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Meeting of Hector and Andromache.

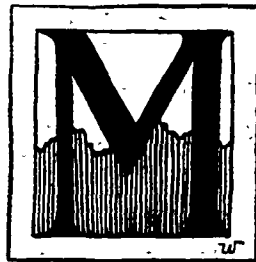
GEORGE F. HORWARTH, '05.

(Iliad VI. 466-481.)

HAEC ait et puerum manibus petit inclitus Hector;
Astyanax vero ad sinum prudentis alumnae
Convertit faciem, patris turbatus ocellis,
Aes veritus nitidum cristam quoque crinis equini,
Summa quae galea minitans titubare videtur.
Arrisit blande genitor genetrixque decora.
Protinus armipotens galeam capite abstulit Hector
Terribilem, puero quae tanti causa timoris.
Mox natum fovet in complexu et suavia libat
Sollemnesque diis sic fundit corde precatus:
"Iupiter et vos caelicolae, sit viribus inter
Troianos similis patris, praestantior omnes
Ante alios satus hic, ut fortiter Ilion olim
Imperet et dicant Troes, patre fortior iste
Iam redit exuvias referens ex hoste cruentas
Victor, et exsultat mater prius anxia corde."

Alexander Hamilton.*

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.



MUCH of the writing and speaking concerning events which occurred at the birth of our nation, gives us the idea that to one man, and to him alone, are we indebted for the existence of our republic to-day. Nor is this fact strange. When we behold the deeds of Washington, shining with their full brilliancy amid the lowering clouds of Long Island and the sullen gloom of Valley Forge, it is no wonder that our eyes are dazzled and that the achievements of others, glorious in themselves, are obscured.

* Oration for which Mr. Lyons won the Breen gold medal in the annual oratorical contest held in Washington Hall.

Careful historians, however, assert, that though Washington threw off the British yoke, and is therefore to be assigned the highest place in the annals of America, the creation of our national government is not to be accredited to him, but to another, whom many deem the foremost statesman of the Western Continent—Alexander Hamilton.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, when the States were quarrelling through jealousy, when the minds of the people were filled with state-right theories, when the soldiers were unpaid and mutinous, when the provisional government was vacillating and weak, when the powers of Europe were gloating over our certain disintegration, when demagogues were about to tear down the Stars and Stripes and hoist the blood-red flag of anarchy; when it seemed that the bloody conflict, the heroic self-sacrifice had all been in vain—one man, guided by truth and patriotism, came forward and stayed the wave of national ruin.

During the Revolution, Hamilton had served his country in the field, and after the war was over, his zeal did not grow cold. He laid aside the sword that had done such good service in routing an external foe, but in its stead took up the pen to begin a necessary conflict with misdirected internal forces. Accordingly when a rebellion broke out in Massachusetts, and shattered the provisional government beyond all hope of reorganization, it was Hamilton who entreated the minute-men of '76 and the Solons of the Continental Congress not to cast away the precious boon of liberty, not to stand idly by, and see all the fair promise of freedom come to naught.

Almost solely through his efforts the constitutional convention met in Philadelphia. He opened the convention with that famous speech which gave the death-blow to state rights, which filled the wavering delegates with courage, the doubtful with faith, the patri-

otic with hope,—the speech in which he stood for the firm ground of strong central government and called to those who would build a nation to beware of the treacherous sands of weak confederacy. He set the standard for that Constitution which, defended by Webster, and upheld by Lincoln, guards our liberties to-day.

Moreover, he did more than make the nation possible by his powerful eloquence and flawless logic in the Convention; he was further instrumental in causing the states to ratify that document which has proved of such momentous importance to us. The influence of Washington, coupled with the appeal made in the essays of the *Federalist*, did most to decide the people for ratification. Hamilton was the author of most of those famous essays, which even to-day are commended by masters of political science. The *Federalist* has been called the Magna Charta of the United States. Forty years ago, the spirit of the *Federalist*,—the spirit of Alexander Hamilton—guided Lincoln in controlling rebellious states; it marched with Sherman to the sea; it inspired the Irish brigade, charging the wall-crowned heights at Fredericksburg; it was with Phil Sheridan dashing up the valley of the Shenandoah; with Farragut running the gauntlet at New Orleans; with those men in the smoke-filled turret of the Monitor; its message resounded in the thunder of Meade's cannon at Gettysburg; Appomatox court-house saw its triumph. It lives for all time in those immortal words of Webster: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." It is the genius of the American Constitution!

But neither the logic of the *Federalist*, nor the pleading of Washington could induce Hamilton's own state, New York, to ratify; and if a lasting Union was to be formed, New York, on account of her geographical situation, must be included in it. Four-sevenths of her people and two-thirds of her assembly were resolved not to countenance any move that so much as tended towards centralization of power. Even clubs were organized in New York City to defeat the Constitution. But the life of the nation hung in the balance, and Hamilton determined that the majority should be overcome; that New York must ratify the Constitution! He attended the Assembly and carried on those debates in which he withstood bitter attacks on both his public and private character; in which he silenced every

opponent, and defended successfully every clause of the detested Constitution,—so successfully indeed; that when all expedients had been tried to defeat ratification, the orator who led the opposition, one of the foremost public men of New York, arose and said: "We are beaten! I am convinced that I was wrong, and shall vote for the ratification of the Constitution."

The oratory of Patrick Henry moved Virginia to enlist for the common cause against Great Britain; the words of Clay and Webster held the nation together at a trying period of our history; the utterances of Wendell Phillips moved his countrymen to strike the shackles from the bondsman; but the eloquence of Alexander Hamilton when he worked successfully in the Assembly of New York against overpowering odds, won a greater victory for freedom than all these, for it brought into being a nation!

When Washington was elected President of the new republic, he saw at once that Hamilton was the man to conduct the finances of the nation. Look at the record which the first secretary of the treasury has left written, not in words but in deeds, and say the President's choice was wise. Consider the state of affairs when Hamilton became secretary; business stagnation, lack of confidence, a demoralized public credit, an empty treasury, patriotism at low ebb; while to complete the gloom, the war debts of Congress and those of the individual states presented financial complications which threatened destruction to the infant nation. At this crisis Hamilton put into effect those treasury policies which are the admiration of all statesmen! He advised the assumption by the United States of the debts of Congress and also those of the individual states. This, with his tariff and excise measures, founded on sound principles of economics, wrought magical results! The public credit was restored, business at once became brisk, industries thrived, prosperity filled the land, the confidence of the people in the government was firmly established; the name and flag of the United States compelled respect from all the nations of Europe.

He made the permanent existence of the nation an assured success, and that is enough to merit for him an undying memory. Without Washington, the world might never have known the Western Republic, without Hamilton she would not know it to-day; and we might have instead of the United States of

America a hundred petty sovereignties and the melancholy tradition of an institution whose annals had been illustrious till faction and civil conflict turned it into a mere record of mournful recollections!

But the *Colossus of the Federalists*, as Jefferson termed him, did more than relieve the financial distress of the republic and safeguard it against internal dissension, he left also the principle which shall continue to preserve it from foreign danger. In the first administration, when war broke out between England and France and the people of the United States wished to plunge headlong into the strifes of Europe, Washington and Hamilton stood calm and deliberate, unmoved by the seething tide of public opinion. The President asked his cabinet's advice on the war question. All except one yielded to the popular frenzy. Hamilton alone saw the imprudence of becoming entangled in European politics; he alone advised strict neutrality with Europe in regard to European affairs, so that America might demand like treatment from Europe in regard to American affairs. Washington proclaimed this doctrine and averted war. Thirty years later it was again promulgated by Monroe, hence to-day it is known as the Monroe Doctrine; but it is essentially the plan and policy of Alexander Hamilton.

