A Thought for Decoration Day.

They fought and bravely died in days long past
For all a manly heart holds sacred, true
And we their children, may but vainly rue
Misunderstandings 'twixt them madly cast.
The fratricidal is gone at last
And now impartially so grey or blue
Our willing hands the sunken graves bestrew
With flowers emblem of our bonds drawn fast.

And we on whom our country now depends
To hold her glories spotless and unstained;
How shall we make the noble past amends
If we debase the laurels they have gained,
Or fail to follow conquest to its ends
Of glory and dominion unrestrained. H. L.

Commemoration Odes.

William P. Lennartz, '08.

True poetry is a creation. The true poet creates for us a new world, a world more real than the world of shadows and appearances in which we live. But poetry, besides being a creation is also the interpretation and expression of the sentiments of the human soul. Gifted with a mind and heart keenly sensitive to the desires and sentiments of his fellow-men, the poet expresses these desires and sentiments in language both artistic and effective. He rejoices in the event of a nation's prosperity; he weeps at its reverses and the untimely demise of its heroes and great men. It is in memorial poems and commemoration odes that the poet gives utterance to the joy or grief that fills the nation's breast.

Of the composers of commemoration odes by American poets, Lowell perhaps ranks first. His ode to Freedom, written on the event of the one hundredth anniversary of the fight at Concord Bridge is truly a masterly and sublime composition:

Who cometh over the hills
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace.
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and of Thought!

In the same ode how replete with the love of freedom are the following musical lines:

Stay with us! yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kindler of deed and of thought,
Thou that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star.
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

Never did man pay a more glowing tribute to the hero of any nation than did Lowell to George Washington in an ode entitled "Under the Old Elm," composed for the occasion of the centenary anniversary of the Virginian taking command of the American army. There in a few brief lines the poet has woven a garland of the exemplary virtues characteristic of the Father of his Country.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done;
Simply as breathing, a world’s honors worn
As life’s indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Trampling the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature’s self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Trampling the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature’s self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;

But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops
Where on the deck my Captain lies, fallen, cold
and dead!

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
or will;
The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! but I with
mournful tread,
Walk the deck—my Captain lies, fallen cold and
dead.

Again how lamentable the wail sent up
by the nation at the sight of its “western
fallen star.”

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear’d—O the black murk that
hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless
soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my
soul.

Memorial verses composed for Decoration
Day exercises have done much toward
 cementing national good feeling and will.
The heroes of both North and South have
been beautifully commemorated in a poem
entitled, The Blue and the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
The3’ banish our anger forever
When the3^ laurel the graves of our dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting for judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue
Tears and love for the Gray.

IGNORANCE of the mother-in-law excuses
many a man.

NECESSITY knows more law than the
Junior Law Class.

OF two grafts a shrewd lawyer will
always choose both.

Some men would rather be married than
happy.

NOTHING succeeds like gossip.

A WOMAN who can’t work and talk at
the same time will never do much work.

Some so-called friends are like burglar
alarms, they go off when there is trouble
around.

T. E. B.
The Tragedy of the Big Stick.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Persons.

Sir Harriman (the railroad king)
Sir Rockefeller (the oil king)
Mr. Hearst (a prominent citizen.)
Prince Roosevelt (President of U. S.)

Scene I.—A room in the Chicago American Office, Chicago.

Time.—A few days after the investigation of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

(Enter Harriman, Hearst, and Rockefeller.)

HARRIMAN.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made hot as Hades by Roosevelt and his throng;
All of our secret plans are brought to light,
Our deeds made the cheap songs of newspapers.
Oh, I have seen the time when men could sow
And reap the golden harvest of a life
In the poor toiler's field, and not one man
Dare raise his voice to cry enough! enough!
But now like hunted rats we move about
Starting and trembling, for before our eyes
The shadow of a mighty stick we see,
That moves from side to side and will not stay
Out of our sight for one short working day.

HEARST.

Oh, I have dreamed wild dreams about that stick;
I've seen it dangling high above my head.
Suspended by a slender cotton string
Each moment it would seem
As though it would break.
Oft have I sprung half startled from my couch,
My sabre in my hand, to hew it down.
When the strong hand of Roosevelt took it up,
And with a steady aim landed a blow
Upon my honest head—I withered low.

ROCKEFELLER.

And yet we call ourselves men,
Living men,
And let this man destroy us and our goods
Without so much as uttering a sigh
To show our disapproval of his deeds.
Oh, there were Hearsts that would not stand for this;
That would get out an "Extra" every hour,
Employ a thousand Brisbanes to throw mud,
A thousand Powers to draw Roosevelt's face,
As though he were a devil hot from hell;
But we,—weak, feeble men, bend low and crouch,
And see our friends laid low before our eyes;
Friends that we loved,—alas! that it should be.

HARRIMAN.

Now lies he whose plans, Prince Roosevelt foil.
The fault's not in our stars, nor in our stocks;
We are to blame for this bigstickishness.
Roosevelt doth walk about the narrow world
A mighty, giant, and we like petty men
Are crushed to pieces if we move a foot.
Roosevelt and Hearst—what is there in a name?
Why should Roosevelt be lauded to the skies,
And Hearst be spread upon the torturous rack
Till all his bones are severed one by one?
Hearst has a dozen papers to command,
A bunch of wealth to buy an army with,
Sir Harriman has railroads to bear troops
And money to buy guns and men and mud,
I have some little, and will give my might!
On, on to battle, to the end we'll fight.

HEARST.

Then let us swear over the silent dead,
Swear to revenge this thrice malicious deed,
These silent wounds have outwept their last tear
Crying for justice,—justice must be done.

ROCKEFELLER.

To-morrow ere you sinking sun be set,
Gather we here our armies in array,
And in the cause of honesty and right
We'll march on firm and boldly to the fray.

ALL. It is agreed.

HEARST. I swear.

ROCKEFELLER And I.

HARRIMAN.

Farewell, let each one homeward to his task,
Gather his arms and men this very night
And be at post ere morning sheds its light.

