

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 20.

Ocean Voices.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

OH, the broad-expanding ocean,
Like an ancient magic potion,
Steeps my soul in dreamy fancies when its tone is
soft and low;
For beneath its solemn rolling
I can hear the church bells tolling
For the loved ones sleeping calmly in the silent
depths below.
And my heart oft seems to borrow
Of its softly echoed sorrow,
As I listen in the gloaming to the voices of the deep;
Still I love to wander near it,
Though at eve I always hear it
Speaking to me of the loved ones who beneath its
bosom sleep.

Christianity and the World's Peace.

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.



POWERING into the crag-riven sky of a southern land stands a lonely but majestic figure of the Saviour,—a figure cast from melted cannon of bygone battlefields and enthroned on the loftiest peak of the Andes Mountains. The right hand is raised in benediction, on the face is an expression of eternal calm, and on the granite pedestal is carved this memorable inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentinians and Chilians break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." Between these rival countries this "Christ of the Andes"

rears its colossal form—the first object gilded by the morning sunlight, the last to reflect back the beams of the dying day—proclaiming by its symbolic silence the sacred principles of international peace and the lesson of international arbitration. The embodiment of a principle sublime, that figure stands for a philosophy of life, old as Christianity itself, which dates from the hour when angels sang on Judean hillsides and the midnight heavens were parted with a message of peace.

But older than peace or Christianity, old as the passions of men, is that other philosophy which was sung by Homer in his Trojan war hymn; read in the bones and skulls that whiten the soil of Europe, from the olive groves of Spain to the frozen snows of Moscow; a philosophy painted by Verschagin upon his immortal canvas where he depicts Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon walking down a deep dark ravine, as it were, between the ghastly banks of their multitudinous victims, piled heavenward mountain high; a philosophy based on the doctrine of the arbitration of the sword or the dictum that "Might makes Right." Between these two philosophies—the one symbolic of peace, the other symbolic of war—there exists a mighty conflict. Arbitration based upon the principles of Christianity can alone end that struggle.

Among the ancients the principles of might prevailed. War was the purpose of life and law: justice was measured, disputes were settled, by the phalanx, the javelin and the battle-ax. The pagan world knew not peace. Empires were established in blood, and cities were monuments of oppression. The king dwelt in marble palaces, but the mul-

titude took shelter in the market place. The flower of pagan art—what is it but a tablet recording the depravity of the times? The Egyptian pyramids are marvels of human ingenuity, but these were made possible only by slavery the most appalling. Every stone is a sullen monument to the wretched beings that laid it. The mortar was streaked with their blood; the crack of the driver's whip, the agonizing shrieks from anguish-rung hearts, made music for the tyrant's ears. No Pharaoh ever dreamed of brotherly love, ever dreamed of raising or elevating his fellowman. Peace for him consisted in having everyone else in direst subjection; happiness for him was found only in the lowest depths of cruelty. Wherever it reigned, paganism was a symbol of tyranny unquestioned, of wrongs unredressed, of gloom unriven by a single gleam of hope.

When Augustus ascended the Roman throne, the time was ripe for a change. Mark Antony was dead; Cleopatra, despairing of saving her own crown, had followed him. All the world paid homage to Cæsar. Barbarian tribes accepted his standards. Powerful nations sought his alliance. Princes and kings bowed down in slavish servility before him. Emperor Cæsar, he had gathered to himself the powers that in past ages had shaken the world; and now his only occupation was to go from territory to territory strengthening that power and confirming the world in slavery. At this auspicious moment, when for the first time in centuries the clash of arms was hushed, when the temple of Janus was closed, the pagan oracle became silent, the darkness of tyranny parted, celestial music stirred the midnight heavens, and the hearts of men pulsed with a new joy. Out in the star-filled sky rang the word that was destined to subvert the old order, a message which bespoke the dawning of a brighter day, the silver trumpet salutation—Peace on earth to men.

So Christianity, breathing the spirit of her Divine Founder, began her heaven-born mission: to teach peace to the savage who had known no other art but war; to teach the pagan and the barbarian that in Christ all men are brothers,—that the robes of Christ must shelter all tribes and peoples

alike. But what an age that was for the spread of Christ's lofty doctrine of love? Small wonder, indeed, that long centuries should roll away before that mission gave prospects of fulfilment. The barbarian hordes, long pent up in the heart of Asia, began to sweep over Europe, burning, pillaging, and destroying all that classic civilization had made. For three hundred years the Roman armies had held back this dreadful invasion. But now their force was broken. Look upon that scene as legion after legion melts away before the ever-advancing enemy; as city after city falls, till nearly all that is left of the world's splendid civilization is gathered within the walls of Rome to await a seemingly inevitable doom. For days all eyes are strained towards the Alps; and at length the break of morn reveals the object of their terrors. Attila with his mighty horde of fierce barbarians is marching on Rome. Three hundred thousand warriors in one mighty mass stretch back like a dark cloud against the horizon, with spears glittering in the morning sunlight, swords clanking with every forward step, grim determination on every face, war steeds champing their bits and tossing their anxious heads—the cloud bursts and sweeps down the slope like a blasting tornado. Rome, the proud city of the Cæsars, whose armies have defied the world, whose name was once synonymous with absolute dominion, stands quaking in very terror, her legions scattered, her leaders slain.

But see, out from the gates of Rome comes "the last of the Romans"—a feeble old man so bent with cares that he seems but a voice and a symbol, but he is the voice and the symbol of a greater dynasty than was ever clothed in Cæsar's purple. He is Leo, the Pontiff of Rome, and Rome, even in the very face of Attila, is the world, the figure of the Eternal City. No war drum sounds his coming, no army leads the way, but holding aloft the sign of peace, the image of the Crucified, he bids the moving column halt. Attila comes forward but dares not strike; for from the uplifted hand an unseen force forbids approach. Rome, the storehouse of the world, filled with treasures enough to enrich a hundred armies, lies within his grasp.

Gold, for which his savage warriors yearn, wealth for which they have starved and fought and bled, lies at their very feet. But Attila, "the scourge of God," who has never bowed to God or man, Attila, who boasts that the grass never grows where his horse sets foot, turns back that savage horde and bows before the Cross of Christ. Christianity has fought her last battle against the pagan gods. She has triumphed with the weapon of peace.