In 1804, the public services of the great Federalist were over. Though not yet arrived at that age when most men's mental powers become mature, he was to serve his country no longer! His career was to be cut short, but by his death, Hamilton was to seal the love which in life he had always borne his fellowmen.

You know too well that tragic story: Aaron Burr, desiring revenge for political defeat, sent Hamilton a challenge to a duel; how the challenge was accepted, and the meeting took place on Weehawken Heights.

There is nothing to be gained by censuring those two men who faced each other on a July morning by the Hudson. We can only lament that sad occurrence; we can but deplore the existence of a code under which one man might with the approval of society, challenge another to mortal combat. Hamilton had come to that fatal spot reluctantly. He believed that duelling was a barbarous custom; he could have disregarded public opinion and declined to fight. It is vain to say that the man who, sword in hand, stormed a Yorktown redoubt, driving the British soldiers before

him, would ever have been accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a political duel.

He had the moral courage to decline. As secretary of the treasury and on other occasions, he had opposed the will of almost the whole people. His motive for fighting was not the fear that public opinion might injure him personally, if he refused. Not even his enemies can accuse him of having been actuated by a desire for public preferment. He had already attained his highest ambition; he was foreign born, and was never a candidate for the presidency. He wrote down his reason for us while the shadow of death lay dark across his path. So clearly did he expose the evils of duelling that when his written words were made public, men's hearts were filled with the horror of this system of authorized murder, and they drove it forever from the land. But withal he agreed to fight, and he stated the reason in that last message he left the American people. He said: "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting evil or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with popular prejudice in this particular."

He decided to fight lest by not fighting he would lose the opportunity of serving his country, of serving you and me and future generations. He made his final preparations for that dread appointment by bidding the American people an affectionate farewell.

Aaron Burr prepared for the duel by pistol-practice in his garden. His intention, as he afterwards said, was to kill Hamilton. He came to Weehawken that summer morning, his heart poisoned with murder, his brain on fire with revenge, his hand practiced in the craft of slaughter. When the word to fire was given, Burr aimed at his opponent's heart; Hamilton discharging his pistol into the air, fell mortally wounded,—and the nation had lost its mightiest intellect!

It is useless to make comparisons between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. The great financier's deeds shine with an immortal lustre which they would have possessed regardless of the evil doings of a man indicted for murder, and tried for treason. Burr's record may be gleaned from the annals of your criminal courts; Alexander Hamilton's work is stamped indelibly upon the very fabric of your national greatness. When he fell the people mourned, as they have mourned since for Lincoln, for Garfield, for

William McKinley. They judged that a noble spirit had gone from them, and "Time, that measures the deeds of men with an impartial hand," has sustained their verdict.

Alexander Hamilton was a brave soldier; the battlefields of the Revolution witnessed his valor; the army of Cornwallis fled before his daring. He was a clear and convincing writer. His essays of the *Federalist*, those masterpieces of political science, shall ever remain a proof of his strong, lucid style. The halls of legislation heard his wisdom; the public rostrum testified to his eloquence. Our Constitution stands an enduring monument of his prudence and forethought. The greatness of the United States to-day evidences the potency of his statesmanship. The Monroe Doctrine, which is primarily the doctrine of Hamilton, shall ever be the guiding principle of the nation.

There is his work; it speaks for him with a power that makes words weak and phrases empty. All through his life he labored for the welfare of our country, and in the end, he showed that he loved her even unto death. He was not a martyr nor a hero, but he was a patriot. He did not die to found the nation, but he lived that it might survive him. His greatest deeds were not those that fire the courage or make the pulse beat faster. They were, for the most part, the execution of dry financial schemes and unromantic plans of statecraft, but the very life of the nation is bound up in them.

John Marshall placed Hamilton, in point of general greatness, next to Washington, but the two can scarcely be compared. Washington stands apart in monumental solitude, and Hamilton is not to be compared with others or to be placed among them. But when you have worshipped your heroes, eulogized your presidents, and set up statues of your great commanders—turn to the man who fought for you in the Revolution, who pleaded for you in the Constitutional Convention; who, by his foreign and domestic policies, laid the foundations of your national greatness; who, rather than become useless to you, died by the hand of an assassin—turn, I say, to the man to whom you are most indebted for the liberties which you enjoy to-day, and enshrine forever in your hearts the name of the soldier, the orator, the statesman,—Alexander Hamilton.

BE not too angry with thy little daily faults: they help to keep thee humble.—*Spalding*.

How I Won My Commission.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

It was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish objects ten feet away, and the rain which fell in torrents made traveling more difficult and disagreeable, so that I was forced to give my horse his head, and while I shielded myself from the pelting rain, to trust to Prince's unerring instinct to pick his way over the rough road-bed. How I wished that I had put up at the last inn I had passed instead of hastening on to Cambridge in my fierce desire to join the patriot army encamped there. And I cursed myself for an obstinate fool; for had not the publican warned me before I set out that a storm was coming up. Now I was lost on the highway, and I knew not where I should find shelter for myself and horse. Suddenly I heard the sharp beat of hoofs not a hundred yards behind, and reining in Prince, I turned half about in my saddle and awaited the approaching rider.

"He knows the road," I muttered, as straining my eyes, I distinguished the dim outlines of horse and rider fast drawing nearer and nearer. The stranger was almost upon me and had not slackened speed.

"Look where you're going," I shouted, drawing Prince to one side of the road.

With a muttered exclamation the rider reined up at my side, and leaning out of his saddle, sharply asked:

"Who are you?"

His drawn sword was in his hand, but nevertheless I felt secure, for this man spoke with a Yankee accent; so I replied:

"Layton is my name, Roger Layton of New York; and who might you be?"

"I am Jack Graydon—"

"The patriot—Washington's—"

"Yes," interrupted Graydon, "I am Washington's devoted scout—spy, if you will. Whither bound, Mr. Layton?"

"To Cambridge, captain," I replied.

"To join the patriot army?"

"For that purpose."

"Tis well. We are in sore need of good men in these times. Our army is but a handful in comparison with the many thousands of well-equipped soldiers England can put in the field. We need many more brave patriots to aid us in securing our liberties.

"But are not all true Americans united

in hatred of England and love for their country and freedom? Why then should they hesitate and debate whether or not 'tis best to cast their lot with their brethren?"

"All true Americans, Layton—nay, not all. There are many who with an inexcusable blindness still remain loyal to the king, bringing upon their heads the odium and disgrace that attaches itself to the name of Tory."

"They will see their mistake in time, sir."

"Yes, when our liberties are won they will wish to reap the benefits."

We had now come to a turn in the road, and had apparently left the rough places behind us, for traveling was less difficult. Graydon turned to me, and said:

"A short distance ahead is an inn where we can secure a bite to eat and something to warm our blood. This rain chills one to the marrow."

"Yes," said I shivering and drawing my cloak closer around me, "'tis an evil night."