(Exeunt all.)
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Scene II.

Time—Early in the morning. Place—The same.

Enter Hearst and Harriman.

Hearst.

I have prepared all things unto this hour
With that keen cleverness which is my own.
Brisbane is armed with quantities of mud
That must needs stick on whoso'er it lands;
Powers has worked his mighty pen all night,
And Beatrice Fairfax filled two pages great,
With stabs at Roosevelt on race suicide.
Marie Corelli I have hired too
To write up Roosevelt's life in her grand style,
And Ella Wheeler Will-talk bears a weight
Of editorials greater than the sea—
All wait in readiness, and at the hour
I'll off my horse and in a mighty voice
Cry havoc! and let loose the dogs of war.

Harriman.

My armies are made strong with shining steel
This is our day or Roosevelt's in the field,
And he is armed with that weak honesty
That robs a man of all his dollar bills.
I have my rebate clerks lined up ten-deep,
My traffic managers that rob the poor.
My midnight tariff men and all my coin—
Conquer we must, or I am lost fore'er.

Hearst.

Then let's away and wake the battlefield
Before his treacheries do larger grow.
You and good Rockefeller take the lead,
March straight against the fearful enemy,
While I go round and come up from behind
Striking grim terror in his very soul,
Roosevelt may stand, may flourish arms, and
But fall he must, we'll press the wedge so tight.

Harriman.

Ere this day's sun that searches all the land
Soars crimson to the shadows of the west.
We will have met our fate, or sent our fame
Throughout this fruitful country of the west,
March on, good soldiers, to your noble task,
Bear high your standards through the northern
gates;
The gods are with us; we are armed with truth;
This day we'll conquer Ted and raise the rates.

(Exeunt all.)

Scene III.

(The battlefield. In the thick of the fight.)

Harriman.

On, on, good soldiers of Sir Rockefeller,
Cut right and left, drown him in sticking oil.
Ah no, see how they bend beneath that stick
That Teddy wields with all his might and power!
Soon shall the last be gone and I alone
Left to the fury of this general,—
Why did I ever leave my private car
Where I might be in peace and sweet content?
Still fall my men—drop, drop,—how they go down
As grain before a mighty harvest blade!

O Hearst! O Hearst! my kingdom, where is Hearst?
With all his mud he should have come here first.

Enter a messenger with a letter for Harriman.

Dear Harriman:

Roosevelt is strong; I'll not come up behind;
I thought I'd like to fight, but changed my mind.
I'll have more glory in my "Choiral Yeller"
Than with you, Harriman, and Rockefeller.

Roosevelt.

Come, 'tis your hour or mine, Sir Harriman.

(They fence. Harriman falls.)

Now shaking villain, come unto me
And I will cleave in twain A-our shining pate.

(They fence and Rockefeller is killed.)

These were the slickest grafters of them all—
High rates, stock-watering and rebate schemes
Seemed to be thought out in their very dreams.
These two lie low, conquered and truly dead,
And my next step shall be on Randolph's head.

(Curtain.)

Chatterton, the Boy- Poet.

—

Otto A. Schmid, '09.

It has often been said, and I believe with
considerable truth, that there is but one
main difference between the lives of British
and American authors. This difference is at
once insignificant and important, if such a
paradox may be said to exist. The difference
I speak of is the comparative happiness
and joyfulness of the lives of America's
great writers, and the unhappy, melancholy
lives of writers that are frequently met
with in the history of English literature.
Viewed objectively from the point of art
it will be said that this difference has no
direct influence on the artistic quality of
the literature produced; but looked at
from the social and moral point of view
a great influence is noted. The work of
morose and melancholy poets does not
usually conduce to moral or social uplifting.
With the exception of a few solitary cases,
such as Poe and Ludlow, American men
of letters have been comparatively happy.
Their lives have been warm, companionable, inviting closer ties of intimacy and study. We love to read Longfellow because his character was so inimitable and lovable, while Poe's works must be read for their own sake, the man himself not inviting friendship. But with British authors the case is different. Among the great writers of England whose lives were moral and social failures, we note such men as De Quincey, Byron, Burns, Greene, Marlowe, and the romantic and comparatively little known Thomas Chatterton.

Sad indeed is the life story of Chatterton, whom Wordsworth fondly styles the "marvellous boy," and sadder still his end. Born at Bristol in November, 1752, the son of a poor family, he was destined to live a life of hardships and trials. His father died before his birth, and it thus devolved upon his widowed mother to provide for him. In very early life the only remarkable thing about the future poet was his dullness. He did not learn his letters until nearly eight years of age. But after this he advanced by leaps and bounds; reading was his passion. Often a whole day would pass during which time he would continuously read, even forgetting to eat or rest.

His sister described him as being morose and quiet, always spending his spare moments in an old attic which he had turned into a study. Here he would pore over old volumes hour after hour, and here it was that he imbibed the romantic spirit that was destined to deeply influence his whole life. At the age of eleven he began writing poetry, and by the time of his decease, which was before his eighteenth birthday, he produced a great mass of it. Some of the verses written at the age of eleven show considerable grace and melody.

Chatterton spent seven years in Colston's Hospital, a school for orphans established in Bristol. Here he is recorded as having done well in his studies, and during his stay at this school he began writing poetry, and the Rowley Romance itself is thought to have been planned at this time. Upon leaving Colston's, Chatterton was immediately apprenticed to a lawyer for another period of seven years, a period of time whose end he never lived to see. Colston's had been a place of strict rules and a limited curriculum, but the proud young poet was to experience yet worse treatment at the hands of his new master. He was continually watched and spied upon by his employer and by spies who were especially sent to watch that Chatterton did not lose a moment's time from his work. The proud spirit rebelled under this treatment, but things only grew worse. He had to sleep with his master's foot-boy and share this lowest of servants' clothes.

