

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXVII.

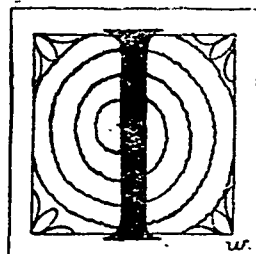
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 14, 1904.

No. 31.

## Savonarola.

WALTER LEWIS FERRIS (Beloit College, Wis).

[Mr. Ferris won first place in the recent Inter-State Oratorical Competition decided at Notre Dame. The writers of the two succeeding orations that appear in this issue, Messrs. Newell and Schall, were adjudged respectively second and third.]



IN the heart of Tuscany lies the beautiful city of Florence. From out her depths rise massive domes and graceful towers, and stately palaces lift their turrets toward the sky. Round about her stand mighty hills, like sentinels keeping eternal guard. Within the sweep of those hills great epochs of history have been made. Here great men have lived and played their parts in life's drama, and, dying, left the impress of their immortal personalities upon history. Men of Olympic genius they were, of whose majestic company were Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, supreme in the sphere of their individual influence. But among them all there is one, who, because of the nobleness of his daring and the heroism of his sacrifice, stands pre-eminent. For here Girolamo Savonarola, dominated by an immortal conviction, lived and struggled for justice and purity and freedom, and ceased only when the darkness and despair of his time made him its greatest martyr.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century Italy was groaning beneath a load of oppression and cruelty. Vice ruled supreme in Church and State. In Florence Lorenzo de Medici was holding the populace spellbound by the splendor of his rule. But beneath a show of magnificence and culture were hidden all the festering evils of mediæval tyranny. Aristocracy was dominant. The rich had become insolent, the poor had been degraded. It was a world where lust, avarice, treachery

and murder were rampant, and over it all was thrown a mantle of artistic taste and hollow gaiety. Fair Florence was dancing in a wild pagan revelry, "With a smear of blood upon her garments and a loathsome song upon her lips," with chains about her which she thought garlands; but in her mirth there sounded a note which was more than half despair.

It was into such a city as this that Savonarola came, toiling over the Apennine hills, a barefoot Dominican monk. Ten years before, in brilliant Ferrara, he had turned from the world sick at heart with sight of the vice and misery of Italy. In the quiet of the cloister he hoped to find comfort for his restless soul. But not even there could he gain the peace which he sought, for he had but parted the veil and disclosed the awful corruption of the Church. And now he had come to Florence with a burden upon his heart; with a yearning for purity and simplicity; with a hatred of sin so intense that it did not flinch before the power of a tyrant. For seven years he labored to alleviate the misery of the poor; for those seven years there grew upon him the conviction that love and justice should be alike the law of Church and State. Then the hour came. His voice was raised in the midst of the city, crying out in passionate protest against immorality and injustice, calling upon Florence to turn from her luxury and sin before the doom of Heaven should fall.

A great reform is the result of a great ideal. The vision of the prophet goes before and conditions the conception of his mission. Savonarola was of the lineage of the idealists, yet his motive was as practical as his aim was noble. His sensitive heart responded to the note of anguish which sounded beneath the revelry of the city. He saw Florence corrupt and shameless, and the sight of her guilt wrung his heart. Like a tender father he

sorrowed over her as over a lost child of his love, and he fasted and prayed and labored that he might save her from the penalty of sin. Day by day his vision grew. In anticipation he saw Florence purified and fair with Jesus of Nazareth enthroned King in her midst. Through a regenerate city he even dared hope that the universal Church of God might be cleansed of its defilement and be re-enthroned in divine purity. In the inspiration of that vision his mission was born, and he set his face toward the goal of full accomplishment, comforted by the knowledge of divine guidance, borne onward by the impetus of a mighty conviction.

Florence turned at last from her pleasures to listen to this prophet of reform, compelled by the force of his personality and the truth which he uttered. There was that in his preaching which appealed to men of every class and drew them to him. The scholar delighted in his breadth of knowledge, the artist in his genius for language, the common crowd in the force of his invective, the politician in the keen insight of the statesman. Yet it was not these things alone which won for him the attention of Florence. The secret of his power lay deeper. The mystery of his compelling personality and the source of his authority were in his spiritual pre-eminence. Day after day in the silence of his bare cell he prayed for strength to accomplish his great task, and as he ascended the pulpit of the Duomo and stood before the eager throng, his body worn by fasting and toil, his face furrowed by suffering and sorrow, there was something in his very presence which thrilled and commanded. His voice was the hand of the skilled musician as it played at will upon the vibrant chords of their hearts; but it was the light of the immortal truth shining clear in his eye which brought conviction to that people. It was his burning indignation against wrong and injustice, bodied in the terrible earnestness of his speech, which swayed them by the breath of its passion. The thoughts which had driven him as a boy to the convent, accumulating authority through the years, now borne upon the surge of a resistless eloquence, wrought invincibly in Florence, and swept away her sin and shame.

Thus the Dominican monk won the mastery in Florence. Political circumstance aided the growth of his influence. Lorenzo de Medici had died, leaving behind him political chaos.

The French king was coming, and no one knew how the city might fare. The shadow of some great peril lay upon Florence. In that hour of fear the citizens turned to the one man who could lead them, to the one leader whom they could trust, and Savonarola's power became as absolute as ever monarch wielded. And now it seemed as though the ideals of his life were in the way of being realized, for when the war cloud had passed it was found that a change had come over the city. The wild pagan song had been stilled upon her lips, the shouts of revelry had died away, and hymns of praise were chanted in their stead. The power of the Medici had been broken, and in the place of their tyranny a heavenly despotism had been established. Nor was it Florence alone that felt the awakening of this new spirit. The Church itself was stirred to its very foundations, for now the voice of the reformer was ringing throughout all Italy calling upon men to rise and cleanse the sanctuary of God. At that moment history was trembling in the balance; a great reform seemed at hand; and had the power of Savonarola continued dominant the sixteenth century would have dawned upon a regenerated Christendom.

But the world was not ready for so great a change. Civilization could not pass as yet from out the dark shadow of Mediævalism. The resulting tragedy is all the more cruel because unavoidable. Through a series of inevitable calamities the bulwark of Savonarola's power, which he had built upon the hearts of the Florentine populace, crumbled to ashes. The Pope, foreseeing the result, had launched his edicts against the rebellious monk, and threatened Florence if she shielded him. Savonarola, though he asserted that a Pope who had bought his office was not the vicar of Christ, had not broken away from churchly authority, and when the excommunication fell he shut himself within the convent walls of San Marco. When the crowds no longer heard the prophetic voice reassuring them, and loyalty to the Dominican came to mean peril to the city, there arose the cry heard once before in the history of the world: "Show us a miracle that we may believe," and when the miracle was not wrought the hot blood of Florence was fired with hatred in place of love.

In a day the work of long years of thought and toil was undone. The forces of evil sprang again to the fore to wreak vengeance on the man who had so long curtailed their pleasures. For days his delicate frame was torn upon the rack in an attempt to wring from his lips some confession of guilt; and

at last the palace walls of the Signori were lighted by the glare of his burning form, while the fickle crowd that surged in the square hooted and cursed the man whose crime was his hatred of sin; who, because the world was not ready for the realization of his ideals, was doomed to disappointment and death; doomed for laboring night and day in the cause of righteousness; doomed for the far sweep of his vision; doomed for the love he had given to Florence. It is the tragedy of history that great souls must love and labor and sweat blood and in their ardor draw upon themselves the destroying hatred of their generation.

