie
On that enchanted shore.

I long to upward soar
Into the empty sky.
Only to learn sweet lore
Expressed in one wild cry
That sinks to sound no more
And with the stress to die.

I long to swiftly soar
Above the empty sky.

HOPES.

A shady nook,
A story book,
And sit there all the day;
But in the air
Girl voices fair,
We throw the book away.

As we rejoice,
Another voice
Is heard from 'cross the way;
And rising, scan
The face of man,
Ventriloquist they say.
this way there would be none to mourn. He was an outcast, adrift on the sea of life, neglected; once a man of respectability, now a—what,—a nothing to the world of humanity. He was weak, and he knew it, 'at least sometimes,' he had admitted to himself. But alas, what temptations he had—friends, cards, pleasure. Ah yes, the inevitable fall came and with it, friendlessness.

Long he mused on the brink of self-destruction. "Was there a hereafter? No—yes—maybe. What was it to him?" He had one foot on the window ledge, a single little move and some one would find a dead man on the street. Far below him the lights burned, the distance only increased by the fog and mist which prevented the rays of light from reaching him, making the gloom around him all the more real. One move and that gloom would end. But what then? "Do it," a voice whispered into his ear. "Turn back," came into the other ear; "to-morrow is another day. Try again, don't give up, close the window and go to bed, at least you're safe for to-night, and then try again in the morning."

Long he stood there and longer he pondered and at last he answered one of the Voices, for with a crash down came the window, and he went to bed determined to make one more attempt. Maybe the god of fortune would smile on him. Soon he was deep in slumber, dreaming dreams, not of joy but of lights far below and a sensation of falling, falling, and when he struck the bottom he jumped up—he had fallen out of bed. But what was the matter—the room was all filled with smoke. He hurried over to the window and looked out. "What!" he exclaimed to himself in horror, "the building a-fire?"

All too plainly it was so, for far down there in the street he saw forms darting hither and thither. It was yet too dark to see what they were doing, but he could make out that some were rushing from and some into the building, and faintly the cry of "fire, fire," sounded through the hallways. At that moment down the street came a thundering fire-department wagon at full speed, a bell tolled loudly warning the city of a fire, and already a crowd of spectators was gathering. All this he perceived at one glance and snatching up his trousers he pulled them on faster than ever before, and rushing out into the hall he pulled on his threadbare coat. He darted for the stairway, but alas, retreat was cut off. The smoke coming up in dense clouds already filled the hall to its capacity. All was dark. He turned back, and bethinking himself of a rear stairway he began to grope his way to it. Through the darkness of the smoke he could see that all the doors leading to rooms were open. Everyone seemed to have fled but him. Yes, he was last and lost; he could not find the rear stairway. No, maybe he was not alone, for there was a door yet closed. With the strength of a one-time athlete he hurled himself against the panels. The smoke was stifling him. With the last hope of despair and energy he became a Hercules, and down came the door. With a bound he jumped into the room and closed the door as best he could to keep out the smoke, for the room was yet comparatively free from it. The room had one window which overlooked an alley. Throwing this open he looked out, and there to his joy he found a fire-escape. Like a flash he was on the first round of the ladder, for he well knew he had no time to lose.

Hardly had his foot touched the second step when he heard a low moan in the room, and a faint "help! help!" came to his ears. The moment of decision had come. "Go down and save yourself or it will be too late. Hurry," a voice whispered in his ear. "Go back; maybe you can save a life; brace up; be a hero now," some other voice whispered. "It means sure death, don't go back, it's foolish," replied the first voice. He was a moral weakling and he knew it. He was weak "sometimes," he had told himself. Here was safety, or duty and danger. With the courage of one despairing who has no one to love, or love him, he went back into that room, into the very mouth of death. When once his mind was resolved he was fearless.

The smoke rolled up in clouds, and the room was now far more stifling than the hall-way had been a few seconds before. The room was black in darkness; he could distinguish nothing. Occasionally a crash was heard below, but that was all. Where
was the person whose moan for help he had heard. How was he to find the person? There it was again, the same low moan but weaker. Desperately he moved in the direction whence the sound came. But he must hurry or all would be lost. Already the smoke was causing him intense pain; he could no longer breathe; his mouth was dry and parched, and his eyes were watery, and they ached. He found the person, but he no longer clearly knew what he was doing. Half intuitively he took up the senseless form, and started for the window not knowing whether his burden was light or heavy, man or woman.