Things grew from bad to worse, and finally on April 24, 1770, he quitted Bristol for London resolved to lead the life of a littérateur. At this time it was next to impossible for an author to gain a livelihood unless he had a protector in the form of some wealthy personage. Even the burly figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson was nearly overcome, and he the proudest of the proud, but poor Chatterton resolved to try his hand.

During the few months of his stay in London he put forth all kinds of literature: poems, essays, stories, political articles, squibs, songs and burlettas. The rapidity with which he did this work is wonderful, considering his age, being then only a little over seventeen. The end came fast: Beckford, Lord Mayor of London, had practically agreed to become Chatterton's guardian, but the mayor suddenly died. This was a fatal blow to the young struggler. He made a last attempt to get the position of ship's surgeon but failed. After this he swore to live by literature or die, and he did die on August 24, 1770, just four months after quitting Bristol.

His end is shrouded in mystery, but he probably killed himself by poison, though some critics hold that he died of starvation. At any rate, his life ended, before he was eighteen years old, a sad life of hunger and poverty, of sorrow and starvation. He was endowed with the powers of a great poet, but realization of these powers was destined never to come to pass.

This erratic youth, Thomas Chatterton, "the marvelous boy," and whose fate caused the tears to come to Dr. Samuel Johnson's eyes, is often called the "father of the new romantic school" in English.
literature. A great deal can be said to substantiate this assertion when we note his influence on Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, and when we observe the similarity between the rhythm of Chatterton's "Rowley Poems" and Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel." Even Scott is indebted to the boy-poet for the syllabic movement in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nearly all the great writers of the "new romantic school" were influenced by Chatterton through Coleridge. Scott got the rhythm of Chatterton through Coleridge's "Christabel;" Keats, Byron, Shelley, all owe a debt to the unfortunate Chatterton. "Christabel" has earned its author much praise because of the rhythmic movement which Coleridge called a "new principle," yet substantially the same effect is found in the "Rowley Poems" of Chatterton.

Aside from the effect he has had on later literature Chatterton is interesting for his works themselves. A short time before his death, while facing starvation in a cheap little room on Brooke St., London, Chatterton penned "A Ballad of Charity," an objective poem of real merit as poetry. The context of the lines here quoted is sometimes construed to intimate a desperate and despairing purpose haunting the poor lad's brain.

Look in his gloomy face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead.
Haste to thy churchyard home, accursed man!
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed!
Cold as the clay which will lie on thy head
Are charity and love among high elves.
For knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The poem has unity to a marked degree and must be read entire to get the meaning of any part of it. It is a plea for help for the poor and downtrodden, and an invective against greedy wealth.

All, or nearly all, of Chatterton's poetry is couched in quaint phraseology. Where he could he used ancient obsolete words, and where these were not available he coined his own vocabulary. Thus the extract given above is in the revised form of Watts, a few changes having been necessary to make it clear to modern readers. This quaint style was most admirably suited to his purpose when he wrote the "Rowley Poems" which has caused so much controversy for over a century. In the "Rowley Romance" or poems, Chatterton set forth what purported to be a revised edition of an ancient monk's poetry. The controversy hinges on this point: Was the "Rowley Romance" a forgery or was it just the incubation of a fantastic mind cast in ancient terms and obsolete words. Whatever else it was, we must admit that Chatterton showed great poetic skill in writing that romance.

At one time, before leaving Bristol, Chatterton tried to influence Horace Walpole to become his literary protector but failed, and in afterlife whenever Chatterton's name was mentioned Walpole always contrived to cast aspersion on the defenseless head of the dead youth. The antagonism of many critics since Walpole's time has been turned against Chatterton through Walpole, whose only argument was that Chatterton was a forger and literary hoax. That little credence can be given such words from such a man as Walpole is evident. Some years previous to the appearance of the "Rowley Poems," Walpole had published a work purporting to be an ancient Italian work. This was practically a failure, and it strikes one as peculiar that the author of an unsuccessful literary hoax should accuse another of the same literary crime.

Whatever truth there may have been in Walpole's assertion, it lost its force because of the asserter, yet Walpole's view has swayed the critics of nearly a century. Even if the "Rowley Poems" or romance was a hoax, even if there never was a monk named Rowley, and this is very probable, there still remains the artistic touch of the master-hand of the poet, and that poet was Chatterton.

We may assail Chatterton for springing a hoax on the critics of England of his own day, but we can not condone later critics for so harshly treating the author of a worthy work. We know not what object Chatterton had in view in concocting the Rowley Romance. It is altogether probable that he could not write so well in the English of his own day as he could in the English of former ages. What is more natural than that he should give the romance a name that would catch the fantasy? Who can say that his object was to deceive his
readers into believing absolutely in the Rowley fable? One of his first attempts at this sort of writing was the supposed account of the opening of a bridge over the river at Bristol in the thirteenth century. This was well received by readers and critics alike, and few there were who did not believe the authenticity of the account. A false pedigree that he worked up for a citizen of Bristol was also believed to be genuine. Why, then, should he not carry this fictitious writing further since it was so well received? What harm could it do if the people and the critics were duped by the Rowley Romance? The only answer is, there was no harm done, but a great service for English literature was performed, for without this fiction Chatterton could never have presented his dreams of ideals to the world.

Looking at Chatterton's life-story with eyes of justice and friendliness we must admit that such names as "consummate impostor," and such epithets as that he was "possessed by an eccentricity bordering on madness," are altogether out of place when applied to the boy-poet. No one can deny that he was endowed with marvellous ability, cleverness and genius. In a life of less than eighteen years he made a mark in British literature that as yet remains unequalled and unchallenged by anyone of the same age. His powers of endurance were great, his perseverance firm and his ability as a poet unquestionable. He lived a life of sorrow and misfortune, of misuse and ill-treatment, and was understood by none, or by very few. Thus through stress of circumstances his genius was stunted, the development of his powers hindered, and he died a sad death, a death that is forever to be mourned as it deprived England of an embryonic bard who promised to develop into a Spencer or a Milton. We seldom if ever in history find like cases of precocity.