So Savonarola, the Reformer and Statesman, passed away. The broken body was freed from its torture. The restless soul that had yearned over Florence was at peace. The tide of human affairs swept on unheeding, and the priceless life seemed to have been sacrificed in vain. But not in vain had he lived and suffered. The influence of a great personality may not be measured by the span of its life. It is something to have given the world an example of sublime courage and devotion; it is something to have shown mankind what it is to be ruled even for a year by the principles of heaven. But more than this. Though his life went out in darkness and sorrow, the seeds which he sowed in the unpromising soil of Mediævalism were destined to bear far more abundant fruit than he himself had ever dreamed. Generations must pass before the grain should be white for harvest; but when the harvest came, when Europe awoke from its long night, when light conquered darkness and love conquered despair, then Savonarola lived again. Other hands than his might reap the golden sheaves, other hearts rejoice in the widening blessings of liberty, but in their triumph he too was conqueror. It was the triumph of his courage, of his devotion, of his sacrifice. It was the long-delayed victory of the martyred reformer of Florence.

To-day, near the spot where Savonarola met his death, there stands a noble statue. The face bears the marks of long suffering and of great sadness; the sunken eyes are gazing, with the "far-look" of the prophet, past the domes and towers, past the sweeping circle of the hills, out into the vastness of the infinite silence where there is neither warfare nor struggle, and peace eternal reigns. In that look there is written the story of sublime vision, of mighty purpose, of far-reaching triumph. His memory still consecrates the little cell in San Marco and the great square, where, alike in sunshine and shadow, in triumph and anguish, the mighty Reformer passed; but his presence lives in the wider world where his spirit is eternally conquering. The tragedy of martyrdom is overshadowed by the victory of truth.

### Retributive Justice in National History.

GEORGE E. NEWELL (Park College, Mo.).

The reign of law is absolute and universal. Born in the mind of God, it is as old as the Infinite and as lasting as eternity. In conformity to law the Creator built worlds and ordered the universe. The smallest atom that floats in space moves in obedience to law; and man himself, highest of creative beings, is bound by the same unyielding principle. Society and government find in law the ground of their being and the only guarantee of their perpetuity. Law is everywhere and at all times the expression of the will of the Almighty. In the workings of nature and in God's dealings with man, He rules by established law, and provides inevitable penalties for its violation. The divine Being has uttered a protest once for all against the spirit of lawlessness, a protest which men have called Retributive Justice.

In the physical nature of man, the law of natural growth is inexorable. It demands obedience, and ever affirms that harmony in development is the only positive guarantee of perfect strength. In the sphere of man's social activity we find the same force—salutary or destructive in its working. History's message is this: Organized society must give way to confusion and anarchy unless the individual lives above self, controls his passions, and makes mutual aid the rule of action—thus "realizing in the liberty of one the liberty of all." Law pronounces altruism to be the vital principle of all enduring states. Nations that have failed to obey the law of moral living and have disregarded this fraternal spirit have always forfeited their right to empire, and often have been crushed beneath the wheels of Retributive Justice, broken and scattered along the pathway of time—striking illustrations of the reign of law in national life.

In all the ages of the world men have recognized this principle of Retributive Justice and have sought to explain it. The Greek, whose fertile imagination exalted the commonplace phenomena of nature and peopled the heavens with a race of gods, evolved the thought of a personal spirit of retribution. Scorning the vague and the abstract, he put the conception in concrete form and called it Nemesis, the personification of the righteous

anger of the gods. The Furies, too, those monsters with snaky hair and bloody tongue, represented in horrible form the Greek idea of divine vengeance. Flying upon swift wings of wrath, with unrelenting purpose the dread goddesses pursued the evil doer and brought him at last to ruin. Over the brightness and exuberant joy of the life of the Greeks, this thought of imminent retribution was suspended like a shadowing cloud. In literature, it was the central theme of the tragic poet; in art, it inspired some of the most sublime but terrible achievements of chisel and brush; in religion, it was a phantom of threatening mien ever present to chill the enthusiasm of success and pale the flush of pride.

Thus did the ancient Greeks express their conception of law. But imagery of fable has been replaced by statement of fact. Reason holds her solemn court where Imagination gambolled in masquerade. Science has entered the most secret realms of nature, pierced with keen vision the mummeries of superstition, and restated the unchanging law of God. The legend of Nemesis is remembered to-day only as a fantastic conception of an imaginative race; but the principle upon which it was founded gains a broader sway with each new advance in knowledge, and holds human life in a new vassalage as the world's progress insures the conquest of truth.

History abundantly illustrates the force of Retributive Justice in the career of nations. Look down the vista of the ages and behold Babylon, with all her wealth and luxury, with her towering walls studded with brazen gates, with her "pinnacles glittering in the sheen of a tropical sky." Exulting in pompous pride, she disregarded the claims of human fellowship, and sought to perpetuate her power by the bleeding hands of her bondsmen. Her monarchs, supported by the pikes of mercenary soldiers, exercised tyranny and were deaf to the pleading of those whose lives they had embittered by slavery. But, at last, the piteous cry of the host in thralldom was heard above the orgies of the court and gluttonous kings, and the blasphemous boasts of Belshazzar were suddenly checked when the hand of Retributive Justice wrote upon the palace wall the doom of a nation that had denied the obligations of right and mercy. The law of God flashed forth, declaring that "Justice can not be cheated"—that retribution is inevitable. The same words repeat the doom of any nation that violates the law of

Human Brotherhood. Retributive Justice is illustrated, not only in primitive nations, but also in those of modern times.

At the dawn of the sixteenth century, Spain was the dominant nation of the world; her voyagers had opened a new continent to adventure and exploitation; the earth shook from the North Sea to the Mediterranean beneath the tread of her victorious armies. For years the wealth of the two continents had been poured into her greedy coffers. Philip the Second, "at whose frown all Europe trembled," ruled an empire more vast than that of the Cæsars. But in spite of the wideness of her sway and the splendor of her glory, Spain was doomed to decay. She had not learned that national endurance can never be founded upon material prosperity alone. Exulting in her pride, she forgot the thunders of Sinai, when God's own voice announced formally to the world that obedience to law is the duty of men and nations. The successors of Philip the Second, not knowing the secret of that monarch's power, imitated his defects, thus making cruelty and oppression the scepter of their dominion. Religious fanaticism became the emblem of peerage and the badge of patriotism. The unjust expulsion of the Jews and the Moors and the persecution of reformers with all the tortures of the Inquisition marked the setting of Spain's sun of power—her brilliant day of misrule slowly faded into a night of retribution. As poverty succeeded opulence, her tributaries cast off her yoke, her possessions slipped from her grasp, and Bolivar broke the shackles from an enslaved continent.

The sword of Spanish butchery had made crimson the isles over which floated the yellow ensign of power. But the climax of tyranny and oppression had been reached, and the appeal of outraged humanity was heard at last. The roar of cannon at Manila Bay and the flash of musket at Santiago spoke the decree of justice. The condemnation of despotism in her colonies was complete, and if Spain still refuses to learn the lesson of mercy and tolerance, her days are numbered, and her very name, like her power, shall become but a memory.

Nor must we think that oriental kings and modern despots alone have felt the stern hand of Retributive Justice. Our own history reveals the workings of this inexorable law. The framers of our Constitution were regal in their devotion to the lordly

claims of human liberty. Yet minds large enough to conceive of "equal rights of every man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," were indifferent to the millions of human souls languishing in bodies shackled for their brawn. Deaf to the behests of conscience, appealing with an importunity ever more insistent through seven decades, we, as a nation, were compelled at last to recognize in the roar of cannon and in the clash of militant steel the resolute verdict of Retributive Justice: No longer must "merchandise be made of men." The rights of humanity are sacred. The fetters which make your boasted liberty a mockery must be shattered. Unmanacle your slaves. The God of Justice reigns. The voice of eternal law had uttered its last stern mandate, and, at length, a prostrate nation made sobbing answer, "We obey."