The first glance told him the state of affairs, no one had seen him start down and then turn back to save a life. No one was coming to help him. Oh, why did no one come to the rescue? The fire-escape was as bad as the room and hotter; clouds of smoke poured out from the windows below, and the flames shot out and upward adding intense heat to the smoke. Through the window he went and on to the landing of the escape. He was getting weak; he sank to his knees, and tottered, he nearly lost his balance. Again, on the verge of death, intuition came to the rescue, for putting out his hand he grasped the iron railing.

But now to get down those three flights of narrow, dangerous stairs, so enveloped in smoke that he could not see ten feet ahead. Still he was unseen by the people below. But down he must go. A fraction of a second only did he remain on his knees; he rose and started to descend, his face set with grim determination. One step, two steps were passed, three—but his burden was becoming heavier. He could hardly bear it longer. In shifting the burden he dimly saw long tresses of hair hanging down and judged it must be a woman. This nerve him, and in his determination to win he became stronger. One arm was around his burden, the other hand clutched the iron railway. Four steps, five were passed, six, yes he was nearing the next landing, but where was the railing, had he lost it? no; it must have ended. He groped around in the dense smoke that was becoming momentarily denser and hotter. His hand struck some glass—it must be the third story window. But he must find that railing. He tottered and again nearly fell. Flames were shooting out of the fourth story windows and the roof was on the verge of falling. All these things were unseen by him. He kept groping around; again his hand struck the glass and was cut. “That rail must be behind me,” he thought. He turned round, but he turned only a quarter way round instead of half. He could no longer see anything at all. How his eyes pained and his lungs seemed to be parched. “Yes, it must be there,” he determined as he put out his free hand again, but could not feel it. “Maybe it’s over farther,” he thought and took a step in that direction.

With the last atom of life and energy he put out his foot and hand determined to find the rail, but his foot went down to the next step. He lost his balance. Down he went, down, down, rolling over step after step, still clinging to his burden. He no longer tried to help himself, for he too was now senseless as his burden. Together they rolled down and with a dull thud struck the ground. All was dark, the smoke was gone for him. The coward and outcast was dead.

The Ways of the Wind.

LEO C. MCELROY, ’10.

It was no use, the boy was “sore” both in regard to his mental and physical condition. Mentally, because of the unjust attitude assumed toward him by his parents; physically, because he had just had a little interview in the woodshed with his father. He knew they all hated him and often he expressed a wish that he might die so that then they might realize how cruelly they had misjudged him. And all his troubles were caused by his failure to rise at the required time—five o’clock. As if he was to blame because he slept until half-past seven.

He wandered slowly off through the fields to a grove where the gnarled oaks and broad-spreading sycamores nodded in the summer breeze. He knew that there was a lot of wood to be split and that the garden needed weeding, but it was so pleasant to
lie in the shade on the edge of the little brook which ran merrily through the distant meadow. Besides the pleasure of lying idle he had some serious social problems to solve. So he put aside all thought of his unpleasant tasks and the inevitable consequence of shirking them and continued on his way through the field. Arrived at his destination, he threw himself flat on his back and gazed up at the sky. Numerous cloudlets were floating here and there, looking for all the world like little pieces of downy cotton on a blue silk background.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to one of these bits of cotton which seemed to be shaped like a chariot. He knew it looked like a chariot, for he had often seen a picture of one in a book which his aunt had given him two years before.

The cloud drew nearer and nearer and he was amazed to see that it was coming directly toward him. Down it came and he saw that it contained a man who appeared to be nearly all body with two ridiculously short legs to support him. At last the cloud landed on the ground a few feet from him and the Man with the big body got out.

"Your name, Danny Doolittle?"

The Boy nodded in a dazed sort of way.

"Get in," was the sharp command.

Mechanically he did as he was told. Then with a sort of rocking motion the cloud started. There was nothing pulling it, but it went up just like a balloon. Higher and higher they went without a word being spoken by either.

Pretty soon he began to feel queer in the region of his belt and ventured to remark that he would go home now. No answer came and looking around to where the man had been sitting he was surprised to see that he was alone.