"Nevertheless, I must travel all night," answered Graydon. "I must be in Cambridge at daybreak."

"And I shall keep you company," I returned.

"'Tis well. 'Tis better to have a companion on such a night."

Five minutes later we drew rein before the tavern which my companion had mentioned. Not a light shone in the windows of the place—apparently the inmates had retired. Graydon spurred his horse up to the door, and pounded noisily with his knuckles on the panel. A few repetitions of this brought a response. A window was raised and a voice challenged.

"Who is it that disturbs our slumbers at this hour of the night?"

"Two peaceful travelers who want something to warm their insides and a chance to dry themselves by a fire," Graydon replied.

With much grumbling the head withdrew; and soon the bolts were slipped back and the door was opened by a figure that held aloft a tallow dip and guided us into the public room. The change from the chill of the night to the warmth of the room brought a sigh of pleasure to both our lips, and we warmed our hands over the fire which the landlord quickly stirred up.

"What have you got to warm a man's blood, landlord?" questioned Graydon.

"Not much of anything, sir," replied the landlord as he unlocked a cupboard. "The Britishers drank nigh to everything I had."

"How many Britishers were they?" asked Graydon.

"Four sojers an' an officer, sir. They're here now."

Graydon looked around the room apprehensively, and I did likewise.

"Asleep, are they?" Graydon asked.

"Yes," the landlord replied. "What will you have, sir, rum or apple-jack?" he continued.

"Give me the latter, and hurry up about it. We must be on our way. We ride far—"

"Surrender or you are dead men!" came a sudden sharp command spoken from the gloom of a doorway across the room. "I know you, Jack Graydon. You are a prisoner."

I felt for my pistol.

"'Tis useless to resist, young sir," said the hidden speaker. "We are five to two."

Graydon laughed recklessly.

"Show yourselves, my friends," he taunted. "Five to two is small odds. 'Twould please me greatly to fill you full of lead."

"Don't shoot, gentlemen, I beg of you," whined the publican.

"Get out of the way!" said the scout sharply. "There will be lead flying in a minute an' you will be hurt!"

Then with marvellous quickness he dashed the tallow dip to the floor, and hissing in my ear to follow, sprang towards the door by which we had entered. A bullet whistled past my ear—dangerously close—and half turning I sent a shot towards the doorway. A cry of pain was the answer, and our enemies shouted with rage. At our heels they sped, crying to us to stop. Another bullet grazed a lock of my hair. Graydon gave a smothered cry of pain.

"Are you hit?" I panted, as I reached the door and flung it open.

"Yes," he gasped, "a slight scratch. Out with you, lad."

I jumped out the door, followed by a fusilade of bullets, not one of which harmed me. Graydon paused long enough to send another shot at the foe.

"D—you!" he cried. "Take that!"

"Hurry up!" I shouted, as I cut the straps which held the horses and vaulted into the saddle. Graydon sprang for his horse, and jumped into the saddle just as three of the Britishers ran out of the tavern. With shouts of rage they came at us, firing as they ran. By a miracle, or because of the poor marksmanship, neither of us was struck, and in another instant we were galloping down the road, and fast leaving our foes behind.

After we had put at least a half mile between us and our enemies and heard no sound of pursuit—which we did not fear—I drew rein and addressed a query to Graydon who had not uttered a word since we had left the tavern a few minutes before. Graydon did not answer, nor did he check the speed of his horse. So spurring forward I grasped the bridle rein and halted the steed. While doing so I caught a glimpse of his face and I could not prevent an exclamation of fear.

"Mr. Graydon!" I ejaculated.

He reeled in the saddle and would have fallen had I not thrown a supporting arm about his shoulders.

"You are wounded sir," I said. "Tell me where so that I may bind the hurt."

He slowly raised his head and turned to me a face white as chalk.

"I am done for, lad," his voice was weak and betrayed too well his condition. "'Tis only a matter of a few moments suffering and then—I will join—the patriots up above."

"Nay, nay, sir, it is not as bad as that!" I answered, reassuringly, "you will live to perform many a great deed for our country."

"My wound is fatal," he said, "right atween the shoulders. I will soon be beyond—need of—a surgeon."

I knew that he spoke the truth, and almost groaned aloud, for 'twas sad to see such a man cut down in the prime of life. By his command I helped him from his horse, and spreading my great coat on the damp ground, laid him upon it.

As if the God above wished to make this noble patriot's last moments more peaceful, the rain of a sudden ceased and the moon, which up to this had been hidden behind the dark clouds, appeared and looked down upon Graydon cheering his departure from earth.

"Layton," he whispered, as I knelt by his side, "I can trust you. Take—my—hat. Concealed in—it—are valuable—papers. Guard them carefully, and—carry them to General Washington at Cambridge. Tell—him you come from me—give him the hat. He understands. Tell—him—my last thoughts were—of my country—" His voice was growing weaker and I knew the end was nigh.

"I had hoped—to live to see my country free—but God has ruled differently. My one regret is—that I should be laid low—by—a shot in the back and—not die in battle for my—country—striking a blow for freedom."

He paused; his features became distorted

with pain; and the shade of death overspread them. His hand groped feebly for mine, clutched it, and slightly pressed it. Then with a faint "God bless you, lad," and a slight shudder of his mighty frame, the noble soldier went to join his comrades above.

I buried him there by the roadside, using his sword and my hands to scoop out the grave. This sad duty performed, I fastened Graydon's sword by my side, placed his three-cornered hat upon my head, and set out for headquarters at Cambridge, riding Prince and leading Graydon's horse by the bridle.

At daybreak the next morning I cantered into Cambridge, travel-stained and tired out with my long journey. Drawing rein before the Craigie House, General Washington's headquarters I dismounted and asked the orderly who was at my horse's head to take me before General Washington.

"Who are you?" asked a staff officer, who had just come out of the door.

"Roger Layton, of New York," I replied. "Tell His Excellency that I come from Capt. Graydon."

The officer started, looked at me keenly and then said sharply: "Follow me."

Tossing the reins to the orderly I followed the officer into headquarters. In another instant I stood in the presence of the one man whom above others I admired and loved.

"Your Excellency, Roger Layton, who comes from Captain Jack Graydon," and with these words the officer withdrew and left me alone with George Washington. After the first words of greeting, the commander-in-chief bade me be seated, and at once queried:

"You come from Captain Graydon. And how fares he?"

"He is dead, Your Excellency," I replied.

The General's face paled somewhat, but otherwise he did not display the emotion my answer had aroused.

He bade me tell him all, and so I recited the incidents of the previous night, not forgetting to repeat poor Graydon's last words, and when I related this part of my tale, the tears came unchecked to Washington's eyes.

"And the papers," he said, "you have them?"

For answer I handed him Graydon's hat, and then watched interestedly, while the General ran his fingers along the brim, and finally turned back the secret flap, disclosing the papers hidden within. The General removed them, quickly mastered their contents, and turning to me, said:

"These papers are of incalculable benefit to the cause, my friend, and you shall be rewarded for so faithfully executing the trust poor Graydon conferred upon you. You say that you wish to join the patriot army. Very well, your wish shall be gratified; but not as you expect," the General paused, and looked at me searchingly as if to satisfy himself of my courage and ability. "I have a vacancy on my staff," he continued, "which shall be yours. Come to me again after breakfast which will

be served shortly. And now, good morning, Lieutenant Layton.