War and Christianity are the two methods which present themselves for the solution of international difficulties: one standing for the dogma of might, the other for the principles of arbitration. What solution can war offer? you ask, and the battlefields of the earth send back the reply: Ask the volunteer bending over his sleeping babes whose infant arms shall never again entwine a father's neck; ask the young wife that lies fainting on the door-sill as her husband goes to join the marching regiment; ask the gray-haired mother clasping in fond embrace the only child of her bosom, the only support of her declining years, as she parts with him to meet no more on earth; ask the soldier himself as he falls amid the battle's deafening roar, as he lies in the fever-stricken tent where the moans of pain and the fetid breath of the crowded mass ascend as smoke from the holocaust of war. Ask them, and read in their blanched and anguished faces the answer.

Yes, war will give you a solution. It will give you heroes reclining upon beds of honor, and crown their brows with laurels of fame; it will give you flags drenched in the blood of patriotic martyrs and marble columns to perpetuate their praise. But up from the gory field will come the wail of prostrate thousands expiring in lingering agony, their limbs writhing with pain, their lips parched with burning thirst, while the memory of home comes rushing upon their despairing minds as a very torture, since not a voice of friendship or love is there to ease the pangs of death. Up from the ruins of devastated homes will come the cry of widows and orphans, and over the desolate country, with its fields barren as if swept by storm, with its forests rent as if blasted by lightning, will stalk the naked ghosts of famine and

pestilence. Yes, war will tell you of a solution; her voice may be heard from the turret of every battleship. She is speaking from frowning fortresses where the skill, the strength, the resources of a whole people are concentrated upon purposes of destruction and death. From the unnamed tombs of countless warriors, silent voices arise declaring the power but not the justice of war.

On the other hand, what has Christianity to offer? Under her benign reign you will have no heroes honored for the shedding of blood, no marble columns to glorify their names, no desecrated temples, no ruined cities, no crushing war debts to pauperize a nation. Her work is not destruction. The inspirer of art, the expounder of law, she stands the guardian of civilization as she stood for it in the very face of Attila. War aims the weapon of the Vandal at the essential elements of civilization itself, while the principles of arbitration can make of a savage's wigwam a very temple of peace. Peace is Christianity's solution, peace the burden of her message, peace, that luminous sun which was charmed from the gates of heaven twenty centuries ago and destined to shine with greater lustre throughout eternity.

To-day the world is realizing how terrible are the burdens involved in the maintenance of peace through universal preparation for war. The laboring classes in Europe are crushed and bowed down to the earth beneath the weight of an appalling war tax that grows heavier day by day. But the common sense of man is revolting against the tyranny of such a system, and now demands that standing armies must yield to courts of arbitration, that battles must be fought in the council chamber instead of on the field of conflict, and must be decided by reason instead of the sword. That demand has found its fulfilment in more than thirty international congresses which have been held within the past few years. And the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration at the Hague, where the arbiters of the world sit in solemn session to solve by reason and law problems which have hitherto been solved by force, marks the dawn of a new civilization. But to make the Hague tribunal a worthy exponent of Christian principles it must be accepted as arbiter by the Chris-

tian nations. And it is our pride and boast that the nation which has been foremost in that work, the nation which has set in motion the wheels of that mighty but inoperative machine and built at the Hague the only Palace of Peace in the world, the nation which has taught the lessons of arbitration by her own example and extended that influence to other lands, is none other than our own peerless America.

The story of nations of the distant past, of the fallen empires, ruined capitals and prostrate thrones of grasping conquerors may be written in the words: *paganism*, *slavery* and *blood*. The history of the future may be written in the words, *liberty*, *arbitration* and *peace*. The Hague tribunal standing out against the armies and navies of the world, is but another Leo going forth to meet the barbarian hordes, and the lordly temple which is there dedicated to a cause so sacred to humanity and so worthy of a sanctuary is but another Christ on the Andes. That court of arbitration stands not for steel-girt battleships or exploding shells, not for the silver call of bugles or the boisterous throb of drums, not for the power that made Themistocles master of the Ægean waters, or gave to Alexander a conquered world, but for those divinely constituted laws which were graven on tablets of stone amid the thunders of Sinai, and ratified centuries later by the Redeemer Himself.

At the foot of the Cross, in the Sermon on the Mount, and in the golden words of the Gospel of Christ, Europe and the rest of the world will find for all great political problems a solution more effective than any that was ever written in blood. Herein lies distinction; here is the door to ever greater and greater national pre-eminence. The world is weary of war; the hearts of men yearn for peace. Let the nations be thrilled with the same joyous aspiration; let them look toward the sun-gilded summit of the Andes where stands that majestic figure of Him who was the Prince of Peace; let them read in those features of bronze and stone the lesson preached from Calvary's summit and inspired by the noble example of the Argentinians and Chilians; let them close forever the brazen doors of war, and usher in the new, the endless reign, of world-wide peace.

Robert Emmet.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

BOLD Emmet, Erin weeps when she reflects
On thy sad fate and all that thou hast done,
For thou indeed art second unto none
Who with fired words her righteous cause directs,
Or who by deeds her name with glory decks.
Though brief thy days when death thy hand had won,
Fair Erin knew thee as her valiant son.
While ignorance thy character rejects.

Thy country loves it and it will defend.

But now when she no longer can behold

That loving smile which once lit up thy face,
Affliction seems her humble heart to rend,

As she looks back on thee, once young and bold,
Who lived and suffered merely for her race.

The Starter.

M. L. MORIARTY, '10.

Nearly five yards back of the starting point, I am in my position, and having received the signal from the time-keepers that all is ready, I send forth the commands, sharp and clear:

"Take your marks!" "Get set!"

For a mere moment I catch a glimpse of the four well-trained; finely-developed men, each in the narrow alley assigned him. What a sight, indeed, I get in that one fleeting instant!

There are the four men, winners of the preliminaries, each distinguishable by a large number, pinned on his back. In the peculiar crouch, of the sprinter, with one knee slightly raised, the body well forward on the hands, the head sufficiently erect to allow a clear view of the short but never-ending two hundred twenty yard straight-away; scarcely a quiver passes over the shiny muscles as they await, ever alert for the pistol shot which sets them loose.

Some mysterious force seems to restrain my finger from pressing the trigger and spoiling the remarkable picture. Not long ago I too had been a varsity sprinter, but until now, I never realized a starter's position. How I would like to be on my mark awaiting the final—"Bang!" They're off.