All the while the speed of the cloud had been increasing until now it seemed to the Boy that it was going about a hundred miles a minute. There in front of him was another cloud coming towards him. He began to wonder if there was anyone in it when there came a sudden shock and he felt himself going downward head over heels towards the earth. He knew now what had happened, he had run into the cloud and the collision had hurled him from his seat. He knew that when he landed he would be killed, and the thought of how his father and mother would feel did not give him as much pleasure as it had formerly.

After all he did not have such a hard time. He had to chop wood and fetch water for his mother, but in return for that she cooked his meals and mended his clothes. And he remembered, too, that his father took him to the fair each year and let him go to the circus every time it came—and then if he was dead there would be no one to pick the cherries out of the tree and they would be sure to rot, and every afternoon after school he used to play ball with the other boys and—

"Get up, will you?"

He awoke with a start and saw his father bending over him.

"I bought you that rifle you wanted and came home only to find out that you had left the wood untouched, and your poor mother had to chop what she needed. You won't get this rifle until every weed is taken out of the garden and all the wood split up."

And the Boy went off toward the house, grumbling about his hard lot.

The Father's Song.

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YOU may rough-house all day, my good children,
You may play all the games on the list,
You may drink in these lovely spring breezes
And never a one will be missed;
But at meals when you come to the table,
In your ears may these loving words sound:
"Go a little bit light on the butter
It costs thirty five coppers per pound."

Of course I'm delighted to see you
All hearty and healthy and strong,
And wherever you go may you carry
The love of a good meal along.
But at home just remember this butter,
It's the best that can ever be found,
And don't spread it so thick on your biscuits;
It costs thirty-five coppers per pound.

"The foundation of courage, tenderness, fortitude, even heroism, are often laid in a character by acquaintance with the poets."
The Dome came out Wednesday and is already in the hands of the student body. As a bit of artistic work the Dome is magnificent and the art editor is to be congratulated on his arrangement. The work of McKenna, Worden, Smith and Burns is excellent, and we believe the '07 year book was well kept up to the standard set by Notre Dame year books.

Saturday last there was a big High School track meet at Notre Dame. It was the first time in years that such an affair has been held on Cartier Field. It was also the first time that conduct like that of a few individuals calling themselves Notre Dame men was ever seen here. While the greater part of the University spent its time in showing the two thousand visitors around and trying to make everything as agreeable as possible this element of some twenty or fifty vandals did their best to counteract the effect. The discourteous treatment and the actions of a few would-be "rough-housers," in reality rowdies, was enough to bring down the ire of any man claiming the least degree of home training not to hint at university education. Culture, we suppress the word, it is blasphemy to have it appear in an article telling of the barbarity of the smart boys.

The men of the University, who are the University, should put a stop to this thing. Such actions as performed on Cartier Field are not funny nor "college-like," and draw down the opprobrium of decent men. And must we tolerate the idea that when these articles saunter through any city or town they will call themselves Notre Dame men? Speaking of fighting,—we must stoop to the term in speaking of the "rough-housers"—we heard a visitor say who looked over the gang of vandals, "a good-sized minim could sweep the earth with the whole crowd." And it's the truth, we have seen it demonstrated. Actions like Saturday's should be suppressed; and while we realize we have taken a strong course in the matter, we believe the occasion demanded it. "The stick Notre Dame" crowd should be stuck. They are not the 'stickers' when the Varsity needs stickers and can easily be gotten along without. The University and the student body can do nicely minus this element.
The New York Alumni.

That pioneer alumni association of Notre Dame, the New York men, gave their annual banquet and reunion at the Aster Hotel on May 5. It was a notable occasion and over half a hundred old Notre Dame men were seated around the table. Rev. Father Morrissey attended, and stirred the hearts of the old men who welcomed joyously their former President.

The New York Club is an organization that Notre Dame is justly proud of. Year after year these men gather together, talk over old times and swear fealty to Alma Mater.

That a great good time was the result of this reunion we are assured, for probably no Notre Dame men have ever gathered together who are better fellows and more royal entertainers than those of the New York Club.

Many of those attending were known personally to men now attending school, and few of us can forget Hammer, Gardiner or Salmon, while the names of others on the list have come down to us through college traditions.