Lieutenant Layton! I could hardly credit my senses, and it was not until I donned the uniform with which the commissary furnished me that I was convinced that it was not a dream, and that I was in truth a commissioned officer in the service of the Colonies and staff officer to His Excellency, Gen. George Washington. And as I told Mistress Dorothy—but that is another story.

To Leo XIII.

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

Full five and twenty times
The world has sung to dawning year;
The woodlands bloomed and blended sere;
We've watched the crocus glare and burn
Ere fair narcissus graced with his return
The tuneful, happy train of spring;
Bleak winter's hoary garb, brown autumn's dearth
Have rolled to vanish from the earth;
The silv'ry sounding Christmas Chimes
Have pealed with gladsome ring
The happy feast of Jesus' birth
Since tidings that Joachim, Pope was crowned,
A happy echo in our hearts had found.

What excellency Carpineto saw,
What fairer flower could bloom from off her hill!
What truer hero e'er the bells of Rome
Rang out to bid a welcome home?

"What's in a name?" the poet asks sincere,
Ne'er king was worthier of the crown he wore;
Strong in hope of God, devoid of fear:
Guiding with an eager mind and heart
His children lest they bow to lust or shame;
Unshaken in the faith of Christ;
With God and man he faithful keeps his tryst,
Whispering e'er Excelsior—
Onward to the perfect life.

Meek—as when a child he played
'Neath Carpineto's hazel shade:
Humble—as on that New Year's Day
Prostrate in stole and alb he lay
To consecrate his life, his eager mind
To work in Jesus for mankind—
With tear-dimmed eye, emotions uncontrolled
Young Leo felt unworthiness,—true son's defence—
Yet hearkening to the voice of Providence,
He bowed to God his will: a worthy son enrolled.

The hero of the battle's roar
The man that falls beneath his gun,
The chief that leads vast armies o'er
A crimson field, rejoiced where strife he's won:
The seaman that with heart of steel obeys
His country's call and smites the foe:
That breaks the power which cruelly sways
And lays his nation's greatness low;

The nurse who all the livelong night
Struggles to keep aglow the light of life;
The mother who in thought, in dream,
Holds her child a trust supreme;
The toiling, true and faithful wife;
The watchers of the little light
That sheds its warning gleams
Of hope, 'mid ocean's roar:
The man that strives by dim lamp light:—
These great souls are, yet not the truest great:
But he who both by day, by night,
Holds in his heart the fate
Of all; the good of every soul;
That man attain his eternal goal;
Who seeks the slave of passion to set free,
To tread in ways of truest liberty:
Who toils that God's will may be done;
Who teaches all the way of truth and right
Arming all nations for the fight
That brings the faithful soldier home
Triumphant into God's eternal Rome.

When that good captain, Pius, passed away,
Christ's ship in direst tempests lay;
The storm was at its height:
Rough inky clouds rolled o'er and o'er,
Dark mists with wrecks had strewn the shore
When lo! there shone hope's beacon light:
God heard men praying fervently
For help in their adversity:
The world respectful ne'er denied
His name that ne'er his act belied:

Lumen in Coelo

'Tis he who guides the Christian band
Striving for men in every strand,
Christ-like Leo.

When cannon boomed and swords were wielded
strong—
With king to peasant in the throng
That storms the great redoubt; Christ's post,
Then pen and tongue joined with that host:
From every side is every weapon used—
Alas! but truth and rights abused—
Where bigotry plays well its part:
But all in vain storm that rampart:
There strong and faithful, stout of heart,
Stands Leo true to all:

Brave leader of the fort God placed him o'er,
 Commanding well Christ's faithful corps,
 Armed with Justice, Truth and Right,
 Guided by unfailing light,
 Fearful, lest a son may fall:
 Whispering still Excelsior.
 When storms rage high and the sea's deep roar
 Thundering echoes from shore to shore;
 When tempest's blasts bid fear the deep,
 And threatening clouds in tumult sweep
 The pilot, Leo, in holy light
 Steers Christ's bark safely and aright.

How like a stream of golden light
 Into the darkest shades of night,
 Your voice of warning steals apace,
 Into the saddened vale of tears:
 "Because lest idol-days return,
 Your God adore; not science, wealth or gold!"
 The lucre-passions flare and burn
 God's name is spoken falteringly, in fear;
 The intellect and heart too little mold
 Their thought and love
 In praise, in prayer, to God above.

When discontent, land-greed and love of gold
 Beckoned nations on to trust their might:
 When force stood judge and ruler of the fight,
 Defending right, you stood firm, resolute and bold.

God grant that all may listen to your voice
 Robed in truth and word divine:
 "That science, arts, must all one day,
 Too, pass away:
 That God eternal wisdom is for aye!"
 May nations drink your teaching, rarest wine;
 May prejudice dissolve and set men free
 To follow in Christ's way aright:
 Through darkness to eternal light:
 Beneath His cross where men rejoice
 In truest liberty.

No crown or garland wreath or gold
 Nor any earthly treasure rare
 That time's corroding hand may mold
 We twine; our grateful love be told
 To God for you—a sincere prayer.

A College Pin.

HERBERT MEDCALF.

Of the latest batch of incoming passengers to enter the depot from the train shed he was the last, and so far from hurrying was he that an observer would judge his actions to be altogether aimless. He was a young man, possibly twenty-five, of athletic build, clean-limbed and symmetrical, with broad shoulders and a full chest. His face, with its high forehead crowned by jet-black hair, the somewhat prominent nose and square-cut jaw, was a picture of strength, self-control and indomitable energy. His thin, firm lips were curved

in a half smile that was not altogether pleasant, and his keen gray eyes had in them a sparkle of grim humor that was not unmixed with trouble of some kind. He was dressed in a light summer suit, which though far from new was scrupulously neat and clean.

Reaching the centre of the building and facing half around he stood with his hands thrust into his pockets gazing almost blankly at the great clock which indicated a quarter after one. Presently he transferred his gaze from the face of the clock to the floor in front of him, then he drew his right hand slowly from his pocket and opening it disclosed a silver half-dollar. He looked at it quiscally and the smile became more pronounced.

"Getting lonesome, old fellow? Sorry, but can't help it. Guess it won't be long, though, before you go to join the company of your kindred who one by one have slipped away before you. By the way, I believe I have got a little red boy yet. A man must reckon all his resources in a crisis like this."

He took from his breast pocket an ordinary business man's pocketbook, serviceable looking, but gaunt as a victim of famine.

"Yes, here we are," he said, as he fished out a copper cent and placed it with the half-dollar.

Hullo! what's this?" Another compartment seemed to contain something else.

The result of investigation was a small blue and gold banner pin, bearing in white letters the monogram, U. N. D.

"Well, well! my old college pin! How did that ever get in here? I haven't seen it for so long, I thought I'd lost it." Then he stood staring at it with a far-away look in his eyes.

At that moment a young fellow entered from the direction of the baggage department and strode rapidly across the waiting room. On face and form, and clothing even, "college man" was written large.

Passing the man in the centre of the room he caught sight of the pin. A look of pleased surprise crept into his face as he glanced at the lapel of his own coat whereon was a very fac-simile of it. He looked at the man, hesitated, then, prompted by an impulse he would probably have found difficult to explain he touched him on the shoulder.