The Grotto of Lourdes at Notre Dame.

WILLIAM A. CAREY, '11.

O HALLOWED Grotto, pilgrims' rest,
Where Nature teems with scenes so bright,
Thou art a heavenly bequest,
Bespeaking bounty infinite.
For there doth Heaven's Queen dispense
God's saving grace, Faith's recompense.

O Sacred Font, thy source doth lie
Among the crystal springs above;
And thou art only one whereby
Is radiated God's pure love.
Our Faith is quickened when we know
Wherefrom thy many blessings flow.

Before thy Pyrenean shrine
We love to kneel, O Mother fair,
And with simplicity consign
Ourselves to thy protecting care,
For at thy will mayst thou impart
The blessings of the Sacred Heart.

A Bit of Verse.

E. P. CLEARY, '09.

HOW strange the thing we fashion
 In tingling, jingling chime!
 A thought, a tender passion,
 Proclaimed in simple rhyme.

But O! the world it reaches;
 How far its echoes ring;
 How deep a truth it teaches;
 What solace does it bring.

An Unwilling Patriot.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

Bill Simpson, better known as "Old Bill" by those who knew him with some degree of intimacy in his later years, was an early Ohio settler whose father had emigrated to the Northwest Territory when that country was first thrown open for settlement. Brought up amid the wilds of what was then known as the West and schooled only in the ordinary craftsmanship of the backwoodsman, Bill had few opportunities for culture and the acquirement of a refined education. Reared under the guardianship of a not too over-indulgent parent, he had inherited a disposition that was not altogether lovable. As it was he had few friends, and those who were favored with his friendship not infrequently had to exchange courtesies with him at the point of a shot-gun or revolver.

During the Civil War, when the ranks began to grow thin by losses in battle and the expiration of terms of enlistment, Bill, by governmental request, was asked to tender his service to the Union. Was he patriotic? Not much. He had not caused the confounded war and he was not going to see that it was stopped. He was requested to report at the nearest recruiting station, and when he failed to put in an appearance his case was accordingly diagnosed and the remedy of compulsion applied. Having been brought before the recruiting officer he was requested to answer the questions put to him.

"Name?"—"Bill."

"Bill what?"

"No; Bill Simpson."

"Age?"

"Dunno; 'bout forty, I reckon."

"Residence?"

"Haint got none. Got a shanty."

"Post office address, I mean."

"This hyar place."

"Married?"

"Was, but haint any more. Ole woman's dead."

"Have you any children?"

"Yep; tew."

"Married or single?"

"Both hitched."

Bill was now turned over to the examining physician. After a thorough lung testing and a careful examination of his ocular and auricular organs, Bill's anatomy was passed upon as perfectly sound and he was again remanded to the recruiting officer who fitted him out in the regulation army uniform. The following day he was sent across the Kentucky border to join a division of the army of the West at Jeffersonville, Tennessee. The novelty of a soldier's life soon conquered Bill's obstinacy and he became quite a worthy "Yank." Six months of rigorous service and hardship in camp finally caused him to grow disgusted with the "job of bein' a soljer," and he determined to desert at a favorable opportunity.

The "Yankees" had got possession of the Memphis and Chatanooga railroad at a point known as Reynold's Crossing. From this point they could hold in check the conveyance of supplies to the confederate forces in the West. A detachment of troops, among whom was Bill, was sent to guard this crossing. They were encamped in a small wood one side of which bordered the track; on the other was a wagon road. The very first night of their encampment Bill with two comrades was placed on duty as sentinel. Bill's post of duty was along that portion of the woods that skirted the wagon road. Soon the campfires began to burn low and the men wearied with their day's march, turned in to enjoy their much-needed repose. Silence reigned over all, broken only by an occasional gust of wind that swept through the bare branches overhead, and by the

muffled tread of the sentinels as they marched to and fro.

"Past twelve o'clock and all's well," came from a deep gruff voice from Bill's quarter and was echoed in turn by the other sentinels. Scarcely had the sound of the first died away when the dark outlines of a figure made visible by the whiteness of the snow and the pale light of the half-hidden moon could be seen hastening down the road. It was Bill on his way back to his shanty in Ohio.

A mile or so from camp stood the cabin of an old negro toward which the fugitive Bill first directed his course. To a thundering knock at the door there came in excited tones from within:

"Foh de Lawd's sake, who's dar?"

"A Blue Coat and a friend;" said Bill. "Open up quick, the 'rebs' are coming."

The door was cautiously opened and the next moment Bill found himself confronted by a shoeless, hatless and trouserless old son of Cham who stood with a candle in one hand and an axe in the other, his teeth chattering and his face almost white with terror.

"Here, take this," said Bill throwing his army cloak toward the old negro at the same time making a dive for that gentleman's apparel which lay on the floor beside a bunk where a mammy and three or four pickaninnies were huddled together in a heap, their great white eyeballs staring at Bill through the dim candle-light like so many spirit eyes haunting him for his misdeeds. Hastily drawing the old negro's trowsers over his own and substituting an old hat and coat for the rest of his uniform he darted out the door. As he did so the lock of his gun struck against the casing of the door and broke rendering that instrument entirely useless. "Blame the luck," muttered Bill, casting the gun back into the room the butt of it landing square on the old negro's toes thus heaping both injury and insult on that already over-frightened individual who now broke forth in the wildest of utterances and gesticulations yelling all the while, "I'm killed, oh I'm killed!"

Bill's absence from camp was discovered about an hour after he had taken his departure and a search for him was imme-

diately instituted. He had hoped that the snow which had been falling for some time would altogether obliterate his footprints, but he was hardly well on his way when it ceased snowing. To trace the fugitive was not at all difficult and two soldiers were sent to bring him back to camp. After a chase of nearly a whole day they came upon him unawares as he was creeping out of a shock of corn.

"Hands up," came a voice that stunned Bill almost as much as if a rebel bullet had struck him. "You've given us a good chase, Bill, but I guess the fun is all over now."

"I reckon 'tis," said Bill.

"We're sorry to take you back, Bill," said his captors. "Old Captain Cragg is a pretty tough old nut to rub up against. You'll be court-martialed, you know."

"Captain Cragg and the hull army can do what they like," replied Bill.