North and South alike had been responsible for the institution of slavery; together they suffered the keen pain of its excision. In the heat of the strife they did not realize that the weeping mother of Illinois and the desolate widow of Virginia were both paying the price of their nation's sin. But when the battle smoke had cleared away and the first smart of the wounds was gone, with equal loyalty the sons of a reunited country hailed a purer liberty beneath an unpolluted banner. Justice had won the victory in America.

In the four decades that have since elapsed that ensign has led the United States to proud pre-eminence among the nations. By victory on tented field, at the court of kings and in the markets of the world, she has attained a diplomatic and commercial hegemony. Yet no nation is secure in which obedience to law is not an accomplished fact. From the dazzling splendor of industrial prosperity and martial success, we may well turn to note the cloud that hangs lowering over the horizon—the spirit of lawlessness which, if unchecked, threatens to overspread the zenith and darken the future of our nation. Corruption in civic life is the most deadly embodiment of this evil. Is public conscience benumbed? Shall this vampire of avarice continue to suck the blood of patriotism from the veins of American citizenship? Shall the voice of public opinion remain silent while the polluted hands of corruption seek to destroy our priceless gift of freedom? The bribe giver and the bribe taker form a silent but real power that threatens to undermine the very foundation

of our free institutions. Bribery is a "sin against the primary law of the State's safety." "If we nurse the serpent we must endure its sting."

In a state like ours where civic power is co-incident with citizenship, the whole body of citizens bears the responsibility for the outrages upon justice, and they at last invite the doom. Where faith is not demanded, faithless public officials will administer the public interests. The sloth of the honest voters—if a slothful citizenship may conceivably be honest—commits to dishonest and venal men our common liberties and the administration of common justice. The demagogue is a creature before he is a creator; his easy dupes make him, and themselves set him in their lead. The corruptionist battens upon corruption, and, failing of his natural food, must starve. Only where lies the carrion are the vultures gathered together. But yesterday a lethargic city was awakened in the suffocation of smoke and flame and blood to the peril in which her people have ever been moving. Those six hundred marred and charred human bodies are the heart-broken city's druidic sacrifice to the greed of the few who were willing to make personal gain of the public safety. But the Iroquois disaster flashes out in bolder characters the warning to a slothful citizenship, and, in the agonized death screams of their dearest, bids the citizens of Chicago exact of their officials that regard for law without which no man or community may endure.

In blood Retributive Justice writes her solemn warning upon the pages of history. In flame she flashes forth her unmistakable meaning. There is a power which makes for righteousness, and men and nations alike must fall under the penalties following upon the infraction of the righteous laws which govern the universe. To neglect is to invoke the doom. To close languid eyes upon this clear revelation of history is to betray the trust of a hallowed inheritance. For an enlightened American citizenship the fiery warning looms a very beacon to guide the way through the darkness.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

## Ulysses Simpson Grant, General.

WILLIAM A. SCHALL (Creighton University, Neb.)

The glory of heroes is their immortality. Their praise grows not old. Their fame lives on in the expressions of gratitude, engraven not on stone, but in the hearts of their fellows. It is in sympathetic spirit with this gratitude that I take occasion to-night to offer my tribute to the memory of one of our worthy great—America's silent soldier, Ulysses Simpson Grant.

America's silent soldier,—aye, though distinguished the part this sphinx-like leader played in other phases of his life's activity, 'tis as her shield and sword, as her warrior son, Columbia loves to honor his name. Let us look back for a moment on the condition of affairs at the opening of his career, on the crisis that faces this silent hero of great achievement and greater design.

The year '61 was fated to see battalion after battalion bristling over the land. The seeds of secession had been sown. These were the tares. The sparks of civil war caught them, and like an autumnal prairie fire swept upon the North. On all sides their destructive flames enveloped us. Goaded by the conscience-prick of unjust rebellion, the leaders of the Southland were active in enlisting men, and more active in pursuing their advantages. Fort Sumter, Big Bethel, Richmond, Harper's Ferry and Norfolk were theirs. They fought in the streets of Baltimore, they wrested West Virginia from us; and while Bull Run lay still reeking in warm blood, another Paul Revere has dashed headlong into Washington and signalled the approach of their victorious hosts upon the Nation's Capital.

In the West the same calamitous condition appears. At Carthage, Wilson's Creek and Lexington the Union flag is seen no more. Missouri seems lost to the Union. Columbus, Forts Henry and Donelson, Bowling Green, Mill Spring and Cumberland Gap were captured, until by Southern doggedness a solid abatis of battalion, garrison and fortified city from Missouri to Virginia threatened the stability of the Union. Northern arms in Southern forts, Northern ammunition in Southern arsenals, Northern fleets in Southern waters, but emphasize the keenness of southern strategy. The Confederacy was a terrible reality.

True, in the North the patriotism of '76 is again at work. Party lines vanish; private feuds are forgotten; all men are brothers in a common cause. The plough is left in the field, the hammer dropped by the forge, book and pen are forsaken in the mad rush to arms; firesides are abandoned, and hearts broken by eternal separation. But oh! the pity of it! For a year, the North had squandered blood and treasure in futile opposition to the Confederate onslaught. "They fought and retreated, dug and waded, threatened Richmond, rushed back to defend Washington." Lincoln, the big-hearted, sympathetic Lincoln, with the burden of the stricken North upon him, helpless, saw the losing policy of his generals. But a nation's distress raises up men of power. Whence was to come our nation's rescue? In those days there reported at headquarters in St. Louis a young officer, grave of bearing, taciturn—almost Indian-like in his silence, Indian-like, too, in the alert glance which caught every detail of the flashing life about him. This was the man of the moment. Who was he?

Ulysses Simpson Grant had already solved the vexed problem of the saving of the West. As the first element of the giant plan which his military genius had evolved for the preservation of the Union he would sweep up the Tennessee and clear the Cumberland valley of the rebel invaders. But Halleck had rebuffed him. Thwarted but not dismayed, the man of the hour sought headquarters again and again, until overcome by his urging, his superior officer reluctantly saw Grant pushing into Kentucky—the opportunity which genius seeks was his.

At once our silent hero became the moving spirit of the campaign. Aglow with confidence, his spirit bounded with enthusiasm in working out the first step in his ambitious design. With this impetus upon him, he swept through Fort Heiman, tore down that of Henry within an hour, and assaulted its garrison at Fort Donelson. During the most inclement weather the siege lasted. The piteous wails of the dying, unprotected by tent, blanket or fire, sounded through the forests at night, and during the day, the snow and sleet froze stiff their bleeding wounds. But a nation rent asunder was calling for a savior: Grant saw its gaping wound and heard its bitter cry far above the Southern plea for mercy. "Unconditional surrender" was the gauntlet thrown down to them—and in three days the fort

lay helpless at his feet. As was expected, Bowling Green, Mill Spring and Cumberland Gap were evacuated; and from the impregnable fort of Columbus the gray uniforms moved across the Tennessee border.

The first great fissure was made in the consolidated Southern states, and Grant, now in full command, was ready to move southward and west to the Mississippi. Who will detail the battle of Shiloh? who narrate the manœuvres and counter-marches of that awful struggle? Grant with the genius of a Hannibal, the courage of a Ney, directing it all. The rapture of triumph was upon him. Like one inspired he realized the overwhelming importance of this engagement in the successful issue of his purpose. It seemed nothing could thwart him. But stay! he has retreated,—what matter, 'tis only for a moment. The mountain lion crouches ere he springs. He united the scattered cohorts, and aided by General Smelt, threw the entire body of his men against the enemy, and Shiloh, with its mountains of mangled humanity, was a Federal victory.