"You have a Notre Dame pin, I see. May I ask, are you an old student?"

"Yes," he said, I am." And he looked up with a smile, and all but imperceptibly threw back his shoulders.

"Then we have that much in common,"

continued the new-comer extending his hand, for I too am a student of Notre Dame, and why shouldn't we know each other? I just left the old place yesterday, pulled off my cap and gown and am going home for quits. Mercer is my name, Tom Mercer."

"Mercer!" exclaimed the other, with a hearty hand-clasp. You won the state oratorical last year, didn't you? I took off my hat to you when I first heard of it, and now I'm delighted to congratulate you in person. I'm Wallace Nevin of '9-."

"I am the more glad I spoke to you, then, for many times indeed have I heard of you. When I was first a timid freshman, your deeds both athletic and intellectual were very much alive at Notre Dame. But, say, I'm ravenously hungry. I was just starting on a hunt for an eating-house when I saw your pin, but I'm always ready to pay my respects to an N. D. If you haven't dined yet, come on and take dinner with me. Got anything on hand?"

"No, nothing of importance," answered Nevin. Back to his eyes came the old look of trouble and the grim smile to his mouth again, as he thought of the two ill-mated coins he had returned to his pocket.

"I was just thinking myself that it was dinner time," he continued, "but then I found this old pin in my pocket and it set me dreaming. Come on, I know a very good place about three blocks out."

They passed out of the depot together, and a three-minutes walk brought them to a fashionable restaurant on Main Street. They entered, and soon the waiter was spreading between them the best meal the house could set forth. By the time they had reached the desert they would have seemed to an observer but as two old chums renewing acquaintance. Each had a budget of stories, and then there were their mutual acquaintances and the hundred and one things of common interest to them as college men claiming the same *Alma Mater*. After a while the conversation drifted around to their meeting.

"I say," queried Mercer, "what were you thinking about when I first saw you? You wore the look of a confirmed cynic. Had your best girl spoken to another fellow that you should look as though all the sunshine had frozen and the fires gone out?"

"No," laughed Nevin, "I'm not the victim of such a dire calamity as that. The fact is I was puzzling my head about what to do with my fortune."

He took out the half-dollar and the copper-cent and placed them on the table.

"I was uncertain whether to turn philanthropist like Carnegie, to start a trust in opposition to Morgan or to buy a good dinner, remembering that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Your coming postponed the settlement of the question, but I'll have to take it up again soon, I suppose?"

"That is a heavy responsibility," agreed Mercer with a smile. "How did it happen? Have you been hiring cabmen or escorting a confidence man?" Then more soberly: "You are at work here in the city, are you not? You are an architect, I believe you said?"

"Yes, I'm an architect, but I can not as truthfully say I'm at work unless you would call walking the streets work. It may sound like a 'hard luck' story, but it lacks one element, I'm not telling it for effect. Almost immediately after graduation I secured a good position at a very good salary. I wasn't particularly economical and was besides helping a brother through college. The company went to pieces a few months ago, and I was thrown out of work without being at all ready for the proverbial rainy day. I've been drifting ever since. I came here ten days ago only to find that it was but a Will-o'-the-wisp that lured me here. That is the state of my finances. The morning's mail brought me an offer of work in St. Louis if I would show up there Monday morning. But I am three hundred miles away, and unfortunately the science of riding the rods was not included in my university course. Pleasant, don't you think?" and, smiling, he slipped his two coins back into his pocket.

"I think I'm going to put my finger in the pie, that's what I think," said Mercer with emphasis. "Thanks to the 'ortorical' I'm flush just now. I can easily spare you twenty which you can repay when the tide turns."

"I did not tell my story for effect," objected Nevin. But as Mercer was insistent he at length reluctantly took the bill and shortly afterwards they shook hands and parted.

A month later Mercer received a bulky letter from St. Louis. Its last paragraph read:

"I enclose your twenty dollars, for which I need not say I am grateful. Thanks to you and the old pin—which I will take better care of hereafter—I have as good a position as before and my brother is back in school again.

"Sincerely yours,

"NEVIN, '9-."

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Roma, March 7.

Domino Morrissey:

*Professorum et Alumnorum Universitatis
vota sumus Pontifex amanter excepit eisque toto
corde benedixit.*

M. Cardinal Rampolla.

The above telegram, which it is our pleasure and privilege to publish, did not reach us in time for last week's issue. It was received in acknowledgment of the following message sent by Notre Dame to the Holy Father on the date of his silver jubilee:

Roma.

LEONI XIII.:

*Professores et Alumni Nostrae Dominae
Universitatis amplissimas congratulationes Sancti-
tati Vestrae offerunt apostolicam benedictionem
cnixe rogantes.* Morrissey Praeses.

—The Lenten devotions, at which the students are expected to attend, will be held on Wednesdays and Fridays. There will be given every Wednesday evening a short instruction followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and on Friday at half-past three, the Way of the Cross will form the principal devotion. The preacher on last Wednesday evening delivered a practical sermon on the rules which should guide our conduct particularly during Lent. For good reasons the Church has relaxed the rigorous fast imposed in other days, but while she has

done so, she emphasizes the divine command to abstain from sin. This command can be more readily obeyed by a regular attendance at church and by earnest, devout participation in the exercises prescribed. Every student should give the Lenten devotions his serious attention.

—During the past few weeks we have heard considerable comment on the apathy which seems to exist among the students in regard to athletics. Several who ought to know aver that the athletic spirit so characteristic of Notre Dame in former years is conspicuous by its absence. This condition, if it exists, should be remedied, and we believe a move with this end in view has recently been made. Meetings have been called, an inter-hall meet arranged for, and a number of valuable prizes have been secured. As a further incentive to candidates we may mention that Dr. Stoeckley of South Bend has again generously presented a handsome gold medal for the athlete winning the largest number of points for Notre Dame during the scholastic year. It is not too much to expect that the promoters of this meet will be heartily supported in their efforts by the students of the different halls. We hope the entries, enthusiasm and attendance will dispel the belief that athletics are now unpopular at Notre Dame.

—Those acquainted with Russian literature are at a loss to account for the pessimism which marks the works of Russian authors. One critic, quoted in the *Literary Digest*, says that "with the freedom of the serfs, society had the right to demand cheerful sentiments of its authors; but instead the opposite has resulted.... Forty years have passed since then, and the new writers have become more venomous and more gloomy." That serfdom has been abolished in Russia for forty years does not warrant the conclusion that its effects are effaced. For centuries the Russian peasant had worn the gyves, and their imprint will be the heritage of children yet unborn. In the old Roman days it took three generations to make a gentleman; it takes at least as long to efface the canker of slavery. The literature of Ireland, Poland, and in fact every country whose people have long been in thralldom, reflects a mental depression that at times seems closely akin to pessimism. But in general, Irish writers are much more

optimistic than those of Russia. No matter how dark the cloud above the Irish heart it is not too dense for hope to penetrate, and this hope is in an all-just God. The Russian, on the contrary, has a more gloomy temperament, and too often his vision is blurred by false doctrines of faith and politics.

The White Man's Burden.