The trio were obliged to encamp in a near-by forest for the night, and while one of Bill's captors slept the other stood guard. Bill was kindly requested to occupy a place beside his captors as they each in turn took their rest. The first was soon fast asleep. The other weary with his chase unconsciously kept nodding assent to whatever plans their captive might be forming. Bill took advantage of the situation, and quietly taking from his pocket a bit of beeswax, which he had found in the old negro's trowsers, with the aid of a pin he managed to stuff some of the wax into the small tube connecting the percussion cap with the powder in the barrel of the gun of the sleeping soldier beside him. It was now impossible to discharge the gun. After two or three hours the two soldiers exchanged places. Bill congratulated himself on his success so far and only hoped he would be given an opportunity to complete his work. Scarcely had the other taken his place beside Bill when with a quick jerk he wrested the gun from his captor's hands, and with a cordial "good night, gentlemen," was off through the woods. "Click" went the gun of the first, but no report followed. The two would-be captors returned to camp minus one gun and the fugitive Bill. The latter made his way safely back to Ohio where he lived out of Uncle Sam's reach until the war closed.

Varsity Verse.

TO A CONTEMPORARY.

IN your rhapsody on "Snow-birds"
Did you think we wouldn't find
You'd a tendency to throw words,
Like your "crumbs," upon the wind?

It is all too deep for my sense
And my fancy, too, despairs;
Where on earth did you get license
For their singing "national airs"?

Wherefore "gladness" in the school-boy?
Where's the one you've ever known
That in his excessive fool-joy
Threw them aught except a stone?

Do you really mean to tell us
That they "pray" when'er they flit
Down upon the window trellis
And the crumbs pick bit by bit?

When you write your next epistle
Won't you please make clear to me
How a snow-bird's one-note whistle
Overflows with "melody?"

Why, you write most "à la hanish!"
'Tis an awful brand of goods!
Please revise it or else vanish
With your "Snow-birds" to the woods.

M.

THE BELL AGAIN.

Our friend last week can't be so real,
As we hear people tell,
There are two sides to everything,
And that he should know well.

In poetry you'll all agree,
His theory sounds well;
But when we come to real life,
We do despise that bell.

Of course, it has its good side too;
But that is very small,
And we are very apt to turn,
That small side to the wall.

We're "optimistic," too, we think,
At least we try to be;
And if we fail 'tis not our fault,
With us you must agree.

If we do plead for sleepy heads,
We offer no excuse;
For Nature tells us readily,
That this is no abuse.

So, Pard, jump up and look around,
Just look life in the face;
And when you've looked a little while,
Say, isn't this your case?

P. J. HAGGERTY, '10.

RONDEAU FOR ST. VALENTINE.

St. Valentine, to thee our prayers
Shall come on wafts of scented airs,
Engined by glances from bright eyes,
Where Cupid sits as witness cries
We send to thee to lift our cares,
To mitigate our long despairs,
To send a blessing unawares
As some return for many sighs,
St. Valentine.

Assuage the hearts whose daily shares
Are taunting words and icy stares!
Give eager hope its bashful prize!
Don't mind the wretch if she denies.
The reason of her cunning snares,
St. Valentine!

H. A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

THE REASON OF THE DISCORD.

Once in olden times a lady
Made some trouble at a ball,
For, because her "rep" was shady,
She had not been asked at all!

And all Mount Olympus' guests were
Party to a great uproar;
Which confusion, started by her
Throwing through the open door

A big golden apple, labeled
"For the fairest." What surprise
Overcame them! It is fabled
Each claimed for herself the prize.

Tho' it now is quite amusing,
That among the fair of Greece,
It should be so hard, in choosing
Who was fairest, to keep peace,

Yet, in truth, when'er I ponder
On thy marvelous beauty rare,
That 'twas hard, it is no wonder,
Since you, Gertrude, were not there.

J. McD. Fox, '09.

A TRAGEDY.

A boy of nine,
A valentine,
Of comic appellation;
A two-cent stamp,
A youthful scamp
O'erflowing with elation.

A father's wrath,
A handy lath,
Familiar demonstrations;
A pillowed chair,
And Lenten fare
With tearful meditations.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

Colonial Society.

JOHN C. SULLIVAN, '11.

The characteristic difference which is noted by the student in comparing society life of Colonial times with the social life of to-day is the absence of large expenditures of money. During those days everything was carried on in a meagre manner, while to-day a social event is hardly termed a success unless it is marked by the spending of a fortune. The father of the present day society belle thinks nothing of spending \$100,000 to "bring his daughter out," while many of the girls make their début at an even larger expense to the family treasury. At a recent affair of this kind, butterflies of various colors were imported from a foreign country at an expense of about \$3000. At the proper time they were turned loose in the magnificent and splendidly decorated ballroom, to the great surprise and amazement of the guests. Many of the imported creatures hovered too near the brilliant lights which illuminated the gay scene, and as a consequence their stay in America was short. Needless to say, the affair was a grand success.

Doubtless we are all aware of the gay life led to-day in such well-known resorts as the Annex of Chicago and Martin's of New York. Here men and women of the so-called aristocracy spend their time in drinking and having what they seem to consider a good time. On certain days, according to newspaper reports, the women are allowed to smoke in public as was done in New York during the New Year's celebration, a condition which is to be very much regretted. During the Colonial times, men frequently sat till late in the night drinking to the health of their companions, and the young ladies drank each other's health in the morning. Gambling prevailed among both sexes, much as it does in our social centres to-day under the name of bridge whist. Baltimore boasted that neither New York nor Philadelphia could show an avenue so long, so beautiful, and so gay as Market Street. Along this highway in the cool of the summer evening, sauntered great throngs of young men and

fair damsels dressed in their best clothes flirting, jesting, and enjoying the evening air. The favorite amusement of the Baltimoreans were balls and dancing assemblies. During the intervals between assembly nights, the theatre was the place of resort.