This occasion is a good lesson to our present comrades—a lesson of loyalty to Alma Mater and good-fellowship to each other. And may we have more clubs like New York's, and may we have coming jolly times, the kind which come from a gathering of old Notre Dame men, a chain linking the past and its dear traditions with the present and its struggles. To the New York men we send our heartfelt wishes. Success, New York! The toasts were:

Prosit Rev. Luke Evers
Alma Mater..................................Rev. Luke Evers
The Graduate................................Rev. William A. Olmstead
Chance and Achievement..................Frank P. Dwyer
Professional Success.....................Dr. Francis J. Quinlan
Fraternity.................................Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey

Among those present were:

Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey: Dr. Francis J. Quinlan

Rev. William A. Olmstead John McSorley
Rev. J. McGinnis Joseph B. Naughton
Rev. P. E. Reardon A. J. Pendleton
Anthony J. Brogan Robert A. Pinkerton

Semi-Finals in Debate.

The Semi-finals in the Interhall debates took place last week and now the teams representing Holy Cross and St. Joseph's Hall remain to fight for the championship.

The debate Thursday night between Brownson and St. Joseph's Halls was a hotly contested one, and it was anyone's debate up to the last rebuttal. The Brownson men were forcible, but failed to meet the arguments of their opponents, and in rebuttal evaded the points at issue. Messrs. Cull, Diener and Riley composed the winning team. All three should be recommended for their thorough exposition of the question discussed and their lucid presentation of the various arguments. Mr. Cull is undoubtedly one of the best Interhall debaters. John Diener promises to develop into Varsity calibre, while Riley, the last of the trio, did excellent work.

The second debate took place Sunday evening. Holy Cross Hall triumphed over Corby in one of the finest Interhall debates ever held at Notre Dame. The race was nip and tuck throughout the main speeches. Metcalf's and Dougherty's speeches would do credit to collegiate debaters, but in rebuttal Holy Cross excelled. McNally made a masterly attempt to save the day by doing some real rebutting, but odds were against him. Weniger closed for Holy Cross in his usual forcible manner. The presiding officer was Mr. Farabaugh, while the Rev. Father Phalen, editor of the Casket, and William McNerny and Vitus Jones of South Bend, both old Notre Dame men, kindly acted as judges.

On Saturday evening, May 25, Holy Cross and St. Joseph's Halls will meet in the deciding debate. An exceedingly close and interesting contest is to be expected.
Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 7 1/2; Indiana, 46 1/2.

Notre Dame had little trouble in defeating Indiana last Saturday in a dual track, the Varsity winning by the decisive score of 7 1/2 to 46 1/2.

Smithson was quite the whole show and did an afternoon's work which would do credit for three men. He scored in every event he was in, and in the dashes and hurdles simply romped away from the field and won as he pleased. He was not pushed in any event, hence his time was slow.

A number of new stars were developed in the meet. O'Leary, Wood, Washburn, Schmidt, McDonough and Moriarty, all were point-winners; and the old reliables, Keefe and Scales, gained their share of points. From the showing made Saturday the team looks good for the State Meet which will be held in another week.

Smithson's all-around work was the feature of the affair, and if his leg will keep in shape, he looks good for about twenty points in the State Meet.

Keefe, although not in shape, stepped the quarter in :54 2-5 and won easily. In the half-mile his poor condition told on him, and he was defeated in the slow time of 2:11 2-5.

Scales was a good second in both the hurdles, but like Keefe he too has been in poor condition. Keach's game leg went back on him, and third place in the hundred was the best he could do.

The victory came as a surprise, as the whole team has been in poor condition, but the great showing of the new men worked wonders in the result. Here's hoping that the men "get busy" and get in shape for the State Meet as Notre Dame looks to have a good show to get away with it.

100 yard dash—Won by Smithson, Notre Dame; Malott, Indiana, second; Keach, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10 2-5.

220 yard run—Won by O'Leary, Notre Dame; Smithson, Notre Dame, second; Malott, Indiana, third. Time, :24.

120 yard high hurdles—Won by Smithson, Notre Dame; Scales, Notre Dame, second. Time, :12.

440 yard run—Won by Keefe, Notre Dame; Schmidt, Notre Dame, second; Carr, Indiana, third. Time, :54 5-5.

880 yard run—Won by Easch, Indiana; Keefe, Notre Dame, second; Schmidt, N. D. third Time, 2:11 2-5.

The baseball game with Kalamazoo which was to have been played on Monday wasn't played: Kalamazoo failed to appear. The Varsity were on the field and "Dreamy" Scanlon and "Jimmie" Cook were to perform.