More insidious than bolos or bullets to the American in the Philippines is the climate. A writer in the *Medical Record* says that, as a general rule, Americans in Manila and in the low-lying towns of the sea-coast suffer from ill health. Especially is this true of young women, many of whom "drift into a nervous, irritable condition trying to the sufferer and to those around her." This condition is aggravated by a partial loss of memory, a disease whose existence is fully recognized and which is known to the American colony as "Philippinitis." Men seem to stand the climate better than do women, a fact which is attributable to the outdoor life and exercise which the former indulge in. Children born of American or European parents are difficult to rear, and it is advisable to have them spend several years in the native land of their parents. On the whole, the writer thinks that for an American, long residence in the Philippines means in most cases indifferent health and perhaps a shortening of life.

—On every side we hear a general and unqualified condemnation of the commercialism which is said to pervade everything American. One would judge from the editorial comment of the more pretentious of our journals that the average citizen of the United States was forever squirming and reaching after another and another dollar. In him we are told all the gentler, nobler feelings are stifled, and that as his motive for any act of seeming benevolence there is invariably to be found the expectation of a pecuniary remuneration. There is a self-satisfied air of superior contempt about such commentators that ill befits the dignity and well-balanced judgment which we should expect from them. To be sure there is little poetry in the life of the work-a-day American. Yet there are still devoted husbands and loving fathers among American business men. They are not all without sensibility, not all grasping for the "filthy lucre," for is it not true that but for the careful and strictly economical methods of our business men education would never have reached in our country the advanced stage in which we find it to-day? Who supports our educational institutions, if it is not the man of the world, the man who by the intelligent application of sound commercial principles is able to educate his son at no little expense? Surely it is the business man who is the backbone of education,—it is he who foots the bills—and in our great love for the academical, let us not be so entirely thankless and thoughtless as to despise the man who labors long and faithfully in order to give to others what he himself was not able to obtain—the blessing of higher intellectual culture.

The conditions of life in the Philippines are somewhat similar to those in India and in the British possessions in the tropics. In these regions the utmost precautions are necessary to preserve the English population from extinction. Any great outlay of energy is followed by serious if not fatal results, and for this reason the government authorities make it a point to lighten as much as possible the labor of their officials. As an example of this, in some districts a trooper in an English cavalry regiment is provided with a native to take care of his horse. Nevertheless the English population has not increased to any appreciable extent, and were it not for the constant infusion of fresh blood from the mother country it would die out in a few generations. Such is likely to be the experience of the Americans in the Philippines. They can never form the laboring population, and must necessarily remain comparatively few in number. After spending years in policing and governing or in some commercial pursuit, many of them who survive, will, like their English brethren in India, return to the mother country to enjoy the fruits of their adventure—perhaps more often to nurse shattered health. But then there will always be others to take their place.

—The students of Professor Dickson's classes have been faithfully rehearsing "Macbeth" for March 17. The actors were selected because of their special fitness, and this, combined with the experience and dramatic ability of their instructor, is a guarantee of a most successful presentation.

State Oratorical Contest.

The annual contest of the Indiana State Oratorical Association was held in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, March 6. Frank F. Lewis of DePauw won first place by an exceedingly close margin. One of the judges, Attorney General Miller, failed to appear, and after a long delay a third judge, State Senator De Haven, was hastily secured from the audience. As a consequence of the long delay it was after twelve o'clock when Notre Dame's orator, Thomas D. Lyons, appeared. The audience was tired, but nevertheless Notre Dame's loyal crowd of Indianapolis rooters made the hall ring with their rousing welcome to our speaker. Notre Dame's section was filled, every seat being taken before eight o'clock. This large number was due to the kind efforts of the prominent Catholics of Indianapolis.

The audience paid the very closest attention to Mr. Lyons, and he was the only orator of the evening whose speech was interrupted by applause. Hearty applause came from all parts of the house at the end of his first climax.

The conclusion of the speech was the signal for a demonstration which for genuine warmth and earnestness surpassed any of the evening. The applause was general over the big building and lasted for three or four minutes without abating. Finally, the chairman called the big assemblage to order, and the contest closed with the oration of the succeeding speaker.

Following are clippings from the Indianapolis papers. The *Journal* said:

"A little band of staunch supporters from South Bend gave Thomas D. Lyons a good send-off when the representative of Notre Dame came forward to speak of 'Alexander Hamilton.' Many believed Mr. Lyons would carry off the honors of the evening. He had the best stage presence of any of the competitors, and he was in complete harmony with his subject. The subject-matter of his oration was clever, and he put a fire and vim into its delivery that compelled his audience to give him rapt attention. In a clear and interesting manner the speaker described the early scenes of the country, and exploited the work of the man whose praise he was proclaiming. The rehearsing of the duel with Aaron Burr was especially well done and made a favorable impression."

The *Sentinel* said: "As this was the first

time that Notre Dame has had a representative at the oratorical contest, much interest was shown in the speech of Thomas D. Lyons, whose subject was 'Alexander Hamilton.'... Loud applause greeted the conclusion of the speech, and calls for 'Lyons' came from all parts of the house."

The delegates from Notre Dame to the state convention were Robert E. Lynch and Thomas D. Lyons. An amendment to the Constitution, which was finally carried, was supported by Mr. Lynch in a ringing speech.

B. V. Kanaley of Notre Dame will represent the State Association as inter-state delegate at the inter-state convention to be held at Cleveland, O., in June.

After the contest our orator and delegates were handsomely entertained by Mr. F. P. Bailey of Indianapolis whose two sons are students at Notre Dame. Mr. Bailey was a very active worker in supporting the interests of Notre Dame in the Association.

Eloquence.

To the *Success* for March, George Frisbie Hoar, the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, has contributed a very instructive and useful paper on "The Art of Eloquence." The one gift most desired of men, eloquence, has exerted a powerful effect on the trend of public affairs in all ages. Perhaps in no country of to-day has popular oratory so large and important a place as in the United States. Hence the youth of this nation are particularly interested in its acquirement.

Though readily recognized whenever displayed, eloquence, like poetry, yet eludes adequate and comprehensive definition. The best rhetoricians, both ancient and modern, have tried in vain to express its constituent elements in scientific terms. A good style Senator Hoar recognizes as requisite. Most of the greatest speeches are also literary gems. A noble personal presence, a full, expressive eye and a good resonant voice are in the greatest degree advantageous to the orator. The voice, indeed, is of the highest importance. It is a matchless instrument, and a faulty use of it should be carefully guarded against. Like a great many successful speakers, Senator Hoar believes the ordinary conversational tones the best for public speaking.

A perusal of the biographies of the great English orators shows us that a great majority

attribute their success either to written translations from Latin and Greek into English, or early practice in a good debating society, or both. Senator Hoar strongly recommends both as the most efficient aids to the orator's development. He points out the well-known fact that translations from classic authors involve the acquisition of a large and exact vocabulary, a necessity to the orator. Careful written translations certainly demand a nicety of expression and exactness in interpretation which prove most valuable in political or forensic speech. We are inclined to think, however, that nothing is able to bring out latent ability in the youth more quickly than participation in the exercises of a good debating society. Such practice is undoubtedly the most efficient schooling which the young orator could have. It helps to produce that ready, forceful style so useful in debate, and that invaluable ability to think quickly and clearly.

To become a great orator it is necessary above all to have many and varied natural gifts. An artistic sense, a strategic eye, a poetic heart, a logical mind, all must be present in the man who sways national assemblies and turns the tide of public opinion. Such a man gains the object of the hour, and leaves behind in the written word a literary treasury for posterity.