There are those in these latter days, who, recalling his whirlwind policy of destruction, dare cast upon his memory the charges of cruelty and lavish disregard of his soldiers' lives. But mark you, "in these latter days." It was not so during the war. We do not realize, as did our forefathers, the impending ruin of the Union, when Columbia was tottering on her throne, and the homes and firesides of our parents were trembling for their descendants. Those were strenuous days and called for strenuous action. Grant saw the crisis, saw too that the brief ravage of a hurricane was less ruinous to the country, saw that pusillanimity was fatal, saw that resolution meant triumph. Grant was resolute. Rigor was his character. The execution demanded a genius. Grant was a military genius. He had resolved to capture Fort Donelson; he would not lose Shiloh, and Vicksburg he now demanded. And when he cut his way through the South and with the help of Sherman, again divided the Confederacy by opening the Mississippi, every mother and sister of his martyred soldiers hailed him as the Nation's deliverer and their own.

Look back over the development of the war; study how the great problem was worked out. The only activity you see, the only telling force against the Confederacy, the only steady progress into and through the

enemy's country is where the giant Grant is found, is where the silent soldier is unfolding his program. He was resolute, pitiless, if you will, threw away the lives of his men, but it was always along the sure lines of victory and with the consciousness of quickly ending the war. Lincoln was shrewd enough to recognize this, and gratefully put him in command of the Western forces; the people recognized it, and knew, as James G. Blaine said later on, that "he penned no idle platitude, he fashioned no stilted epigram, he spoke the earnest convictions of an honest heart when he said: 'Let us have peace.'" Think for a moment what would have happened were it otherwise, were Grant timid, pusillanimous. We pause breathless with suspense at the awful alternative. No, ladies and gentlemen, it was not Ulysses Simpson, but "Unconditional Surrender" Grant who won at Appomattox; it was "Unconditional Surrender" Grant who saved the Union on the field of battle.

When after the several defeats of Pemberton and with the able assistance of Sherman, Vicksburg was taken and the South again divided, Grant turned to the further completion of his magnificent design. He now desired to sever the eastern gulf states from Lee and Johnstone and thus complete the dismemberment of the South. But greater work required immediate attention, and he hastened back to Chattanooga to gain the splendid victories of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. The country and its president again glorified the genius of this wizard of the battlefield, and he is made Lieutenant-General in command of all the forces of the United States. At last the man of the hour is in his right position and the entire army was to move in concerted action. As he was crossing his men over the Rapidan in quest of General Lee, Grant—how memorable are the lines of history—"Grant, seated on the log by the wayside, pencilled a telegram to Sherman" to march on to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the sea. Sherman was Grant's confidant in his solution of the Nation's complex difficulty, and a more widely sympathetic man or an abler aide in projects for the success of the Union cause, could not have been found in those days than this same William Tecumseh Sherman. In fastening on this military hero Grant displayed his keen discernment of character and ability. In sending him, he felt as if he himself undertook the march,

What a triumph for the generals! What a thrill of joy shook the Nation on December 21, when General Sherman announced his successful arrival at Savannah! He caught the spark of rigor and resolution from the Lieutenant-General. In four months he swept the South before him. Village, town and city bowed under his sword. Grant was jubilant over the success, and with the Confederacy completely dismembered, saw the speedy termination of the war.

Confirmed in his policy, the silent leader at once fought the terrible battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. But his dogged resolution was met by the consummate skill of Lee. Grant recalled how a few years before he was rebuffed by his superior officer. Though he had submitted to this, he would not be balked with impunity by a foe. He at once ordered Sherman to bring his army northward from Savannah. "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." This was his watchword, this was the metal of which the American hero was made.

How did it end? Richmond gave up its garrison of 27,000 despairing soldiers, and their heart-broken leader signed the treaty in Appomattox court-house. Lee was a military genius, but Grant's aggressiveness overcame him.

It now rested with the Nation to approve or condemn the course of its Commander-in-chief. What does it do? His regal reward is the greatest gift in the power of the land to confer. This supposed paragon of cruelty, this much-vaunted tyrant, this destroyer of his peoples' lives, is made by their own vote the country's Chief Executive. The voice of the people is the voice of God. Grant was crowned with the plaudits of the American people.

Nation upon nation may arise, its patriots and heroes be unnumbered, but among them all there will be no deed equal in conception and achievement or more generously appreciated and more lavishly rewarded than the colossal work done for his country by the silent hero, Grant. And in the evening of his days, how lovingly that fame enveloped him! After the hardships of war, after the weary anxieties of public administration, we see him a plain American citizen, one great in the hearts of his countrymen, because he has served his country well. What matter that dark clouds lowered down upon him at the end—'tis the lot of splendid men to be proved by the fires of adversity. "His sun went down while it yet was day, but sank amid the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn."

### The Kind Word.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '07.

Like the sweet and soothing music  
Of the summer's evening breeze,  
As it gently throbs and ripples  
On its journey through the trees,

Is a kind word gently spoken  
That greets a mourner's ears,  
For it echoes and re-echoes  
Sweetly through the future years.

### Days and Nights.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

The library is a still deep room; stuffed, with that literature which is the most perfect—a gleaned of the purest from all thought and beauty that has been expressed in the written symbol. I may not but love this room over all else splendid of my heritage; for here is stored much that is best in the world from the beginning of it. Here poets have mirrored the beauty of immemorial queens; the grandeur of forgotten kings; and made each live and die from love.

Here a lady has woven her happiness into poesy upon a cloth of silk. Here are parchments, brass and skins, all lettered over with chivalries and wars. I may see Alexander moving with heavy pageantry, like a shadow thrown across the world.

I tremble at Helen's beauty and sigh with Dido sighing for her lord. And yet I know why I want these myths and weary of the world. My wealth is still new upon me and is ample for my most extravagant wishes. Unless it be that I have waited over-long whilst fortune builded my castles in Spain so that now they seem ill-timed. My spirit fails to fill them and and betakes itself to this old room of tales and fragrance. The old desires are falling off like out-worn garments.

There is another quaint room which I have found nearly as alluring as my library is. A sort of storehouse it is, of rare glass, ivory ornaments and trinkets, porcelain, quite an amount of beautiful and antiquated jewelry, considerable ebony, jade and sandal-wood, and almost numberless relics and curios of many



shapes and materials. At first look the room would seem to one like the treasure-cave of a pirate-king so motley is the collection.

The room itself is peculiarly suited to its contents. It is long, narrow and many windowed, the windows of great brilliancy. Its top or ceiling is an intricate mosaic of many-colored crystals which when the sun shines lays its duplicate pattern upon the teak floor beneath. Some ambergris dampened with oils gives a scent to the air. While packing in a cabinet one day I chanced upon a Venetian goblet whose equal I have not seen. Its delicacy was such that it echoed faintly to my breath against its sides. Its color was such that a sun seemed prisoned in its dregs, whose light faded into transparency at its brim. But most wonderful of all; encircling it between crystal walls scarce thicker than itself was the strand of a woman's golden hair. What consummate skill had put it there, and why, I know not. But my heart says it must have been a lover. Some young Venetian artisan loved that lock, mayhap of a princess, and stole it while she slept. How he had lost hope of winning her whose father bought his ware. How he had looked at her that starry southern night, and sighed, and kissed the strand before he stole it. How he loved her and died loving her, we may not know. But ah, her hair was very beautiful!

Sometimes from the window of my study I have glimpses of gay coaching parties upon the great road to B—. They are usually bright with the color of ladies' parasols and bonnets, the glint of gentlemen's silk-hats and brass-buttoned grooms. There comes from them a pleasant little murmur of talk and laughter, and when they have flashed from sight behind the thick trees I sometimes feel a slight sense of loss, which, however, always fades from thinking of it into one of supreme content with my lot. Still in these instants of discontent I have recourse to the woods, the flower-gardens, and the firm white sands that slope off into the floor of the sea. These out-of-door places I am beginning to know very well and may wander among them for leagues without quitting my own domains.