Notre Dame, 4; Nebraska, 0.

With Dubuc playing the star role, the Varsity shut out the University of Nebraska Tuesday by the score of 4 to 0. Chauncey Panfield Dubuc was the whole works. He allowed four hits, struck out eleven men, walked four and hit one. As the Man behind the Bat he slammed out two hits and won his own game. In the sixth Brogan walked, and Dubuc scored him with a pretty three-base hit to left field. In the eighth with one down Farabaugh hit for a base and Curtis reached first on Beltzer's boot, Farabaugh going to second on the play. One of the prettiest double steals in the assortment was then pulled off and somebody was due to score them. Brogan had the first chance but could not deliver, and along came the aforesaid Dubuc, who was there. A clean hit between third and short did the business and both men scored.

Ward pitched a good game for the Cornhuskers, but was given poor support just when he needed it badly. He allowed but four hits and kept even with Dubuc by passing four men and hitting one.
The game was a fast affair so far as time was concerned as it was played in a little over an hour, but the weather was bad and a strong wind blew across the field causing part of the diamond to float around in the air, which quite naturally slowed up things a little.

The Varsity won the 13th straight on Wednesday, shutting out Oberlin 5 to 0. Captain Waldorf was in the box and allowed the visitors one lonely wasted hit. The Captain was surely right that day and had everything. Dubuc was again the big sticker, slamming two, one a double and the other a triple. Burton who started in the third inning, Dubuc hit one on the nose for three bases, and Kuepping followed him with another in the same place.

Notre Dame, 5; Oberlin, 0.

The Varsity would make. In the first round, two men, McKee and Farabaugh, were caught at the plate, and in the second run number one came in. There was a good example of a well-earned run in the third inning, Dubuc hit one on the nose for three bases, and Kuepping followed him with another in the same place.

** NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. **

The game with Michigan was called off, occasioned by a snow storm. The date on which the game was to have been played, was May 10. Put this in your scrap book: "Baseball game, May 10, no game. Snow."

** NOTRE DAME, 3; INDIANA, 1. **

The game was a fast affair so far as time was concerned as it was played in a little over an hour, but the weather was bad and a strong wind blew across the field causing part of the diamond to float around in the air, which quite naturally slowed up things a little.

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### The Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notre Dame</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>P</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bonnan, 1. f.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>McKee, c. f.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Farabaugh, 1b.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curtis, c.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brogan, 3b.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dubuc, p.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kuepping, ss.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boyle, 2b.</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Waldorf, r. f.</td>
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** Totals ** | 4 | 4 | 27 | 10 | 1 |

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<tr>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Carroll, 2b.</td>
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<td>Freeland, r. f.</td>
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<td>Blake, 2b.</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

** Totals ** | 0 | 4 | 24 | 12 | 4 |


** NOTRE DAME, 5; OBERLIN, 0. **

The Varsity won the 13th straight on Wednesday, shutting out Oberlin 5 to 0. Captain Waldorf was in the box and allowed the visitors one lonely wasted hit. The Captain was surely right that day and had everything. Dubuc was again the big sticker, slamming two, one a double and the other a triple. Burton who started in to pitch for the tall boys from Ohio was driven to the bench in the third inning, six hits having been made off him, two of them three-baggers. Ward who relieved him got away very creditably, allowing but one hit, but put himself in a bad hole in the seventh by walking Kuepping and Boyle, for they pulled off a double steal and scored on Waldorf's single. The closest Oberlin came to scoring was that twice they had a man on second. They never had a look in, and the only question was how many runs the Varsity would make. In the first round, two men, McKee and Farabaugh, were caught at the plate, and in the second run number one came in. There was a good example of a well-earned run in the third inning, Dubuc hit one on the nose for three bases, and Kuepping followed him with another in the same place.

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<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bonnan, 1. f.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKee, c. f.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farabaugh, 1b.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtis, c.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brogan, 3b.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dubuc, r. f.</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kuepping, ss.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boyle, 2b.</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
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** Total ** | 5 | 7 | 27 | 11 | 2 |

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Oberlin</th>
<th>R</th>
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<th>P</th>
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<td>Rupp, 3b.</td>
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<td>McGill, c. f.</td>
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<td>M. Ward, r. f.</td>
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<td>2</td>
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</table>

** Total ** | 0 | 1 | 24 | 14 | 2 |


** NOTRE DAME, 3; OBERLIN, 5. **

The game with Michigan was called off, occasioned by a snow storm. The date on which the game was to have been played, was May 10. Put this in your scrap book: "Baseball game, May 10, no game. Snow."