For over a century Chatterton has been viewed through the clouded, deceiving eyes of Horace Walpole who maligned the boy because he himself had failed to accomplish that which the boy did with success. Chatterton has been looked upon as a man of fully developed powers whereas he was no more than a boy. If we remember this last, our judgment of his work to be just must be kind and forbearing.

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**Varsity Verse.**

**A Ballade for Decoration Day.**

The troubled days are long since gone,
When brother's blood was freely shed
And North and South still struggled on
To gain the prize alive or dead.

The tireless spirit in them bred
Desire to conquer not to fly,
And of their meanest, be it said,
They never feared to die.

They placed their peaceful hopes in pawn
For future years that they might tread
The paths of War from dawn to dawn
With aching hearts but never dread.

The singing storm of missiles sped
O'er ranks bent low, but at the cry
They rose and charged. 'Tis true, I've read,
They never feared to die.

They gave up mighty brain and brawn
To see the cause of Union spread;
Their blood from heart's heroic drawn
Crimsoned the grass with holy red.

By many a Southern stream and stead
Beneath the sod their relics lie,
For where their strength had nobly fled,
They never feared to die.

Their brave opponents were no spawn,
Sprung from a coward fountain-head;
If beaten, they disdained to fawn,—
But rather wished with death to wed,
For in their veins the warlike thread
Of blood from sires whose latest sigh
Defiance thrilled; with them instead,
They never feared to die.

---

**Envoi.**

To-day the flag for which they bled
Now dominates Columbia's sky;
Because by love of country led
They never feared to die.

---

**Spring.**

You may rail against spring poets,
You may bid them never sing;
You're mistaken, let them warble,
Let them celebrate the spring.

On your way through rocky countries,
As to a coach you cling,
You will have your bones disjointed
If the outfit has no spring.

When you're walking on a' hillside,
Feeling hot as anything,
Won't your tongue get dry as parchment
If you can not find a spring?
After reaching home at evening,
And your weary limbs you fling
On the bed, you'll dream of murder
If you sleep without a spring.
When the meet is all excitement,
And the stands with cheering ring,
Your high jumper "isn't in it,"
If he doesn't get the spring.
When you were ten and curly
You were prouder than a king,
When your dollar Waterbury
Showed its twenty-five foot spring.
In conclusion, gentle teacher,
If you'll pardon this long string
Of verses I shall promise
Nevermore the like to spring.

J. P. K.

I knew a young man in a faction,
Who went into a trance while in action.
When asked for a fact
How it really did act,
He said: "It was quite a transaction."

I. M.

RONDEAU.
My fountain pen is fond of ink,
Refusing every other drink
To do its work, and then perhaps,
Altho' the best it quickly laps;
From writing 'twill perversely shrink.
It's aggravating, don't you think,
To see the pen dry in a wink?
I wish you were some other chap's,
My fountain pen:
Your faults, alas, no one may blink;
I've often been upon the brink
Of crushing you to tiny scraps
Because of your too frequent naps.
'Twas wrong in you good coin to sink,
My fountain pen;

H. L.

RONDEAU.
My lady's fan of carven rare
Old worry is staying where
She left it just the other night—
Yes, early morn, is nearer right,
When she went out to take the air.
A cavalier so debonair
Had long besought with speeches fair
To gain the treasure I hold tight
My lady's fan.

She didn't grant his anxious prayer
And smiled to think how vain his care—
Her smile is like the dawn of life,
And her refusal so polite
Because you see I couldn't spare
My lady's fan.

H. L.

JUST PLAIN KISSES
Ye stunners who've shattered men's hearts by the score,
May now fade away, we will need you no more;
To the Kiss we've e'er sought this meaning's attached,
"A ticklish sensation which cannot be scratched."
We take Cascarets, are kissed while we sleep,
Perhaps some Tobasco sauce and kissed while we eat.
And if we should then wish to do it up "Brown"
We'd drink cups of water and wash the kiss down.
We oft use Peruna, are kissed while we walk,
Or Hostetter's Bitters, are kissed while we talk.
If the dose is so large that we can't drink or eat,
We take grains of opium, are soon kissed to sleep.
If we should grow weary of our worldly strife,
We'd take a strong acid, thus give up our life,
It's really not wrong, and the jury, I'll bet,
Would render this verdict: "He's been kissed to death."

Oh joy upon rapture, oh rapture on bliss,
The world is peculiar, and so is the Kiss.
If Kisses run short and we really wish more,
We have but to 'phone, they're brought to our door.
Don't worry, ye stunners, our method's all right.
You also can work it at day and at night.
You must now excuse me, I long for a Kiss,
Peruna, Tobasco, ye Bitters, what bliss!

R. A. K.

THE physical laws of nature depend upon
the free will of God, and are not like the
moral laws, which have for their object
good and evil which change not.

—Mgr. Preston.

THE attentive student of the mythology
of the nations of antiquity can not fail
to discover many vestiges of a primitive
revelation of some of the principal truths
of religion, although in the lapse of time
they have been so distorted and mingled
with fiction that it requires careful study to
tsift the few remaining grains of truth from
the great masses of superstition and error
in which they are all but lost.—Lambing.
Psychological Phenomena.

It was of a Thursday morning, the air of the laboratory was thick and old and hot. Giant stakes had been seen about breakfast time, and these having been tucked below the belt now clamored for a drowsy consciousness. Mills, however, was anxious about his hot and cold spots, and arrived early. In a rear seat he lounged and waited for the others to appear.

Presently they entered,—but silently and with smoky countenances. Mills should have grown inquisitive and astonished at this, but he didn't, not even when Buds, a classmate, was being carried in. Behold his skull seemed quite open and he was placed on the table. All stood around in silence, but peering into the open skull. Mills kept his seat. "His visual and auditory nerves are cut quite in twain." He saw them readjust them and sew the scalp carefully. He ought to have taken a peep at Bud's introspection as it lay revealed, but he didn't. He remained quite still. Finally he said, "Well done." There was laughter; and then Buds said, "Come let us look for hot and cold spots. Wake up."