There is a bright spot in the woods where I come to read; brightened by many a dream dreamt out of books. The sun shines longer there and spreads golden lace upon the ground, and the trees, though bare, hum happily together. There is no noise but the

love-calls between mating birds and the faint roar of leaves. Among the green leaves there are many yellow ones from a former summer left behind like old grandames yearning over the loves of their younger sisters. How terrible the longing of the yellow leaf when at spring she no more feels in her withered breast the thrill of love-passion from the sun. And all around her burst the younger sisters from the bud.

The flower gardens are pleasant also, but if you linger there too long the commingling odors will make you drowsy. There are no live things there but the peacocks, wild bees and the nightingale. In the hothouse bloom many lovely pampered creatures like eastern brides in their seraglio. They never hear Pan's stronger notes. Ah, wind-blown roses, waving at the moon, how much happier are you. Better it is to know the deeps of sorrow for the sake of the heights of love than to be ignorant of both.

Better than the garden or the woods I love the sea. The same sea where I am dreaming has imaged the gold-beat poops of Jason's ships. The same sun dancing on its polished roof once danced in Cleopatra's eye and made her sigh at the breaking of a dream.

The fisher-folk tell that when the moon first lifts her face above the sea-edge she makes a long path of broken silver across the sea and down this path many elves and fairies come a-dancing to the beach. But in the morning, before the mists rise, all have ridden away on the shoulders of the wild horses that toss their white manes and move in herds that cover the sea.

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### In the Garden.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

Proud rose beside my pathway,  
With crimson-satin head,  
Sway not in haughty splendor  
Above the floral bed;  
I know twin lips whose color  
Would shame your wanton red.

White rose with fragrance blowing  
Think not thy fame secure,  
Though angels pause in passing  
To gaze on thee demure;  
The soul my spirit worships  
Than you is e'en more pure.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana, May 14, 1904.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

A. Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

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Though abounding in good thought, well expressed, the oratorical compositions show little originality. They reflect care and industry rather than the divine afflatus. These orations incline us to believe that the orator of to-day, especially the college man, is less florid and more logical than his predecessor of a century ago. Spread-eagle methods are losing ground, and gestures are comparatively few. The modern oration is above all an appeal to reason, another proof that education is becoming more general. Of course there was considerable variety both in the matter and manner of presentation, but the one characteristic strikingly noticeable in all the speakers was earnestness, a quality that was chiefly instrumental in riveting the attention of the auditors during the long session. Earnestness in any worthy pursuit is most commendable and when combined with other oratorical gifts and elevated sentiment, it bespeaks much for the possessor. Men who are sincere and who clearly and fearlessly advocate sound principles are true pioneers in the world's progress. Such the contestants seemed to be, and if signs do not fail they will in later life render useful service to the state and to society.

## First Communion.

Last Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, was a memorable day for a crowd of the younger boys at the University. They received for the first time the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and many of them were confirmed. The class, which was prepared by Father Corbett, was unusually large, numbering thirty-two in all. During the last two months anxious and earnest preparation was made for this, the most important and, perhaps, the happiest event of their lives, and Thursday morning, as Father French, in his sermon, aptly said, the sun seemed to smile a glad benediction on those pious and pure-hearted youths as they marched together in the grand procession that led them over the portal of a new life.

One could scarcely imagine a more imposing or beautiful spectacle than that which greeted the sight as the students filing two by two down the steps of the Main Building formed in line for a solemn procession. First in order came the Minims, followed closely by Carroll, Brownson, Corby, Sorin, Holy Cross and St. Joseph Halls. The University Band next fell into line, followed by the Senior and Junior classes in caps and gowns, while after them came the little band of First Communicants. The acolytes next appeared followed by the novices, clerics, officiating priests, the Bishop of Fort Wayne, and last of all the lay professors of the Faculty, in hood, and cap, and gown. Every face, old and young, bore the same grave look as they led these youths on their way to the grandest love-feast the world will ever know.

The procession starting from the Main Building marched slowly past the Opera House, Science and Mechanics' Halls, to the post-office, at which point it circled toward Sorin Hall, thence to the church, the band all the while playing a hymn. Once inside the church the Mass, which was a solemn high, *coram episcopo*, was begun. The officiating clergymen were: celebrant, Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey; deacon, Rev. James J. French; subdeacon, Rev. John B. Scheier; master of ceremonies, Rev. William Connor: Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne was present in his episcopal robes. Father French delivered the sermon, making a most appropriate appeal to the First Communicants as well as an earnest exhortation to the older in the

congregation. The services throughout, the audible prayers of the communicants, the effective singing of the congregation, the solemnity of the occasion and its celebration, all contributed to the impressiveness of the ceremonies. And when at the close of the Mass the entire student attendance sang "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" to the peals of the organ, the effect was impressively grand and solemn.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the ceremonies attendant on the administering of the sacrament of Confirmation were begun. There was no procession such as had taken place in the morning, but the services lacked nothing of solemnity, so that the kind and touching sermon delivered by the Bishop impressed itself the more distinctly on the minds of his hearers. At the conclusion of his remarks, Bishop Alerding began to administer Confirmation, four of the lay professors of the University acting as sponsors. The ceremonies closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The following received First Holy Communion: Joseph John Maroney, Clarence Joseph Daly, John Joseph Dirks, Franklin Aloysius Peterman, Francis Joseph Shick, Ashton Joseph Byrnes, John Michael Kauffman, Irving Michael Tufts, Harry Aloysius Midkiff, Clarence Michael Shannon, James Thomas Halloran, Leo Joseph Welsh, Maurice Patrick O'Connor, Daniel Patrick O'Neill, J. LeRoy Joseph Langdon, Edward Henry McGrath, John Sebastian Weist, Rollin Francis McCormick, Henry Edward Wooster, Herbert Louis Kranz, Joseph Augustin Brennan, Clarence Vincent McCauley, Edward Aloysius Peil, William Edward Cotter, Oscar Gabriel Veazey, Lester Joseph Rempe, Thomas Hilary Cornell, Carlos Duque.

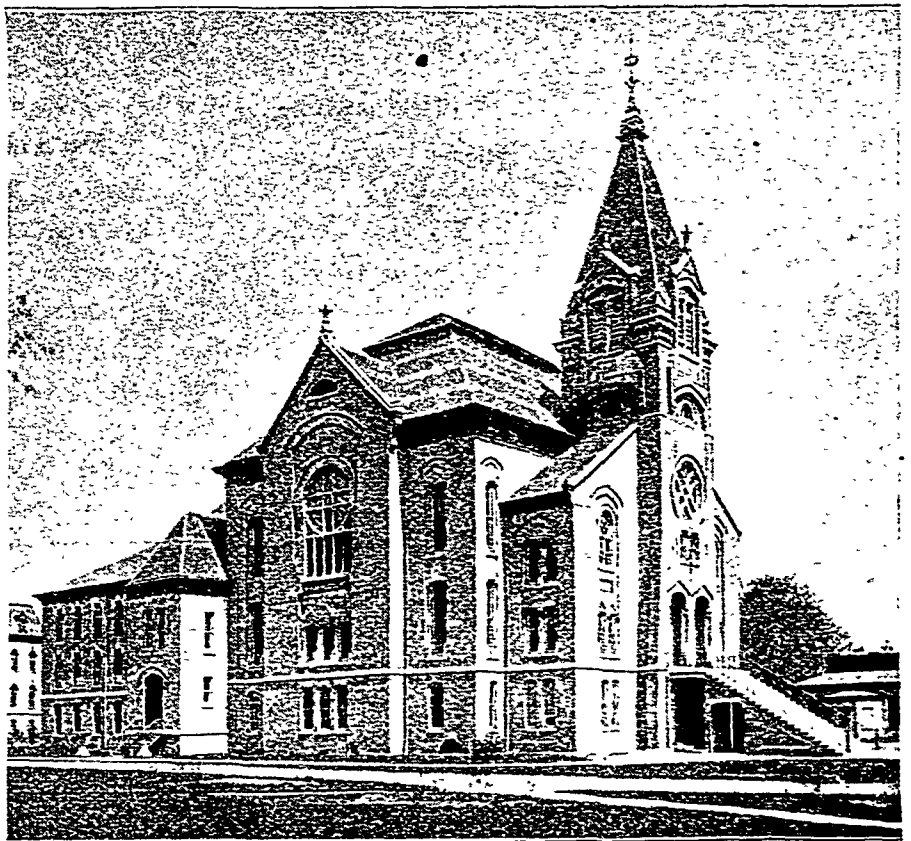
These with the exception of the two last mentioned received Confirmation as did also John Joseph Dowling, John Joseph Murphy, Arthur Edward Knauf, Lawrence George McCabe, Edmund Gregory Wunsch, Leo John Tracy, Wenceslaus Anthony Sabolewski, Karl Louis Tyler and John Francis Cushing.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at Notre Dame, our Right Rev. Bishop with the attendant priests visited St. Mary's where he administered Confirmation to another happy class of candidates in the afternoon. S. F. R.