The theatres of those days were lacking in the luxury, the richness, and the display of those of our time, but for all this, they were nightly filled with a rabble more noisy and obstreperous than could be found in the galleries of our theatres of to-day. As the custom of reserving seats had not yet come into vogue, servants were sent to occupy places in the waiting line till their masters might come to procure the tickets. Damsels, whose mothers had been contented to wear homespun, were quite unhappy unless they were fixed out in brocades, taffetas, and in Rohan hats. Young men thought it becoming to scoff at sacred things, and frequented the play-house more often than the church. It is said that the Philadelphia belle had "more cleverness in the turn of an eye than those of New York in their whole composition," and in this respect they resembled the great majority of their later day sisters. It might be well for the cynic, who would have you believe that the present moral life of the American people is at its lowest ebb, to review the history of the social and moral conditions of the people during the Colonial period. A careful study of the great magnitude of the country to-day, and its enormous wealth, which is the handmaid of corruption, as contrasted with the Colonial period, together with the conditions brought to bear on the people of the present generation, would lead you to believe that social and society life in general is on as high a plane to-day as it was during the days of Washington.

The Guide of Ages.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

OUR faith and hope and Christian charity
 All find their fountains in Thy sacred Name,
 Oh Christ, who camest from Thy throne of light
 To earth to expiate our sins and shame.

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—Unique in the history of the country was the gathering which assembled in Washington on Sunday last to do honor to the memory of Dr. Stafford.

Memorial Service Many thousands were turned away from the theatre in which the memorial services were held; while within a

vast assembly followed, with keenest sympathy, the speakers through their tributes of homage to the departed. Notable, too, was that array of speakers, composed of the most representative men in public life and distinguished clergymen of various creeds. The presiding officer of the meeting was the Hon. B. F. McFarland, president of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, who struck the dominant note in saying: "We assemble to-day in the name of one who was the friend of all, without regard to race or creed." Every speaker that followed dwelt, from one point of view or another, upon the quintessential charity of Dr. Stafford's nature. Perhaps no one put it better than Father McGuigan when he said: "Father Stafford never lost sight of the admonition of the Church on the first day of his priesthood—'It is the duty of the

priest to offer sacrifice, to bless, to govern, to preach and to baptize.'" Memorable, too, was the utterance of the Rabbi Simon when he referred to Dr. Stafford's use of his dramatic powers almost exclusively for the service of the orphan and the widow. "This he did, not that he loved Shakespeare less, but that he loved the poor more." Thus, each speaker in his own way brought out the side of the man that appealed most to him, all culminating in the eloquent appeal of Senator Beveridge: that the people erect a permanent memorial to Dr. Stafford in the Nation's Capital. All in all, it was a magnificent demonstration of affection and loyalty to the memory, not of cardinal or bishop, not of statesman or jurist, but to the memory of a simple priest, great in the singleness of heart with which he made himself all things to all men, that he might save all, who by forgetfulness of self in his devotion to the good of others made for himself an imperishable name.

—The recent passage of the primary bill in a neighboring State brings before our attention the rapid increase of interest which

Political Responsibility. the people are taking in the nomination of their candidates and in political matters in general. The past two years have

been periods of great exposures along all lines of political activity. Men of every walk of life are beginning to realize that they owe it to their country to participate actively in all that pertains to the welfare of the nation. Men who have been content for years to leave all to the party, regardless of ways and means, are awakening to the responsibilities which they must shoulder. The man who has had the advantage of college training can not consistently cast his lot with bribery and corruption. Soon he must take up the responsibilities of citizenship. The question will then confront him: Shall clean government rule his political resolves? If so, he must not leave it to a few political bosses, but must himself take a share in the working of his party. Let those who have the true political spirit help the good work along so that in the years to come our nation may truly be termed the home of democratic government.

—A storm of comment has been roused throughout the country by the President's unprecedented action in sending a message to Congress in mid-session.

The President's Message. The fact is evident that the President feels very keenly the

attacks which have been made upon the administration, particularly in view of the recent financial crisis. The press of the country in general, condemns Roosevelt's action, but always takes pains to say that no one doubts his sincerity, or the integrity of his motives. This being true, the only remaining thing that can be objected to is the policy the President is trying to uphold. And when the people take offence at a chief executive who is doing his utmost to maintain the laws and purge the politics and business of the country from its corruption, there is something wrong with the people. The conscience of a certain portion of the American nation must be trained to recognize the right and to condemn the wrong. It is gratifying to note that the exposures of the past few years have caused an active campaign against grafting; but the testimony of certain criminals proves that we have been living in an atmosphere of corruption, no one knows how long. We can not get over the baneful effects of this familiarity with crime in a day, nor in a year. The tendency however, is plainly toward cleaner dealing in business, cleaner legislating in government. And honest men know that when the time comes when dishonesty is humiliated, and integrity is upheld, Roosevelt's name will be respected and honored. He is fighting a good fight, and he must win because there is justice on his side.

—By the death of Colonel J. R. Randall, which occurred last month, the South has lost one of her noblest sons, the country a famous *littérateur*, and the

Colonel J. R. Randall. Church a faithful and devoted child. During a long career of varied interests and responsibilities, he remained ever true to his ideals of truth and honesty, and dying has left behind an unstained memory in the hearts of admiring thousands. Charity was one of Colonel Randall's most marked traits. It is said that he nearly impoverished himself

through this weakness, if we may call it so, since he was unable to resist the appeals of the wretched who sought his aid. Realizing the universal brotherhood of men, he made no distinctions of race or color; his beneficent hand was open to all.

Colonel Randall's literary work will be remembered chiefly by "My Maryland," called by many "The Marseillaise of the South." But being the poet of a section rather than of a nation, he was not familiar to all. His work is characterized by a masterly delicacy of expression, coupled with a pervading note of passionate earnestness which compels the sympathy of the reader. It is regrettable, indeed, that his journalistic work did not permit him to devote more attention to the field of general literature.

—There are few people who do not take more pleasure in reading a good novel than in any other kind of literature. A few highly educated ones profess to be **Favorite Novelists.** so entirely absorbed by the genius of the master poets that they have no time for mere prose. But by far the greater number of us are slaves of that novelist or romancer who at the time appeals most powerfully to our minds. Every year the "six best" novels are written, published and eagerly read. Perhaps they are forgotten the next year; but the craze illustrates how great is the craving for a really good novel. Many people will, upon hearing it recommended, read a modern novel and think they enjoy it, who would shudder if Dickens or Thackeray were mentioned.

To such people the question, "Who is your favorite novelist?" can not apply. True, there are novelists living who have produced more than one "successful" novel, but can they take the place, for a while at least, of those masters of fiction whose work appeals to men at all times and who have become classics.

There is no greater pleasure in reading than finding your favorite writer. Pick out your novelist, read his works in the chronological order, as nearly as possible, and you will soon become as much, if not more, interested in the character of the author himself than in those of the individuals whom he has fashioned from his brain.