During the course of the morning Mills explained away his heavy breakfast by saying it was his last for a week, for he was to enter upon an eight-day fast. He had read of such things in the American. It was a week later. "Psych" again demanded his presence, according to regulations. But to-day he was late; it surprised him. He was always as punctual as he was punctilious. He noiselessly placed himself next to Gill. Buds had the floor; he was being quizzed hard. (He had been reported insane.)

"And now tell us just anything you've experienced during the past week," continued the professor.

"Well, I heard Meg's voice flitting about like a moth, and I heard Lord Chumley's features crack. And in the library I always see the authors themselves 'stead of their works. They peak down on me from their shelves like squabs from the eaves. And last night I saw the thunder break its carparosity to splittereens upon the edge of a steel wind sharpened on an E flat tone. And I heard the lightning grow thin. I saw also the ticks of my clock fluttering around the room and pecking at things, some roosted in my hair, others sat on my eyebrows letting their feet to dangle. The clock I heard stand still. And—"

"Gentleman, I see it all," burst out Mills. "You are wrong to suspicion this man insane. Blame yourselves, Mr. Buds."

"Yes."

"You were here last Thursday blind and deaf?"

"I was. My auditory and visual nerves were severed."

"And they have been readjusted, and you see and hear again?"

"In a way, yes."

"Precisely, 'in a way.' You say you heard the clock stand still, etc."

"I have never told a lie."

"You are not insane. And I believe also every word you have so fantastically spoken. Boys, last Thursday you've awkwardly connected his visual nerve to an auditor's center in the cortex and the auditor's to a visual center, Mills now hears with his eyes and sees with his ears. And the best—"

"Here, dash this water into his face; carry him into his room. This wet grass may have added to the malady. So much for his fasting."

Mills had not been seen at "Dab" that day, but was afterwards found on the walk between Sorin and Science Halls.

---

Aphorisms.

---

Some men are born poets, but for the vast majority, it's their own fault.

If it took a woman as long to change her mind as it does to change her dress she would be continually missing her train of thought.

Money talks when it's going, but speaks broken English.

The book that interests most men is the pocket-book.

Where there's a will there's a won't.

The more waist the less style.—T. E. B.
The recent activity in Inter-Hall oratorical circles has aroused our admiration, and it is proper that everyone should lend a goodly amount of encouragement concerning the oratorical recognition much depends. If we are to keep up our record in collegiate oratory we must have good men, who are consistent workers; for we believe that oratory is one of the many things worth while that takes a deal of work. The simple, almost unseen gesture, the inflections of the voice, the rhythm and swing of sound that must be in any good oration, do not come in a day. We are too prone to think that all a man has to do is write a speech and get up and speak it. Few of us think that it takes time and work to round off the rough corners. The orator's practice is not on some field where daily admirers and rooters stand along the side lines encouraging by their presence and words his every attempt. His work possesses little of the animal snap and vim that make men's souls thrill in expectancy and desire for some new play or action.

Some learning, some toil and books, and a thought on midnight perusals caught the "Lawyer" in J. Frank Hanan's toast. The judge too was much to the point, and being at his best kept up the record of good speech making.

None of these things spur him on in practice; but only the bare room and the empty chairs. It takes days and weeks before an improvement is noticed and the work is tiresome and grows monotonous even with the dearest product of his pen. And so in him must be developed the spirit to work, to keep on working, to feel each time he repeats, the sentiments that first filled him when he wrote the magic line. These are a few of the things we think must show the coming orator that his proposed endeavors will take time and work. Thus we draw the moral: Get busy now on your orations for next year, and work it up during the summer months. Notre Dame must keep on winning and that means her men must keep on working.

The Lawyers' Banquet.

"The brightest wit can't find us
We'll take a flight
Toward heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us."

Wednesday night the "banquet of good fellows" took place. The occasion was the annual event of the Senior Law Class. In points of originality and good taste no banquet has equalled the '07 one. The menus were done up in parchment in the form of an indenture, while the banquet room of the Oliver was tastefully decorated for the occasion. At eight o'clock the class and the guests sat down, and some four hours had elapsed before the chairs were pushed back and the men filed out.

Patrick M. Malloy, President of the class, was toastmaster, and performed as only the genial orator, debater and lawyer could have. His appropriate introduction of the speakers was a pleasing first paragraph to what was sure to follow. Mr. James V. Cunningham responded to "The Class," and the man who has been conspicuous as a student and debater filled the bill perfectly. Gallitzen A. Farabaugh followed in a masterly address to "Our Dean." Farabaugh's speech was the hit of the evening, and considering his subject it was most proper it should. Mr. James V. Cunningham responded to "The Class," and the man who has been conspicuous as a student and debater filled the bill perfectly.
But when Walter L. Joyce looking ahead—as is Joyce's wont—caught the vision "In Future," the men seated around knew that only one of Wisconsin's product with a seeing eye could have done as this same Joyce did.

Colonel William Hoyes, the Dean and the subject of much appreciation and compliment during the banquet, responded, and closed in his brilliant manner the toasts of the evening.

But there was a wealth of good matter still coming, and, in Impromptu Procedendo, Sheehan, Fox, McGannon, Farragher followed. Prof. Sherman Steele, and Edward Schwab were lights that shed a lustre of conviviality and brilliancy on the event, and they prophesied, as their early successes have proved, that there will be little moaning at the bar when the Notre Dame lawyer puts out to sea.

Decoration Day.

Under the auspices of the Notre Dame Grand Army of the Republic, Post No. 569, the Decoration-Day exercises were held. Washington Hall was well filled with students and visitors, and was appropriately decorated for the occasion. E. P. O'Flynn, '07, opened the program by reading the Governor's proclamation, then followed America by the audience.