R. J. S.

"A Gladiatorial Renaissance."

The above is the title of a five-column article in the current number of the *Cosmopolitan*. Elbert Hubbard gives his opinion on football, and brands the game as "a sport more brutal than ever Claudius countenanced" in the days of the gladiatorial contests in Rome. In the course of his remarks he refers to the Purdue-Notre Dame football game played at Lafayette on Thanksgiving day; and the indignation of the students at Purdue and Notre Dame has been aroused by numerous misstatements made.

"Five men were injured and carried from the field," the writer says. Notre Dame played the entire game with the eleven men who lined up for the first kick-off. Tackle McManus of Purdue was the only man retired on account of injuries, and he attended his classes on the following morning. Purdue's substitutes were put in to give them an advantage by using fresh men. Capt. Salmon is positive that no one was borne from the field. It is rather

remarkable that none of the Varsity players and none of the rooters who accompanied them have any recollection of the demented youth who is characterized as a "maniac, and ran screaming into the scrimmage, striking at everybody."

In another place Hubbard says: "I mingled with the fourteen Notre Dame players who had taken part. In physique, two hours before, they were magnificent; now they were a sorry sight. Several could not walk without leaning on friends, and all were more or less bruised or battered. A physician, whom they brought with them, was in attendance. He told me the next morning that he had spent the entire night in looking after his charges. And very proud was this doctor to show me that all his boys were on hand for breakfast." At the conclusion of the game, four or five of the Notre Dame eleven walked from the athletic field to the Lahr House, a distance of about two miles, in preference to riding in a carry-all that was at their disposal. Notwithstanding the writer's meeting and conversing with the attending physician, the facts are that at no time last season did a physician accompany the team on its many trips, and none of the players needed the services of a doctor while in Lafayette. On the night after the game every man on the squad without exception spent the evening out at a theatre or at the homes of friends in the city. This was the result of the "terrific ordeal."

R. D. Wrenn of Harvard umpired the game, and although he is one of the strictest officials in the West no one was retired from either team for objectionable playing. Purdue's team and management treated the Varsity in the best possible manner, and the representatives of the two institutions mingled together after supper and celebrated the breaking of a hard season's training. Few games were cleaner than the one played Thanksgiving; both teams played straight football, and the officials had no fault to find with the individual work of any man on either squad.

On the morning after the game, Notre Dame's men were feeling jubilant and were not in the comatose condition that Hubbard ascribes to them. After a season of football reverses, with several of the best men on the team unable to participate in the hardest game of the year and with defeat almost certain, the men had met and held their opponents and retained the championship of Indiana.

With regard to the writer's remark about South Bend manufacturing people being opposed to football less is known; but that some of the foremost manufacturers favor the sport and have sons who donned moleskins last fall is certain.

Had Mr. Hubbard confined himself to an attack on the game his remarks would have passed unnoticed, but the students of the two institutions named would like to have him base his pet theories on facts and not on fiction.

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.

Athletic Notes.

T. E. Holland, who has been engaged to coach the track team, is expected to arrive here the early part of next week. He will be just in time for the Inter-Hall meet which will afford him an opportunity of getting a line on the men. Holland has quite a reputation in the East where he has been very successful in handling the Worcester High School athletes.

The debate of the different managers over the running of certain men in the Inter-Hall meet, has at last been satisfactorily settled. The meet will be held next Thursday, and is open to all. The meet promises to be the hardest ever pulled off at Notre Dame, and unusual interest has been aroused over it. Sorin, Brownson, Corby, and St. Joseph's are entered.

The South Bend High School-Culver meet was a very exciting and highly interesting affair. The result of the meet was in doubt up to the very last event, when South Bend captured the coveted points necessary to win the meet. One notable event was the work of Bredemus of South Bend in the twelve pound shot put. He hurled it 45 feet 2 inches, a remarkable performance for a High School man. The plucky work of the soldier boys won them hosts of admirers among the students. Final score, South Bend, 45; Culver, 41.

Manager Draper of the Brownson track team is endeavoring to arrange meets with South Bend, Goshen and a few of the High School teams in the surrounding towns.

M. J. Kenefick, manager of the Carroll Hall baseball team, has arranged a good schedule for his team. It embraces games

with Goshen, Laport, Niles, Mishawaka and South Bend, with a few more games still pending. The Carrollites are working like Trojans to be in shape for the season, and generally put in a couple of hours hard work every day under the direction of Coach Shaughnessy.

The Brownson Hall candidates are also plugging away. The squad now numbers forty-five men, out of which Captain Padden expects to get together a team that will hold its own against any of the High School or minor teams in this section of the State. Manager Lantry is working on a schedule. He has received favorable answers from several, but has not yet decided which to accept.

One of the side features of last Saturday's meet between Culver and South Bend, was a four-mile relay race between Brownson and Sorin, the first ever held in the new gymnasium. The race was very close for the first three miles, and at the end of the third mile the proverbial blanket could have covered the two runners. The last mile, however, was the most interesting. In this race Captain Davy of Brownson was pitted against Kahler of Sorin. Kahler held the lead for ten laps, when Davy sprang to the front finishing thirty yards to the good. Kahler's exertions in the early part of the race proved too much for him and although he fought hard he could not overtake the speedy Davy.

Captain Hoover held a try-out for the track candidates Thursday morning. The events ran off were the forty yard dash, the two-twenty and the half mile. A new star was brought to light by the trial in the person of Doherty of Corby Hall. He is very fast in starting, probably the fastest man among the candidates in this respect, and with a little more training should develop into a speedy runner. The result of the try-outs:

40-yard dash—Draper, first; Silver, second; Doherty, third.

220-yard dash—Silver, first; Doherty, second; Proctor, third.

Half-mile—Daly, first; Sweeny, second; Zeigler, third. Sweeny ran well in the half-mile and showed considerable improvement.

Draper is hurling the sixteen-pound shot in great form. He got it over the forty-one foot mark a couple of days ago and that without

much trouble. It seems certain that Notre Dame will retain the championship in this event, and we predict a new mark for the Western Intercollegiate if Draper is in shape at that date.

Summaries of South Bend High School and Carroll Hall Track Meet of February 28:

40-yard dash—H. Talcott, Carroll Hall, first; R. Talcott, Carroll Hall, second; Cotton, South Bend, third. Time, 5 seconds.

40-yard hurdles—Cotton, South Bend, first; Bastar, Carroll Hall, second; Time, 6 seconds.

220-yard dash—Wagner, South Bend, first; Morrison, Carroll Hall, second; Cotton, South Bend, third. Time, 25 4-5 seconds.

440-yard run—Wagner, South Bend, first; Rockhill, South Bend, second; Hartzer, Carroll Hall, third. Time, 1:00 2-5.

880-yard run—Eldred, South Bend, first; Cripe, South Bend, second; McDermott, Carroll Hall, third. Time, 2:20.

Shot Put—Bredemus, South Bend, first; Rockhill, South Bend; Wagner, South Bend, third. 42 feet 6 in.

Pole Vault—Bredemus, South Bend, first; Pryor, Carroll Hall, second; McClellan, South Bend, third. 9 feet.

High jump—Bredemus, South Bend, first; Brown, South Bend, second; Hemenway, Carroll Hall, third. 5 feet 2 1/2 inches.