** NOTRE DAME, 3; INDIANA, 1. **

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., May 16.—The Notre Dame baseball team practically cinched the State Championship of Indiana here this afternoon by defeating the Indiana University team in a closely contested game by a score of 3 to 1. The two twirlers, Johnson for Indiana, and Scanlon for Notre Dame, was about evenly matched, but the Catholic support was far superior to that given by the crimson team.
THE SCORE.

Indiana
Robinson, 2b. 0 0 2 3 0
Jones, 1. f. 0 1 1 0 0
Balfour, 1b. 0 0 3 1 1
Johnson, p. 0 0 5 2 2
Hill, c. 0 1 1 1 0
Cartwright, ss. 1 0 3 0 6
Williams, 3b. 0 1 1 1 2
Thompson, c. f. 0 2 1 0 0
Heckaman, r. f. 0 0

Total 1 5 27 21 5

THE SCORE:

Notre Dame
Bonnan, 1. f. 1 1 0 0 0
McKee, c. f. 1 1 1 0 0
Farabaush, 1b. 1 0 3 1 1
Curtis, c. 0 2 1 1 0
Brogan, 3b. 0 1 0 4 0
Dubuc, r. f. 0 1 0 0 0
Kuepping, ss. 0 1 1 1 1
Boyle, 2b. 0 0 1 1 0
Scanlon, p. 0 0 0 5 0

Total 3 7 27 12 2

Indiana:—0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0=1
Notre Dame:—1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0=3


NOTRE DAME, 6; WABASH, 0.

The Varsity is still winning. Friday they took Wabash into camp at Crawfordsville. The score was 6 to 0. Dubuc was in the box and kept up his good work. The game was one of the fastest ever seen on Ingall's Field, and it was only by clever playing at critical times that the Varsity was saved from being scored on. Three times a pretty double play spoiled Wabash's chances.

Notre Dame:—2 0 2 0 0 1 1 0=6
Wabash:—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0

Batteries Dubuc and Curtis; Irwin and Bowers.

To-day the Varsity plays Purdue. Waldorf and Scanlon will pitch as Big Bill Perce has been lying up a bit with a sore arm.

Sorin's baseball team left this morning for Culver where they will meet the military nine.

R. L. B.
lose, nor in fact offered by any house to
experienced and discriminating buyers. As
I make no pretensions, but offer for sale
what I call bankrupt or removal stocks at
comparatively 'bargain prices,' my goods
may turn out to be slopdy, tawdry, rotten
or practically worthless, but the buyers
will not attempt to hold me responsible.
I shall be greatly disappointed unless I make
at least twice as much profit on my
sales as do the dealers in what is called
legitimate trade or first-class goods. But
nobody need be the wiser. People generally
know but little about the methods of
department stores.'

In order to get a thorough view of the
city he decided to call at a livery stable,
hire a horse and phaeton for the day and
drive through every part of it. Directed
by the hotel proprietor to Mr. Ezeh Mark's
stable, he called there and stated his wish.
He was told that the rig he desired would
cost $6 for the day.

"All right," he answered, "get it ready.
I want it immediately. Don't delay."

Mr. Mark replied:

"You are evidently a stranger in the city,
sir. I have never before had the honor of
meeting you; and it is an invariable rule
here that when strangers engage vehicles
they must give security or be introduced by
some well-known and responsible citizen."

Rosenfeldt rejoined:

"I don't want to be annoyed by such
details. I am a stranger, it is true, but
intend to go into business here and make
my home in your town. I want your rig in
order to drive around and get a thorough
view of it. Probably my best plan is to
buy the rig if you will agree to take it back
when I get through with my sight-seeing,
which will probably be this evening. What
will you take for it?"

Mr. Mark assented to the suggestion and
fixed upon $325 as the price—$250 for the
horse and $75 for the phaeton.

Rosenfeldt handed him the amount in cash,
and saw that it was placed in an envelope,
upon which his name was written. He then
started on his sight-seeing tour. At 7:30
o'clock in the evening he returned, having
driven uninterruptedly since morning and
seen all parts of the city. On meeting the
proprietor of the stable he said:

"I am well pleased with the rig you gave
me. The horse has extraordinary strength
and endurance. If I were settled and you
willing I would be glad to consider perma-
nent the sale you made to me this morning.
As it is, however, I comply with our agree-
ment and return in good condition both
horse and phaeton."