### The Inter-State Oratorical Contest.

The annual competition of state orators held in Washington Hall the night of May 4, was one of the best in the history of the association. Eleven speakers, representing eleven different states and ninety colleges, the latter having an attendance of twenty-five thousand students, competed for the greatest oratorical honors at present within reach in the United States. For the first time in her history and perhaps for the last, Notre Dame had the privilege of entertaining the representatives of so many states and schools.

The opera house was decorated with



WASHINGTON HALL.

pennants of the contending colleges, the University colors and the National flag. In addition to the student attendance a large audience from South Bend listened to the speakers, each of whom had a delegation with him. The orators acquitted themselves with credit, and each was listened to with close attention, the audience carefully comparing the merits of the efforts. All were warmly received, and at the conclusion of each oration generous applause was given. The compositions were uniformly of a high standard, well written and expressive of well rounded thought. The delivery was exceptionally good. First place was won by Walter Lewis Ferris of Beloit, Wis., whose subject was "Savonarola." Second place was awarded

to Frederick B. MacKay of Park College, Mo. His subject was "Retributive Justice in National History." Third place was secured by William A. Schall, of Creighton University, Nebraska, with "Ulysses Simpson Grant, General" for his theme. The first prize was \$100 and the second prize \$50.

During the afternoon the delegates met in the Law room, and the question arose as to whether the DePauw speaker would be allowed to take the place of the Earlham representative who was disqualified by the State Board in the meeting at Indianapolis. The action of the controlling board had left Indiana without a speaker, and the stand that the DePauw delegates took was that if the first man was not permitted to speak, then the winner of the second place in the State Contest should be allowed the privilege of representing Indiana in the Inter-State. The subject aroused considerable discussion among the delegates, and only after the session of four hours was the matter decided in favor of the DePauw orator. Thus every one of the eleven states in the association was represented; and with fifteen minutes allowed to each speaker and a short musical program by the University orchestra and the time necessary for the decision of the judges, the contest was not over until well past midnight. Toward the end of the program the audience became somewhat restless and tired from their continued attention to the many speakers. The proceedings were opened by a few remarks by Byron V. Kanaley, Vice-President of the Inter-State Oratorical Association, by way of introducing E. A. Barnes, President of the Association.

The first oration was delivered by Frederick B. MacKay of the Michigan State Normal School, whose address on General Robert E. Lee, of Civil War fame, was interesting throughout and marked by an elegance that made his speech decidedly entertaining. His gestures were few but well chosen, and he gave in the time assigned him a good outline of the noted warrior. The test of heroes he declared is not that their enterprise met with success, but that they had faith and courage. He traced the boyhood days of Lee, who sprang from a line of ancestors noted for their chivalric deeds, and then followed him through his early career at West Point and his campaign in the Mexican War, where he served with Scott, and received special mention for his generalship. The speaker

said that Lee was one of the greatest heroes, that he was even greater in peace than he was in war. With a prophet's wisdom and a statesman's vision he became the leader of the people and was an important factor in bringing about the work of reconstruction. Lee, declared the speaker, was a foe without hate, a victor without oppression and a victim without mourning.

George E. Newell from Park College, Missouri's representative, was the second speaker. The subject of his oration was "Retributive Justice in National History." His argument was that no matter whether you confine your observation to the physical, the moral, or the intellectual world, justice will inevitably assert itself and this fact is strikingly known and shown in the history of our own nation. His was a masterly effort and commanded close attention.

W. D. Goble of Ottawa University, Kansas, spoke on "The Awakening of China" and its significance. He showed the existence of affairs in China which had retarded the progress of that nation. This state of affairs was the result of the antiquity of the people. Mr. Goble briefly mentioned the changes that have taken place in China within the past few years, due to the introduction of modern methods and to the spread of Christianity. He is a man of commanding presence, forceful and convincing in his manner, and, as an orator, is sure to be heard from.

Neal P. McClanahan from Monmouth College, Illinois, was well liked by the audience. His subject, which was "Count Leo Tolstoi, the Prophet of Emancipation," was ably treated. He championed the work of Tolstoi, in his efforts to better the condition of the Russian, and he showed the great results that have been achieved by the tireless, fearless efforts of this philanthropist and patriot. Mr. McClanahan has many of the orator's qualities and made a pleasing impression.

Indiana's representative, Manfred C. Wright of DePauw, was the next speaker on the program. Mr. Wright had been informed late in the afternoon that he could take part, but his oration showed that he had given himself the benefit of the doubt in his preparation, for his delivery reflected highly developed oratorical powers. His effort was a strong condemnation of the tendency to mob rule. He pointed out graphically the evils that such



N. F. McCLANAHAN,  
MONMOUTH, ILL.



G. E. NEWELL,  
Second PLACE,  
PARK, Mo.



W. A. FERRIS,  
WINNER,  
BELOIT, WIS.



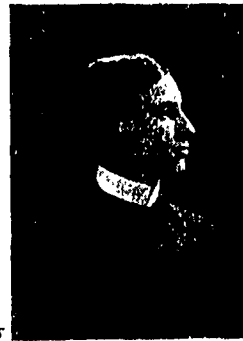
W. A. SCHALL,  
THIRD PLACE,  
CREIGHTON, NEB.



I. B. SUTTON,  
COLORADO, COL.



W. D. GOBLE,  
OTTAWA, KAN.



H. B. GILBERT,  
SECRY-TREAS.,  
CORNELL COLLEGE IA.



E. D. BARNE, PRESIDENT,  
PARK COLLEGE MO.



B. V. KANALEY,  
V-PRESIDENT  
NOTRE DAME.



C. R. BOWERS,  
WITTENBURG, OHIO.

INTER-STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST  
HELD AT NOTRE DAME, MAY 4, '04.  
OFFICERS AND COMPETITORS



F. J. CLARK,  
CORNELL, IA.



F. B. MCKAY,  
STATE NORMAL, MICH.



M. C. WRIGHT,  
DEFAUW, IND.



M. HIGLAND,  
ST. OLAF, MINN.

a course leaves in its train. He said that there were three causes of mob law being invoked. These were: the crime committed, itself, which aroused a desire to see the criminal punished; prejudice against the criminal and especially against the negro; and third, the impatience to see the law take its course, and the substitution of the desire for vengeance in place of the legal usages now in vogue. He declared that to all who favor lynching there are only two purposes to be realized: the first is the punishment of the criminal and the second is the preventing of the crime. Both of these are subverted by mob law. The criminal was not punished according to the laws of well-organized society and the penalty imposed is often more fiendish than the crime itself. This being the case it does not tend to stamp out but rather to encourage the crime, for the culprit is to many a sort of martyr to be imitated. And thus the results are shown to be the imitation of the deed by a certain class of people. He declared that mob law was indefensible on the grounds of justice, and that it breaks down the salient barriers between justice and the proper remedies. By way of remedy he urged the abolition of many technical points in the prosecution of criminals. These technicalities check the free course of justice. The thing to be desired is the education of the people to the fact that the ends of justice are the better to be realized if the law is permitted to take its free course.