Lincoln's address at Gettysburg was given by A. A. O'Connell, '07, and "Columbia" was then sung. "Our boys across the River" by J. B. Kanaley, '09, and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" completed the first part of the program. The address of the day was given by the Hon. George E. Clarke, '78 of South Bend. Mr. Clarke's subject was "The American Soldier." A finished orator with a masterly speech, Mr. Clarke made a deep impression on his hearers. His compliment to the American soldier and his enthusiasm for him permeated the audience and served to draw out more fully the significance of the day. The whole speech was a bit of pictured American History with side-lights reflected on it by a brilliant thinker and writer. The speaker's reference to early days at Notre Dame and her gallant soldiers brought great applause, and when he rounded off a beautiful climax with the name of the bravest of chaplains, William Corby of the 88th New York Infantry, the audience burst out in a great prolonged cheer. When Mr. Clarke had finished the Band, followed by the members of the G. A. R., marched to the cemetery where the graves of the deceased members of the Post were decorated.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 4; Purdue, 3.

The Varsity closed the lid on the State Championship last Saturday at Springbrook Park when they defeated Purdue by the score of 4 to 3. It took twelve innings to do it, but it makes no difference if it had taken all night, they did it and that is all that is necessary. The game was played on a field that would have been heavy going for a good mud horse, but that too makes no difference, the game was a good game to watch, and everyone got their money's worth.

Captain Waldorf did the heavy twirling in the box for the Gold and Blue, and Rice did the same for Purdue. Both men were wild and issued passes enough to lose any game. Waldorf confined himself to giving free rides to first, while Rice, although accomplishing the same end, was not so kind about it, as he gave each man a bump before he left the plate, Curtis taking two, Bonnan two and Brogan one. The Varsity got enough hits to win four games, but they came at the wrong time. In the second inning with two men out, Dubuc, Kuepping and Boyle, all hit for a base and all died on the sacks. Notre Dame had eighteen men left on bases and in every inning had the bags crowded.

Dubuc squared himself Saturday and killed Casey. In the eighth Farabaugh started with a two-bagger; Curtis couldn't help any; Brogan drew a pass, and the big stick man came next, and there Casey died, for Dubuc slammed one for two bases and the two runs. Kuepping followed him with another hit and scored Dubuc, but that only tied the score as Purdue had three runs. In the third, Babcock and Driver had scored, and in the fifth, with a man on third, Curtis threw to second to get Fleming coming from first, the ball went straight over the bag and into centre-field, and Babcock scored again. But after the Varsity had tied the score Waldorf settled down, and for the last five innings Purdue could not touch him.

In the twelfth Boyle first up, went out from Rice to Fleming; Waldorf hit for a
base; Bonnan hit for another; McKee hit for two, and the Captain scored the winning run.

* * *

The little men were the heavy hitters. Bonnan got three, Kepping two, and although Boyle landed but one safe one he hit them on the nose, but always into somebody's hands.

* * *

Boltz played a great game in centre-field for Purdue.

* * *

Both teams attended a banquet at night given by the Notre Dame students in their honor.

---

**THE SCORE.**

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* * *

**NOTRE DAME, 6; ST. VIATEUR’S, 0.**

St. Viator’s came up from Kankakee on Tuesday to try their luck with the Champs, and “Dreams” Scanlon took upon his four shoulders the task of showing the visitors just what real baseball is. He let them down without a hit, and with the exception of one inning, three men were all that faced the tall southpaw. In the seventh round Scanlon pitched three balls to retire the side. In the third he issued his only free ride, and an error by Brogan allowed five men to take a turn with the willow, but turns was all they took, so it did not make any difference. “Sleeps” struck out twelve men, and allowed one long foul in place of a hit.

In the first inning Stack found the bases peopled before he knew that the game had really started. Bonnan took the first ball pitched in the heel, and unlike Achilles he limped to first. Waldorf attempted to lay down a bunt and then turned it into a hit by beating it to first. Farabaugh laid down another, but Stack tangled his legs and hands, and all three men were safe. Then to show that he was right, he walked Curtis and forced in the first run. Brogan forced Waldorf at the plate. Dubuc hit one to Stack who knocked it down in time to throw out the runner, but Farabaugh scored. In the third, Brogan drew a pass, stole second and scored on Kepping's bingle. Kepping did the same thing in the sixth, only Boyle was the man behind the bat.

In the seventh Waldorf and Farabaugh scored the Captain on Curtis’ hit and Farabaugh on Kepping’s smash to centre-field. Kepping was the big-sticker of the game, getting two clean drives. McKee was out of the game with a bad ankle.

---

**THE SCORE.**

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<tr>
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Struck out—By Scanlon, 12; by Stack, 1. Bases on balls—Off Scanlon, 1; off Stack, 4. Hit by pitcher—Bonnan, Waldorf. Umpire—Tindill.

MINNESOTA, 2; NOTRE DAME, 1.

Notre Dame lost the second game of the season out at Springbrook Park yesterday to the University of Minnesota in the first game of the double-header by the score of 2 to 1. The game went ten innings and although it was a good game, to watch the fielding of part of the Notre Dame team was something fierce. Dubuc was on the mound and pitched a game for the Varsity which would win ten out of ten games under ordinary conditions. He allowed the Gophers one lonely hit, struck out sixteen of them and walked one man. And besides he got three of Notre Dame's seven hits bounding two of them against the centre-field fence.

Farabaugh was responsible for the first run made by the Minnesota team as he had Caldwell a mile at the plate and threw the ball over Curtis' head. Kuepping put up a miserable game on short accepting one chance out of five and was the cause of the second run made against the Varsity in the tenth inning. Notre Dame made the only earned run of the game but lost on errors having a total of seven all of which counted.

THE SCORE.

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Totals | 2 | 130 | 14 | 1 |

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Totals | 1730 | 88 |


NOTRE DAME, 6; Wabash, 1.