Mark took them in charge and handed
back the money received in the morning.

"Auf wiedersehen," then exclaimed Rosen-
feldt, as he turned to leave.

"Hold on!" responded Mark, speaking
decisively and with manifest surprise. "You
have forgotten something—you have for-
gotten to pay me the $6 due for the use
of the horse and phaeton.

"Not at all," replied Rosenfeldt, "I have
not forgotten anything. I bought and paid
you for them when you would not hire
them to me in the usual way. They were
my property then, and so remained during
the day—or until a few moments ago. Surely
you do not mean to swindle me or charge
for the use of my own property. It is pre-
posterous. Learn to be fair, and I will
assure you of a 'square deal' when you
and your friends come to deal at my 'Twin
Valley Fair.' Ta, ta!"

Mark was greatly exasperated and, felt
that he had been subjected to a personal
affront by Rosenfeldt. He has decided to
enter suit for the amount claimed, to wit,
$6. The transaction is referred to the 12th
of April, 1907.

**

We take pleasure in acknowledging the
receipt of the official report of Hon. Albert J.
Galen, Attorney General of Montana. Mr.
Galen studied law at Notre Dame and
acquired the reputation of being one of the
most devoted and hard-working students
of his class. It is a great honor for so
young a man to be the Attorney General
of one of the most prosperous and promising
of the Mountain States, but his excellent
judgment, supplemented by the qualities of
persevering industry and devotion to duty,
would find only narrow scope for its
activities on the dead level. Excelsior-like,
it's course is upward toward the peaks of
fame, where it may more conspicuously
honor Alma Mater and confer benefit upon
State and Nation.
It would appear that the authorities of several prominent law schools are not overburdened with pressing duties, if we may judge from the number of letters they are sending here and there, requesting information upon unimportant and trifling matters.

Mr. Joseph E. Corby (Law, 1901) has a lucrative and growing practice in his home city—St. Joseph, Mo. He called recently on his return from a professional trip to the East, and his many friends here were delighted to meet him and learn of his success.

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, of Chicago, will deliver the closing lecture of his course in the Law Room this evening. All are cordially invited to attend.

Leland Powers.

Leland Powers came Saturday night and for two hours entertained the student body. Mr. Powers was especially good as Lord Chumley, while his impersonation of the ten characters in the play "Lord Chumley" was very clever. He is the same Powers we have seen here and for whom we wait every year. He was well received and left his usual good impression.

Local Items.

—The Dome came out Wednesday and is receiving the praise of the student body.

—Thursday St. Joseph's baseball team took the Niles High School aggregation into camp to the tune of 9 to 6.

—Notice.—Members of the graduating class desiring to send commencement invitations to their friends, should send in their lists to Brother Paul immediately.

—Important.—Students will please notice that the University closes its books May 23, and consequently should procure all shop and stationery orders at the student office.

—Brother Philip is a welcome figure on the grounds. In consequence of his appearance and knowing his ability in landscape work, we can be assured that this year Notre Dame will look as inviting and beautiful as ever.

—Commencement speakers have been announced by the faculty. Valedictory—R. A. Kasper, Evanston, Ill.; Bachelor Orations—P. M. Malloy, Salix, Ia.; Wesley J. Donahue, Chicago, Ill.; Edward F. O'Flynn, Butte, Mont. Mr. Thomas E. Burke will deliver the class poem.

—Captain Delahanty of Holy Cross Hall has another scalp dangling from his belt, for Thursday afternoon the Mexican Trojans went down in defeat before his warriors. Score 4 to 2. Prada at short and Duarte with his spit-ball starred for the bullfighters; Coyne at center scooped in three or four long drives; McQuaid and Tracy did clever base running, and Devine and Heiser tore the cover off the ball.

—The first of the games for the Interhall Championship of Notre Dame has been played between Corby and Brownson Hall, Corby winning 4 to 2. The game was fast and clean despite the errors. Corby jumped away at the start, and at no time was Brownson dangerous. Heyl's work for Corby in the box was superb. Fifteen men went down by the strike-out route on his speed and curves.

The Score.

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