Ohio was represented by Charles R. Bowers from Wittenburg College. He chose as the subject of his oration "The Unintended," and cleverly showed the influence of the unexpected in the history of mankind. Men have often aimed at one thing and attained another: they often builded better than they knew. There are many things which man has sought for and achieved but far more that he has achieved through unintended, unexpected means. The speaker said many of the great discoveries were the result of mere chance. In the Cathedral of Pisa a verger oils a lamp and leaves it swinging to and fro. A youth of eighteen sees it, ponders and conceives the idea of measuring time; Newton watches the apple fall and discovers the law of gravitation; Columbus seeks a new route to the East and finds a continent which has rendered his name immortal. So in all history, ancient and modern, has the unintended happened. Mr. Bowers did not hold to fatalism

but maintained that "there's a Divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them how we may." God intends what we regard as the unintended. Mr. Bowers' conclusion was very impressive, being well timed and excellently modulated. His voice was excellent, his delivery good, and his gestures few, but appropriate and expressive.

"The Public Service of Church and School," by Martin Higland of St. Olaf College, Minn., came next in order. His was a good address abounding in lofty thought and Christian sentiment. He showed the evils that beset the republic, and pointed out the safeguards to be derived from a system of education that inculcated sound morals and patriotism. His appearance, gesture and oration were well calculated to make a favorable impression with the judges and his efforts were warmly applauded.

Frederick J. Clarke from Cornell College, Iowa, who spoke on "The Philosophy of the Race Problem," took up the discussion of the negro question and treated his subject in an original and entertaining manner. He declared that he was not an advocate of social equality, and that race and culture constitute the gulf between white and negro. He was of the opinion that the great difficulty lies in the fact that the negro is new to his change in life and that it will take time to educate him to the standard he is now expected to attain after having experienced centuries of slavery.

I. B. Sutton from the University of Colorado spoke on the "Perpetuity of our Principles." He showed how the early principles of this land lived, and pointed out the importance of keeping a high standard among the people in all the walks of life. His voice and delivery were good and his oration instructive. He was followed closely by the audience.

William A. Schall of Creighton University, Nebraska, made the hit of the evening with the audience in his address on "Ulysses Simpson Grant, General." The speaker's stage presence aided him materially in his effective and almost perfect delivery, and the approval of his listeners was expressed in a storm of applause which continued for several minutes after he had concluded his oration and left the stage. His speech dealt with the life of Grant as a soldier and his ability as a general. By way of climax he stated that notwithstanding the charges that have been made against the warrior, the fact that the people with whom he lived and fought have seen fit to

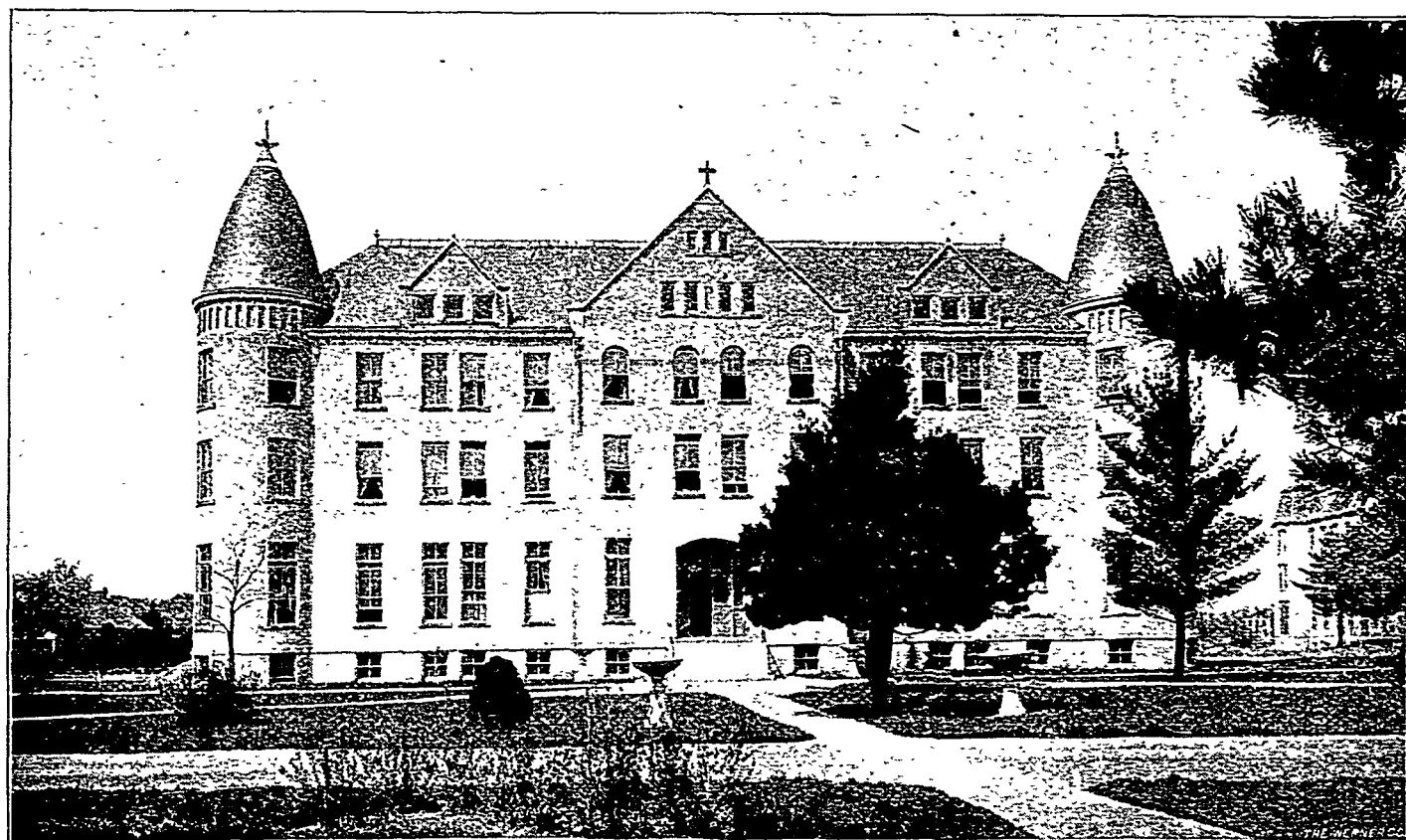
confer upon him the highest honor within their power to bestow, should cause those who attack Grant's records as a military man to hesitate and ponder on the significance that the elevation to the presidency bears. In delivery Mr. Schall was given first place.

Walter Lewis Ferris of Beloit, Wisconsin, he last man to speak, was the winner in the contest. His subject was "Savonarola." His speech was a justification of the subject's life-work, and as may be seen from the present issue his manuscript is of a very high standard. The orator's stage presence was good, his delivery polished, and although he did not receive the ovation that was given the previous speaker he was liked by all the

annual contest of the Inter-State Oratorical Association was at an end.