State Oratorical Contest.

Before an audience of cheering, yelling, ribbon-bedecked college men and women that fairly filled Caleb Mills' Hall, Walter R. Miles, the Earlham representative, carried off the honors of first place last night at the twenty-fourth annual contest of the Indiana State Oratorical Association. Miles was in the contest last year, and the experience gained on that occasion was evident in the showing he made last



JOSEPH JUSTIN BOYLE.

night. The subject of his oration was "Co-operation and Modern Life."

The contest is held annually among Notre Dame, Hanover, DePauw, Franklin, Earlham, Wabash and Butler, in order to select a representative in the Inter-State Contest which comes in the spring. By the decision of the judges, last night, Miles, Earlham's representative, will have this honor. His oration is strong, considered from the point of manuscript, and his delivery forceful and convincing. "Co-operation and Modern Life," the subject of his oration, dealt with

the complexities of modern life in contrast with those of earlier times. He traced the development of the theory of co-operation or the working of one man for the whole and not self; the production of one article essential to all men rather than one individual attempting to create all the things necessary to him alone.

Chester Jewett, with several hundred DePauw students back of him, or rather in front of him, received second place, on "The New Crusade for Democracy." The theme of his oration was that the fundamental principles of the government are freedom, equality and brotherhood.

"Christianity and the World's Peace," won for Joseph J. Boyle and Notre Dame third place. Boyle was thought by many to have had the strongest delivery. He traced the influence of Christianity through the history of the world and showed how it had overcome the great world and national problems to the detriment of war measures and bloodshed. The present trend of thought is that battles must be solved by reason and justice rather than by the sword and gun.

Butler, Wabash and Hanover tied for fourth place. Miss Jennie Lee spoke for Butler on the subject of "The Present Problem." She was one of two of her sex to aspire for oratorical honors.

Walter H. Linn, of Wabash, had for his oration, "The Individual and His Party"; Hanover was represented by John S. Burns; subject, "The Orient and the Occident."

Last place fell to Franklin's orator, Miss Georgia Lewis. Her oration, "Russia Libera," was good in composition and her delivery strong and clear.

The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. M. T. Pearson, of the First Friends' Church of this city. The Orion male quartet, composed of Homer Van Wie, Andrew Smith, Fred M. Loomis and Oliver M. Isensee, rendered several selections which were heartily encored.

The judges in the contest were: Judges on thought and composition, Professor L. Sears, Brown University; Prof. H. T. Peck, Columbia College; Prof. G. B. Churchill, Amherst College. Judges on delivery, Prof. W. E. Stone, president Purdue University; J. W. Kern, city; W. H. Stout, city.

—*Indianapolis News*, Feb. 7.

The Golden Jubilee of Lourdes.

Last Tuesday, the fiftieth anniversary of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, the students assembled in the Church of the Sacred Heart to attend the celebration of Solemn High Mass. The Reverend President of the University was celebrant, Reverend Dr. Schumacher was deacon, and Reverend Dr. Marr was sub-deacon. Prefatory to the Mass was a short instruction by Dr. Schumacher. He told in outline the story of Lourdes and explained in a general way the importance of the occasion. A more pleasing presentation of the subject could not be desired. In the evening our local fac-simile of the Grotto of Lourdes, a picture of which we present on another page, was illuminated with hundreds of candles.

Brownson Entertainment.

An entertainment was given by the Brownson Glee Club and members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society Tuesday evening, February 10, in Brownson reading-room, when the following program was rendered: Song, "Jaunita," the Brownson Glee Club; "The Present Unrest of the Masses," Max Juraschek; violin solo, selection, J. Wilfred Ely; "Our Whippings," Richard B. Wilson; vocal solo, "Somebody's Waiting for Me," William J. Moore; "To the Passing Saint," Frank L. Madden; song, "Solomon Levi," the Brownson Glee Club; "Lasca," Grover C. McCarthy; piano solo, "The Wedding March," Edward L. McDermott; "Gas Engines," Henry A. Burdick; vocal solo, "All Through the Night," Joseph Dixon; "Driving Home the Cows," Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C.; song, "The Soldiers' Farewell," quartette, Messrs. C. Fuchs, E. McDermott, W. Moore, C. Bently; "Boulton's 22," James B. O'Flynn; "The Making of a Gentleman, Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C.; "Boola Song," the Brownson Glee Club. Father Cavanaugh closed the program with a few appropriate remarks, dwelling at length on the earnestness and perseverance displayed. The entertainment was a complete success and left an impression that is decidedly wholesome in its tone.

Athletic Notes.

SORIN, 50; ST. JOSEPH, 45.

In the first of the inter-hall meets Sorin defeated St. Joseph last Saturday, by the score of 50 to 45. The relay race decided the affair and until the last lap was run either team looked to be the winner. The meet was exciting from beginning to end as at no time were the teams separated by more than five points. "Bill" Schmitt was the largest individual point winner, carrying away 19 points. Roth was second with 16, and Miller and Daniels were tied with 9. The victory makes Sorin the favorite for the inter-hall championship.

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Coach Maris held a try-out for the Varsity men at the same time the hall meet was held. Captain Keach ran the 40-yard dash in 4 3-5 sec. Scales according to local timers broke the world's record in the low hurdles. Moriarity showed great promise as a hurdler as in both the high and the low he gave Scales a hard race and they finished inches apart. O'Leary upset a little dope when he defeated Cripe in the quarter in 57 2-5 sec. Devine was the only other man to show any class by his win of the half mile in 2 min. 12 sec. The time was slow, but Devine did it with such ease as to show he is capable of doing it much faster. But such men as Schmitt, Roth and Roach appear to be Varsity caliber.

Following is a summary of both the inter-hall meet and the Varsity try-out.

Broad jump—Roth, S., 1st; Daniels, S., 2d; Miller, S., 3d. Distance—18 feet. 7½ inches.

Shot put—Daniels, S., 1st; Miller, S., 2d; Huferd, S. J., 3d.

High jump—Roth, S., 1st; Miller and Huferd tied for 2d. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Pole vault—McNally, S. J., 1st; Schmitt, S. J., 2d; Neble, S., 3d. Height, 8 feet.

High hurdles—Schmitt, S. J., 1st; Miller, S., 2d; McNally, S. J., 3d. Time, 6 seconds.