Wabash was pickings fo. the Notre Dame boys in the second game, and the way they slammed the ball around the field must have made Erwin the Wabash pitcher, dizzy. For the first few innings, although they hit the ball hard enough the drives were all sent straight into some one's hands, but after they once got started they put the ball all over the field. The score was 6 to 1, but it might have been 60 had Notre Dame tried very hard to make it so. Wabash got their one run in the last of the ninth. Adams landed on one of Waldorf's shoots for two bases and scored on Bridge's single. Captain Waldorf was bumped for eight hits, Diddle getting three of them, one of which was a pretty three-bagger; but the crimson second base man tried to make a home run out of it and got caught. Bonnan, Boyle and Brogan each slammed one for three bases, and Farabaugh stepped to one for two sacks. Waldorf was a little wild at times and pitched only a fair game compared with what he can do when he is right. Kuepping kept up the bad work he started in the first game and booted two out of four.

THE SCORE.

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Totals | 6 | 12 | 29 | 18 | 2 |

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Totals | 1824 | 11 | 3 |

Three-base hits—Bonnem, Boyle, Diddle, Brogan.
State Track Meet.

Wabash won the State Meet held in Terre Haute last Saturday; Purdue finished second and Notre Dame third. The meet was run in the rain and on a muddy track. Smithson of Notre Dame made a new state record in the high hurdles, covering the distance in 15 4-5 seconds, and when it is remembered that he did it on a slow track, running part of the way through water, his performance was wonderful.

"Jim" Keefe upset the dope all right in the quarter. The wise ones counted him outside the money and a third was the best he was given. But he ran a great race, wearing down Sohl of Wabash who was touted to win, and won the race in a walk.

In the half mile Keefe squared himself with Patton, Wabash's star man, and ran from him in 2.08, which was a high-class performance on such a track. Patton defeated Keefe at Notre Dame in an indoor meet this winter, and Saturday was the first time the men met since. It was perhaps the best race of the day, and Keefe proved beyond all doubt that he is the best half-miler in the state.

Moriarty did 10 feet 7 inches in the pole vault, and his work was remarkably good. This is his first year in track athletics and he has been in training but a few weeks. Too much can not be said upon his great showing, and in another year he will make a most valuable man.

Smithson was the star of the meet and was the highest individual point winner. He had little trouble in defeating Blair, the Wabash crack in the 100-yard dash, and established a new record in the high hurdles. The distance in the 220 yard dash was twenty yards too long by mistake, and Blair got even with Smithson by winning from him. The Notre Dame man injured his "game" leg in the high jump and was unable to travel the distance in the low hurdles and had to be content with third place. The 220-yard dash also came after the "game leg" went wrong and the extra twenty yards was more than it could stand, and Smithson finished third in that. In the broad jump he landed another point.

Woods was good for a second in the shot, and third in the hammer, and Cripe pulled a third in the discus.

"Long John" Scales and Keach could not score. Both men were out of condition and have been for some time. In condition both men were good for points, Scales in the high hurdles and Keach in the 100-yard dash. Considering the weather, the meet as a whole was good. Smithson's time in the high hurdles was a remarkable performance. Keefe's work in the half was high class. Blair's time of 26 flat for 240 yards was wonderful in such a track. Bosson's work in the jump and Yelch's height in the pole vault were both good, and everything considered the affair was a grand success.

Smithson, Scales and Keefe will enter the conference meet. If Smithson's leg is in shape the wise ones want to watch him in the 100 yard and hurdles, for if he is right more dope is going by the wayside. Keefe in the quarter and half will make the best of them go some, and if Long John can get in shape he should pull something in the high hurdles.

**SUMMARY.**

| 120-yard hurdles—Won by Smithson, Notre Dame; Fifield, Purdue, second; Miller, Wabash, third. Time: 15 4-5. |
| 100-yard dash—Won by Smithson, Notre Dame; Blair, Wabash, second; Lewis, Purdue, third. Time: 10 2-5. |
| 440-yard run—Won by Keefe, Notre Dame; Tillet, Purdue, second; Mellen, Purdue, third. Time: 59. |
| 220-yard hurdles—Won by Fifield, Purdue; Sohl, Wabash, second; Smithson, Notre Dame, third. Time: 27 4-5. |
| 880-yard run—Won by Keefe, Notre Dame; Patton, Wabash, second; Kinkead, Purdue, third. Time: 2:08. |
| 220-yard dash (20 yards too long by mistake)—Won by Blair, Wabash; Lewis, Purdue, second; Smithson, Notre Dame, third. Time: 26. |
| Discus throw—Won by Steffins, Purdue; Yelch, Ind. second; Cripe, Notre Dame, third. Distance: 114 feet. |
| High jump—Won by Bosson, Wabash; Clark, Purdue, second; Fullenwider, Purdue, third. Height: 5 feet 8 inches. |
| Shot put—Won by Brown, Wabash; Woods, Notre Dame, second; Bosson, Wabash, third. Distance: 39 feet 6 inches. |
| Broad jump—Won by Yelch, Indiana; Hosier, Indiana, second; Smithson, Notre Dame, third. Distance: 21 feet 9 inches. |
| Hammer-throw—Won by Watson, Wabash; Fullenwider, Purdue, second; Woods, Notre Dame, third. Distance: 128 feet 9 inches. |
| Pole vault—Won by Yelch, Indiana; Miller, Wabash, second; Moriarty, Notre Dame, third. Height: 10 feet 10 inches. |
LAW DEPARTMENT.

THE PEOPLE v. MARSDEN.

A criminal case, as indicated by the preceding title, has been set for trial at the next session of the Moot Court. In the statement of this and other cases many irrelevant facts are given in order that students may have practice in applying discriminatingly the rules of pleading and evidence. The form of narrative follows in a general way the customary manner of litigants in stating to lawyers the facts in their cases. A jejune narrative would deprive the case of half its interest, and such is the form of statement outlined for trial in law schools generally. Notre Dame pursues a different course, and its Moot Court trials are not less interesting than instructive. No work that a student may do surpasses this in practical helpfulness, and too much attention can not be given to it. Elements of exceptional cruelty enter into this case, as will be found on reading the following Statement of Facts.

Earl Marsden, of South Bend has been arrested on the charge of murder, and is now awaiting trial in the St. Joseph County jail. He is accused of having murdered his wife, Elizabeth Marsden. It is alleged that between ten and eleven o'clock p.m., August 20, 1906, he inflicted upon her at the family residence, 1323 Hill Street, the wounds of which she died. The other members of the household were their only daughter, Aurelia Jane, aged sixteen, and Mrs. Mabelle Winter, Elizabeth's mother.