Broad jump—Hemenway, Carroll Hall, first; Rockhill, South Bend, second; Bredemus, South Bend, third. 18 feet 9 inches.

Relay Race (1/3 mile) Carroll Hall won (R. Talcott, Morrison, Fox, H. Talcott). Time, 1:10 4-5.

The baseball squad have been very fortunate the past week in having such fine weather. Coach Lynch has had the men out doors every day this week, and as a result there has been great improvement in the work of the men. The squad is divided into two teams every afternoon, and a regular game is played during which each man is given a trial both in fielding and batting. The pitchers are also working out, and by the time of the Toledo series they will be in fairly good shape.

J. P. O'R.

Resolutions of Regret.

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, has seen fit to call home the soul of the mother of our classmate and companion, Mr. Steven Trentman of Brownson Hall; and

WHEREAS, we feel heartily sorry for the great loss he has sustained, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that we, the undersigned, on behalf of his classmates and companions, tender him and all the members of the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

C. J. Cullinan

James L. Doar

M. Williams

T. Gerraughty.—Committee.

Philosophers Dine.

The annual banquet happily instituted for the members of the classes in philosophy by the reverend professor of ethics, Father Fitte, was given in the Corby Hall refectory last Thursday afternoon. At half past one, the appointed hour, about sixty students assembled in the waiting rooms of the Main Building where they were greeted by the genial Father Fitte who accompanied them to the dining-hall where a very excellent dinner was laid. The principal guests were the Vice-President of the University, Father French, Father Crumley, professor of psychology and metaphysics, and Father Regan. When all had dined wisely, Father Fitte distributed the cigars, and in the course of a speech which many of us thought was far too brief, he thanked the reverend guests for being present, and complimented the gentleman who superintended the banquet arrangements. The students present enjoyed the banquet exceedingly and thank Father Fitte for his generosity. May he long fill the chair of ethics and preside at many future philosophers' banquets.

Personals.

—Edward Hillas (student '84-'88) of Dunlap, Iowa, has entered his brother, Francis, in Brownson Hall.

—Mr. John J. Lavelle of Anderson, Ind., student of Notre Dame from '99-'02, has an excellent position as draughtsman with the Allas Engine Co. of Indianapolis.

—Mr. John Daly, Madison, S. D., student '96-'98, received very favorable mention lately in the United States *Trade Reports*. Mr. Daly is recommended most highly by that publication as an agent for those desiring safe investments in western lands.

Local Items.

—The person who appropriated a cap, with the letter B on it from the training-room last week is requested to return same at once to its rightful owner and thereby save trouble.

—The students of the Law Department will organize a debating society sometime within the coming week, and it is the intention of the promoters to hold weekly debates on Wednesday or Thursday evenings.

—Some person borrowed the new sixteen pound shot the other day for the purpose of practising, but at this writing he has not returned it. We wish to inform this gentleman that same is needed, at least until another one is procured.

—The Senior Laws attended the Koonsman murder trial in the St. Joseph County District Court this week. Criminal Procedure is one of the subjects now being pursued by the class, and the proceedings at the trial were right in line with their work.

—In Washington Hall this evening at half-past seven the question of retaining the Philippines will be debated anew. The contestants are Messrs. O'Grady, Kanaley, Griffin, Barry, Farabaugh, Bolger. Those winning the first three places will represent Notre Dame at Oberlin.

—"Resolved that the present U. S. bankruptcy law should be repealed" was the question for debate in the senior class of parliamentary law last Wednesday afternoon. The principal speakers were: Messrs. Wimberg, Kasper, McNamara, Walsh and DeWulf. After a thorough discussion of the subject by the gentlemen named, Professor Murphy called on several members of the class for extempore speeches. The subject for next week's debate will be announced in due time.

—The case of Cushing *versus* King was tried in Moot-Court Saturday evening before Col. Hoynes sitting as judge. King excavated a cellar for Cushing and claimed the soil excavated, part of which was sand valuable for building purposes. The question turned on whether there was a local custom whereby the contractor was entitled to the excavated clay. Nyere and Davitt appeared for the prosecution, while Myers and Lonergan supported the interests of the defendant. Both sides relied on witnesses who were contractors to prove and to disprove that such a custom prevails as the plaintiff alleged. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

—Under the title, "Students in America," *El Comercio* (Manila, P. I.) publishes the following:

We have received a letter from our young friend, Mr. Evaristo Battle, at present studying at Notre Dame University, Indiana, U. S. A., eulogizing not only the excellent methods of teaching in use there, but also speaking in high terms of the kind reception and treatment which the Filipino students receive at the hands of all at the University. His own words are: "We are the first Filipinos to come here, and we are treated with the kindest attention. You can not imagine the interest which our native land and the famous question of the friars have awakened here." The University of Notre Dame, he informs us, is the greatest Catholic institution in North America, and, like all of the same class in the country, is a magnificent establishment such that it would be impossible to form an idea of it in this country. In Washington there are two other young men: Mr. Antonio Opiso and a son of the late Mr. Icazo, besides another, a native of Isla de Negros, whose name our informant does not know.

Mr. Battle in his letter points out the advantages of the young men of this country going to America to complete their studies. These coincide with like recommendations which our contemporary, *La Democracia*, published a few days ago with respect to the young lawyer, Mr. Zaragoza, at present studying at Yale. He speaks likewise in eulogistic terms of the methods of teaching in American universities and of the kind treatment which Filipino students receive in the United States.

—The students of St. Edward's Hall are fast becoming proficient in the art of war. Some weeks ago several companies were organized, and drills are regularly conducted under the direction of Mr. James P. Fehan. The various exercises correspond to the infantry drill of the United States army, of which Mr. Fehan is an ex-non-commissioned officer. He served three years in the Ninth Infantry, and took part in twenty-five engagements in China and the Philippines. On obtaining an honorable discharge as well as commendations from his superior officers for efficiency and gallantry, he sailed from Manila for the United States, visiting several of the European and Asiatic countries on his way. For the past year he has been a student at Notre Dame, and now, during his hours of recreation, he uses his military training and experience in initiating the students of St. Edward's Hall in military tactics. So far his efforts have been very successful, and have evoked the heartiest enthusiasm and response from the little heroes under his command. The following is a copy of orders recently posted:

HEADQUARTERS—SORIN CADET CORPS.

Notre Dame, Ind., 3, 11, '03.

ORDERS.

The following promotions having been ordered will take effect from this date:

Promotions—To be 1st Sergeant	Porter Munson
" " " Duty "	Joseph Quinlan
" " 2 " "	William Hennessy
" " 3 " "	Robert Conklin
" " 4 " "	Laurence Symonds
" " 5 " "	Louis Mooney
" " 6 " "	James Brennan
To be C'p'ls—No. 1 Squad	P. Quinlan
" " 2 " "	H. Crevellan
" " 3 " "	G. Rempe
" " 4 " "	F. Baude
" " 5 " "	L. Schonlau
" " 6 " "	F. Brennan
" " 7 " "	J. Woods
" " 8 " "	H. Farrell

The above-mentioned non-commissioned officers are strictly held responsible for the appearance of their respective commands: they must be attentive to their duties in this respect and try to bring about the highest state of efficiency and discipline. As great credit is due to the non-commissioned officer who has the best-drilled section or squad, it is hoped that all will try to attain this end.

James P. Fehan, Com. Corps.