Low hurdles—Roth, S., 1st; Schmitt, S. J., 2d; McNally, S. J., 3d. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile—Roach, S. J., 1st; Parish, S., 2d; Duffy, S. J., 3d. Time, 2:12 3-5.

Mile run—Roach, S. J., 1st; Duffy, S. J., 2d; Parish, S., 3d. Time, 5.03.

40-yard dash—Roach, S., 1st; Schmitt, S. J., 2d; Roth, S., 3d. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

Quarter mile run—Schmitt, S. J., 1st; Miller, S., 2d; Daniels, S., 3d. Time, 57 2-5 seconds.

$\frac{3}{8}$ mile relay—Miller, Roth, Daniels, McDonald, S. Time, 2:25 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Scales, 1st; Moriarty, 2d. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

Quarter-mile special—O'Leary, 1st; Cripe, 2d. Time, 57 2-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles special—Scales, 1st; Moriarty, 2d. Time, 5 seconds.

40-yard dash special—Keach, 1st; Cripe, 2d; Allen, 3d. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile special—Devine, 1st; Roach, 2d. Time, 2:12 3-5.

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NOTRE DAME, 30; LAKE FOREST, 18.

The Varsity basket-ball team defeated Lake Forest Saturday night by the score of 30 to 18. The game was the fastest game played here this season and at times was exceptionally rough, both teams mixing in a little football now and then to keep up the interest. Both teams committed many fouls, and eighteen points were made on free throws. Dubuc and Wood put up a star game for the Varsity and Mather did the fancy work for Lake Forest. Heyl was given a chance in fast company, replacing Maloney in the second half and showed class. The Lake Forest men put up a great defensive game and their good guarding held the score low in the first half the half ending 11 to 6 in favor of Notre Dame. The brilliant work of Dubuc and Wood in the second half soon put the game safe, although the visitors pushed them hard at times. Scanlon's guarding was noticeable as was Burke's, and both men spoiled many of the visitor's plays.

NOTRE DAME	Line-up.	LAKE FOREST,
Maloney, Heyl	R. F.	Mather
Dubuc	L. F.	Stoltz
Wood	C.	R. Scott
Burke	R. G.	L. Scott
Scanlon	L. G.	Callahan

Field goals—Maloney, 2; Heyl, 2; Dubuc and Wood 5 apiece; Scanlon, Mather, Stoltz, R. Scott, L. Scott. Free throws—Maloney, 3; Dubuc, 5; Mather, 10. Referee—Barett. Time of halves—20 minutes.

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In the second meet of the inter-hall series Brownson defeated Corby by the score of 49½ to 45½. Like the Sorin-St. Joseph meet the second one was decided by the relay. If Coach Maris had trained all four teams to pull off a meet and hold the score as close as possible he could not have done a better job. The second meet was even more exciting than the first and too much credit

can not be given Coach Maris for the great amount of interest he has developed in track athletics this season. The Corby-Brownson meet was held Thursday afternoon and there was more excitement in the Gym than has been seen there in years. Brownson was doped to win the meet with ease, but the great work of the Corby men kept the rooters guessing until the last minute. McDonough was the largest individual point winner, carrying away 10 points. Cripe and Maloney of Brownson were tied. Fish of Corby proved to be the dark horse for second honors with 9 points apiece. And of the meet, winning third honors.

In the special forty-yard dash Roach defeated Captain Keach in 4 4-5 seconds. Both men appeared to be off form as both have made the distance in 4 3-5. Moriarty scored a victory over Scales in the forty-yard low hurdles in 5 2-5 seconds.

40-yard dash—Allen, C., 1st; Cripe, B., 2d; Maloney, B., 3d. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

1 mile run—Shea, C., 1st; Brady, C., 2d; Dunstar, C., 3d. Time, 5 minutes 14 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—Fish, C., 1st; O'Leary, B., 2d; Ely, B., 3d. Time, 6 1-5 seconds.

Quarter mile—Cripe, B., 1st; O'Leary, B., 2d; Murphy, C., 3d. Time, 56 4-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—Maloney, B., 1st; Fish, C., 2d; Devine, B., 3d. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

Half mile run—Devine, B., 1st; Hutzell, C., 2d; Dean, C., 3d. Time, 2 minutes 13 1-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Murray, B., 1st; Lopez, C., 2d; Newman, C., 3d. Height, 8 feet.

Shot put—Edwards, B., 1st; Munson, C., 2d; Lenhart, C., 3d. Distance, 34 feet 1½ inches.

High jump—McDonough, C., 1st; McKenzie, B., 2d; Blackman and Fish tied for 3d. Height 5 feet 2 inches.

Broad jump—McDonough, C., 1st; Maloney, B., 2d; Cripe, B., 3d. Distance, 19 feet 7½ inches.

$\frac{3}{8}$ mile relay race—Callahan, Cripe, O'Leary and Devine, Brownson. Time, 2 minutes 24 seconds.

40-yard dash special—Roach, 1st; Keach, 2d. Time, 4 4-5 seconds.

40 yard high hurdles—Scales, 1st; Moriarty, 2d. Time, 5 3-5 seconds (special).

40-yard low hurdles—Moriarty, 1st; Scales, 2d. Time, 5 2-5 seconds (special).

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The two inter-hall meets which have been held during the past week have given to track athletics at Notre Dame an impetus which will soon bring this branch of sport back to the high standing which it formerly enjoyed. No greater success could be desired. No more successful meets could be looked for.

Mr. Bryan at Notre Dame.

Yesterday Mr. William Jennings Bryan lectured before the students in Washington Hall at ten o'clock. His subject was "Faith," a subject which he has used frequently when speaking to college men throughout the country. No one could be listened to with more close attention, none could be more worthy of such attention. Ignoring politics, he dealt with his subject in a manner that tended to inspire his listeners with the ambition to do noble deeds. In everything he said there was the message of the man who wishes to propagate high ideals, and through it all shone the light of personal sincerity on the part of the speaker. Mr. Bryan has a wonderful command over language considered primarily as a means of conveying thought as opposed to the superficial emotion which the mere electioneer may produce, and what he said was worth the saying.