Marsden worked for many years in a local sewing machine factory, and had succeeded in purchasing the home in which he lived, besides depositing over $5000 in the savings bank. He was favorably known in labor circles, and had strong political influence. He referred often to his having been elected some years before to the State Legislature, in which he served one term.

Last spring he took occasion systematically, whenever opportunity offered, to tell the voters of his ward that he was not a candidate for alderman, and received from many of them cordial and outspoken assurance that they would soon make him such. This was very pleasing to his feelings and flattering to his vanity; for he wished to be nominated for the office with something of the spontaneity coveted by the spectacular barnstormer in politics. He knew that his affected modesty in not being a "candidate" would disarm opposition, allow great license to friends in pushing his claims, and mean an exceptionally great triumph if the honor should come, while if it should not come there would be no loss of dignity or prestige, for he could say: "I had positively and repeatedly declined to be a candidate."

Marsden had the reputation of being a well-behaved and self-respecting citizen. His manner was ordinarily frank and cordial, although occasionally, when under the influence of liquor, he was inclined to be quarrelsome and pugnacious. During the evening of August 20 he had been drinking and was in exceptionally bad temper. He reached home about nine o'clock and entered the dining-room. There he found his wife, daughter and mother-in-law, seated at a table and engaged in the discharge of household duties. He had been in a saloon near by, treating persons who might be helpful to him in the realization of his political ambition. Though somewhat intoxicated, he seemed nevertheless to be in full possession of his faculties, if such may be said of a man who gives free rein to the evil propensities of his nature. When he seated himself his wife noticed that one side of his face was soiled with mud and dirt, and she asked whether he had fallen anywhere. He answered that it was none of her business, and that she should curb her inquisitive tongue, or it would run away with the little thimbleful of brains she appeared to have.

She made no answer to him, but told the daughter to get some water for her father, so that he might wash his face. The girl did so at once.

Having washed his face, he told the daughter to get him a clean beer glass,—one of large size, with a handle. She obeyed promptly.

Placing on the table some bottles of beer that he had purchased at the neighboring saloon, he opened one, filled the glass and offered it to his wife. She took a mouthful
of it, so as not to offend him, and then handed it to her mother, who was sewing. The latter raised it to her lips, and then placed it on the table, saying that she was not thirsty.

“Oh, I had almost forgotten,” said the wife, “you must have some supper.”

She went at once into the kitchen, and soon returned with a platter containing a substantial meal. Marsden refused to eat and began wantonly a tirade of abuse and profanity against the entire household. In the course of his paroxysm of rage he picked up a loaf of bread intending to throw it at her; but she took it gently out of his hands, and carried it away with the other food that had been placed before him. Afterwards he sat quietly at the table for some time, his head inclined in a sort of reverie. As the clock struck ten he spoke out sharply and called for arsenic. No answer was made to him, and he began again to curse and abuse the inmates of the house, including wife, daughter and mother-in-law.

At length turning to his wife, who was weeping bitterly, he said: “There must be a killing here; either I will kill you or you will kill me.” Then he said: “Make a fire—something that will remind you of hell.”

She answered that the weather was hot; that it was about bedtime, and that there was no need of a fire.

He grumbled his dissatisfaction in words of bitter reproach, seized an empty beer bottle and threw it at the daughter. Luckily it missed her, although passing within an inch or two of her head.

Thereupon the wife took a lamp and started for the daughter’s bed-room, directing the girl to follow and retire for the night. As they were going he seized the beer-glass, and hurled it at his frightened and weeping wife. It struck the lamp in her hand and broke it, scattering the burning oil over her person, and igniting her clothes. He made no effort to extinguish the flames, although he caught hold of her arms for a minute as though he intended to help. She was taken to the hospital, and there lingered between life and death for five days. She then died of the burns and wounds caused by the fire which the flaming oil had communicated to her garments.

The defendant avers that he had no thought of aiming the glass at the deceased, and that its striking the lamp was purely accidental. He says that his intention was to throw the glass out into the yard, the door of the dining-room leading there being open, as he claims, and that the deceased and their daughter on the way to the bedroom shifted somewhat to the right and partly in line with the open door when he threw the glass. At the time he threw it the deceased, as he says, suddenly and unexpectedly got partly in the way and by accident it struck and broke her lamp.

Personals.

—Matthew J. Kenefic H. and E. ’07, was the orator of the day, at the Decoration Day exercises in Michigan City, Ind. From the accounts in the newspapers, and the comments of those who heard Matt, he made a decided hit.

Local Items.

—Monday, June 3, at 10 a.m., Mr. de Lunden, Room 92, Corby Hall, will bargain: Drawing instruments, gun and many different things.

—Lost on Saturday, May 18, between St. Mary’s and school house on Niles Road, a Gold Watch, Elgin make, with initials C. S. to M. A. S.

—The following has been sent in:

To Irish hearts or rather throats poteen is very dear,
While at a German wedding most everyone drinks beer.
It isn’t filtered water puts the stomach on the “cop,”
But the latest thing’s a banquet where the waiter peddles pop.

There’s coco-cola, ginger ale, there’s “fiz” and lemonade,
Some drinks to drink in sunshine, and some to drink in shade,
But gosh a’mighty on the square, I thought I’d lost my top
When ‘twixt the courses some one said, “Why, waiter, where’s my pop?”

I heard that Cincinnati was a prohibition town,
I heard tell of an auto that never once broke down,
I’ve been to a nigger wedding, and I’ve seen a Chinese hop.
But the strangest thing’s a banquet where the waiter peddles pop.

The Chinaman takes keen delight in eating rodents stewed,
And nothing suits the cannibal like white folks served as food.
But say, ain’t this the limit, don’t you think its time to stop,
When a man suggests a banquet where the waiter peddles pop.

P. O. P.