The Judges on thought and composition were: Mr. Matt L. Hughes, Kansas, Mo.; Professor David S. Jordan, President Leland Stanford University; Prof. Thomas Nicholson, President Dakota University. The Judges on delivery were: Prof. William W. Chalmers, Superintendent of Schools, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Joseph Vance, D. D., Chicago; Prof. A. M. Harris, Vanderbilt University.

The delegates arrived at South Bend on Tuesday afternoon and stopped at the Oliver. In the evening there was a formal reception in the Turkish room to visiting orators and delegates. Wednesday morning they enjoyed



SORIN HALL WHERE CONVENTION WAS HELD.

audience. His voice was strong and well trained, and contributed much to the effective delivery of his well-rounded periods. He won first place in the contest and also first place on thought and composition.

During the program the following selections were rendered by the University Orchestra: "The Tenderfoot," "Babes in Toy Land," "Jacinta arranged by Fabini." At the close of the exercises Vice-President Kanaley of Notre Dame was called on for a speech and in response assured the contestants and delegates of Notre Dame's cordial greeting and friendship. After a few well-chosen remarks by Mr. Kanaley the decision of the judges was read, and the twenty-second

a tour of the University and at noon had dinner in the Corby Hall refectory. The afternoon was taken up with the annual meeting of the association, and in the evening the contest itself was held. Thursday morning was occupied with the final meeting, and the delegates left that afternoon and evening.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

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### Athletic News.

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According to reports received, the Beloit game was far more of an even contest than the score indicates. Several times our fellows had chances to score, but lost them all by

stupid base running. Alderman pitched a masterly game, and deserved to win. Following is the summary:

[Special to the *Record*.]

Beloit, Wis., May 10.—The game between Beloit College and Notre Dame to-day resulted in a victory for Beloit by the score of 4 to 1. It was the best game the Beloit rooters have seen this year, and until the eighth inning it looked as though Notre Dame would not score. In the eighth Salmon got to first on a high throw from third, and scored on another bad throw from home to third. The score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Beloit,	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2d	0	1	3	2	0	Slater, 1b.	1	1	8	0	0
Stephan, 1st	0	0	5	0	0	Johnson, c.	1	0	13	1	1
Shaugh'ssy, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Morey, p.	0	1	1	4	0
Salmon, r. f.	1	0	2	0	1	Mills, 2b.	0	1	1	0	0
Antoine, c.	0	0	9	2	0	Vog'lsb'g, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Geoghegan, s. s.	0	0	3	0	0	Cronkhite, lf.	0	0	0	0	1
Kanaley, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Krueger, ss.	0	1	1	3	0
O'Connor, 3d	0	0	1	1	2	Moreh'se, cf.	1	0	1	0	0
Alderman, p.	0	1	0	5	0	Bunker, 3b.	1	1	2	2	3

Totals	1	4	24	10	3	Totals	4	6	27	10	5
Notre Dame—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	=1
Beloit—	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	=4

Two-base hit—Morey. Stolen bases—Slater, Vogelsburg, Shaughnessy, Salmon, Kanaley, Alderman. Bases on balls—Off Morey, 3; off Alderman, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Johnson (2); Bunker (2). Struck out—By Morey, 13; by Alderman, 9. Time—2:00. Umpire—Tindill.

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Brownson defeated the South Bend High School team Thursday afternoon on Cartier Field. The Brownsonites played a splendid game in the field and did good work with the stick. No league games were played during the past week, so the league standing remains the same. At present writing, Brownson appears to have the strongest team and will undoubtedly retain the championship. Following is the score of Brownson game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	R	A	E
South Bend—	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	4	3
Brownson—	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	7	11	14	1

Brownson, McCune and Medley; South Bend, Brown and Socrates.

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For the second time within two weeks, the mighty "Cy" Young fell before the prowess of our lads. As before, Ruehlbach had the Cardinals completely at his mercy. The fellows seem to have struck their proper gait in this game and to have disposed of that terrible "hoodoo."

NOTRE DAME SHUTS OUT WISCONSIN.

Madison, Wis., May 11.—Notre Dame took the Badgers by surprise this afternoon in their second game at Camp Randall by shutting them out and making six runs. "Cy" Young struck out fourteen men, while Ruehlbach put ten batsmen out of business. Wisconsin played the most ragged game of the season.

Wisconsin	R	H	P	A	E	Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Persons, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	McNerny, 2b,	2	0	1	4	0
Gates, c. f.	0	1	1	0	1	Stephan, 1b	0	1	9	0	9
Hoeltz, ss.	0	3	1	2	3	Shnessy, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Perry, 2b	0	1	1	0	2	Salmon, r. f.	1	0	1	1	0
Roys, r. f.	0	0	1	1	0	Antoine, c.	1	2	11	1	1
Lewis, 1b	0	0	7	0	0	Ruehlbach, p.	1	1	1	3	0
Leahy, c.	0	0	14	2	0	Kanaley, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Brueh, 3b	0	0	1	0	2	Geoghegan, ss.	0	0	1	2	0
Young, p.	0	1	1	4	1	O'Connor, 3b	1	2	1	1	0

Totals	0	6	27	9	9	Totals	6	7	27	12	1
Wisconsin—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	=0
Notre Dame—	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	2	6	

Bases on balls—Off Ruehlbach, 2; off Young, 1. Struck out—By Young, 14; by Ruehlbach, 10. Passed ball—Leahy. Two base hits—Hoeltz, Perry, Antoine, O'Connor. Hit by pitched ball—McNerny. Sacrifice hits—Brush, Roys. Double play—Roys to Hoeltz. Umpire, Roy Clark. Time, 1:45.

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WABASH DEFEATED.

Notre Dame defeated Wabash last Saturday in the first game of the State Championship series. The game was the best exhibition of how not to play baseball that has been seen on Cartier field in years. Our fellows played loosely and seemed to lack ginger. O'Gorman pitched, but was wild and ineffective—his control being completely off color. The visitors were easy victims, however, so he did not have to exert himself to the utmost.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Wabash	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2d	2	1	2	2	0	Miller, s. s.	0	1	1	2	0
Stephan, 1st	2	1	10	0	0	Coen, c.	1	1	7	1	2
Shaugh'ssy, c. f.	2	2	1	1	0	Davies, 3d	1	1	1	1	5
Antoine, c.	1	1	7	2	0	Rushbush, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Salmon, r. f.	3	3	1	0	0	Eagan, 2d	2	0	2	0	1
Kanaley, l. f.	1	0	1	0	1	Boulton, 1st	1	1	6	0	1
O'Connor, 3d	2	1	1	3	2	Thornell, c. f.	1	1	4	0	0
Geoghegan, s. s.	3	2	4	3	1	Myers, l. f.	1	3	2	0	0
O'Gorman, p.	2	1	0	0	1	Valenti, p.	0	1	0	3	1
O'Neill, 2d	0	0	0	1	0						

Total	18	12	27	12	5	Total	7	9	23	7	10
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\* Kanaley out bunted 3d strike.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Wabash—	1	2	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	7	9	10
Notre Dame—	0	5	9	2	1	0	1	0	0	18	12	5

Stolen bases, 10. Notre Dame, 14; Wabash, 1. Struck out, by Valenti, 4; by O'Gorman, 5. Base on ball, off Valenti, 2; off O'Gorman, 5. Hit by pitched ball, by Valenti, 1. Wild pitch, O'Gorman, 3; Passed balls, Antoine, 2; Umpire, Rapp.

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The Carroll Hall track team has been organized and is practising daily for the meet with the South Bend High School team.

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Notre Dame defeated Minnesota Thursday 13 to 3. O'Gorman pitched. Account of game in next week's issue. J. P. O'REILLY, '06.