There was beauty in what he said, there was truth, there was majesty. Mr. Bryan's visit will be remembered long and pleasantly by all who heard him speak. In discussing his subject he showed how men should have faith in themselves, in their fellowmen and in God. In discussing faith in God he uttered some very striking truths, emphasizing in particular the fact that reason can not be a basis for morality, and that men of high moral qualities need have no fear of failure.

Preliminary Debating Contest.

During the past week Professor Reno has been conducting the preliminary contests in debating, for the purpose of selecting teams to compete with Georgetown and Ohio State. Twenty-four contestants appeared for the first set of preliminaries; sixteen of these are selected to enter into further competition in groups of eight each. From each group of eight the first three will be selected to compete in Washington Hall, together with two additional who are to be chosen from among those ranking fourth and fifth in the contests from which the

other six are selected. Thus far there have been four regular preliminary contests which have resulted as follows, the decision of the judges ranking the individuals for each contest in the order here given;—group a: M. Mathis, V. Parish, M. Juraschek, O. Schmid, J. Donahue; group b: R. Collentine, F. Walker, P. Hebert, A. Hebert, L. Langdon; group c: J. A. Quinlan, J. Fox and J. Toole (tied) J. J. Quinlan, J. Sullivan; group d: W. Lennartz, J. Kanaley, I. McNamee, F. Wenninger, G. Finnigan, C. Miltner, P. Haggerty, R. Rath, J. Deery. In groups a, b, and c, the first three were chosen to enter into the semi-finals together with the first six in group d. A special contest will be held to-night for those not winning places as here indicated, with the result that the person who ranks first will be entitled to enter the semi-finals which are to take place next Wednesday.

The Reverend Doctor Baart.

The death of the Reverend Doctor Baart, of Marshall, Michigan, was a severe shock to all his friends, most of whom were unaware of his illness. At the University the news produced an impression of gloom, for apart from the respect in which the deceased was held for his high canonical attainments, there was a very profound regard for him as a friend of Notre Dame. He was one of our Doctors of Law, and, as such, reflected honor on the University. He missed no opportunity to render us a service, and we bespeak for him a charitable remembrance in the prayers of the students, friends, and Community. *R. I. P.*

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The Death of Mr. Boyd.

On Feb. 1., Peter Boyd was called to his home in Kingston, N. Y., by the death of his father. Although Mr. Boyd has been in poor health for some time, the sad news of his death comes as a great shock to the faculty and students of Notre Dame. We all extend our most sincere sympathy to our fellow student and the other members of his family in their time of sorrow.

Local Items.

—The Illinois Club reorganized Thursday afternoon and elected the following officers for the present year: John C. Tully, president; J. L. Cahill, vice-president; Francis Munson, secretary-treasurer; George William McMann, sergeant-at-arms.

—A large number of the students of the University attended the lecture which Mr. Bryan delivered in South Bend last Thursday night. Father Cavanaugh was a member of the reception committee which entertained Mr. Bryan during his stay in the city.

—Next Tuesday we shall have the pleasure of hearing Opie Read. Last year he was with us and gave us such pleasure that we will be glad to welcome him again. Mr. Read is one of America's greatest living humorists and story-tellers. It is safe to say that Washington hall will be packed to the doors when the lecturer is presented to the audience.

—The recent thaw broke in too soon upon the harvesters of ice. In spite of the fact that the work had been constantly in progress for a week, and that the machinery lifted about three ton of ice each minute, the company is still short several thousand tons. It is possible that the work may be completed if Jack Frost offers the right kind of assistance.

—The members of Carroll Hall are busy developing baseball men and track athletes. In former years there were some fine athletes in Carroll Hall, and very entertaining contests were the result. There is no reason why we should not witness a revival of past successes. The coaches are doing their part, and the boys are making the right kind of an effort to do well.

—During the last few days there has been considerable activity in the organization of state clubs for the purpose of getting representation in the "Dome." Photographs intended for the "Dome" must be in the hands of the editors in the very near future. Poets and artists and joke-makers, story-tellers and advertisers and almanac-men, are all busy in an effort to make this year's "Dome" a great success.

—Wednesday evening, February 12, the regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held in Science Hall. A very interesting paper on the recent electrical show, which many of the members attended, was read by Mr. Toohey and fully discussed. Prof. J. D. Sinnott described his visit to Armour Institute, giving in detail the manner of instruction in both theoretical and practical lines. A series of papers has been outlined, treating of the phases of both Mechanical

and Electrical Engineering, one of which will be read on Friday evening of each week. The first of these papers will be delivered by Mr. Charles de Lunden on Photography in Electrical Work.

—A meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, February 12, at which the names of Messrs. Sprenger, Brislin, and McDonough were presented for the approval of the club. Messrs. Dwyer and Devitt were admitted to membership. The question for debate was: "Resolved that the nations of the earth should disarm and settle their disputes by arbitration." The affirmative speakers were: Messrs. A. Scanlon, L. Kelly, and L. Lynch; the negative, G. Sands, W. Ely, and M. Clark. The debaters on both sides showed a thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion; the negative being the stronger, as was shown by the judges' unanimous decision in their favor. Mr. Sands deserves special mention for his clever rebuttal. Talks were given by Mr. W. Ely on music; Mr. T. Lyons on the advantage of a legal education; James Daly, patriotism; James Kenefick, clubs in cities. Messrs. Carville, F. Ritter, and F. Hollearn, who acted as judges in the debate, spoke a few words of commendation regarding the work of the society and urged the necessity of taking a serious part in debating.

—Besides the inter-hall preparatory debate which deals with the question of popular election of United States senators there will be an inter-hall Freshman debate dealing with the question which is now under discussion by those who are competing for positions on the Varsity teams. The question is worded thus: "Resolved, That all corporations engaged in inter-state business be incorporated under federal law, constitutionality granted." The preliminaries will be held March 3. These preliminaries will be local to each hall for the purpose of deciding upon the personnel of the different teams.

Some of the preliminaries for the preparatory inter-hall debate were held last evening; others will be held this evening and on Monday, for the purpose of selecting representative teams from each hall. Those who are thus selected will meet in the office of the Director of Studies next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock for the purpose of making arrangements for the contests between the representative teams of the halls. In one of the preliminary contests held in Holy Cross Hall last evening the decision of the judges was as follows: A. Heiser, first; W. Minnick, second; W. Burke, third; F. Carroll, fourth; A. McDonald, fifth. Two other contests are still to be held in Holy Cross Hall before the representative team will be selected.